"Good words are worth much and cost little."—Herbert.

GOOD WORDS

FOR 1873

EDITED BY

THE REV. DONALD MACLEOD

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS FOR SCOTLAND

THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY

And illustrated by

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INDEX.

PAGE

Allan, William. By W. C. Smith, D.D. 196
Altar of Westminster Abbey, The. By A. P. Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster 426
Army in its Social Aspects, The. By J. Hamilton Fyfe . . . 490

Bees in the Past and the Present. By Lady Verney 600
Being acquainted with God, On. By the late Norman Macleod, D.D. 581
Birthday Thoughts. By the late Norman Macleod, D.D. . . 420
Birth of a Child, On the. By the late Norman Macleod, D.D. . 842
Bismarck's, Prince, Early Life. By J. Scot Henderson 755
Bismarck's, Prince, Fight with Ultramontanism. By J. Scot Henderson 283

Charities in Soho. By Mrs. Lynn Linton 366
Chase after a Cat, A. By the Author of "Gifts for Men" . 532
Christianity and Ritual. By the Rev. John Service 71
Cloud of Witnesses, The. By the late Norman Macleod, D.D. . 726
Colliers of Carrick, The. By Professor Archibald Geikie, F.R.S. 307
Condemned Institution, A. By a Riverside Visitor 745
Crown Princess's Lazareth for the Wounded. By Florence Lees . 500
Cuttlefishes. By Andrew Wilson 677

Deaf and Dumb Asylum, The. By William Gilbert 253
Demas. By W. Lindsay Alexander, D.D. 859
Devotional Readings from MSS. of the late Norman Macleod, D.D. . . 13, 133, 166, 238, 317
Diamond-fields, Life at the. By A. B. Ellis 177
Durand, Sir Henry. By George Smith, LL.D., Editor of the *Friend of India* 575, 706
Dwelling Houses, Our. By John J. Stevenson 673

Eternity of Faith, Hope, and Love. By the late Norman Macleod, D.D. 787

Fables for Young and Old, Some. By H. A. Page.
I. The Windmill and the Poplar-tree 721
II. A Violet's Adventures . 722
III. The Peasant and the Rose 725
IV. The Misanthropic Duck . 750
V. The Discontented Wren . 752
Faithful Sayings of the Pastoral Epistles, The. By J. S. Howson, D.D., Dean of Chester 69, 122, 345, 497
Fallen in the Midst of the Battle. By A. P. Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster 641
Female Criminals — their Children's Fate. By the Right Hon. Sir Walter Crofton, C.B. 170
Fever Hospital before Metz, In a. By Florence Lees . . . 323
Fighting in the Dark. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman" 634
Flower Legends. By Stephanie Wohl, Buda Pest.
I. Dreaming Flowers . . 489
II. Daisy 543

PAGE

Gulf Stream, The. By William B. Carpenter, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.
Part I. What it does . . 17
II. What it does not, and what the General Oceanic Circulation does . . . 98
Guthrie, Reminiscences of Dr. By a Mourner 281
Gutter-Children. By a Riverside Visitor 178

Half-Yearly Overhaul, A. By a Riverside Visitor . . . 612
Heligoland. By W. F. Rae . . 311
Hooker, Richard. By A. P. Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster 26
How St. Paul lived. By the late Norman Macleod, D.D. . . 647
Hungarian Legends, More.
I. Birdies, whither are you flying? 630

India and Russia, Fairs and Pilgrimages in. By George Smith, LL.D., Editor of the *Friend of India* 58, 192

Ladies' Congress in Germany, A. By Catherine Winkworth . . 554
Lady Bell. A Story of Last Century. By the Author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline" 33, 81, 185, 225, 329, 369, 473, 513, 617, 657, 729, 801
Letters from H.M.S. *Challenger*. By Professor Wyville Thomson 394, 506, 854
Les Baux. By the Author of "Vera," &c. 822
Lighthouses of the Future, The. By Sir William Thomson, LL.D., F.R.S. 217
Lost Lambs. By Mrs. Lynn Linton 65
Luther and the Two Students. By Sir Arthur Helps, K.C.B. . . 389

Meteoric Shower of November 27, 1872, The Great. By Professor Grant, LL.D., F.R.S. . . . 289
Michael Bruce and the "Ode to the Cuckoo." By Principal Shairp, LL.D. 791

Orthodoxy, St. Paul's Standard of. By the Rev. Professor Plumptre 538
Our Ancestors. By Lady Verney 127
Our Dumb Brethren. By H. A. Page 828
Our Merchant Seamen. By H. A. Page 247

Pagninni. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A. 50, 137
Paying the Public Dole. By a Riverside Visitor 817
Penny "Hoard" School, A. By a Riverside Visitor 469
Pictures of Italian Life. By Augustus J. C. Hare . 242, 398, 566, 606, 700, 783, 847
Portland Prison, A Visit to. By William Forsyth, Q.C. . . 684
Prayer and Natural Law. By the Rev. Canon Perowne, D.D. . 769
Preparations for the Observation of the Transit of Venus in 1874. By Robert Graham, LL.D. . 575
Prescotts of Pamphillon, The. By Mrs. Parr, Author of "Dorothy Fox."
Chap. I. A little *contre-temps* 1
II. A First Welcome . 6
III. At Sharrows . . 9

PAGE

Chap. IV. "Hard to please in regard to she" . 113
V. Catherine Douglas . 117
VI. Rich and Poor . . 118
VII. "A Scheme of His" 153
VIII. "Sorry to go" . . 155
IX. Leo Despard . . 157
X. "That Extreme Simplicity" . . . 161
XI. A Misunderstanding 257
XII. Rays of Hope . . 261
XIII. A Pic-nic . . . 265
XIV. Awkwardly Placed . 268
XV. A Great Catch . . 297
XVI. Somebody . . . 299
XVII. A Dinner Party . 301
XVIII. Jest and Earnest . 401
XIX. Widely opposed . 404
XX. At Mallett . . 407
XXI. Hidden Motives . 441
XXII. Crooked as a Ram's Horn . . . 444
XXIII. Leo's Mystery . 449
XXIV. The Mystery opened 545
XXV. "All sound till we're sifted" . . . 546
XXVI. The Captain clears up some points . 549
XXVII. Mrs. Prescott's reflections . . 552
XXVIII. Much mystified . 585
XXIX. "Hidden Friendships" . . . 589
XXX. "I'll manage it" . 593
XXXI. Presentiments and Certainties . . 595
XXXII. "If I could say yes" 689
XXXIII. At Pamphillon . . 691
XXXIV. "Fate has dealt hard with us both" . 693
XXXV. Sir Leopold Prescott 696
XXXVI. A Word of Advice . 761
XXXVII. A Parting . . 764
XXXVIII. Mr. Leo Despard . 767
XXXIX. A Frank Confession 833
XL. "Poor young man" 833
XLI. Not a bit happier . 836
XLII. "How about this marriage?" . 839

Raphael. By the Author of "Gifts for Men" 777

St. Michel during the Year of Pain. By F. M. F. Skene . 145
St. Paul's End of Controversy. By the Rev. Professor Plumptre . 820
Science of Health, The. By the Rev. Canon Kingsley . . . 44
School-Boards on Trial, The. By a Riverside Visitor . . . 107
Spectrum Analysis. By W. B. Carpenter, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.
Part I. Its Method . . 356, 413
II. Its Results . 415, 462, 528

Thoughts on the Endurance of Trial. By the late Norman Macleod, D.D. 511

William the Silent. By the Rev. Principal Tulloch, D.D. . 272, 348, 433, 860
Winter in the Rocky Mountains, and Spring in Mexico. Edited by Canon Kingsley.
I. New York to Colorado . 74
II. Life in a New Town . 203
III. Christmas, New Year, and Westward again . 382
IV. Robbers and Revolutions 453
V. From Pacific to Atlantic 539
Wordsworth's Three Yarrows. By Principal Shairp . . . 496

POETRY.

	PAGE
A Cycle. By C. Brooke	858
After the War. By C. C. Fraser-Tytler	97
At her Window. By Frederick Locker	91
At the Gate. By G. E. Meredith	389
Battle, After the. By F. Malcolm Doherty	852
Birth-Song. By William Freeland	64
Canada to the Laureate	432
Children's Hymns. By M. Betham-Edwards	393
Death of Captain Knowles. By M. B. Smedley	271
Drinking Fountain, Written for a. By T. W. Riddell-Webster	321
Empty. By Ada Cambridge	671
Enlightened Age, This. A Meditation in the British Museum. By Ada Cambridge	598
Face from the Past, A. By M. B. Smedley	699
Flower-Girls, The. From Goethe	832
Going Away. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"	16
Golden Thread, The. By Dora Greenwell	73
Hours on Loch Etive. By Principal Shairp	151
In the Woods. By Alice Hay Jenner	421
Lazarus. By Homikoff	317
Left Behind. By I. Fyvie Mayo	279
Legend of St. Christopher, The. By F. Malcolm Doherty	241
Little Dead Prince, A. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"	565
Looking Back. By May Paul	640
Love for the Young. By M. B. Smedley	368
Matthias to Albertus. By M. Betham-Edwards	216
Memories. By H. A. Page	537
My Life. By One of the Authors of "Poems for a Child"	574
Not Love. By Augusta Webster	760
No Tidings. By Jane C. Simpson	776
Old Road, An. By M. B. Smedley	468
Pot-pourri. By Austin Dobson	132
Progress of our New Church. By Charles (Tennyson) Turner	43
Quay, On the. By M. A. M. Hoppus	728
St. Vincent; or, Fire *versus* Water. By one of the Authors of "Child World"	202
Stabat Mater Dolorosa. New Translation. By the Rev. John Monsell, LL.D.	496
Summer Dream, A. By Edward Capern	712
Then. By M. H.	558
Thoughts	584
Under the Lighthouse	633
Under the Surface	606
Unica. By the Rev. W. H. Simcox	136
Waiting. By Augusta Webster	296
Washed Ashore. By the Author of "Ezekiel, and other Poems"	743
Winter Wedding, A. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"	169
Young Artist's Dream, The. By M. Betham-Edwards	632

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Prescotts of Pamphillon. Five Illustrations	*F. Walker*	1, 5, 8, 113, 116
The Prescotts of Pamphillon. Thirty Illustrations	*A. Hopkins*	120, 153, 155, 160, 257, 260, 264, 297, 299, 304, 401, 409, 441, 448, 545, 547, 552, 585, 592, 689, 691, 696, 761, 764, 768, 833, 841
Going Away. Two Illustrations	*W. L. Jones*	16
The Gulf Stream. Five Illustrations		19, 24, 102, 104, 105
Richard Hooker	*From a Photograph*	32
Lady Bell. Thirty-five Illustrations	*R. MacBeth*	Frontispiece, 33, 36, 40, 81, 85, 89, 185, 192, 193, 225, 229, 232, 329, 337, 340, 369, 377, 380, 473, 480, 483, 513, 520, 617, 622, 625, 657, 665, 670, 729, 733, 737, 801, 809
Paganini. Two Illustrations	*M. E. Haweis*	56, 57
Birth-Song	*T. Sulman*	64
The Golden Thread	*M. W. Ridley*	73
Winter in the Rocky Mountains. Eleven Illustrations	*Miss Kingsley and T. Sulman*	74, 76, 77, 80, 205, 207, 208, 209, 382, 384, 385
After the War	*M. W. Ridley*	97
Our Ancestors. Five Illustrations	*J. Temple*	128, 129, 130, 131
Unica. Three Illustrations	*A. Hopkins*	136
A Winter Wedding	*J. Temple*	169
Gutter-Children	*T. Green*	178
William Allan	*From a Photograph*	200
Matthias to Albertus	*M. W. Ridley*	217
Lighthouses of the Future. Four Illustrations		219, 220, 221, 222
The Legend of St. Christopher	*M. W. Ridley*	241
Our Merchant Seamen	*M. W. Ridley*	249
Left Behind	*F. A. Fraser*	280
Heligoland	*From a Photograph*	312
For a Drinking Fountain	*L. Jewitt*	321
William the Silent	*From a Photograph*	353
Hymn for a Little Child	*F. A. Fraser*	393
Spectrum Analysis. Eleven Illustrations		358, 360, 413, 416, 417, 461, 465, 529
In the Woods	*H. Johnson*	425
Spring in Mexico. Four Illustrations	*Miss Kingsley and T. Sulman*	454, 456, 457, 561
Flower Legends	*J. Macwhirter*	489
Stabat Mater Dolorosa	*J. Leighton*	496
Belem Castle, Lisbon	*From a Photograph*	506
Quadrangle of Sta. Maria, Belem	*From a Photograph*	508
Cloisters of Santa Maria, Belem	*From a Photograph*	509
Memories	*J. Lawson*	537
Sir Henry Durand	*From a Photograph*	577
Thoughts	*F. Walker*	584
Pictures of Italian Life. Twenty-eight Illustrations	*A. J. C. Hare*	566, 567, 568, 569, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 704, 705, 785, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851
Bees in the Past and Present. Two Illustrations		600, 605
Under the Lighthouse	*C. O. Murray*	633
Looking Back	*Arthur Hughes*	640
Empty	*J. Lawson*	672
Cuttlefishes. Eight Illustrations	*A. Wilson*	677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683
A Summer Dream	*T. Macquoid*	712
The Windmill and the Poplar-tree	*J. Macwhirter*	720
A Violet's Adventures. Two Illustrations	*T. Macquoid and F. A. Fraser*	722, 723
Washed Ashore	*T. Macquoid*	744
The Misanthropic Duck. Two Illustrations	*T. Macquoid*	750
The Discontented Wren	*J. B. Zwecker*	753
No Tidings	*P. Macquoid*	776
Ruins of Les Baux		824
Miner's Hut in the Ruins of Les Baux		825
Abbey of Montmajour		827
The Flower Girls	*F. W. Lawson*	832
Letters from H.M.S. *Challenger*. Three Illustrations	*J. J. Wild*	856, 857
Assassination of William the Silent	*From an old Dutch Picture*	868

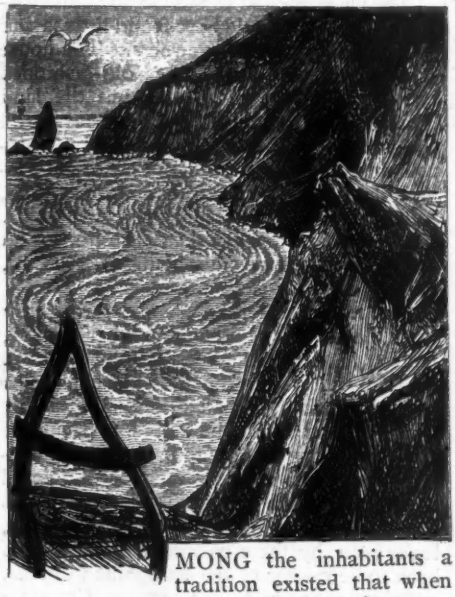
802.



THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON.

By MRS. PARR, Author of "Dorothy Fox."

CHAPTER I.—A LITTLE *CONTRE-TEMPS*.



AMONG the inhabitants a tradition existed that when the great naval port of Dockmouth was a fishing village, Mallett was a thriving town, and sent two members to Parliament. It needed a considerable amount of faith to credit this assertion, and of imagination to picture the quiet, old-fashioned place as other than it now stood — a quaint, ill-built cluster of houses stretching from the water's edge by a steep street to the high road above, and terminating in a straggling colony of pretty cottages, villas, and pleasant detached houses. These last were the residences of military and naval men, with large families and small means, and retired officers, maiden ladies and widows, who formed the principal gentry of Mallett. The noses of the Mallett folk were not at all offended by the odour of fish, sea-weed, and old rope, which pervaded every nook and corner of their primitive village. When strangers, pointing to the refuse heaps rotting here and there, declared that even the delicious breezes from the adjacent commons could not counteract such baneful poison as this, the Mallett folk only smiled. They treated as new-fangled notions the talk of the Dockmouth people about the drainage being so bad that visitors could not stand it. And when a suspicion dawned upon their untutored minds that some slur was thus intended to be cast upon their beloved home, they would turn suddenly, as was their wont, quick and fierce, and ask, "Who wanted strangers? Not they. Folks as couldn't abide a good wholesome stink o' fish had best stay away. Who was they, they wondered, for whom Mallett must be altered? 'Twas good enough for the Cap'en and Miss Hero; and if any man or woman at Dockmouth, or at any other port, would say that they could lay finger on their betters, why p'raps they'd stand out and say it." And this challenge being given by men, who, noted as wrestlers, are strong and sturdy of limb, it was rarely

taken up, and a surly silence, an unintelligible growl, was accepted by the Mallett champions as an acknowledgment that the Cap'en, the King o' Mallett, as many fondly called him, ranked second to none.

The Captain would most assuredly have sided with his friends. It was his boast that no one could tell the time when there hadn't been Carthews in Mallett. From his father he inherited Sharrows, an unpretentious, rambling sort of residence, visible from the high road, while the grounds—if such the tangle of flowers and shrubs could be designated—ran down to the sandy beach below. Captain Carthew had married somewhat late in life, on account—so he said—of his having been little on shore, and not having been a good hand at keeping up a running fire in the shape of epistolary wooing. When at length he had made his opportunity, he did not long enjoy domestic felicity. His wife died soon after the birth of their first child, named Hero, in honour of the dashing frigate which the Captain then commanded. Since that time, by his ardent admiration of the fair sex, and his devoted attentions, Captain Carthew had raised many a fluttering hope among the spinster portion of Mallett society; but one by one these illusions fell to the ground. It gradually came to be understood that such flattering gallantries were only part of the Captain's chivalrous manners, that they meant nothing in particular to anybody, and that it was more than improbable that the dead mistress of Sharrows would ever have a successor.

Twenty years had passed since Mrs. Carthew's death, during which time the Captain had been placed upon the retired list, the navy had gone to the dogs, and his daughter had grown from the "Cap'en's little maid," who shouted with delight as her rough devotees swung her in their brawny arms, into a bright fearless girl, whose presence was greeted with delight by every inhabitant of Mallett. It took outsiders some time to comprehend, or in the least degree to understand, the bond of faith and trust which existed between the owners of Sharrows and their humble friends. It was patent to all that a man with nothing beyond his pay and good-service pension could not win popularity by gifts or money. Yet not a joy or sorrow entered one of the village homes without sympathy and help, to the best of their means, coming from Sharrows; and there was not a man or woman in all Mallett but felt securely confident that, no matter what happened, the doors of Sharrows would never be closed against them; that if the Cap'en had but one loaf of bread he would share it with them, and that if he had a fortune left him they would be all gainers.

This trust formed the basis of their loyalty, and was a good reason why the inhabitants, while they freely tendered their respects to the rector, the doctor, and the whole of the Mallett gentry (with most of whom either they or their children had served or were serving the Queen), Captain Carthew was "*the* Cap'en," their councillor in difficulties, and their sheet-anchor in trouble or sorrow. When complimented on his popularity, the Captain would shake his head, saying, "But you know it ought not to be so; the master of Combe should be port-admiral at Mallett. Why, do you think I'm blind, because I won't see the things which people, who turn up their noses at us, are pointing out? But there's no getting Sir Stephen down here, and until he knows us, he'll never care about us. Ah! it's a thousand pities to see the old place going to rack and ruin."

The place referred to was Combe-Mallett—an estate which would have found little favour in the eyes of most landowners. The house was moderately large, and old-fashioned enough to look picturesque; but the land attached to it had, from neglect, become all but useless; the park, by which it was surrounded, looked a wilderness of unconvertible timber, stunted trees and brushwood, forming excellent cover for the game, which, on account of Sir Stephen's desire to let Combe, as it was usually called, Mr. Truscott, the agent, kept strictly preserved.

Sir Stephen inherited Combe through his grandmother having brought it as her wedding portion to his grandfather, Sir John Prescott. Sir John had left two sons. In the elder (who succeeded him) he had little pride, simply because he was his heir, and a peculiarly eccentric young man, who preferred his hobbies, and the two or three friends who could share in them, to the county society or his own family. Such things were, of course, looked on by them as unworthy of a man born to be master of the Pamphillon estates, and, as such, a leader among Grasshire magnates.

The tongues of rich and poor, for miles round, echoed the feelings which rankled in old Sir John's breast; loudly declaring it too bad, that while a churlish bookworm had honours thrust upon him, which he neither valued nor graced, the only prospect for Stephen (the second son), who was jovial and free-handed enough to be a duke, was to

wait to step into the shoes which his elder brother, in spite of his lantern jaws, might fill for many a long year. That sooner or later Mr. Stephen Prescott would succeed, no one doubted. Sir Bernard, it was felt, would never marry, on account of the only woman he had ever been seen to look at, or speak to willingly, having preferred his brother. People who, if *they* did not know the rights of it, nobody could tell them, had said that it was on account of Mrs. Stephen Prescott that Mr. Bernard kept away—living nobody knew how or where, and was a greater stranger to his family than they liked their neighbours to know of. Certain it was, that from the time of his brother's marriage until some twelve months after his father's death (when he had become master of Pamphillon) he had never set foot in his native place; and then he only returned because the brother, who had been his rival in all he set store by, lay in the family vault, with a newly-cut inscription on the church wall, telling how he had met his death by an untimely fall from his horse, leaving a widow and only son to deplore their loss.

When Mrs. Prescott spoke of retiring with her boy to Combe, which had been left to her husband by Sir John, Sir Bernard begged her to remain near him, as he should need her assistance and help, if he lived at Pamphillon among his tenants, as she said it was his duty to do. At first the widow hesitated—recollections made her irresolute, and she would only consent to defer her decision for a time; but she quickly found she had no hidden motive to dread in accepting Sir Bernard's invitation. The offers he had made at their first meeting, to be a father to her child and a brother to herself, he fulfilled to the letter, but nothing more. Never did he allude to any warmer feeling ever having existed between them. Mrs. Prescott smiled a little sarcastically when she thought how much unnecessary pity she had wasted upon a man who could so readily forget a disappointment, which he had told her he should carry to his grave. Yet she felt it was far better as it was. No brother could be more thoughtful, nor father more indulgent. He took as much pride in little Stephen as if he had been his own son. All reserve on her part was at last thrown aside, and she, as well as every one who knew them, uncontradictedly spoke to Sir Bernard of his nephew as his heir.

The boy was scarcely ten when he and his mother were recalled to Sir Bernard's bedside from a visit they were making in Wales. They hurried back with all speed, to find him already dead, and Stephen his successor—but successor to what? To a name, and nothing more. The estate was mortgaged, tied up, ruined, by the speculations of a man, who had been one of the most splendid tools a set of sharpers ever lighted upon. It seemed as if people would never tire of asking each other what possible motive could have induced this man (whom all his neighbours had regarded as a bookworm and a miser) to enter into speculations and schemes which would have staggered the most desperate gambler. No one being able to solve the enigma, they settled the matter by concurring that he was mad, that he always had been mad, and ought never to have been allowed the handling of a fine property, which had been in the family for generations. Poor Mrs. Prescott, bent on living on bread and water to try and keep it for her son, lived in terror that she would not be able to hold out till Sir Stephen was of age, but would have to take the lawyer's advice and sell it. But, impossible as it had seemed, hold out she did; and at twenty-one Sir Stephen Prescott found himself called upon to manage a large estate, which was hampered by liabilities of every description, and which kept him in a continual strait by forcing him to contract new loans to pay off old scores.

Thus it was, that while the simple Mallett folk regarded him as a Crœsus, who lived a life of thoughtless pleasure, and could turn their poor village into an earthly paradise, without being obliged to deny himself a single luxury; he refrained from asking his agent one word about them, dreading to hear of distresses which he could not remedy, or suggested improvements which he had not the money to carry out.

The agent, Mr. Truscott, lived at Dockmouth, and for the last five or six years, on account of Sir Stephen having been abroad, had reigned supreme over Mallett, ruling with so strict a hand that people rather let things go on, however bad they might be, "than knuckle down to that Truscott, who had swept out Glynn's offices, for all he rode on horseback, switching his whip as flourishin' as if he was his master." During the past year, however, hope had greatly revived. Sir Stephen had not only returned to England, but had announced that he should most probably pay Mallett a visit—an announcement which, a few weeks before, had been confirmed by Mrs. Tucker, the housekeeper at Combe, receiving a letter from Sir Stephen himself, saying that she was to get a couple

of rooms in order, as, in the course of a week or so he would be at no great distance, and would probably run down to Mallett for a few days.

What was to be done? How was he to be received? When would he come? These, and a dozen other questions were speculated upon, without any conclusion being arrived at, except that something must be done; but it was agreed that what this something ought to be need not be decided upon until Sir Stephen wrote again, which most assuredly he would do before he came.

"One thing I am glad of," said Hero Carthew, who was seeing her father as far as Ferry Bridge, on his road to Dockmouth; "I am glad Sir Stephen has chosen this season to pay his visit to Combe. It never looks so lovely as in the spring."

"I wonder when the fellow means to make his appearance?" said the Captain. "These youngsters want such a sight of backing and filling. Why, in my day——"

"Now, you dear old thing, it's your day now," interrupted Hero; "and Sir Stephen never positively said how soon he intended coming."

"Oh! of course, you'll take his part," replied the Captain. "You women are all alike, ready to wager any mortal thing against the likelihood of a full-blown baronet doing wrong."

Hero laughed.

"I hope he will turn out to be as nice as we want him to be," she said. "It would be a little trial to give up going in and out of Combe, as I suppose we should have to do, if Sir Stephen came to live there. Find out if you can, papa, whether Mr. Truscott knows when he is coming, and how long he intends to stay."

"And what do you mean to do with your self while I am gone?" asked her father.

"I! Oh, I shall go to the Joslyns, and see Alice. You are certain not to be back until five or six o'clock. Be sure and bring me the parcel from Home's, and the wool from Miss Gregory's, and don't forget my brooch and Betsey's orders, whatever you do."

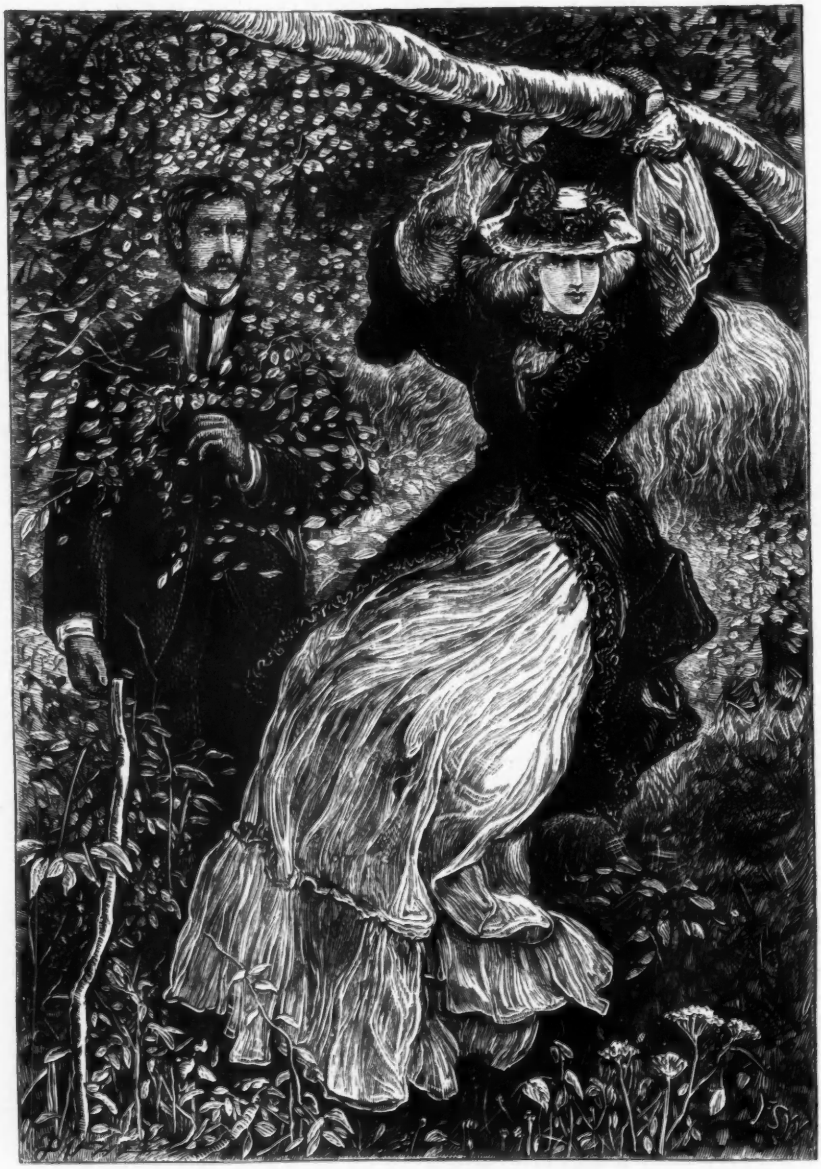
"All right," said the old gentleman, bidding his daughter good-bye.

"Take care of yourself, and don't get into mischief," she called after him; and then, with sundry nods, lookings-back, and shouted messages, the two parted, Captain Carthew to take his place in Ned Wallis's boat for Dockmouth, and Hero to strike across Passmore Fields, which would bring her, by a short cut, close to the coast-guard station of which Mr. Joslyn held command.

Hero Carthew fell very far short of a beauty, and yet she generally contrived to carry off the lion's share of admiration and attraction. There was an unstudied grace about her figure, an elastic freedom in her movements, which attracted notice before perhaps you had even caught sight of her face, which was, like her nature, sunny and loveable, yet with plenty of character, and showing very openly its likes and dislikes, its pleasure and its pain. It would have thoroughly unhinged the nerves of many a town-bred belle or beau to have followed Hero's track to Winkle station. She walked and ran, climbed hills, jumped gates; singing merrily, and whistling familiarly to all the animals who chanced to lie in her road. Perfect health, temper, and spirits, what more was wanted to make her, what she declared herself to be, as happy as the days were long.

It always gave her additional pleasure to spend a day with the Joslyns. Alice was her greatest friend, the three boys were all in love with her, and Mr. Joslyn was her father's oldest shipmate. However long she had to stay at Winkle, the hour for return came all too soon; so that in this case none of them would credit Mr. Joslyn's assertion that it was already four o'clock, and high time to get into the boat, or the tide would not serve for landing Hero at Combe Point, and thus save her a three miles' walk. It did not take them long to reach Cape Farewell, as they had dubbed the narrow spit of sand which stretched out here; and, after a very reluctant leave-taking, and many promises of another such meeting, Hero was landed, scrambled up the rugged path, and stood waving her hand, watching the little boat as it tacked about, until it finally caught the wind and sailed swiftly out of sight.

Then she turned and began to look about for a certain old bullace-tree, which jutted conveniently out of the cliff. By mounting a stone placed there for the purpose, you could catch hold of a branch and swing yourself down into the park below. It was some time since Hero had availed herself of this mode of ingress, and she had wondered if she should hit the exact spot. She critically examined the bough to ascertain if it would bear her weight; and, being satisfied on that score, with a one—two—three—the top was gained, and by the reaction of the bough she came down together with a shower of blossom, loose



"THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON."

Page 5.

stones, and dust at the feet of a gentleman whose hat she knocked off, and flattened under her feet.

"Oh! what have I done?" she exclaimed, as she endeavoured by beating the cloud to disperse the dust in which she had enveloped him; "I beg your pardon—I am so sorry—I had no idea that any one would be here; why didn't you call out?"

"Call out," he said, in a somewhat injured tone, "really that was an impossibility; I only heard a rustle, and before I had even time to look up, you had descended."

Then, seeing the look of unutterable confusion which came into Hero's face, as her eyes fell on the hat all battered and spoiled, he burst into a hearty laugh, saying—

"Pray, don't mind it; but you must pardon a stranger for being ignorant that the young ladies here have a way of dropping from the clouds."

Hero tried to smile, but the hat weighed heavily upon her.

"Can't something be done to it?" she asked anxiously, trying to restore it to shape; "I feel so dreadfully ashamed of myself."

"Don't do that," he said, looking admiringly at her pretty confusion, "it will come right again, I dare say; and if not, I have some more luggage coming this evening, so don't distress me by distressing yourself."

His luggage! who could he be? Hero looked at him inquiringly, and then a dreadful suspicion arose that this must be Sir Stephen Prescott.

"I had no idea that there was any path outside the cliff," he said, trying to divert her from the unlucky accident.

"Nor is there," stammered poor Hero, who felt that, if her last conjecture proved true, she ought to add an apology for this unwarrantable mode of entrance. "I have been to Winkle station; and, as the tide prevented me from getting back by the beach, Mr. Joslyn landed me at the Point below, and I climbed up here to get home through the park. People have always been allowed to come this way; Sir Stephen Prescott has never objected to it;" and then with a blush and half-smile she asked shyly, "Are you Sir Stephen Prescott?"

"Yes, I am; what made you think so?"

"Because, for one thing, I did not know you, and we seldom have strangers here; and then you look—at least you are not quite the same as the people we generally see."

Sir Stephen smiled.

"May I venture to ask," he said, "whom I have the honour of addressing?"

"My name is Hero Carthew. I am Captain Carthew's daughter, of Sharrows, round Combe Point;" and she pointed in the direction where the house lay.

"Sharrows! I think Mr. Truscott has spoken to me of Sharrows—is it not the next place to this?"

"Yes, we are neighbours, though not very near ones. Papa will be so pleased to see you. We heard that it was likely you would come, but no one expected you to-day, or you would have had a proper reception. How did you get here?"

"I came by train from Garston to Dockmouth, and took a carriage on to this place. The old housekeeper seemed perfectly aghast at seeing me. She kept on insisting that she expected I should have written. I told her that I had written *once*. But this was of no use, she kept repeating that she expected I should have written again."

"So we all thought," said Hero. "You know you only said in your letter that she was to get the rooms ready, as it was probable you might run down while you were in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Tucker brought it for me to read the morning she got it, and I believe almost every day since; she was so afraid there might be some mistake. How vexed the poor old soul will be, that everything is not in apple-pie order! Of course, nothing was ready."

"Ready!" echoed Sir Stephen. "In all your life, you never saw such scrubbing and cleaning as was going on there; only that the horse would have been dead beat, I should have returned to Dockmouth without delay."

"Oh, that would have been too bad," exclaimed Hero energetically; "you must not think of such a thing. You have no idea how every one has been looking forward to your visit. We have talked of nothing else."

"Very flattering, and all that kind of thing," replied Sir Stephen, laughing; "but practically, I know of nothing more disagreeable than to arrive where you fancy you are expected, and find no rooms ready, and no chance of dinner—an event which this sea air makes exceedingly important to me just at present. I really think it would have been better to have gone back to the hotel at Dockmouth," he added reflectively.

But Hero shook her head at this. While he had been speaking, she had been rapidly running over in her mind the contents of the home larder. Of course, she decided that she must ask Sir Stephen to return with her.

Her father would be very vexed if she did otherwise; for Captain Carthew's principles of hospitality consisted in offering freely what he had, not in withholding his invitation because he had not that which his liberal heart desired to place before his guest. Turning, she said—

"Papa went to Dockmouth this morning, but by this time he must be back again. I hope you will not stand upon ceremony with us, but return with me, and at least give us the satisfaction of knowing that you are not alone the first evening of your arrival."

"Really, you are very kind, Miss Carthew; but——," and as he hesitated, Hero said—

"You will only be saving papa a walk, for I know he would set off to fetch you the instant I told him that you were all by yourself."

"I should be sorry to give him that trouble; so perhaps, as I wish very much to make his acquaintance, you will permit me to accompany you back."

CHAPTER II.—A FIRST WELCOME.

"SHALL we go by the cliff path?" asked Hero. "Perhaps you will not care to go through the village."

"Hardly, if it can be avoided. I do not fancy that at present my appearance is calculated to inspire the authority I am supposed to possess."

"I don't think any one would see it unless they were told," said Hero colouring, as she glanced at the unfortunate hat. "It was too bad of me, and at our first meeting."

"Oh no, it has but made us better friends," replied Sir Stephen. "A little *contre-temps* is often most successful in putting people at their ease. Don't you think so?"

Hero shook her head.

"I was in an awful state of fright," she said, "when I began to suspect who you were."

Sir Stephen laughed.

"It is evident I ought not to have come here. I shall never be able to keep up the character to which distance lent enchantment."

"Oh yes, you will; and if we can only make you like the place, and come and live here sometimes, the people will be ready to do anything for you, as they are for papa."

"Ah! Mr. Truscott told me that Captain Carthew has immense influence among the villagers."

"Yes, papa understands them. Mr. Truscott does not; one must live among them."

"Rather a heavy penalty to pay, though," said Sir Stephen. "In winter it must be fearfully dull."

"Oh, no! it is not; though perhaps you would feel it so; I am forgetting that I have never lived in any other place."

"And you are quite content here?"

"Perfectly. Of course, I am longing to go to a hundred places, and see all one hears about, but I know I shall never find another Mallett."

Here a bend in the path brought them to a cottage, at the door of which a fresh-coloured middle-aged woman was standing.

"Well, Lois," said Miss Carthew, with a friendly smile, "has Osee come home yet?"

"Yes, miss, and the Cap'en, he said, comed back with 'em."

"Oh, that is all right;" then, turning towards Sir Stephen, she said—

"Lois, this is Sir Stephen Prescott."

"My dear life!" exclaimed the woman, dropping a succession of curtseys. "Well, I never did. I'm sure, sir, you'll be as welcome as the flowers o' May to Mallett. Why, Osee!" she called, "do'ee come out here then. He will be took aback sure enuf," she added, as a square-built, weather-beaten sea-faring man made his appearance, and was duly pushed forward by his wife with the introduction, "This is my man, Osee Triggs, sir, and at your service by night or by day. 'Tis Sir Stephen Prescott, Osee," she wound up with.

Osee's astonished face beamed again, as with several touches at an imaginary cap he said—

"I'm proud and happy, sir, as you be come among us at last, as Miss Hero will tell ye, 'tis what we've all hoped for for ever so long, 'till some of us thought 'twas never to be; but the Cap'en he stuck to his colours; says he, he'll come yet, never you fear that, he says; and you may always take yer Davy to what the Cap'en says; he never hauls his colours down, he don't."

"Sir Stephen has not seen papa yet," said Hero, nodding her adieux. "So good-bye."

"Good evening," said Sir Stephen.

"Good evening, sir, and thank'ee for coming."

"And thank you too, Miss Hero," called out Osee. "I shall just ha' somethin'," he added, "to tell my mates, as I was the first as clapped eyes on un."

"These people seem very odd to me," said Sir Stephen, as he and Hero walked away, laughing over his first welcome.

"Odd!" echoed Hero, who was not quite certain of his meaning.

"Yes," he answered, "they are so completely different from the general class of villagers. They have none of the chronic shyness with which most country people seem oppressed."

"Oh, no; they are not shy; but they have nothing to be shy about."

"Neither have my other tenants; but they would never think of telling me that they were glad to see me, or of entering into any conversation with me."

"No? Well, they are odd then, if you like; but prepare yourself to answer all sorts of questions here; for Mallett people ask anything they want to know."

"So I find," said Sir Stephen. "My driver, and the pedestrians we met and passed, kept up a running fire of 'Why, where ever be *you* going, John Hicks?' 'To Combe, to be sure.'"

"And then," laughed Hero, "I know came—'Why, what be goin' to do there?'"

"Oh yes, and the answer was given by a turn of the whip, and a jerk of the head towards me, accompanied on selected occasions by the advice to ask Mary somebody at the pike, her'll tell'ee."

"I don't think you imagined that we were quite so primitive as you have found us," said Hero, "although I don't consider that we are regular country folks; we are too near Dockmouth for that. There is our house; you just catch sight of it round that corner. We have only to go up this hill and we shall be there."

"We have done nothing else but go up hill," said Sir Stephen, a little out of breath, while Hero's pace never slackened, neither did her voice falter. He could but look admiringly at her lithe figure and elastic step, bespeaking perfect health and no small amount of bodily strength.

"I must induce my mother to come here in the summer," he said; "she is somewhat of an invalid, and the air seems to be delicious."

"Oh, I am sure it would do her good. It is always said that a doctor cannot live nor die at Mallett. People are never ill here."

"I shall tell her that as a certain inducement."

"Yes, do," she said, stopping half way down the lane before a black painted wooden gate. "Here we are. This is Sharrows, and there is papa," and she pointed to a rather stout-looking figure in a short jacket and broad Panama hat.

"Papa! papa! He doesn't hear me—he is a little deaf; but I'll soon make him look up," and, to Sir Stephen's great amusement, she put her two fingers into her mouth and gave a long shrill whistle.

"Shocking," she said turning to her companion, with a little shrug at herself, "but he sees us now;" and, waving her hand, they descended the path towards which Captain Carthew had turned to meet them. As soon as they were within speaking distance Hero called out—

"Papa, who do you think I have brought to see you? This is Sir Stephen Prescott."

"Sir Stephen! God bless my heart, you don't say so!" and Captain Carthew, hurrying forward, seized the long-expected visitor by both hands, giving them a grip they were totally unaccustomed to, as he said heartily—

"Welcome, very welcome. So you've found your way to Mallett at last. Well, I'm very glad to see you. Why, you've regularly stolen a march upon us. When did you come?"

"This afternoon."

"And," broke in Hero, "he was going back to Dockmouth, because nothing was ready at Combe. Mrs. Tucker expected that he intended writing again, as we all did."

"Now," said the Captain, "didn't I tell you she had best set to and get everything square at once. I expected from the first that you'd come and catch us all napping; but these women folk make as much fuss over setting their chairs and tables straight, and getting their sheets out of lavender as we should in rigging out a 'seventy-four.' But there, there; it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and since we've got you down here I won't say any more. Run round to Betsey, Hero, and say she must give us the best dinner she can. Get her steam up," he added, with his hand to his mouth and a jerk of his head towards Sir Stephen, "by telling her who's going to eat it."

Hero ran off by some shorter way, and the Captain, putting his arm in Sir Stephen's, the two proceeded towards the flat upon which the house stood.

Sir Stephen had intended making an elaborate apology for the unceremonious way in which he had accepted Hero's invitation; but somehow he quite forgot about it, and before an hour had elapsed he found himself chatting away to Captain Carthew as if he had known him all his life. When he casually spoke of leaving Mallett the next day the Captain would not hear of it.

"No, no," he said, "now you are here

don't run away directly. I want you to take an interest in the place and the people, and you'll never do that until you've seen a little of them. Why, there are no such sailors in the world as the Mallett men—fine, hardy fellows, true to the backbone, rough and ready to shed their last drop of blood for those they're bound to. Then the place; I've been half over the world, but I never saw anything to touch Mallett. Talk about foreign scenery, pshaw! stuff and nonsense! Look at Winkle; go to Silver Sands. Why, when you've been here a month you won't know yourself for the same man. Except of old age people *can't* die at Mallett; when they come here they get a fresh lease of their lives. So don't talk of running away—and what's the use of going back to Combe?



Page 7

No, no; I shall send for your traps, and you just take up your quarters here, and then I can lay an embargo upon you whenever I see any signs of weighing anchor."

And so finally the matter was settled. Sir Stephen demurred at first, and put forward several feeble objections, which—as he was nothing loth to remain—he was not sorry to have overruled. The end was that he consented to remain, and owned himself very much obliged to Captain Carthew and his daughter for asking him.

By the morning of the next day there was not a man, woman, or child in all Mallett but knew that Sir Stephen had come, and was staying with "the Cap'en" at Sharrows. Ann House had been up with some whiting pout which her man had caught the night before.

Ned Wallis had picked out the finest of the shrimps that he was taking to Dockmouth market, and left them with his duty. Mrs. Carne would be bound that Betsey was put to it for butter, and sent her boy Johnny up with a fresh pound and a pot of cream. The general thought was how they could assist the "Cap'en" in duly entertaining his distinguished guest. Nor was it in the village alone that this feeling existed. Mrs. Thompson remembered that Hero had said some days before that their stock of jam was nearly exhausted, so she must supply that default. Miss Stevens routed out some choice ginger that her brother the chaplain had brought from China. Old Mr. Jamieson, the paymaster, thought he'd take down a bottle of his old Constantia (he'd only four or five left) that the Captain might give Sir Stephen a taste of something he did not get every day. And so all through the small community each drew on his or her little store of dainties, trying to assist their neighbour in setting before his guest those things which his hospitality would prompt, but his resources they knew would not supply.

CHAPTER III.—AT SHARROWS.

"THERE is one thing which must be done," said Hero, as Sir Stephen, on the second morning after his arrival, stood waiting for Captain Carthew to accompany him to Combe; "so it is of no use talking about your going away. Stay you must, 'for it is your duty to.'"

"And, pray, what is my duty?"

"Well, your duty to your neighbour, in this instance, is that you remain, and I invite all Mallett and its environs to tea, and to meet Sir Stephen Prescott."

Sir Stephen laughed outright. The whole thing was to him so irresistibly comic; in fact, during the last few days, his life had been so entirely altered from its usual routine, that, after the fashion of the ancient dame who fell asleep on the king's highway, he had asked himself, over and over again, "Can this be I?"

A man accustomed to a certain amount of luxury, amusement, and society, found himself suddenly domesticated among comparative strangers, who, though they did their best to entertain him, could offer him nothing beyond the simple enjoyments of their homely life.

Hero's light-hearted face and merry gossip, Captain Carthew's quaint stories, the primitive, out-spoken village folk whom they met on their rambling investigations—all combined to amuse him wonderfully, and somehow the days had seemed very short. But when he called up some of the queer-looking old men and antiquated ladies who had been pointed out to him as of Mallett gentry, and pictured himself doing the agreeable to them at a tea party, the idea tickled him more than he would have cared for his present friends to see.

"It is of no use laughing," said Hero, trying to look grave. "I really mean what I say; they would be so disappointed if they were not properly introduced to you, just as we should have been, if you had stayed somewhere else, and had gone away without our seeing anything of you. People have so looked forward to your visit, and they are really all so good and kind-hearted that I fear if you went away, and did not meet them, they would feel hurt, and fancy you took no interest in the place. If you think you can stay, you would be granting me a favour by doing so."

"My dear Miss Carthew, say no more. I would do a great deal more than that to please you; beside which, you and your father are so good to me, that, unless I was absolutely obliged to get back to London, I doubt very much whether you would not experience considerable difficulty in getting rid of me."

"Then you really will stay?"

"Of course I will."

"That is kind of you—thank you so much. I shall invite all I can for to-morrow evening. They know my heart is good to ask everybody, but as papa says, our stowage is not large enough."

"Now I have a brilliant idea," said Sir Stephen, "if you will oblige me by helping to carry it out."

"What is it?"

"Why, this; instead of asking them here, ask them all to Combe-Mallett; the rooms are already dismantled, the people have nothing to do, and I'll send my man off to Dockmouth to order some supper."

"Why, we could have a dance," exclaimed Hero, twisting round in an imaginary waltz; "what a glorious idea! Everybody can be invited there, can't they? They will be so delighted; oh, thank you, Sir Stephen; I am so much obliged to you. You don't know how kind every one will think it."

"There is really no great kindness in it from me, not one quarter as kind as you were going to be; see to what trouble you intended putting yourself."

"Trouble! oh, I do not call that trouble;

you should see us at Christmas time. We always give two parties then; one to our friends, and one to the village, although they nearly all come to each. The whole house is turned upside down, the rooms are decorated with flags and holly, and festooned with bunting; you would not know the place, it looks so gay and pretty."

"And you really enjoy that?" said Sir Stephen, looking rather incredulously at her.

"Enjoy it! why it is the greatest fun in the world. Alice and the Joslyn boys from Winkle always stay here, so I have their help; then Jack Pringle, Jervis Randall, and any of the young men at home or the girls who think they can be of use, come down. Joe Bunce, the carpenter we went to yesterday, nails it all up for us, and papa walks about declaring he does not know where to go or what to do, but really enjoying it twenty times more than any one else. Last year Alice and I were so tired afterwards that we could hardly move. We never sat down all day, and danced all night."

Sir Stephen looked admiringly at the young girl's animated face, and then he said, "I wonder if you know how much you are to be envied. I could tell you of dozens of people who would give the half of their fortune to possess your wonderful capacity for enjoyment."

"I don't understand you," said Hero puzzled.

"Well, I mean this; most of my acquaintances are people who every night of their lives go to operas, balls, theatres, or have amusement of some kind."

"How delicious!" exclaimed Hero.

"But they do not think so."

"Why do they go then?"

"Just that! They go because they have no pleasure in staying away, although they enjoy nothing by going out. They are moped to death if they stay at home, and bored to death by the society they seek."

"Poor things!" said Hero. "Surely they must be ill."

"No, it is not that; they are well enough. Why, do you know," he added, "I am but describing what is very frequently my own condition."

"You, Sir Stephen! Ah, now I know that you are laughing at me."

"Indeed, I am not; you must not think, because I have not shown my hoof, that it is my wont to be as cheerful and happy as I have felt since I came here. I cannot make my contented self out, and can only put it down to the influence of the atmosphere by which I am surrounded. You are all so good and happy that you diffuse it to those less fortunately constituted."

"Fancy!" ejaculated Hero. "Do you know, I have been envying you so much. I fancied that people who lived in London, and went to court and into grand society, where they actually saw and heard all the things that we can only read about, could have nothing left to wish for; and yet you mean to say that you are really sometimes dull and unhappy?"

"Very frequently; although I believe I am not tormented half as sorely as many. Whether," he added, smiling at Hero's incredulous face, "it is the curse entailed on riches, or the penalty enforced on those who have the power to supply every wish and want, I cannot tell; but this I can assure you, that I have heard women in satins and jewels envy some poor girl whose merry face they have caught gazing with admiration into their carriage. I have a cousin who, having a large fortune at her command, is regarded by most people with especial envy. She is still young, and by many considered very handsome; yet she is always complaining of low spirits and depression—complaints which, I expect, you hardly know the meaning of."

Hero shook her head.

"When I was a child," she said, laughing, "I remember feeling cross some days, and inclined to cry about everything, which Betsey, my old nurse, took as a sign that I needed a powder, and, I believe, it generally cured me; but now——Well, if papa is away, I may feel a little dull sometimes, and then I put on my hat and run up to the Randalls or the Thompsons, and I am soon all right. One can never be dull with Mrs. Thompson: she is so full of fun. She has seven children, and only one real servant, and she makes everything they wear, because a captain of marines' pay is so small. I hope she'll be able to come to-morrow."

"I hope she will," replied Sir Stephen, "I should like to make her acquaintance: she must be a wonder."

"Oh, no! she is not. I know several people who do or have done the same."

"And would you be contented with that kind of life, Miss Carthew?"

"Well," laughed Hero, "it is somewhat startling to contemplate just now, but it comes on one by degrees, and—oh, yes, if it was my fate, I should not be very miserable under it; the worst to me would be the part-

ings and the long separations," and she gave a little sigh.

"Yes, that would be exceedingly disagreeable; supposing, of course, that you cared for one another."

"But I mean husbands and wives," said Hero, getting a little red.

"So do I," said Sir Stephen; "but I have known husbands and wives not at all sorry to part, after they discovered they could not live happily together."

"Yes, I know that. Of course *all* do not get on well; in the village some of the married people disagree terribly. They come up here with such stories of each other, and quarrel and fight constantly. But even then, I suppose, a sort of regard exists between them; for if any one else takes sides or interferes, they are sure to leave off and fall upon the unlucky interloper. Papa can always separate two men or two women, but he says he shears off when it's a matrimonial squabble."

"What an influence your father has in the village!" said Sir Stephen; "I quite envy him his popularity."

"Come and live here then, and you'll soon share their favour."

"More unlikely things than that might happen," said Sir Stephen gravely; "sometimes one's life seems to remain stagnant for years, then suddenly an opening is made for new hopes, resolves, and interests. Perhaps this visit which I have paid without even telling my mother that I intended coming, may be a turning point in my life—who knows?"

"It would be the making of the Mallett people if you did come to Combe," said Hero; "you might find it dull at first, though we would do all we could to make you like the place. Papa! papa!" she called out, seeing her father pass the window. "I want to speak to you. Only think, Sir Stephen says I may ask all the people to Combe instead of here. Won't it be nice? I must go to the Joslyns, and ask them; Alice *must* come, you know!"

"Oh! that means the boat and Bunce, I suppose?"

"No, I'd rather go with Jim."

The Captain shook his head. "The wind is sure to drop in the afternoon," he said.

"And if it does we can manage, and perhaps," she added, turning to Sir Stephen, "you might like to come with me."

"I should very much, if our Combe business is over."

"Very well, then, I will be at New Quay by three o'clock, and I shall wait until you come. Good-bye, now I am off to issue the invitations."

Hero had not at all over estimated the amount of pleasure which the news, of which she was the happy bearer, would give.

"So thoughtful, I call it," said Mrs. Jamieson, turning it over in her mind as to whether her best cap would do. "You know, my dear, it is not every young man in his exalted position who would care to know us simple folks."

"It's all your doing, Hero," said Mrs. Thompson, "and sorry I am my Terence isn't here to enjoy it with us."

"Yes, I wish he was; and that Leo was here too. He knows my step so well; nobody dances as well as Leo—at least I think so."

Mrs. Thompson shook her head. "I often wish now," she said, "that you didn't think quite so much of Leo Despard, Hero. I'd far sooner see ye listening to Jack Pringle, poor boy; and he hanging on your words like the bee does to the flower, and finding nothing but honey in it. Leo thinks too much of himself, and not enough of other people; and you and Aunt Lydia just tickle him with a feather out of his own tail. I suppose she'll hardly venture so far in the night air."

"No," said Hero, thinking it best to let the remarks on Leo go unanswered; "I am going to her next, but it is not at all likely that she will come; she is so afraid of taking cold;" and, after some discussion regarding the dress Mrs. Thompson meant to wear, Hero left for the cottage where the late rector's sister, Miss Despard, or Aunt Lydia, as she was more generally called, resided.

As had been anticipated, the old lady would not hear of it being prudent that she should accept Hero's invitation; although she was equally obliged to Sir Stephen for asking her, and it was only like the Captain to offer to fetch her, and see her home. "But I don't feel equal to it, my dear; more particularly as Leo is not going to be there."

"You'd go to see him, wouldn't you, Aunt Lydia?" Hero said, with a look which made Miss Despard take the girl's hand and press it in token of their sympathy on that point.

"Ah, dear fellow! that I would," she replied, with a burst of pride. "Sir Stephen, or fifty Sir Stephens, I know there'll not be one to equal my Leo in that room. You are right to be very proud of being his choice, Hero, for I don't know where you'd go to find his equal."

Hero smiled approvingly; she liked to hear Leo's praises sung, for though there was no openly-acknowledged engagement between them, everybody knew that there was to be as soon as his ardently longed-for promotion came.

Not a few of Hero's friends shook their heads disapprovingly over this arrangement, and hoped that something might happen to prevent a marriage of which they did not heartily approve; for Leo was not universally popular in Mallett. He did not belong to the place, nor the county, but came from London, which was like belonging to no place, and next to being a foreigner; then there was a little air of mystery about him, inasmuch as no one knew for certain who he was, or who his parents were before him. He had come to Mallett some twenty years before with Mr. Despard, the late rector. Two or three different stories had been given out at odd times about the boy, whether true or false nobody could undertake to say, for Mr. Despard himself was a stranger to Mallett, and held the living because he had been a friend of the former baronet, Sir Bernard Prescott, in whose gift it was. When Leo was sent to Dockmouth grammar-school, the rector gave him his own name in place of the one he had heretofore borne, announcing to Mallett that he meant from henceforth to adopt the boy as his own son, and that they were in future to call him Leo Despard. These circumstances, combined with an undue reticence on the rector's part, and a confusion in his sister's manner whenever the relationship was alluded to, led to the conclusion that perhaps the less said about Leo's birth and parentage the better. On one point every person was agreed—that no parents could have shown more tender love towards the boy than did the shy reserved rector and his ailing spinster sister. By them Leo's wishes, his likes and dislikes, were regarded as those of a genius who ought not to be trammelled with the ordinary rules by which youth is usually governed; and it naturally came to pass that this blind affection strengthened the faults that should have been curbed, and killed the unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others, which in most characters is the result of early training, and accumulated small self-denials.

It had been Mr. Despard's wish that Leo should follow his profession, and, after him, take the Mallett rectorship; but to this plan the boy would not listen, he would be nothing but a soldier; and, as most people agreed that such a handsome young fellow seemed made for a soldier, Leo was in due time gazetted to a regiment, where his hardest task was trying to keep pace with his brother officers, most of them men more monied than himself. Few, if any, of his associates guessed that their pleasant, popular companion imposed upon himself cares and worries which cankered all his happiness, because his false pride had rebelled against his originally acknowledging his true position; and having commenced his career by announcing a cleverly concocted falsehood, he had now to keep up the fraudulent statement.

All this was unknown to his Mallett friends, who based their opinions of him on the foolish way in which he rebelled against the small economies which Aunt Lydia, in common with her neighbours, had to practise; and he often vexed Hero by seeming to be ashamed of the unpretending mode of living, and the small house to which he had to return. Knowing nothing of such feelings herself, she had no sympathy with them, and she tried to assure herself that in time she should make Leo forget them, and teach him to love Mallett as she loved it.

"If he were but at home now to meet Sir Stephen and hear his admiration of the place and the people, it would be more likely to do him good than anything else." But unfortunately that was impossible, so she must trust to the impression which her repetition of all that her new friend said and did would produce; and with this thought uppermost in her mind, she bade Aunt Lydia good-bye, and proceeded to deliver her round of invitations.

The news "that doings was to be up to Combe" very soon spread through the village, and infected the humbler inhabitants with a general air of excitement. All who could be of any service volunteered their help to Mrs. Tucker, the steward, Betsey, and the Captain, until Sir Stephen, infected by the unwonted stir and bustle, declared that there must be two gatherings, and that, if Captain Carthew would assist him and give him quarters for a day or two longer, they would contrive to get up something for the village people, whose cheerful alacrity he considered was really deserving of recognition. This idea so delighted the Captain that he could scarcely contain his joy until he got down to the water's edge, and no sooner had he reached there, than he roared out to the men gathered about the quay—

"Here, listen to me, my men. Sir Stephen Prescott has asked his friends and neighbours to his house to-morrow

evening, that he may become better acquainted with them; and now he proposes the next evening to have you and your wives and sweethearts, that he may have the opportunity of knowing you too, which I call a very kind action on his part, and every one of us, I am sure, feels it as such, and therefore I say Three cheers for Sir Stephen Prescott, and God bless him."

"Three cheers for Sir Stephen Prescott, and God bless him!" shouted idle loungers, sturdy young sailors, weather-beaten tars, and the small fry of ragamuffins, who seemed to thrive equally well above or below their native element. Then, after a momentary pause and consultation, Joe Connor, who was generally spokesman, stepped forward, and taking off his hat, into which he gazed intently, said—

"If we might make so free, we thanks your honour for your kindness, which us and ours hope ever to deserve, and that your honour will never regret the day you set foot in Mallett, where 'twould be our pride to know you'd live for ever and die at a good old age, covered wi' medals and glory. With," turning to his comrades, whose pleased faces bespoke their admiration of his eloquence, "a hip, hip, hooray!" and out ran the women, children, and occupants of the near-by cottages, ready to join in any fun or fray which might happen to be going on.

"One more for the Cap'en!" and up rose the cheery shout again; then seeing Hero approach, and Sir Stephen turn to greet her, Ted Connor, who declared he envied the very ground she trod upon, called out, "Once again, boys!" and the rocks resounding and seeming to echo back again the enthusiastic outburst, Sir Stephen, laughingly, put his hands to his ears, saying, "This is the price we pay for your popularity, Miss Carthew."

DEVOTIONAL READINGS FROM MSS. OF THE LATE DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

I.—CHRIST THE HEAVEN OF BELIEVERS.

"*WHERE I am there shall ye be also.*"—There are phrases regarding the future with which we are are all familiar. We speak of a future rest from all our cares, toils, and sufferings; and we think of the dead as being happy; but there are very many who attach no definite ideas to such phrases, to whom they express little more than what the heathen profess, and who assume that nothing more can be known. They have such a feeble consciousness of any living communion with Christ now, that they scarcely ever think of what He is to be to them hereafter. They taste not the "power of the world to come."

What then is it which constitutes the true heaven of Christians? While the idea of heaven necessarily includes immortality, life, peace, blessedness, with an intensity of meaning we cannot measure, yet the centre of all its glory and the source of all its joy is the presence of Jesus Christ. There is *no place* for the Christian after death where Christ is not. There are indeed "many mansions" prepared, where the mighty multitudes, which no man can number shall be gathered from all lands and from every kindred and tongue. Yet these mansions form but the eternal home of Jesus Christ, and his redeemed people. No soul can enter these and be told, "Christ is not here." "Where He is there shall ye be also." And the presence, the guidance, the communion which shall be enjoyed with and through Jesus Christ, exalted in our humanity, forms one chief and central source of the heavenly joy. Jesus "the Lamb" is to be the light thereof, and Jesus the Shepherd is He who will lead His sheep to the spiritual pasture. "To be with Christ" is thus the hope of the believer.

Now, one effect which this thought should have upon Christians is to give them great peace and calm of spirit in thinking of the future. If, without a firm conviction in Christ's presence, we give reins to our imagination, and ask, as many are apt to do on their dying beds when compelled to think of the future—"Where shall I be in a few weeks or days?—what shall I see?—or, what shall I be doing?—or, how shall I exist?"—and the like,—everything is apt to become confused, impalpable, and from its very indefiniteness, to fill us with fear, and make us cling to what we have been long familiar with, rather than yield ourselves, except as a terrible necessity, to what is so dim and shadowy and uncongenial. But in such a mood of mind, the humblest Christian, the poorest saint, the child who can understand a father's or a mother's love, may find great strength and comfort from taking in this one thought—to enter the future, to be in heaven, to be in glory, is to be *with Christ*. "There must be

there," he might say, "a countless sum of things I cannot comprehend, conditions of being, memories and hopes, sights or sounds, panoramas of glory, a society vast, and infinitely exalted. All this I understand not now. Nevertheless there is One Person there whom I do know—Jesus Christ. He is the author of all, the ruler of all, the adored of all,—and He is my brother, bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh. This Person is a real man, with my human heart and affections. This Person lived for years here, and knows me, and all my nervous, infirm feelings, better than any other. He remembers I am dust. This Person once was grieved, and wept, and agonized, and prayed the cup might pass from Him. This Person sympathized with and comforted men like myself, full of infirmity, saying, 'Let not your hearts be troubled.' This Person lived and died for me, and I belong to Him, and his joy is one with my salvation as a believer. There is no such tender heart on earth, as His who is in that place; and He is waiting to receive me, just as He has received every one there, men and women, who once were as anxious and concerned and filled with wonder as I am. He is heaven! O Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit; and into thy hands I can commit my dearest, yea, the tender child of my bosom. Take me to thyself, for where thou art, there and there only I wish to be." It was thus that Jacob, when he was going to Egypt, then an old man and an humble shepherd, who had lived all his life among the quiet hills of Palestine, was not awed by the great court of Pharaoh, the magnificent palace, and all the splendour which surrounded the greatest monarch of his time. All was lost in one thought: *Joseph is alive, and he is there;*—and when he entered those gorgeous halls, he saw nothing else, thought of nothing else than his beloved, as he fell on his neck with tears of unutterable joy.

And yet this simplest view of heaven, on which all can repose, urges us to the contemplation of what it involves. Should our weak sight be unable to bear more light than the presence of Jesus, yet we may in Him see more if we will. He is the centre of glory, but wider than the visible heavens is the circumference. He is the sun of the soul, but the rays stream forth into the infinite. Our being *with* Christ evidently infers *fellowship with Him*. It must be so. Happiness with a person and from a person, is inseparable from friendship with that person. Hereafter that fellowship will be perfect. The oneness between Himself and His disciples for which He prayed on that night will be fully realised. There will be oneness in love to God, oneness in obedience of will, oneness in peace, joy, and glory. The quiet contemplation of such a state of being as this, lasting through eternity, cannot but elevate the soul, combined with the assurance that it *must* be ours if we are saved at all, and not for ever lost. To be one with Christ, to see Him as He is—to be like Him—to be made perfectly conformable to His image—to be glorified together with Him—let us only try and realise such a consummation to our life, such a result of all our progress, such a fulfilment of all our hopes, such a substance obtained by our faith! Never more to have our love to God or man marred or obscured by the slightest defect; never darkened by the shadow of suspicion, envy, or jealousy; never disturbed by the possibility of alienation or diminution; never checked by defective sympathy; never suspended by separation or distance; never saddened by aught unworthy of the sacrifice of our whole heart. All the trifling and contemptible vanity, all that caused our bitter tears, our hearty repentance, or disturbed our peace and were stumbling-blocks in our progress,—all gone, and gone for ever! And in their stead that character as ours which made Christ so lovely here, and so perfect and lovely in the sight of God. Only think of it—that you or I or any one we love, shall during the life of God, world without end, be like Christ! And yet this is implied in going to heaven, in being happy, in being with Christ; and there is no neutral ground between this and a soul unlike Christ in everything, and full of the hell of evil.

But while this perfect likeness to Christ must ever be the only rational and therefore the only true idea of glory, yet this is not all. For if all the redeemed are like Christ, *they are like each other* in the possession of the same character, and this implies the closest intimacy which can possibly subsist in the nature of things between living persons, for it is as real as that between God the Father and Jesus the Son. And if so, then whatever differences there may be between the intellects of the most advanced in heaven, who have existed there and studied for thousands of years, and the poorest peasant, or weakest child who has entered it yesterday, yet no such differences can destroy the unity of love. The love which binds the greatest man on earth to his babe on his knee, or the peasant father to the son who has become distinguished in learn-

ing and acquired a world-wide fame by his deeds, but who is yet clasped to the breast and bound to it by parental love in which all other distinctions are lost, but faintly shadow the perfect oneness which even on their first meeting must be secured for the children of God among all who share the mind and spirit of that Jesus in whom all are united and by whom all are redeemed. When He takes the brethren to himself, He takes them to one another. His arms enfold all. His heart fills and attracts all. There can be no strangers among the brothers and sisters in that home!

But this oneness with Christ and fellowship with Him, this possession of heaven in the possession of Himself, necessarily implies *the possession of all things with Him*. It is much easier for us to sympathize with a future existence whose enjoyment is the glory of scenery, the softness of music, or the refined delight which springs from the pursuit and acquisition of truth. For all this kind of happiness may be shared by us irrespective of the spiritual mind, and without religion, and, to some extent, without even morality. So that we are not warranted in concluding that a man has any relish for the heaven of Christ who might naturally desire many things which belong to it;—no more than a prodigal, who longs to see the pictures and to hear the music in his father's house necessarily longs to see his father, or prefers him to them all. On the other hand, we may rest assured that the nature which our Lord has given us, and which He has made capable of receiving so much elevating gratification from such powers, will be fully satisfied from these, when the higher portion of man's being is brought into fellowship with Christ. The promise of "where I am there ye shall be also,"—the assurance that we are to be in His Father's house, in a place which He has gone to prepare for us—carries with it the assurance of its adornment with such art, workmanship, and glory, as will be worthy of the Creator of the universe. Consider only how He has adorned this place—this mansion in his Father's house, with which we associate so much sin and misery;—for it is Christ who has fashioned this earth, with all which it contains capable of delighting the tastes, stimulating the imagination, and furnishing materials for the fancy of man. All which has filled the poet with rapture, all the splendour of scenery, whatever is sublime in snowy mountains, green valleys, hoary forests, or fruitful plains; in the ocean, in storm or calm, in its winding shore or beetling cliffs, in its gorgeous cloud-land with its rising or setting suns; in all that is superb or beautiful in colour, or graceful and stately in form; in the songs of summer woods, or the ruder minstrelsy of stormy wind or roaring cataract—all, all, and ten thousand times more than words can express, which constitute earth's glory, is the design of Christ, the handiwork of Christ, and adapted to the physical organization and mental constitution of man. And not less from Him are all those powers of legitimate delight which are supplied by the art of man. He it is who has fashioned the wondrous being who can reproduce nature idealised by genius, in the picture or statue. He it is who has given power to men to produce harmonious sounds by voice and instrument which so possess, overpower, and elevate our feelings. He it is who has created the poet, to shed on all "the light that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poet's dream,"—to Christ we owe all! How humbling is it to think of the Christless and godless idolatry with which His dear gifts have been enjoyed by us, how seldom we name their Giver, and how often man, in his base, paltry selfishness, has perverted and adored them, crying to them, "Ye are our gods!" And very like Himself it is, that in love He should continue to give, opening his hand liberally, if so be men be won thereby to the higher end; and also most like Him to take upon Himself the form of a servant, and to be despised and rejected of men, to be reviled and misunderstood unto this day, if so be that by self-sacrificing love,—before which the glory of all material things fades utterly away,—He would redeem man, and prepare him for the highest future of which his nature is capable. But when he attains that higher, it follows that he will possess the lower. It cannot be that the Son, the Creator, will be less powerful when He is also Redeemer, or less willing to show forth His glory as the author of all beauty before the eyes of His redeemed. It cannot be that the place He is preparing for them He best loves,—for whom he made and prepared the world, and whom He has saved by his life's blood,—whether it be a star, or includes a galaxy of worlds, or is as a metropolis, a heavenly Jerusalem to the holy land of all his magnificent universe,—it cannot be that it will display less, but rather infinitely more, material glory, yea, be a worthy expression of all the creative genius, the Divine taste, the infinite love, of Him who has made, adorned, and glorified with beauty this lower world of sin and misery.



GOING AWAY.

DO not be angry with me
For an idle word I say;
Do not be angry, father,
Because I am going away.
Have patience with me, my mother,
Though I may have none with you;
But I love you, I love you, mother,
Whatever I say or do.
Look kindly upon me, sister,
You are beautiful and gay;
Your days will be long and happy,
But I am going away.
With me, if you could but read it,
Clear written on cheek and brow,
There is no past, no future,—
Only a brief calm Now:
A little space to be glad in—
A lesser space to grieve;
And life's whole scene fades from me,
As the landscape fades at eve.
Except—that eve I shall see not,
My day is ended at noon;
And the saddest bit of the story
Is—it does not end too soon.
I am so weary, weary!
I could turn my face to the wall;
Like a sick child, long before bed-time,
Drop asleep among you all:
So glad that lessons are over;
Still gladder that play is done;
And a dusky curtain stretches
Between me and the sun.

Good-bye, my father and mother!
Two of you—and but one of me!
And, sister, you'll find some stranger
Much closer than I could be:
One more—but death's quiet teaching
Is making me slowly wise:
My heart, too poor for his keeping—
Thou, God, Thou wilt not despise:
My soul, too weak for earth's battle,
Thou wilt gird up anew:
And the angels shall see me doing
The work I was meant to do:
The work that I ever failed in,
And wept o'er, and tried again,
Till brain and body and spirit
Snapped under the cruel strain.

That is over. So, none need be sorry;
You rather ought to rejoice,
And sing my *vade in pacem*
Without a break in your voice;
And let me depart contented,
Before the heat of the day;
For I shall be still God's servant,
Although I have gone away!



THE GULF STREAM.

PART I.—WHAT IT DOES.

THERE is no topic in Physical Geography which has more interest at the same time, both for the general and for the scientific public, than the Gulf Stream. Our school-books unhesitatingly assert that we owe to it the comparative mildness and equability by which the climate of the British Isles is distinguished from that of Labrador on the west and of Russia on the east; and our children grow up, as we did ourselves, in this faith, as if it were an article of established doctrine. Captain Maury's enthusiastic description of it as a mighty river in the ocean, taking its rise in the Gulf of Mexico, and emptying itself into the Arctic Sea, whose current is more rapid than that of the Mississippi or the Amazon, and whose volume is a thousand times greater, and which discharges over the Atlantic in a single day enough caloric to raise mountains of Iron from zero to the melting point, and to keep in flow from them a molten stream of metal greater in volume than the waters daily dischargest through the Mississippi, or to raise the whole column of atmospheric Air that rests upon France and the British Islands from the freezing point to summer heat,—has been generally accepted as sober truth. Captain Maury, however, has of late been completely outdone by one of his own countrymen, Captain Silas Bent; who not only avers that the reason why ripe oranges may be picked at Genoa and Naples in February, whilst it is bitterly cold under the same latitudes at Toronto and New York, is because the warm water of the Gulf Stream pours itself into the Mediterranean through the Straits of Gibraltar, and imparts to that Sea the heat it has brought from the Gulf of Mexico, but advances the bold idea that "the whole of Europe really lies at the mercy of the United States;" for that the possession of the Isthmus of Panama, and the expenditure of half the cost of the recent war between France and Germany in cutting it through, would, by the diversion of the Equatorial Current into the Pacific, reduce the climate of France and Austria to that of Canada, and convert England, Germany, and Northern Europe into a frozen wilderness like Labrador! This is, perhaps, as fine a specimen of "tall talk" as our Transatlantic cousins have ever sent us over!

It would be a grave injustice, however, to the real Science of the United States, to accept such ignorant bombast as a fair representation of its views. On the contrary, it is mainly to the careful investigations which have been carried out during the last twenty years, under the able direction of the late Professor Bache, by the officers of the United States' Coast Survey, that we owe the more exact knowledge we now possess of the origin and early course of the Gulf Stream; whilst its influence on the movement and temperature of the North Atlantic may be studied in the valuable Wind and Current charts recently published by our own Hydrographic Department.

The scientific aspect of the inquiry is of peculiar interest at the present time, in consequence of the remarkable eagerness for Arctic Exploration which is showing itself among Continental nations; the direction which this is taking being mainly influenced by the persevering representations of the eminent German geographer, Dr. Petermann. For he maintains it to have been completely proved by Temperature-observations, that the Gulf Stream runs towards the North Cape, as a "deep, warm, voluminous current," of which part flows north, towards Spitzbergen, while another part runs eastwards, along the coast of Russia and Siberia, as far as Nova Zembla. If this be the fact, it is obvious that the Open Polar Sea, which there are many grounds for believing to lie within the Ice-barrier, is more likely to be reached by following its course to the north-east of Spitzbergen, than by any other mode of access. Dr. Petermann's view, however, is not adopted by the majority of our own Arctic explorers; and it is probable that the British Government will be moved by them to send an expedition up Baffin's Bay, with the hope of making its way into the Polar Sea through Smith's Sound.

The writer has been led to take special interest in this subject, by the results of the inquiries on which he has been recently engaged into the Temperature and Animal Life of the Deep Sea. For these have led him to revive a doctrine of a General Oceanic *vertical* circulation, sustained by opposition of Temperature alone; which was long since propounded by the eminent French physicist Pouillet, and which derives strong additional support from the large body of trustworthy observations made during the last four years. According to this doctrine, there is a con-

tinual *bottom outflow* of Polar water (in virtue of the excess of downward pressure which it derives from its excess of density), along the deepest channels of communication with other Oceanic basins; lowering the temperature of their sea-bed wherever such outflow extends, so as in some instances to reduce it to 32° even under the Equator. On the other hand, the reduction of level in the water of the Polar area, which must result from this outflow, will produce a continual *surface indraught* for its restoration; and thus a movement will take place in the upper stratum of Oceanic water, from the Equator towards each Pole. This movement will be much more pronounced in the Northern than in the Southern Ocean, in consequence of the comparative narrowness of the channels through which the North Atlantic communicates with the Arctic basin; and the course it might be expected to take would be such as to produce that amelioration of our own climate, and that mitigation of the severe cold of Iceland, Spitzbergen, and Norway, which the true Gulf Stream, or Florida Current, can be shown to be utterly inadequate to effect. Dr. Petermann, indeed, admits that his "deep, warm, voluminous stream" must have other tributaries than the Florida Current; and it is a pity that, after making such an admission, he should apply to it the term "Gulf Stream," which ought always to be used in its restricted and definite sense.

The Gulf Stream is only one of a large number of Oceanic Currents, which are set in action by prevalent Air-currents; its peculiarity depending entirely upon the manner in which the northern portion of the Atlantic Equatorial current, which owes its westward movement to the almost constant propulsive force of the Trade-winds, is embayed in the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico, and is thence driven out northwards through the narrow Florida Channel (see Map). A similar Equatorial Current exists in each of the other great oceans—the Indian and the Pacific. In the former, however, it is considerably modified by the monsoons, or periodical winds of Southern Asia. And at the western border of the latter, while the strength of the current is broken up in the equatorial region by the Indian Archipelago, that portion of it which strikes the coasts of China and Japan is turned by them into a northward direction, and thus forms the counterpart of the Gulf Stream in the North Pacific, known as the Kuro-Siwo, which runs up into Behring's Straits.

But the westerly Equatorial currents are by no means the only movements communicated to the water of the three great oceans by the action of the Trade-winds on their surface. A little consideration will show that, if a portion of the surface-layer of any oceanic area be continually swept onwards in a given direction, the outflow from the part where this drift current originates must be compensated by an inflow from other parts of the area; thus producing a *circulation*, the particular course of which will be modified by the direction of the coast lines and of the prevalent winds in other parts of the basin, but which *must* always bring the water that has been driven from the original head-reservoir of the current back to it again. By due attention to this simple principle, which has been strangely lost sight of by many writers on this subject, by far the larger number of Oceanic Currents can be easily accounted for. A very simple illustration will make this clear. Let A, B, C, D (Fig. 1), be a circular basin filled with water, over one side of which a strong current of air blows in the direction of A B. This will put into onward motion the water beneath it, which will thus be continually flowing off from the part A B, and will be directed by the curvature of the basin towards C. But as fast as the surface-layer of the water between A and B is driven off, it is replaced by an inflow from the part between A and D; this, again, draws upon the part between D and C; and that indraught is fed by the current which has been driven onwards from B to C by the propulsive force of the wind.—But suppose the wind to blow directly across the basin, as from A to D (Fig. 2), then the current which it urges diametrically onwards to D will divide there, one-half turning towards C, and flowing round the interior wall of the basin until it returns by B to A, while the other half does exactly the same round the side E F. Thus a *double circulation* will be produced by a single wind-current; and this circulation, of which the first part alone is directly attributable to the propulsive action of the air, is completed by the two *indraught* currents, or "feeders," B A and F A, which bring back to the head reservoir A the waters which the wind-drift has removed from it.

Now the north-east Trade-wind, which is almost constantly blowing over the northern half of the inter-tropical region of the Atlantic, and the south-east Trade, which is as constantly blowing over the southern half, together give a westward direction to the vast body of water forming its surface-layer. But that which they give to the water, they lose themselves; so that near the equator, the

Trade-winds blow almost in a meridional direction—that is, from the north and from the south respectively; and, as they neutralise each other's action along the line of their meeting (which lies somewhat to the north of the Equator, with variation according to the season), the northern and southern divisions of the Equatorial current are separated by a belt of calms. In this belt a distinct backward or easterly current is occasionally met with, which seems partly of the nature of the "back-water" that is often to be noticed in a stream flowing rapidly past some obstacle, such as a projecting angle of a river-bank, an island, or a ship at anchor; and partly to be an indraught or supply-current, which is one of the "feeders" of the head-water of the main Equatorial current that takes its rise in the Bight of Biafra. The other "feeders" are the current which runs southward along the western coast of Northern Africa, and which is traceable backwards as far north as Cape Finisterre; and the current which runs northward along the southern coast of South Africa, beginning from the Cape of Good Hope (see Map). Although these may be aided by prevalent winds, there is good reason to regard them as mainly indraught or supply currents, corresponding to the portions B → A, and F → A in Fig. 2. The North African current first coalesces with the portion of the Gulf Stream which turns southwards round the Azores; and these two feeders supply that Equatorial drift, which passes directly across the Atlantic between north latitude 20° and 10°. But that portion of the North African current which lies nearest the coast, keeps its southerly course, and after passing Sierra Leone, and coalescing with the "back-water" between the north and south equatorial currents, flows eastwards, sometimes with considerable rapidity, towards the Bight

Fig. 1.

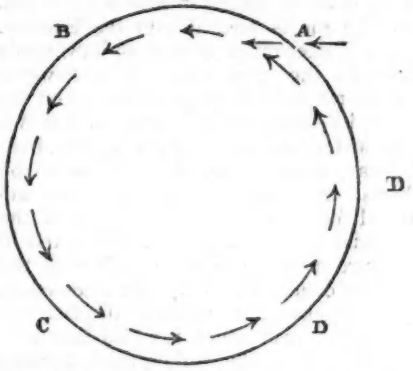
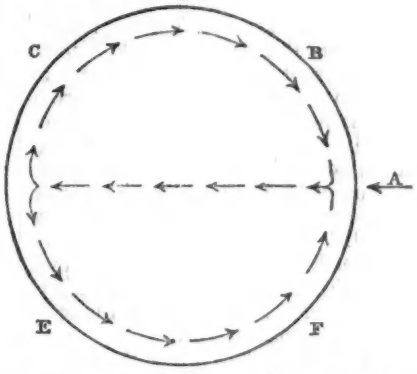


Fig. 2.



of Biafra, constituting the Guinea current. The South African current, again, draws into itself what is known as the southern Connecting current of the South Atlantic (see Map), which, as we shall presently see, is the counterpart of the continuation of the Gulf Stream across the North Atlantic.

The main Equatorial Current supplied by the inflow of these constant "feeders," and continually augmented in rate by the propulsive action of the Trade-winds, passes directly across the Atlantic to the coast of South America, and strikes full upon Cape St. Roque, which forms its projecting angle about 5° south of the equator. This divides it into parts, of which the larger or northern division is slanted in a north-west direction along the Guiana coast, towards the Caribbean Sea; while the smaller or southern division is forced to take a decided bend along the coast of Brazil, of which the temperature is decidedly raised by it as far south as latitude 30°. Before reaching the Rio de la Plata, however, the great bulk of this current takes an easterly direction, and flows back towards the coast of South Africa, so as to re-enter the supply-current proceeding northwards from the Cape of Good Hope. The easterly motion of this Southern Connecting current appears partly due to the prevalence of westerly winds, sometimes termed the Anti-trades, over this portion of the ocean, and partly to the excess of easterly momentum which any current will have, that is flowing from the Equator towards either Pole. For, as the water of the Equatorial region moves eastwards with the earth, in its rotation on its axis, at the rate of about 1,040 miles per hour, whilst in Latitude 40° it moves at the rate of only 780 miles per hour, it follows that a current flowing from the Equator to latitude 40°, whether north or

south, will carry with it an *excess* of easterly velocity amounting to 260 miles per hour, and will consequently tend to flow eastwards at that rate, if it have lost none of its momentum by friction in its meridional passage. This simple principle will be hereafter shown to have important applications in other cases.

Thus, then, the circulation of the South Atlantic corresponds with that of each half of Fig. 2. The Equatorial current being represented by the diameter A D, the portion D E represents the Brazil current, E F the southern Connecting current, and F A the South African current, which completes the circuit.

We have now to follow the course of that northern division of the Equatorial current which is propelled onward into the Caribbean Sea, and ultimately becomes the Gulf Stream. Reinforced in the Caribbean Sea by the equatorial drift impelled by the N.E. Trade directly across from the African coast between the Canary Islands and Cape Palmas, it passes westwards along the northern coast of South America, and strikes the narrow isthmus which connects this continent with Central America. Here it is turned northwards by the Mosquito coast, so as to reach that comparatively narrow passage between the western extremity of Cuba and the promontory of Yucatan, which connects the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico; and there is reason to think that here it divides, one portion of it flowing N.E. along the coast of Cuba, past Havana, directly towards the Florida Channel, whilst the other circulates round the head of the Gulf of Mexico, flowing southwards again before it reaches that channel.

It is commonly believed that the surplus heat carried out by the Gulf Stream, or Florida current into the Atlantic, is mainly due to the powerful action of the sun upon the surface-water of the Gulf of Mexico. But this can only be the case to a very limited extent; for, during a large part of the year, the temperature of the surface-water of the Gulf of Mexico is decidedly *below* that of the Equatorial current and of its continuation into the Caribbean Sea; it being only when the sun is near the tropic of Cancer, that the surface-water of the Gulf is as warm as that which comes into it. There is, however, one important particular in which the Gulf of Mexico, and, in a less degree, the Caribbean Sea, differ from the outside Ocean; namely, that their surface-heat extends *much further downwards*. This fact has been lately brought out very prominently by the temperature-observations made in the New York School-Ship *Mercury*, on her voyage from Sierra Leone to Barbadoes, thence around the western point of Cuba, and homewards through the Florida Channel. While running across the Atlantic in the month of March, before a steady E.N.E. Trade, the temperature of the Air being from 77° to 83°, the *surface*-temperature of the Sea was found to range from 75° to 80°; but the temperature at 100 fathoms was no more than 62°, while at 200 fathoms it averaged 52°. Within the Caribbean Sea, however, on the passage along the southern side of Porto Rico, St. Domingo, and Cuba, the *surface*-temperature of the sea was *higher* than that of the Air, ranging from 83° to 86°, while that of the air was between 80° and 84°; and the temperature at 100 fathoms was 72°, and at 200 fathoms, 62° (in both cases 10° higher than at the same depths in the outside Atlantic), while at 300 fathoms it was still 54°, at 400 fathoms, 50°, and at 500 fathoms, 48°. The higher *surface*-temperature is easily accounted for by the fact that the Equatorial current is at its hottest in March and April, when the sun is vertical over the Equator. But the greater range of warmth downwards cannot be thus explained; since, however powerful may be the action of the sun on the surface, its direct heating power (as is shown by the writer's own observations in the Mediterranean) is limited to the uppermost 100 fathoms. It may, however, be partly accounted for by the propulsive force of the Equatorial current, which, when checked in its *on*ward direction by the coast-line of the American continent, will operate *down*wards, so as to make its warm water displace the colder water over which it would flow if it had a ready exit. But further, the Caribbean Sea is in great degree shut out, by the chain of islands and reefs that partially encloses it, from the glacial underflow that lowers the bottom temperature of the Oceanic areas; and this is still more the case with the Gulf of Mexico, of which we find the temperature between Havana and the Tortugas (near the Florida coast) to range from 70° to 75° at 100 fathoms, from 65° to 70° at 200 fathoms, from 60° to 62° at 300 fathoms, and to be still about 55° at 400 fathoms.

It is at this corner of the Gulf of Mexico that the Gulf Stream may be said to commence; and it is here that the careful observations recently made afford the most important corrections of the ordinary statements as to the volume, temperature, and rate of movement of its current.

Strange as it may seem, there is now adequate reason to conclude, from temperature observations, that beneath the constant *warm*

out-going stream, there is an *in*ward undercurrent of very *cold* water. For in the section between Havana and the Tortugas, the temperature of the water between 400 and 600 fathoms' depth was found to range downwards from 45° to 35°; and this low range presented itself even at the less depth of from 250 to 400 fathoms, in a section nearer the summit-ridge of the bottom, which is at its shallowest between Cape Florida and the Bemini Islands, where also the channel is the narrowest. Over this summit-ridge, which may be considered the marine "water-shed" separating the Gulf of Mexico from the Atlantic, we find the colder layers, which on both sides of it underlie the warm at a depth of more than 500 fathoms, coming up to between 200 and 300 fathoms; from which it is obvious that the cold stratum is not motionless, but must be flowing either outwards or inwards, since otherwise it would not thus mount over the ridge, but would gravitate by its excess of specific gravity to the deeper depressions. That it is not flowing *out*wards may be certainly affirmed; for there is no conceivable mode in which a constant supply of almost glacial water could be afforded by the Gulf of Mexico. It is now quite certain that the deep water of the Ocean is not cold merely *because it is deep:* for, in the Mediterranean, at depths of from 1,500 to 2,000 fathoms, the temperature is just the same as it is at 100 fathoms below the surface, viz., from 56° to 54°; whilst, in the outside Atlantic, at the same depths, it ranges from about 37° to 36½°. The deep water of the Atlantic has a glacial temperature because it has flowed along the Ocean-bed from the Polar Area; while the deep water of the Mediterranean has only the coldness of the lowest winter temperature of its surface, because the Strait of Gibraltar is so shallow at its entrance, that the glacial stratum of the Atlantic is entirely excluded. It is clear, therefore, that the glacial stratum, which occupies the deeper portion of the Gulf Stream channel, must be flowing *inwards;* and it is the opinion of the American surveyors, partly based on the temperatures of the successive strata, and partly on the mode in which the sounding-line was drawn away from the perpendicular, that in the Havana section, the warm *out*ward current has not more than *one-third* of the entire *depth* of the channel.

But further, the Gulf Stream current does not by any means occupy the entire *breadth* of even the narrowest portion of the channel. All along the Florida coast, the bottom deepens very slowly; and the warm surface stratum, which is nearly motionless, is underlain at a very small depth by cold water, which flows up the banks of the channel just as a cold current of air in a valley flows up the sides of the hills which bound it. This cold band, which shows a temperature of 50° or less at the depth of 100 fathoms, whilst in the axis of the stream at the same depth the temperature averages 75°, is about fifteen miles broad, even in the "Narrows," whose total breadth is no more than forty miles; thus leaving only twenty-five miles for the breadth of the true Gulf Stream. That the colder band on the Continental side of the channel is really flowing *inwards*, seems proved by the very significant fact that the Florida Reefs and Keys are slowly but steadily extending *westwards*. During rough weather, the sea about these reefs becomes milky from the stirring-up of the deposit at the bottom; and this "white water" is invariably drifted *inwards*, the matter it carries being deposited along the line of Keys and for some distance to the southward of them.

Now this inflowing cold stratum is a prolongation of the *Polar current*, which may be traced all the way from the coasts of Greenland and Labrador, past Newfoundland (where it meets the Gulf Stream), and along the whole Atlantic sea-board of the United States, the climate of which it very considerably modifies. For although partially overlain by the inner edge of the Gulf Stream, so that in summer the surface-temperature may be nearly that of the Stream itself, very cold water is always to be met with at a small depth beneath; and in winter and spring, when the prevalence of N. and N.W. winds brings down the cold surface-waters of high latitudes, the chilling influence of this Polar current makes itself very perceptibly felt along the whole Atlantic sea-board of the North American continent. This fact has been commonly lost sight of in the comparisons which have been drawn between the winter climate of Western Europe and that of the American shore of the Atlantic between the same parallels; the comparative mildness of the former having been set down entirely to the *warming* influence of the Gulf Stream, whereas the difference really depends in great part on the *chilling* effect exerted by the Arctic current over the whole coast line along which it flows. The passage of this Arctic current beneath the Gulf Stream is very curiously shown by the fact, that Icebergs are not unfrequently brought down by it as far south as 36° N. Lat., crossing the course of the Gulf Stream; the portion of the berg which is submerged in the deeper

stratum being much larger than that which lies in the shallower, and therefore offering more resistance. Another curious fact of this kind was noticed in connection with the Atlantic Telegraph-cable of 1865. This had to be cut adrift in 1865, in N. Lat. 51½° and W. Long. 38½°; and a red painted buoy was attached to it by a long wire rope. Seventy-six days afterwards, this buoy was seen from one of the West India mail steamers in N. Lat. 42°, W. Long. 40°; so that it had travelled due south about six hundred nautical miles, which, supposing that it had very early got adrift, would be at about the rate of eight nautical miles per day. This movement in opposition to the direction of the Gulf Stream, and of the Winds prevalent over that portion of the Atlantic, seems only explicable on the idea that a great length of wire rope was hanging in a deep south-moving stratum.

From our want of precise knowledge as to the rate of movement of any but the surface current of the Gulf Stream, no estimate of the amount of water that passes through its channel can be entirely satisfactory. But the facts certainly ascertained show that the ordinary estimates are extremely exaggerated; and it is highly probable that a still further reduction will be required, whenever the rate and direction of movement of the sub-surface strata shall have been experimentally determined. The common statement that the Gulf Stream in the "Narrows" flows at the rate of four miles an hour, is based on observations made at the period of its greatest strength; and the *mean annual* rate of the surface-current, determined from a large body of observations taken at various periods of the year, is estimated by our own Meteorological Department at no more than two miles per hour. But as all our knowledge of double currents would lead to the belief that the rate of the upper current gradually diminishes from the surface downwards, until we reach the plane of reversal, where the water becomes motionless or nearly so, the average rate of the whole outflowing stream is probably not more than one mile per hour.

The most striking peculiarity in the temperature of the Gulf Stream as compared with that of the Ocean through which it flows in the first part of its course, consists (as already pointed out), not so much in its higher surface-heat, as in the downward extension of the superheated stratum. And this peculiarity has a most important influence on the maintenance of its surface-temperature, during its northward flow beneath an Atmosphere much colder than itself. For a thin stratum of superheated water will speedily be brought down nearly to the temperature of the air above it; whilst a thick stratum will be acted-on in such a way as apparently to lose very little heat for some time. For when its surface-film has been cooled down, it sinks, in virtue of its greater density; a warmer and therefore lighter film rising from below to replace it. And since this process will continue, so long as there is a stratum beneath of sufficiently high temperature to ascend into the place of that which has sunk, it is obvious that a stream which has a temperature of 65° down to 200 fathoms or more, may show a surface-temperature as high as this for a considerable time, even while flowing beneath an Atmosphere of 40°. But its loss of heat is really not less than that of a shallower warm stratum, which is speedily cooled down; in fact, it is really greater, though shown in a different way. For the continual descent of the cooled water will gradually reduce the thickness of the superheated stratum, until at last it comes to be a mere surface-film, the temperature of which depends on that of the Atmosphere. In the same proportion, however, in which a deep warm stratum loses heat, the Atmosphere gains it; and thus a stream which carries to a depth of 400 fathoms a temperature of only *ten* degrees higher than that of the atmosphere, has a much greater heating power than a surface-stratum of only 50 fathoms' depth, of which the temperature is *forty* degrees above that of the air. This principle will be found to have an important application hereafter.

It is very commonly stated that the surface temperature of the Gulf Stream is retained with very little reduction as far as the Banks of Newfoundland. But this statement is based on observations made during summer, when the cooling influence of the atmosphere is at its least; and also on the temperatures observed in the axis of the stream, where, its depth being greatest, the surface-warmth is longest kept up. Its summer temperature only falls from 83° in the Florida Channel, to 80° off Cape Hatteras, and to 78° to the south of Nova Scotia; but its winter temperature falls from 77° in the Florida Channel, to 72° off Cape Hatteras, and to 62° to the south of Nova Scotia; and the mean annual reduction is from 80° in the Florida Channel, to 75° off Cape Hatteras, and to 69° off Nova Scotia.

It is only where the inner edge of the Gulf Stream comes into contact with the Arctic current, that those striking contrasts of Sea-temperature present themselves, which are often quoted as evidences of the extraordinary

heating power of the former. Thus Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, proceeding in H.M.S. *Nile*, from Halifax to Bermuda, in May, 1861 (the period of the year at which the greatest number of icebergs drift southward), found a difference of no less than 30° between thermometers at the bow and at the stern of his vessel; the former having entered the Gulf Stream which had a temperature of 70°, whilst the latter was still in the Arctic current, of which the temperature was only 40°. On the other hand, when the temperature of the eastern edge of the Gulf Stream in the earlier part of its course, and of the southern edge after its bend to the eastward, is compared with that of the neighbouring portion of the Atlantic, the difference is found to be slight and gradual; so that whilst the stream is sharply bounded on its inner side by the "cold wall," it has no definite boundary on the outer.

The course which the Gulf Stream takes in the first instance is nearly parallel to the line of the United States Coast; and it does not show for some time any great disposition to spread itself out laterally, though a division into alternate bands of warmer and colder water becomes very perceptible before it reaches Charleston. The cause of this division seems to lie in the contour of the bottom of the Florida Channel; the elevations of which throw up the colder water of the deeper stratum nearer to the surface. The increase in the breadth of the stream as a whole, which begins to be very marked off Cape Hatteras, partly depends on the increase in the distance between its bands. Thus the "cold wall" which separates the Gulf Stream from the Arctic current, is here thirty miles from shore; the first or axial band of the Gulf Stream has a breadth of forty-seven miles, to the east of this is a cold band twenty-five miles wide, this is succeeded by another warm band forty-five miles in breadth, outside this is another cold band having a width of thirty-seven miles, and to the east of the second cold band is a third warm band seventy-five miles broad. The innermost warm band is the one which exhibits the highest temperature and greatest rate of flow; and it is remarkable that the lateral pressure of the Arctic current, when it comes down in full force, seems to produce the same effect upon it that enclosure between banks would do; a rate of four miles per hour having been there occasionally observed in it, though its ordinary rate when it passes Nantucket has come down to one mile per hour.

It is when passing Sandy Hook (near New York) that the Gulf Stream takes its decided turn eastwards; this change in its direction being partly due to the eastward trend of the United States' coast line, and partly to the excess of easterly momentum brought by the stream from the lower latitude in which it issued from the Florida Channel. Its breadth continues to increase; but its diminution in depth is such that where it meets the Arctic current of the banks of Newfoundland, the comparatively high surface-temperature it still retains is found to extend but a little way downwards; water of 43° being sometimes met with at fifty fathoms, when the surface-temperature is above 60°.

The enormous body of ice-laden water which the Arctic current brings down, must have a powerful influence both on the movement and on the temperature of the Stream against which it strikes; more especially since the depth at which the icebergs float will bring them to bear on its deeper strata. Captain Chimmo, when surveying the Gulf Stream about thirty miles southward of the Grank Bank, met with a large iceberg that had been carried thus far southward by the underflow of the Arctic current, although the surface-temperature was 62°; and he tells us that "although it was still one hundred and fifty feet high and nearly four hundred feet immersed, it was quickly and perceptibly undermining, decomposing, splitting with loud reports, and floating away in large portions with the easterly current."

In judging of the antagonistic effects produced by the Gulf Stream and the Arctic current upon the temperature of the North Atlantic, we derive our best information from the study of the *isothermal lines*, or "lines of equal temperature," which can now be drawn with considerable accuracy for every month in the year, by the combination of the thermometric observations regularly made on board the multitudes of ships that are continually traversing this ocean. For the influence of great movements of Ocean-water is made very perceptible in the departure of these lines from the regular parallelism they would show if there were no such disturbing agency. Thus, in the Northern hemisphere, a current which (like the Gulf Stream) carries the warm water of the Equator towards the Pole will give a northward bend to the isothermal lines where they cross its course; and in like manner a current which (like the Arctic current) transports the cold waters of high latitudes nearer the Equator, will show itself in the southward bend of the isotherms. Where, on the other hand, we find these lines crossing any given meridian

at tolerably equal intervals, and running nearly parallel to each other, we may infer that currents exert no considerable influence on the surface-temperature of the ocean. Now this is just what may be noticed on the meridian of 30° West, which is crossed both by the Summer Isotherms of 75°, 70°, 65°, and 60°, and by the Winter Isotherms of 70°, 65°, and 60° (see Map), at nearly equal intervals. But while on the *eastern* side of that meridian these isotherms all turn *southwards*, in accordance with the southerly movement of the North African current, they all turn *northward* on the American side, as far as the influence of the Gulf Stream extends, but are then bent southwards by the Arctic current, which obviously exerts a far greater influence in *lowering* the temperature along the shores of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, than the Gulf Stream does in *raising* that of the adjacent part of the Atlantic. The course of the Summer Isotherm of 70°, which passes nearly due east and west across the Atlantic from New York to Lisbon, is just what it might be expected to take if there were neither Gulf Stream nor Arctic current; and though that of the Winter isotherm of 60° (see Map) indicates that the Winter temperature of the American side of the Atlantic (about the parallel of 40° N.) is somewhat raised by the Gulf Stream, the southerly bend of that isotherm between the meridians of 30° and 40° W. shows that this influence expends itself in the mid-Atlantic—the winter temperature of the sea off the coast of Portugal and Morocco being lower than it is off the banks of Newfoundland. This conclusion is confirmed by the remarkable course of the Winter isotherms of 55° and 50° (see Map): for these, pressed unduly southwards on the American side by the Arctic current, trend rapidly northwards in the Mid-Atlantic, where they indicate a temperature decidedly above the normal; but turn southwards as they approach the European shores, which the isotherm of 55° meets at Cape Finisterre, while that of 50° runs to the entrance of the British Channel. Thermometric observations, then, afford no reason for regarding the winter temperature of the western coast of France as raised in any appreciable degree by the Gulf Stream; its mildness, as compared with that of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia (which lie between the same parallels of latitude) being fully accounted for by the lowering effect of the Arctic current on the latter.

This conclusion is entirely borne out by the results of observations on the movement of the Gulf Stream after it has finally quitted the American shores; for it is now well established that before reaching the Meridian of 30° it is "practically dispersed, and, in fact, destroyed," as a distinct current, by the process of thinning off and superficial extension; and has lost all the features by which it was originally characterized. The prevalence of Westerly and South-westerly winds (or Anti-trades) in the North Atlantic, beyond the region of the Trade winds, produces a general north-easterly "set" or surface-drift; which takes up, as it were, a certain part of the water brought into the Mid-Atlantic by the Gulf Stream, and carries it onwards in the direction of the British Isles, Norway, and Spitzbergen. And it is in this manner that tropical products are often drifted to the western shores of Ireland and the Hebrides, to the Faroes, and even to the North Cape and Spitzbergen. A very curious instance of this transport fell under the notice of Sir Edward Sabine when at Hammerfest in 1823. Casks of palm-oil were there thrown on shore, belonging to a vessel which had been wrecked at Cape Lopez on the African coast near the Equator, when he was in that quarter in the preceding year. These casks must have been carried across the Atlantic by the Equatorial current, have been then transported northwards by the Gulf Stream, and have been finally landed at Hammerfest by the north-east drift.

But though a certain part of the actual waters of the Gulf Stream may be thus carried onwards even into the Arctic Sea, there is very strong reason for the belief that it neither flows thither by its own propulsive force, nor conveys to the far north that excess of heat which it certainly brings into the Mid-Atlantic. For it is now quite certain, both from the general set of the surface-movement west of the parallel 40° N., and from the course of the isothermal lines, that the main flow of what is left of the Gulf Stream to the west of the meridian of 30° turns to the southward in the neighbourhood of the Azores, and is drawn into that North African current which is one of the principal "feeders" of the Equatorial—just as the southern Connecting current is drawn into the South African; and thus a circulation is completed in the Northern Atlantic, which corresponds with that of the Southern.

Such portion of Gulf-Stream water, on the other hand, as may remain to be taken up and carried onwards by the north-east drift, must be altogether without influence in rais-

SURFACE CURRENTS OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN
WITH THE WINTER ISOTHERMAL LINES OF EACH HEMISPHERE.



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ing the surface-temperature of the sea; for, as has been well shown by Mr. Findlay, it must spread itself over such an immense area as to form but a very thin film, which could not retain a high temperature for a lengthened period under an atmosphere colder than itself. There are, however, two or three bands of higher temperature than the rest, which seem to have a definite movement of their own, although the course and rate of that movement are considerably influenced by prevalent winds. The principal of these, known as Rennel's Current, flows eastwards (especially when west or south-west winds have prevailed) into the southern part of the Bay of Biscay, and is turned into a north-west direction by the trend of the coast-line, so as to cross the Channel towards the Scilly Islands, and thence to pass to the south-west coast of Ireland. It seems to have been this current which caused the wreck of Sir Cloudesley Shovel's fleet on the Scilly Islands in 1707. There is, again, a tolerably constant band of temperature a little higher than that of the sea on either side of it, passing north-east between the Shetland and the Faroe Islands; and another has been met with, though more variable in its position, between the Faroes and Iceland.

It is not, however, by the onward force of its current alone, that the heat which the Gulf Stream carries out of the Gulf of Mexico is transported towards North-western Europe and the Polar area; for the agency of Winds is as powerful in warming, as it is in cooling, the region over which they blow; and that power for doing either depends as much on the amount of moisture with which they are charged, as on their sensible temperature. The biting coldness of an Easterly wind is mainly due to its dryness, which increases the evaporation from every surface (that of the human body included) that can impart moisture to it, and thus chills that surface. It is the large quantity of moisture, on the other hand, with which our South-westerly winds are laden, that gives them their special power of mitigating the severity of our winter; for the condensation, in the form of rain or snow, of the vapour which they have brought from the Ocean-surface they have traversed, gives back to us a great part of the heat which was expended in raising that vapour thousands of miles off, between the Tropics it may be. For notwithstanding the enormous heating power of the Tropical sun, the surface-temperature of the open Ocean rarely rises above 85°; the excess becoming "latent," that is, ceasing to manifest itself as Heat in the change of the non-elastic liquid, water, into elastic vapour. The heated air, thus charged with watery vapour, ascends into the upper strata of the atmosphere; where, by meeting with colder air-currents, a large part of its moisture is at once condensed into heavy tropical rains. But there is still an excess, which goes to supply the rain-clouds of the temperate zone; and this will be augmented by the less rapid evaporation from the portion of the Atlantic area that lies beyond the Tropics, over which the South-west winds blow directly towards our shores.

Now there can be no question that the Gulf Stream has a certain share in imparting to these Winds both warmth and moisture; for, whatever heat it *loses* in its passage towards our shores, is so much *gained* by the Atmosphere above it; and of that gain a large proportion will be imparted, by the agency just described, to the British Islands and the region to the north and north-east of them. So powerful, indeed, is the warming action of the South-west winds over this area, that some high authorities are disposed to attribute to it the whole of the effects which are popularly imputed to the direct heating power of the Gulf Stream—a view which will hereafter be shown to be no less untenable than that for which it is proposed as a substitute.

Granting, however, as much as we may feel justified in doing to the agency of our South-west Winds, it does not hence follow that they derive their warming power in any considerable degree from the Gulf Stream. For, as we have seen, it is only on the American side of the Atlantic that the surface-temperature is sensibly raised by it; and the area over which this elevation extends, is very small in proportion to the whole of that over which they blow. It is to be remembered also, that Westerly winds will equally impart to us the *cooling* effect of the Arctic current, which manifests itself strongly in precipitating the vapour of the Gulf Stream in the fogs that are so embarrassing to the navigator off the banks of Newfoundland and the shore of Nova Scotia. And since, by the time it reaches the Azores, the Gulf Stream has ceased to be the bearer of any *excess* of temperature above that of the general surface of the Atlantic, there seems no reason for regarding the distinctive quality of our South-west Winds as specially due to its agency; that quality being dependent upon the warmth and moisture they derive from the vast expanse of Ocean which they traverse, a large part of it having a temperature of above 60° even in Winter. W. B. CARPENTER.

RICHARD HOOKER.

[ABOUT two miles from Canterbury the road to Dover crosses a small stream or "Bourne," which gives its name to the several villages through which it passes, Bekesbourne, Patricksbourne, Bridge (the point where it is traversed by the high road), and a mile beyond to the right, in a quiet valley of green meadows, Bishopsbourne. Bishopsbourne, which doubtless derives its name from the connection of the parish with the Archbishops of Canterbury, the patrons of the living, is marked by the small parish church and the rectory close by. This is the spot described in Walton's "Lives" as the residence of Richard Hooker, during the last six years before his death. He was presented to it by Queen Elizabeth; the benefice falling as usual to the gift of the Crown, on occasion of the elevation of the preceding incumbent to a bishopric. In the rectory, two rooms at least remain (the rafters of the old ceilings still visible) in which Hooker lived, in one of which he died. In the garden is a yew hedge which he is said to have planted. The church in which he is buried contains a bust erected to his memory shortly after his death by Sir William Cowper. It is of the same style and form as the nearly contemporary one of Shakespeare in the church of Stratford-on-Avon. Unlike that more famous monument, this has the good fortune to have retained the colour without whitewash. It is probably the only authentic likeness of Hooker, and is exceedingly expressive. It represents him in his college cap, his hair black, without a tinge of grey, his forehead high and broad and overhanging, lively piercing eyes, deep-set beneath it, his cheeks ruddy, and a powerful mouth. He is buried within the church, but the exact spot is unknown. The parish registers, beginning in 1558, are, in the interval before his incumbency, countersigned by him as if copied from some previous record. They contain the register of his funeral on the 4th of November, 1600; the marriage of his widow, Joan (faithful to the disagreeable picture given of her by Walton), within four months of his death; and the funeral of the parish clerk Sampson Horton in 1648, thus agreeing with the account given of his distress at the intrusion of the Puritan minister under the Commonwealth.*

All that is known of Hooker's life is contained in his biography by Isaac Walton. His chief work is the "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity," besides which are "seven sermons." These were all carefully edited by John Keble, author of "The Christian Year." The best summary of his opinions, and of his work as a philosopher and theologian, has been given by Principal Tulloch, of St. Andrews, in an article in the *North British Review* some years ago, and in the first volume of his recent admirable work on "Rational Theology in England."

Within the last year, the church in which Hooker rests has been restored by the present rector of Bishopsbourne, the Rev. C. W. Sandford, grandson of Bishop Sandford, of Edinburgh, and nephew of Sir Daniel Sandford, of Glasgow. The author of the following sermon, preached on the occasion of the reopening of the church, November 14th, 1872, had himself known the place well in former years, when he was Canon of Canterbury, and had been intimately acquainted with the rector in later years at Oxford. These particulars have been added to explain the allusions in the sermon.]

"He that giveth his mind to the law of the Most High, and is occupied in the meditation thereof, will seek out the wisdom of all the ancient, and be occupied in prophecies. He shall be filled with the spirit of understanding; he shall pour out wise sentences, and give thanks unto the Lord in his prayer; he shall shew forth that which he hath learned, and shall glory in the law of the covenant of the Lord. Many shall commend his understanding, and as long as the world endureth, it shall not be blotted out; his memorial shall not depart away, and his name shall live from generation to generation." (Ecclesiasticus xxxix. 1, 6, 8.)

There are in England three parish churches which, within the first thirty years of the seventeenth century, received the remains of three men, whom the accordant voice of their countrymen has regarded, each in his own sphere, as foremost on the roll of British fame, certainly in the generation in which they lived, almost amongst all the generations which have followed.

In the year 1626, was conveyed to the chancel of St. Michael's Church at Verulam, the founder of English philosophy—the Chancellor, as he has been called, of the

* The following are the extracts from the register of the parish:—

1600

Mr. Richard Hooker late pson of Bishopsbourne, buried the 4 of November.

In the following year (N.S.), under "Marriages,"

Edward Nettersale, Gent. and Joane Hooker, 23 of March.

1648

Sampson Horton was buried the 9th of May 1648, an aged man, who had been Clark to this parish by his own relation three score years.

secrets of nature—Francis Bacon. By the altar in that church we see him sitting as he sat in his lifetime. *Sic sedebat.* To that sacred spot is drawn every Englishman who feels how great a gift God bestows when He creates a mind which can disclose the laws of the universe in which He has placed us. Bacon is the first, and (with but one exception) the greatest of English philosophers.

Go back yet a few years, and follow the humbler funeral which in 1616 entered the church of Stratford-on-Avon. Before the altar of that church was laid one who is yet more unquestionably the greatest in a different region, William Shakespeare. Above his grave, also, there is yet to be seen his most authentic likeness, the bust which represented him as he was in life. And thither, as long as earth lasts, will come pilgrims from every land to stand by the mortal remains of the most famous son of the English-speaking race.

Go back yet a few years further, to the beginning of that century, carry back your thoughts to the month of November in the year 1600, when in this very church of Bishopsbourne, from the simple mansion close by, was borne to his last resting-place, beside the altar and the pulpit where he had ministered during his later years, Richard Hooker. For him, too, was raised a living likeness, yet more living than either of the other two, the only likeness of him that exists, as he appeared in his college-cap, small and frail in stature and form, with his quick, deep-set eyes, his broad, high forehead, his freckled face, and his closed lips. The grave in Bishopsbourne Church is, I grant, far from equal in fame to the other two. It has but a British, and not a world-wide glory. The genius of the "Ecclesiastical Polity" is not the genius of the "Novum Organum," or of "Hamlet" and "Othello." But still it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that if Bacon is the first of English philosophers, and Shakespeare the greatest of English poets, Hooker is the first and greatest of English theologians; and farther, that, even in that fruitful age, there is no other English writer to be placed on a level with these three. "These things," we may say, in the language of Scripture, "did these three mighty men," these things did he of whom we are now to speak; "he attained not unto the first two, but he had the name among these three mighty men."

No other theologian has occupied the same position in English literature as he whom we now celebrate. To no other do all parties render such willing homage. As in his own generation he won the praise and honour of characters so differing each from each—as Pope Clement VIII. of Rome, our own Queen Elizabeth, who placed him in Bishopsbourne; King James I., who deeply regretted that he had entered England too late to see her brightest ornament; King Charles I., who in his last moments recommended to his children the "Ecclesiastical Polity" of Hooker as next to the Bible,—so, in our own time, there is not a partisan, however confident, who would not be glad to shelter himself behind this great name; there is not a cultivated layman, however alien from ecclesiastical studies, who would not acknowledge the eminence of this stately master of our mother tongue, this noble teacher of moral science.

It will be my endeavour in this discourse briefly to touch on a few of the characteristics which justify this general admiration, and which consecrate, therefore, in a special manner, the scene of his labours and the place of his interment.

I do not speak of his learning or his eloquence. In these respects others of his own time, and of later times, have been his equals or superiors. I do not deny the defects both in his arrangement and in his style, which often mar the perfection of each. I do not conceal the infirmities which belong both to himself and to his period. But there were three points of view in which he was distinguished above English theologians of his own time, in some respects above all of other times.

I. Unlike most of his contemporaries, he had grasped not merely the polemical or controversial aspect, not merely one partial or imperfect side of spiritual truth, not merely a transitory phase of thought; but a large comprehensive principle, which covered the whole ground on which he entered, which—according to the sublime definition of Divine truth in the Epistle to the Hebrews—was "like a two-edged sword piercing even to the dividing asunder of the soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow," of the whole system of any ecclesiastical polity that ever has been, or ever shall be. In the words of the text, he literally "gave his mind to the law of the Most High, and was occupied in the meditation thereof." He caught the fundamental idea of the meaning of law*—of that which has in later times occupied the whole range of science. He anticipated the "Reign of Law" as the most perfect expression of the Divine attributes, and of human government. He grasped also the great doctrine, almost unknown before his time, but since the fruitful

* Vol. i. 255, 261, 358.

parent of all that is best in modern theology —which alone makes Protestant theology possible—the distinction between essential and unessential, between the eternal and the positive.* He saw that Scripture contained a vast variety of treasures of all ages and of all states of feeling,† not a mere uniform transcript of a single mind. He, first of Englishmen, mingled with the stately march of prose the images of poetic thought and diction.‡ He first infused into the dry bones of ecclesiastical history something of the living fire of his own age.§ Almost alone among the Protestant theologians of that age, he appreciated the charms of antiquity, without abandoning the hopes of the future. He "sought out the wisdom of all the ancient," but was occupied also in the prophetic forethought of modern times. He saw that human reason was the divine light by which, no less than by Scripture, God's will is made known to us, and by which alone Revelation itself is to be apprehended.‖ He first—though necessarily without the insight which modern learning and criticism supplies — endeavoured to unfold the principles embodied in the composition of the English Prayer-Book, as well as the deeper meaning of prayer,¶ of worship, and of creeds. Above all, his whole work is founded on the clear apprehension that whilst the general lines of government or doctrine are laid down in the Bible, yet their forms or applications are for ever varying.** It is this which makes his conflict with Puritanism a conflict not with the particular teaching so-called, but with the manifold errors and superstitions of which Puritanism was but one example, and of which the adversaries of Puritanism in the next generation were examples no less flagrant, and with results still more fatal to the true progress of English Christianity. To have combated these errors, not only by attack, not only by negation, but by the high and broad truths at which I have just glanced, is that which gives his book an immortal value. This perennial interest of his work was what, by a kind of unconscious instinct, was perceived both by the Roman Pontiff and the English King, whom I have before cited. "His books," said the Pope, "will get reverence by age; for there is in them such seeds of eternity that, if the rest be like this, they shall endure till the last fire shall consume all learning." "Though many write well," said King James, "in the next age they shall be forgotten. But there is in every page of Mr. Hooker's book the picture of a divine soul, such pictures of Truth and Reason, and drawn in so sacred colours, that they shall never fade, and give an immortal memory to the author." And an eminent divine of the sister Church of Scotland, who, more than any other single writer of our generation, has rendered justice to Hooker's eminence, has followed out this in detail.* "No writer ever conducted a great argument in a higher, purer, or more enlightened spirit. No one ever raised himself more directly by mere grandeur and largeness of conception above all the petty and vulgar details which beset controversy even on the greatest subjects. The work remains an enduring monument of that spirit and tendency of thought which ascends from traditions or dogmas to principles; and which treats all questions, not with reference to abstract rules or authorities, but to the indestructible and enlightened instincts of the Christian consciousness."

Such a man was truly a gift to our nation. He showed us what theology might be, in the hand of a great man; he showed us what yet remains in store for theology, if like-minded men instead of moving aside from it as from a barbarous jargon, infused into it the light of reason and the warmth of genius and the heat of faith. He showed us how fruitful are the principles of universal truth; how barren the details of mere party polemics; how vast a religious horizon may be opened by the appearance of a single star in the intellectual firmament.

II. There is yet another point which deserves notice in Hooker. With all his philosophic depth, with all his catholic breadth, he was a thorough Englishman, so thorough that the universality of his fame has doubtless suffered thereby. It is impossible not to feel that not only the spirit of a theologian, but of a statesman and a patriot breathes through his pages. Our great constitutional historian justly claims him as the first who ventured, even under the iron rule of the Tudors, to lay down the principles of popular government; those principles which formed afterwards the basis of the famous treatise of John Locke, and of the political creed, which, thus taking root in England, has at last, as Hallam observes, "actuated, as a possessing spirit, the great mass of the civilised world."†

* Vol. i. 335, 337; iii. 589. † i. 133; ii. 203, 332.
‡ Hallam's "History of Literature," ii. 412.
§ ii. 220, 230.
‖ i. 275, 375, 338, 284, 439, 468, 485, 480.
¶ See especially ii. 147. ** See i. 136, 241, 242.

* "Rational Theology in England." By John Tulloch, D.D., Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, p. 53.
† Hallam's "History of Literature," ii. 201, 375; "Constitutional History," i. 247.

The great statutes of civil and ecclesiastical liberty, which, beginning with the Acts of Premunire under the Plantagenets, were brought to their issue in the Acts of the Royal Supremacy under the Tudors, whereby the English Reformation was carried out, have never met with a nobler, firmer vindication than in the seventh and eighth books of the "Ecclesiastical Polity." The unity, the identity (in many of the gravest aspects of life), of things secular and things spiritual; the doctrine that the Christian State is but the civilised and perfected aspect of National Christianity; the doctrine that in all that concerns the regulation of society, whether political or religious, the chief controlling authority is not the will of any ecclesiastical potentate or synod, whether within or without the realm, but the supreme law of the nation itself—these are the characteristic principles of Hooker's treatise, and these, in some form, have been maintained by the great body of educated Englishmen in each succeeding age, by Cromwell, and Owen, and Milton, and Baxter, hardly less than by Falkland, and Clarendon, and Burke, and Coleridge.

In one view, indeed, this doctrine of the unity of religious and civil society belonged to every Protestant Church; to Luther in Germany, and still more emphatically to Calvin in Geneva. But it was only in England, where the pride of patriotism, and the solemn sentiment of public duty, and the sense of the grandeur of the Throne and Commonwealth, and the loyal devotion to the majesty of Law reached their highest point, that the doctrines themselves were held and maintained with a strength of conviction, and a dignity of argument, worthy of the subject. Of that conviction and that argument, Hooker is the main champion and representative; and for this his grave shall be honoured, so long as the English State shall continue to deserve the homage which he paid to it; so long as the English Church shall continue to hold the proud position which he assigned to it, not as above, or beyond or opposed to the nation, but as one with it in all its hopes and fears, in all its sufferings and triumphs, in all its opportunities and duties; so long as English Statesmen and English Churchmen shall continue (in the language of one of Hooker's latest and greatest admirers) "to uphold one standard and one authority in all moral points—namely, the law of God; and one standard and one authority in all points of form and order, namely, the law of man; the first of these infallible and eternal, the second, fallible and changeable;" but both in their respective departments claiming our best obedience.*

III. There is one other point in Hooker's work which brings us yet nearer to the man himself. Severe, lofty, harshly contemptuous, as he sometimes was, yet he stands conspicuous amidst the violent contentions of his age by the general charity, the common sense, the forbearance, with which he treats his opponents, the discriminating judgment with which he weighs and balances the facts before him, and which has issued in the epithet for ever attached to his name.† No one more strongly repudiated than he some of the main tenets of the theology of Calvin, yet no English divine has ever pronounced on that "great unlovely character" a nobler, a more touching eulogy.‡ To the Puritans against whom he wrote he acknowledged that it was impossible to find better men than those who were amongst them. "I am persuaded, that of them with whom in this cause we strive, there are whose betters amongst men would be hardly found, if they did not live amongst men, but in some wilderness by themselves."§ Of his chief opponent, Travers, he set forth that one of the main reasons why he longed to terminate the personal controversy with him was because he was "not his enemy," but as he believed, "a good man."‖ Brought up as he doubtless was in many of the prejudices of the time, yet more than any of the Reformers, except perhaps Erasmus, we find him setting forth the paramount importance of truth in theological controversy. "With any such partial eye to respect ourselves, and by cunning to make those things seem the truest which are the fittest to serve our purpose, is a thing which we neither like nor mean to follow. Wherefore that which we take to be generally true concerning the mutability of laws, the same we have plainly delivered, as being persuaded of nothing more than we are of this, that whether it be in matter of speculation or of practice, no untruth can avail the patron and defender long, and that things most truly are likewise most behovefully spoken."¶

Whilst insisting as many would think with exaggerated emphasis on the necessity of the Christian Sacraments, he yet acknowledged that the grace of God** might be had without them. Whilst defending Episcopacy, he granted that there may be "sometimes very

* Arnold's Sermons, vol. iii., Preface, p. 5.
† This is the real meaning of the title "judicious," *i.e. judicial.*
‡ i. 170—173. § i. 353.
‖ Walton's "Life." Preface to Hooker, Works, i. 84.
¶ i. 494. ** ii. 347

just and sufficient reasons to allow of ordination made without a bishop."* Whilst contending against the Church of Rome, he incurred obloquy from the fiery spirits of the time for admitting that Roman Catholics might be saved.† His last meditation was "the number and nature of angels, and their blissful obedience and order, without which peace could not be in heaven; and oh that it might be so on earth!" He would often say, "God abhors confusion as contrary to His nature;" and as often say, that "the Scripture was not writ to beget disputations and pride, and opposition to government; but moderation, charity, and humility, obedience to authority, and peace to mankind: of which virtues," he would as often say, "no man did ever repent himself upon his death-bed."‡

And yet again there is that remarkable saying, now almost passed into a saying as of Holy Writ: "There will come a time when three words uttered with charity and meekness shall receive a far more blessed reward than three thousand volumes written with disdainful sharpness of wit."§

By a strange, almost unique combination, he united in himself, as no other English divine before or since, the main features of the personal theology of Luther, as exhibited in his Sermons, the passion for ancient creed and ritual, as seen in the fifth book of the Ecclesiastical Polity, with the broad and deep principles of philosophic freedom and spiritual religion which pervade the general framework and animate the substance of his great work. No one has better conceived than he the true mission of the Church of England—alas, how often misconceived or neglected!

"The Almighty which giveth wisdom and inspireth with right understanding whomsoever it pleaseth Him, He foreseeing that which man's wit had never been able to reach unto, namely, what tragedies the attempt of so extreme alteration would raise in some parts of the Christian world, did for the endless good of his Church (as we cannot choose but interpret it) use the bridle of his provident restraining hand, to stay those eager affections in some, and to settle their resolution upon a course more calm and moderate: lest as in other most ample and heretofore most flourishing dominions it hath since fallen out, so likewise if in ours it had come to pass, that the adverse part being enraged, and betaking itself to such practices as men are commonly wont to embrace, when they behold things brought to desperate extremities, and no hope left to see any other end, than only the utter oppression and clean extinguishment of one side; by this mean Christendom flaming in all parts of greatest importance at once, they all had wanted that comfort of mutual relief, whereby they are now for the time sustained (and not the least by this our Church which they so much impeach) till mutual combustions, bloodsheds, and wastes (because no other inducement will serve) may enforce them through very faintness, after the experience of so endless miseries, to enter on all sides at the length into some such consultation, as may tend to the best re-establishment of the whole Church of Jesus Christ. To the singular good whereof it cannot but serve as a profitable direction to teach men what is most likely to prove available, when they shall quietly consider the trial that hath been thus long had of both kinds of reformation; as well this moderate kind which the Church of England hath taken, as that other more extreme and rigorous which certain churches elsewhere have better liked. In the meanwhile it may be, that suspense of judgment and exercise of charity were safer and seemlier for Christian men, than the hot pursuit of these controversies, wherein they that are most fervent to dispute be not always the most able to determine. But who are on his side, and who against Him, our Lord in his good time shall reveal."*

"Think ye are men" (this was his advice to the theological disputants of his time; it would almost seem a prelude of the well-known saying of the mighty ruler of the next generation, conceived in a more serious spirit), "deem it not impossible for you to err; sift unpartially your own parts, whether it be force of passion or vehemency of affection. . . . If truth do anywhere manifest itself, seek not to smother it with glossing delusions; acknowledge the greatness thereof, and think it your best victory when the same doth prevail over you. . . . Far more comfort it were for us (so small is the joy we take in these strifes) to labour under the same yoke, as men that look for the same eternal reward of their labours, to be joined with you in bands of indissoluble love and amity, to live as if our persons being many our souls were but one, rather than in such dismembered sort to spend our few and wretched days in a tedious prosecuting of wearisome contentions: the end whereof, if they have not some speedy end, will be heavy even on both sides."†

Was such a spirit right or wrong? Was it a Christian or an unchristian latitude? We all know what we think of it in the example of Richard Hooker. Shall that which we admire in him be thought, as it sometimes would seem to be, depreciated by ourselves? or, shall we not rather feel that the best honour we can pay to him is by dealing with our controversies in the same noble, philosophic, lofty spirit as that which animated him? Is this the spirit of the creed of St. Paul and St. John? or is it the fierce, unreasoning vehemence which some will desire to retain or to revive from the barbarian ages of theology?

* iii. 285. † iii. 616.
‡ Walton's "Life," prefixed to his Works, i. 25.
§ i. 177.

* i. 616. † i. 242.

IV. One word more. This great and good man held no high dignity in Church or State—he was not even a Professor in one of the famous universities. One dignified office he held, that of Master of the Temple—the preacher to the most intellectual audience in the metropolis. But this he soon left, and his last years were spent in this retired parish, his last ministrations were in this lowly church.

In such a retreat he himself desired to end his days. "I shall never," he said, "be able to finish what I have begun, unless I be removed into some quiet country parsonage, where I may see God's blessing spring out of my mother earth, and eat mine own bread, without opposition. My meaning is not to provoke envy, but rather to satisfy all tender consciences; and I shall never be able to do this, but where I may study, praying for God's blessing on my endeavours to keep myself in peace and quietness, and may, without disturbance, meditate my approaching mortality and that great account which all flesh must at the last great day give to the God of all spirits." *

In this secluded vale he dwelt, with the rippling brook of the Bourne stealing by, beside his yew hedge and in his trim garden, enjoying his books with the relish of one of whom it was said that "there was no learning" of that age that this man hath not searched,† enlivening these graver pursuits with the touch of literature which, first in him, was seen to exercise the purifying and elevating effect which theology can so ill spare,—"not a stranger," as Isaac Walton quaintly expresses it, "to the more light and airy parts of learning, as music and poetry, all which he hath digested and made useful."‡ Round the fields of this rustic parish, he insisted on keeping up the ancient practice of beating the bounds in Rogation Week, with a characteristic mixture of English independence, genial humour, and Christian courtesy, "persuading all, both rich and poor, if they desired the preservation of love, and their parish-rights and liberties, to accompany him in his perambulations; and most did so: in which perambulation, he would usually express more pleasant discourse than at other times, and would then always drop some loving and facetious observations to be remembered against the next year, especially by the boys and young people; still inclining them and all his present parishioners to meekness, and mutual kindnesses, and love; because 'love thinks not evil, but covers a multitude of infirmities.'" *

In this church he delivered those short, argumentative sermons, "neither long nor earnest," with "fixed downcast eyes," always "giving reasons for what he spake," "informing his unlearned hearers by familiar examples, and making them better by convincing applications," "never labouring by hard words, and then by needless distinctions and subdistinctions, to amuse his hearers, and get glory to himself; but glory only to God. Which intention, he would often say, was as discernible in a preacher, 'as a natural from an artificial beauty.'"

Here as we look at these parish registers, we can imagine him guarding these "short and simple annals of the poor," as he would have guarded the decrees of Councils or Parliaments; witnessing to the copy of the tattered remnants with his own hand; keeping up familiar intercourse with the old parish clerk, whose heart, as we are told, broke in grief at seeing his master's work interrupted, and whose funeral is recorded on the same page as Hooker's. In this humble converse did the life of this high and holy servant of God pass away. He passed away in the prime of life—in that forty-seventh year which has been fatal to other famous Englishmen. He left the work unfinished for which alone he had desired a longer life. That yet unfinished work, "The Ecclesiastical Polity," it is for every Christian Englishman to complete, in deed and word, in public and in private, by striving to undertake and carry out in the Church and the Commonwealth of England all the enduring wisdom of Hooker's principles, disencumbered of the transitory entanglements and obscurities of his time. But the simple holiness of his life at Bishopsbourne carries home a yet deeper and more universal lesson. It is said that the powerful statesman, who now sways the destinies of Germany, exclaimed, in speaking of the religious movement now agitating that country, "One parish priest would be worth twenty professors." He meant doubtless that one sample of those exalted principles carried out into practical life, and winning the admiration of a flock of humble Christians, would weigh with him more than twenty leaders of speculative thought. Such a parish priest, the Church of England had during the reign of Elizabeth, in Richard Hooker. The great champion of liberal philosophic thought; the forerunner of Falkland, and Chillingworth, and Hales, and Jeremy Taylor, of Cudworth,

* Walton's "Life," prefixed to his Works, i. 85, 86.
† i. 90. ‡ i. 25.

* i. 102, 103.

and Tillotson, and Butler, and Arnold, was a "plain, common pastor," such as in outward appearance might have been found in a thousand parishes then, as may be found in thousands of parishes now, "a simple, peaceable, primitive man," such as the pious Walton loved to describe, and such as the saintly author of the "Christian Year" has delighted to honour. He showed that Religion and Reason, Faith and Freedom, Greatness and Humility, had not been parted asunder then, and need not be parted asunder now; could be found in the homeliest walks of life then and may be found in the homeliest walks of life now.

During his sojourn at Bishopsbourne we are



Monument to Hooker in Bishopsbourne Church.

told that his "innocency and saintliness were so remarkable that many turned out of the road, and others (scholars especially) went purposely to see the man whose life and learning were so much admired." In like manner, for years and centuries yet to come, many will "turn out of the road" to see his home and his grave, and to ask how his church is cared for by those to whom it has been entrusted; it is for you, once my good neighbours, it is for your good pastor, still my faithful friend, to see that "his memorial shall not depart away, and that his name shall live from generation to generation."

A. P. STANLEY.

LADY BELL.

CHAPTER I.—AN OLD QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.



"Now, child, I sha'n't go any farther till her grace's chair come. In the meantime I'll tell you who are the tops in the drawing-room, and you may use your eyes for an honest purpose."

The speaker was old Lady Lucie Penruddock; the listener was her grand-niece, young Lady Bell Etheredge. The occasion was a queen's drawing-room, and the time was still that of bad country roads and dark town streets, mobs and murders, wild ladies of quality and still wilder sparks of fashion.

The old palace of St. James's was not less ugly in its brick mass than it is to-day. The passages and stairs, in a nook of which Lady Lucie and her grand-niece were ensconced, were thronged densely as usual. The footmen, yeomen of the guard, grooms of the chamber, and stewards of every degree were very nearly the exact predecessors of their successors in office. But the company, representing largely the same historic names and aristocratic associations, were more strongly marked as a class and sharply defined as individuals. The very court dress was far statelier, and more splendid in its stiff gorgeousness. Who knows now of tissues of gold and silver, of gold and silver lace by thousands of yards, of diamond buttons, buckles, and clasps in every direction? And the humanity which thus glowed and flashed in its outer trappings was in proportion more patent in its inner qualities,—good or bad, whether they shone with a chaste or lurid light.

Lady Lucie, seventy years of age, wore a magnificent purple, green, and gold-flowered brocade. Lady Bell, a lass of fourteen—no more, but in those precocious days on the eve of her first presentation—wore a white lutestring frosted with silver. Lady Lucie, a grand woman once in proportions and traits, was still—withered, shrunk, and grey as she showed—a striking wreck of a woman, like the ruin of a noble building or the skeleton of a goodly tree. Lady Bell, a little girl, not a "fine figure" any more than a "fine fortune," to her grand-aunt's open mortification, was like a budding tube-rose from the Chelsea gardens, spangled with a finer kind of dew than falls to the lot of ordinary roses, and invested with a rarer and more irresistible charm.

"Here comes Princess Emily to wait upon her royal niece. Be ready with your curtsey, Bell; she has eyes for every hole and corner and every new-comer. Perhaps she will stop and ask who you are. No, she has pushed on to talk to Colonel Hammond of her horses, and engage him for her loo-table to-night."

"She looks yellower in her court suit, Aunt Lucie, than when I saw her before in a habit, with her little dog under her arm, and once in a night-gown at Lady Campbell's, don't you remember?" said Lady Bell, not so excited as to have lost her power of observation.

"Hush, you goose; plain daughters of handsome mothers are plentiful enough. Your mother, Bell, was even too tall, verging on a maypole, and see what a small chit you are. There is the Attorney-General," said Lady Lucie, indicating Thurlow with his shaggy eyebrows and his two gold snuff-boxes, one in each waistcoat pocket; "and yonder is his fellow among the bishops," directing Lady Bell's attention to the burly Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester.

"I think these men are wasted on the law and the church, Aunt Lucie," pronounced Lady Bell, with her keen, shallow criticism.

"You think their thews and sinews are wasted, Bell. Bah! these are wanted in all trades; but if you desire to see a son of Anak in his right place, look at that sailor—no, I don't mean my Lord Howe, 'Black Dick' to his messmates, but the proper young fellow who has been at the levée, doubtless on the strength of being appointed to a ship. He is somewhat raw-boned and shock-

headed, I own, being a Scotchman, but he has mighty limbs, that Captain Duncan, as Lady Rothes called him."

"And is not Mr. Bruce, the great traveller, a Scotchman too?" asked Lady Bell.

"What! the man who has drunk of the source of the Nile, and seen Tadmor in the Wilderness? Ay, what could you expect but that he should be a wandering Scot, deserting the barren soil at home? But I hope, for all that, his drawings will turn out his own, for he claims to be the descendant of a king, though a poor and rude one. And there he goes, six feet four if he is an inch, and with the noble, handsome face of a gallant, adventurous gentleman."

"I don't mind the gentlemen so much; their place is at the levée, ain't it? But I am set on seeing some of the court and town beauties."

"Softly, all in good time, for here is the young duchess whom the whole world is agog about—and bless us, she is a Scotchwoman also, with an accent that would fright the French."

"Ah! her grace of Gordon," exclaimed Lady Bell, snapping her fan, and getting chidden for being noisy in her excitement.

There came the young queen of quips and cranks, whose broad Scotch accent contrasted so oddly to English ears with the extreme delicacy and perfection of her beauty, the sole flaw in which is said to have been the slight prominence of her square, white teeth.

"No heart can resist her when she smiles and tries her repartee, even in this presence," said Lady Lucie. "A power of repartee is a great thing, girl; it becomes a fine woman better than diamonds."

The old drawing-room company Lady Lucie knew so well, was not made up entirely of belles and beaux, but of better and worse, and of something mediocre to serve as a sliding scale, and weld the two extremes easily together. There was one of the uncouthly colossal Conways, and there were several of the Black Finches. There was stout, squat Miss Monckton, angling for the great traveller Bruce, difficult to land, like most big fishes, that she might set him before her next literary party—as she was to angle for other fishes, food for other parties, after she was Countess of Cork.

There was young Lady Charlotte North, still decidedly in the "bloom of her ugliness," but with such a power of repartee that her wit, sparkling like a diamond, left the listener too dazzled to dwell on the plainness of the casket which held the jewel.

There was Jockey of Norfolk under his strawberry leaves, coarser than any ploughman and a great deal more drunken; and there was his grace of Bridgewater, whom Lady Lucie represented as always plaguing himself with bridges and ditches.

As an eccentric individual of the opposite sex Lady Lucie pointed out the great heiress of the Cavendish Harleys, who was not Lady Lucie's "dear duchess," and who, while she kept up the grand simplicity of a sovereign at Bulstrode, "is yet so fond of birds and beasts and four-footed creatures, my dear," declared Lady Lucie, in a long parenthesis, "as well as of china and pictures, which to be sure is not so monstrous a taste, that I could well believe she would pledge her coronet for an oddly striped snail's shell. Don't you take to such vagaries, Bell, even if you have the money to waste upon them."

As a rule, the traces of a reckless pursuit of pleasure and a fierce dissipation were visible on the faces of many a high-bred man and woman there; but they were high-bred, and their power, whether expressed by languor or superciliousness, or whether it was piquant in its absolute unscrupulousness, was a very real, and great power to which they were born, and which neither they nor their contemporaries ever questioned.

But the round, ruddy-faced king, in his prime, whose homeliness, viewed even by his splendid courtiers' eyes, was then held the model of royal affability, who smiled honestly on Lady Bell, with her poor fluttering heart in her mouth, in the august presence of such a star and blue riband, was, to his everlasting honour, a model of virtue in that generation.

"What! what!" the king questioned, "Penruddock? Etheredge? Then the young lady is not a grand-daughter of my Lady Lucie? As for Etheredge, can any one tell me why I have not heard the name before?" his Majesty asked, having forgotten the earldom which had become extinct, though he never forgot a face.

A model of virtue, also, in her formality and starch, with her fixed ideas of what was due to a queen, even as her George would be a king, stood little plain-featured Queen Charlotte, with her plainness still redeemed by the freshness of comparative youth, in addition to the indomitable queenliness which age and trials failed to subdue.

The queen commended the modesty of Lady Bell's dress and demeanour in a few pointed words, reverentially received by Lady

Bell's guardian, and took further advantage of the brief conversation to throw out some valuable hints on constant industry, with "early to bed and early to rise" as the routine calculated to preserve Lady Bell's manners, morals, and health.

There were other good couples more gracefully drawn and tenderly tinted than the royal couple at the drawing-room, though Lady Bell, dazzled and enchanted by the first childish contact with royalty, could not see any pair equal to the king and queen.

It is reserved for those who gaze wistfully back through the mists of years, and by the commentary of long-told histories, to dwell with a sense of refreshment, whether pensive or cheery, on heroes and heroines a shade humbler in rank.

There were faithful pairs, like young Lord and Lady Tavistock, whose attachment was so fond, that when he was killed in stag hunting, she died of grief within the year; or like Lord and Lady Carlisle, who, after trouble, parting, banishment, manly facing of hardship and danger, came together again, and lived happily for ever afterwards, because, in spite of his folly in losing his ten thousand pounds at one sitting at cards, he was still true at heart to honour, home, wife, and children.

There were worthy elderly folk, such as that Duke and Duchess of Richmond, the father and mother of many children, who remained so content with each other, that busybodies of letter-writers were driven to chronicle how he would sit the entire evening an unheard-of ducal Darby by his Joan, who was fairer in her matronly peace and bounty than the fairest of her famously beautiful daughters.

There was still a large share of nature's nobility, of reverence, purity, constancy, and all kindly and sweet domestic charities in some of these men and women, who have long gone home and taken their wages, else it would be worse for the England of this day.

Lady Lucie was no sibyl to read the fortunes of the company to Lady Bell, gaping lightly and genteelly with wonder. For that matter, Lady Bell was so full of the present that she did not want the future to enlighten her. But, if Lady Lucie had been inspired, she might have shuddered at some figures like wandering ghosts, that passed in succession before her and Lady Bell. One was that of a young man, with a furtive glance of the eyes looking out of his sallow face from beneath his long chestnut hair. That was Lord George Gordon, then the puppet of his witty sister-in-law, but at last to die in Newgate.

Lady Lucie and Lady Bell made the most of the drawing-room after they had kissed hands, shown themselves, and looked at their neighbours. They exchanged a good deal of gossip with their friends on the war which was threatening, on any remote chance that existed of Lady Bell's being named an honorary housekeeper of one of the palaces, or a seamstress of the queen, in right of the young lady's poverty and noble birth.

The ladies discussed what assemblies were in prospect, what marriages were in the wind, what caudle cups had been tasted, what lyings-in-state had been witnessed, what meeting had taken place at Chalk Farm that very morning, with one of the combatants run through the body.

Then the two streamed out with the rest of the world, and employed their chairs and their dresses still farther on a round of visits. Withal, home was reached in time for an early dinner and a little well-earned repose before the evening company, with the card-table, and Lady Bell at the spinnet playing, with the utmost pride and care amidst the attention and applause of her audience, the lessons which Lady Lucie had acquired from Mr. Handel.

CHAPTER II.—ST. BEVIS'S AND SQUIRE GODWIN.

WITHIN three months from the date of the drawing-room, Lady Lucie Penruddock was dead and buried. Her dowager's allowance had lapsed to the Squire Penruddock of the day. The sale of the furniture in her lodging had done little more than pay the expenses of its late owner's funeral. Lady Bell Etheredge, the one orphan child of an earl who had so squandered his estate in his lifetime, that it seemed rather proper and convenient that his title had died with him, was left destitute. Her sole inheritance consisted of her suit of mourning, with her other suits, and a little sum of pocket-money, sufficient to carry her down to Warwickshire to the keeping of her mother's unmarried brother and sister, Squire Godwin and Mrs. Die Godwin, of St. Bevis's.

The journey was made by posting under the escort of a maid and a man, appointed to see Lady Bell safe, by some friend of Lady Lucie's, who took so much interest in the girl, for her grand-aunt's sake. It was travelling away from the civilised world to Lady Bell, and it was travelling which lasted for

several days, and was half-killing in the mingled grief and fatigue that attended on it.

Lady Bell reached St. Bevis's early on a dark, wet October evening. For so young a girl, she was sunk in depression and desolation; for she had bidden farewell to all she had known and loved. She had never seen her mother's kindred, for there had been a quarrel between them and her father soon after his marriage; while the particulars which Lady Lucie had let fall from time to time, that had seemed to make little impression then, but were painfully present to Lady Bell's mind now, were not re-assuring.

Lady Bell had tried for the last half-hour to catch a glimpse of the country round St. Bevis's through the steaming chaise windows. The fact was, that all the country was new to her, except what, in her ignorance, she had called country when she had gone out of town for a day's pleasure to Chelsea, or Richmond, or Greenwich. But the most ardent admirer of the country, pure and simple, will admit that the close of a dismal day in the fall of the year, when the fields are bare, and the woods half stripped, is hardly a propitious season for a novice making her first acquaintance with the country, even though she be not turning her back on the delights of youth, though the country inns at which she has lain have not been comfortless, though the roads are not quagmires, and though her nerves are not shaken with fears of highwaymen.

"Lud, how horrid lonesome it do be here!" exclaimed the maid, who sat inside with Lady Bell, while the man sat outside with the driver. "We shall see a man hanging in chains at the next cross roads, I come bound. It would give me the dumps in no time to be kept down here. However do country bumpkins and their sweethearts make shift to exist in such a hole? In course, it is quite different with the gentlefolks, who can have their country houses full of company," the woman corrected herself, remembering, in time, Lady Bell's circumstances.

Lady Bell could not find fault, for she caught herself echoing the reflection in her own style as she pressed her white face against the glass, "What can life be like here without a court, or assemblies, or drums, or even shops—and we have not passed a waggon or pack-horses since we left the great road."

At last the driver proceeded to draw up his horses, mud and mire to the fetlocks. There before Lady Bell rose a portion of a pillared façade, belonging to a great house that had never been completely built, and of which the fragments were only dimly illuminated by the light from within, confined to a few windows, and by a lamp swinging over the entrance-door. The whole building had a cheerless and spectral air to a girl like Lady Bell. There was no want of life in it, however, such as it was. A troop of men, most of them in stable-boy's jackets or country frocks, one or two in tarnished livery, rushed out at the sound of wheels to hail the chaise, and shout for news before the travellers had time to alight. "Any word of the Foxlow races, driver, before you started?" "Were Nimble Dick's dying speech and confession come out?"

"Shut your pipes, you rude rascals; it is the young lady, the squire's niece," protested a more civilised voice than those of the others; while a bloated, pursy man in slovenly black, who might be either butler or chaplain to Squire Godwin, stepped forward, opened the door, and helped the cramped, shivering girl out, amidst a slight cessation of the rough clamour. "Your servant, Lady Bell Etheredge; follow me."

He conducted her into a dreary unfurnished hall on a vast scale, paused a moment, laid a flabby finger on his forehead, scratched his head under his wig, spoke to himself, but yet as it sounded in confidence to Lady Bell. "Curse me if I know where I had better take her first. Mrs. Die is not to be seen at this hour, or it will be the worse for the person who sees her. Mrs. Kitty won't leave Mrs. Die's room to do the honours; I think I had better take his niece to the squire himself, though we do interrupt his game."

They proceeded up a spacious staircase with the walls in a grimy edition of the original whitewash,—oak balustrades, but the space between filled with hempen rope, and the wide steps as innocent of the application of water as ever the steps of stairs in any Hôtel de Polignac of Paris, or Strozzi House of Florence. They traversed gusty, unmatted corridors until they reached a room which bore some traces of habitableness and use.

It was a moderately sized room, panelled and hung with portraits, as Lady Bell saw when her usher threw open the door after he had knocked. It was supplied with a carpet, table, and chairs, and had a fire blazing behind the dogs. Two gentlemen were in the room, sitting at the table engaged in cards, with wax candles, bottles and glasses at their elbows. The one who faced Lady Bell as she entered was a facsimile of her conductor, except that the last was shaggier and dirtier,



"LADY BELL."

Page 36.

but not so bloated and pursy, as his fellow. He looked up at the interruption, and, turning his head a little, so that his side-face could not be seen by his companion at table, winked warningly to the new-comers. The other man, whose back was to Lady Bell, wore a velvet coat and had his hair in powder. He grumbled resentfully before he looked round. "What the plague do you mean by bringing any one here at this hour, Sneyd?"

"It is your niece, Lady Bell Etheredge, squire. I thought you would like to see her at once, as Mrs. Die is not to be disturbed after supper," answered the squire's butler, as if he were delivering a carefully considered speech.

The squire with a slight "humph!" possibly meant to be inaudible, got up and turned round. "My dear niece, I beg to welcome you to St. Bevis's," he said, in a voice cultivated and agreeable in spite of its slight hoarseness. He took Lady Bell by the hand, saluted her, sat down opposite to her and looked at her, giving her the opportunity of glancing with a gleam of hopefulness at him. He was a handsome, nay, an elegant man in middle life, though his face was haggard with hard living and devouring anxiety. Notwithstanding the evident dilapidation of his house and the disorder of his household, his dress was costly and fashionable, — in every particular that of a well-endowed gentleman somewhat foppish for his years. His spotless ruffles were of Mechlin, the ring on his finger was worth many diamonds, and as it was a delicately cut antique, it required the taste of a scholarly fine gentleman to appreciate it.

Lady Bell experienced a feeling of relief. In Mr. Godwin's presence she was restored to the element in which she had been reared. From her first dismal glimpse of her future home she did not know what churlish boor she had expected her uncle to be.

Unfortunately, that feeling of relief came too late to be of service to Lady Bell. If she had known it, her first interview with her uncle had been critical, and one moment had rendered it a failure. He was a man liable to excessive partialities or aversions where women were concerned. Had Lady Bell caught his fancy at once, and struck him as having the making of a charming young woman, though he might have borne a grudge at her father's memory and been annoyed at her becoming dependent on him, he might also have felt pride in her, and been as kind an uncle as circumstances and character would have permitted. He might have gone so far as to make a pet of her, and thus have had a strange thread of gentleness introduced into the web of his life. How far the result would have been to Lady Bell's advantage is a different matter.

As it was, Squire Godwin saw Lady Bell first in her tumbled habit, and bent hat, her face blue with cold, her eyes red with crying, her mouth relaxed with fasting; Lady Lucie's excellent lessons as to holding herself up, walking and sitting, for the moment forgotten. Mr. Godwin set down Lady Bell, without hesitation, as a plain, unformed, weak-minded girl, of whose breeding Lady Lucie had made a mess, whose title sounded still more incongruously than poverty alone could have made it sound, who would be nothing save "an infernal plague" to him who had plagues enough without her. And Squire Godwin was a man who rarely departed from a conclusion.

The next words which her uncle addressed to Lady Bell were spoken with courtesy in their reserve, but they fell on her spirits, now beginning to rise, like so many bolts of ice.

"Sneyd will see that you get some refreshment before you retire for the night. You will meet Mrs. Die, and be put under her charge in the morning. Let me wish you a very good night, Lady Bell."

Down, fathoms down, went the dismayed girlish heart; but, for as lightly as her uncle esteemed her breeding, then and thenceforth, Lady Bell walked out of the room, marshalled by Sneyd, with a more erect head and firmer step than those with which she had entered it. She did not salt the spiced beef, home-made bread, and mulled white wine with which Sneyd sought to regale her, with the tears which were ready to choke her. She responded loftily to his good-humoured attempts at entertaining her, so that he pronounced her in his mind "a chip of the old block," as proud and passionate as fire, like Mrs. Die herself—but trust her to be broken in by Mrs. Die and Mrs. Kitty together, the poor young my-lady!

Even after Lady Bell had been conducted to the dark, chill closet—all that there was for her room—which looked out on an unfinished wing of the house, where owls roosted and cats scrambled and miauled, she would not have given way before herself, so great was the mistake of Mr. Godwin that Lady Lucie's instructions had not sunk into her grand-niece's heart, had it not been for a physical, certainly not in itself heroic shrinking from darkness, and apprehension at the idea of ghosts—like that of Cock Lane, which

caused Lady Bell at last to lay aside her youthful dignity, as Louis le Grand laid aside his wig, from between closed curtains, and to break down and sob herself to sleep, with the bed-clothes drawn tightly over her head.

CHAPTER III.—MRS. KITTY.

THE sound sleep of youth did much for Lady Bell. She awoke, comforted and refreshed in her closet,—furnished, Spartan-like, with checked linen and hard wood, the window looking across at the turrets crumbling down before they had been all built, with yawning slits for their windows and rotting boards between the different levels, which might have accommodated a score of robbers as well as owls and cats.

She was sad, but no longer in despair; she even felt inquisitive as well as hungry, and disposed to venture on a voyage of discovery in search of her aunt's parlour and breakfast.

Sneyd, the butler, in his unencouraged essays at conversation the night before, had made Lady Bell acquainted with the habits of the family. The squire was never down in the morning till it was late, when he was at home, and that was but seldom, as he attended all the races. Lady Bell need not fear to stumble on her uncle, and be frozen to stone by his distant greeting. Neither did Mrs. Die show face at an early hour, according to Sneyd; she lay-a-bed half the day always, the whole day often.

Indeed it appeared as if Sneyd's caution against early rising, the reverse of the rule which the old fine lady, Lady Lucie, had imposed, was to be illustrated by the practice of the whole household, including Sneyd himself. Lady Bell wandered doubtfully about the staircase—vast to her after her grand-aunt's London lodging, and with its weather-stains and cobwebs more conspicuous by broad daylight—and about the wide corridors. She peeped into half-open doors of what seemed always empty rooms. She was startled by the striking of the clock over the entrance-door, and scared by the growling of a dog, but she did not meet a living creature. The fact was that such servants as were astir were in the stables and cow-house.

At last a stout, red-cheeked country girl, in the extremity of rusticity to the town-bred eyes of Lady Bell, accustomed to a trim waiting-woman, instead of to a girl in a jacket, woollen apron, heavy frilled cap, and clamping clogs, stood arrested in the stranger's way.

The country girl bobbed curtseys, and stared with round eyes, which had more admiration in them than the squire's eyes had been able to hold, at the other girl,—lily-faced, in a black tabby gown, black gloves, black silk stockings with clocks, the dress finished off by black shoes with high heels, a white apron and neckerchief, and a little white cap of her own poised on the top of the dark curls. And she was taken aback altogether when Lady Bell asked the direction of Mrs. Die's parlour.

Sukey speedily recovered herself, and showed Lady Bell into a low-roofed room belonging to the older part of the house, which, like the squire's room, was so far prepared for occupants, that it was matted, furnished with rush-bottomed chairs, had a table laid for breakfast, and a fire, lately kindled, smoking in the grate. But, except that there were both antique china and plate—alike so valuable that they were heir-looms—on the breakfast-table, this was all that could be said for Mrs. Die's parlour.

There was not a single article implying work, study, recreation, gentle accomplishments. There was not only none of the prints, medallions, and cabinets of curiosities to which Lady Bell had been accustomed as the approved ornaments of gentlewomen's parlours, there was neither harpsichord nor spinnet, tambour-frame, nor even wheel, nor book,—French or English,—not so much as a cookery-book with recipes written in a fine Italian hand, nor inkstand, nor bird's cage, nor flower-pot.

The high square windows—to look from which compelled Lady Bell to stand on her tiptoes—commanded what had once been a garden-court, but it was now a veritable wilderness of rank vegetation and rotting weeds.

Lady Bell was too thankful to turn from the prospect to await an approaching footstep, and to find that it belonged to a respectable-looking middle-aged woman; Lady Bell thought a superior upper servant, possibly the wife of Sneyd the butler, undoubtedly the housekeeper in her own person, as she carried a bunch of keys.

The new-comer's well-preserved quilted gown was protected from soil and stain by an ample apron and cuffs. Her head in its morning cap was farther fenced from the keenness of the air and from draughts by a hood hanging round her shoulders. "Good morning to you, Lady Bell; you arrived after supper, I hear, and you have not let the grass grow on your steps this morning. But your bread and milk is not ready yet;

you must wait till your betters be served. I have Mrs. Die's chocolate to send up."

Lady Bell was taken aback by this speech. It was not exactly unfriendly, but it was brusque, with more than a suspicion of carping in the tone, and it was spoken with much of the coolness and freedom of an equal.

Lady Bell was not naturally proud and passionate. Mr. Sneyd had misread the girl's heart, ready to burst at her cold reception. She had been docile and affectionate to Lady Lucie—a strict disciplinarian, like most old ladies of her régime.

Lady Bell had no more than the generous spirit which every true and uncrushed young nature asserts. But she had been brought up rigidly in this as in some other articles of faith, that it was her duty as a young lady of quality in the state of life to which she was called, both for her own sake and that of her neighbours, to keep servants in their proper place; and, while behaving to them with consideration, and if possible with affability, to be quick to check in them all encroachment and usurpation.

When young ladies of fourteen adhere to precedents, they are not apt to make exceptions to the rule, and it is a very wonderful young lady who does not blunder even in carrying out instructions.

Lady Bell, if she had been shrewd beyond her years and knowledge of the world, might have suspected that there was something anomalous in the presence of so superior an upper servant in a house like Squire Godwin's. Lady Bell might even have been observant enough to detect that Mrs. Kitty's accent on the whole was that of an educated woman habitually in better society than even an upper servant could then boast. But Lady Bell did not pause to make these deductions.

"I shall want my bread and milk in future so soon as I come down; be so good as to see to it," she ordered with great dignity.

Mrs. Kitty stopped in preparing to heat a cup of chocolate in a chafing dish, and gave a sharp glance at Lady Bell, as much as to say, "You have soon begun, you mean to take the upper hand of me, Lady Bell, but you must have my consent first. I should just think I have more to do here than you."

Mrs. Kitty replied aloud with deliberation, "You shall have your bread and milk when it is ready for you, and that is when I am ready to serve it; for I don't choose that a slut like Sukey shall meddle with my spoons, or bowls, or napkins; in fact, with aught save pewter-ware and kitchen towelling. If you choose to eat your breakfast with such help, Lady Bell, eat it then and welcome."

It may be recorded here, that Mrs. Kitty wronged Lady Bell by a common process of wrong. Mrs. Kitty supposed that all which could be understood of the miserable mystery of her relations with St. Bevis's, was known to the girl Lady Bell, through Lady Lucie Penruddock, as well as it was known to Mrs. Kitty herself; and that Lady Bell must have come forewarned not to interfere with Mrs. Kitty.

For it was as Mrs. Kitty had said to herself, she had more to do with St. Bevis's than the child of a daughter of the house, who had married and left it never to return. Mrs. Kitty had been born at St. Bevis's as Lady Bell's mother and Mrs. Die had been born. Mrs. Kitty had never quitted St. Bevis's, though her position had not been, and could not be recognised; and, in lieu of such recognition, she had slipped into the place of an all-powerful, almost irresponsible servant, to whom the squire never spoke, but to whom he hardly ever dictated.

It was not wise or well to affront Mrs. Kitty, only as it happened, Lady Bell had been left ignorant.

Lady Bell and Mrs. Kitty sat and exchanged silent hostilities over Lady Bell's basin of bread and milk, and Mrs. Kitty's basin of coffee and plate of bacon.

Lady Bell made a more minute inspection of Mrs. Kitty in her tidy and substantial dress. She was a square, solidly built, comely woman, with a short neck, large cheeks, small forehead, almost concealed by her headgear, and with small twinkling eyes.

Mrs. Kitty took no further notice of Lady Bell, since Mrs. Kitty's cunning was the cunning of power.

Lady Bell declined to condone the housekeeper's offence, so far as to take the initiative in commencing a conversation, notwithstanding that her tongue ached to be wagging, and her nature craved some kind of sympathy. But Lady Bell would wait till she saw Mrs. Die; it could not be long till that great event took place. This trust was summarily disposed of.

"Since you have brought no maid with you that I have heard tell of, Lady Bell," stated Mrs. Kitty, with covert but evident depreciation, "you had as lief see to your own unpacking," she suggested nonchalantly. "The fool of a woman who came with you is gone back with the man and the chaise. Bless us! what a fuss and cost," protested Mrs. Kitty scornfully, "as if our pockets

were lined with silver pennies, when the stage-coach comes once a week as nigh as within six miles, and the cross road is none so bad for a seat on a pillion. I had best tell you at once, that I can't lend you a hand with your unpacking, neither can I let you have one of the girls. There is a deal to do in this house, and few enough to do it, if beds are to be made, and meals cooked; not to say floors scrubbed, and clothes scoured. We want no additional peck of troubles—of that I can assure you."

"I did not suppose anybody wanted troubles," corrected Lady Bell, a little impertinently.

"You mayn't have seen so fine a place before," continued Mrs. Kitty, looking Lady Bell hard in the face, "or such a heap of servants; but the last is mostly for the horses and dogs which the squire keeps to race and run with. The family coach is not out once in three months, so you had as well not pine for an airing; and you had need to walk precious seldom, if anybody has to be spared to walk with you."

Mrs. Kitty now felt she had gone some



Page 41.

way in distancing and discomfiting an interloper like Lady Bell.

Lady Bell clung to her single refuge; she did not attempt to put down Mrs. Kitty this time; she took no further notice of her challenge, she only asked—

"When am I to be taken to my aunt, Mrs. Die?"

"When she sends for you, Lady Bell; and that may not be to-day nor to-morrow neither."

At the very moment Mrs. Kitty ended the door opened, and Mrs. Die gave a flat contradiction to her subordinate's words by walking into the room.

CHAPTER IV.—MRS. DIE AND THE QUARTER SESSIONS.

MRS. DIE was a tall, gaunt, scarecrow of a woman with wild black eyes which looked immense in size, and gleamed like coals of fire in their hollow sockets. Her face, which in youth had been handsome—the Godwins had been a handsome family—was become the typical face of Queen Elizabeth,—of an old Jewess,—of a witch before her time. Her

dress was an open gown and petticoat of Indian cotton, the pattern representing huge birds of every hue. Her grizzled hair was drawn tightly back from her dark bony face, and rolled over its cushions behind and before, while it was crowned by such an out-of-date fly cap as Lady Bell had never seen.

"Good heavens! Mrs. Die, what are you doing here at this time of the day?" demanded Mrs. Kitty, with a directness and energy which, while Lady Bell could not explain the tone, served as a slight salve to her own sore pride,—"you'll have the spasms or a swoon before you are an hour older."

"Never mind, Kitty," declared Mrs. Die in a high harsh key, "I've business before me to-day. So this is Bell Etheredge," she broke off abruptly, and, as if it were only at that moment that she remembered and observed her niece,—"never mind paying your duty to me, child," as Lady Bell was venturing to approach her. "What a shabby little body it is, and how we've fallen off for certain!" she said in a loud voice, aside to Mrs. Kitty, and then she went on turning to Lady Bell again, while Mrs. Die stood like a man with her feet apart, and her back to the fire, toasting her hands held behind her to the warmth. "What do you think that we're to make of you, girl, eh? Do you know that you've come to a ruined house? St. Bevis's has stood half built for five-and-thirty years, since my father's time; it will never be finished now, but will serve as a monument of pride and vanity, drinking and dicing. My brother, your uncle, owes fifty thousand pounds of gambling debts, which only lie over because you can take no more than the skin from the cat, and so long as the cat lives, he may win a race, or a match with the cocks, or a game of hazard occasionally, to pay off an instalment of his debt and his servants' wages. That's how we live; but there were four executions in the house last year, which have stripped us pretty bare, as even your baby eyes may tell you. We are more utterly at the dogs than your father the earl was, and he left you a beggar."

"I wish I had never come to beg from you, Aunt Die," protested Lady Bell, unable to restrain a sob, while she covered her face with her trembling hands and shrank back and down as if she had received a blow. The instinctive cry and action softened her fierce examiner a little.

"It is better you should learn the worst at once, Bell Etheredge," Mrs. Die continued more gently; "I did not say that you could help it; I think none of us can help anything in our miserable lives. What are you to make of yourself here?"

"I'll not be in your way," asserted Lady Bell in her youthful desperation. "I'll not eat grudged bits, which you do not have to give. I did not know that Uncle Godwin was ruined, or that you would hate the sight of me. I'll go elsewhere. Oh! why did you let the chaise go back without me?"

"What a prodigious fool you are, sure," exclaimed Mrs. Die contemptuously, "as if I had hate to spare for a child like you; I have more to do with my hate, and where would you run to? Don't you know since the old dragon, Lady Lucie, who might have found you an establishment if she had really had the liking which she professed for you——"

"Lady Lucie was my dearest, best friend," interrupted Lady Bell passionately.

"Who has died, and done nothing for you, any more than for her pug, if she had one," went on Mrs. Die in cool derision; "so that we are all in the same boat, whether we like it or not, and must sink or swim together. There, girl, go work at your ruffles, or some other of your fiddle-faddle acquirements to pass the time till some change offer. You are young yet; perhaps a change will come to you. As for me, I am sick of the discussion. I have more in my head. Kitty, he was seen again last night — you need not deny it." She turned to Mrs. Kitty with an appeal which was almost a threat.

Mrs. Kitty, however taken aback by Mrs. Die's unusual appearance, was improving the time in washing up the breakfast china, having brought out from a cupboard a little hand-tub for the purpose. The prosaic proceeding was oddly at variance with all that was extraordinary and violent in Mrs. Die's looks and conversation.

"I warrant he's staying at the Cross Whips," admitted Mrs. Kitty, with evident unwillingness; "but he may be there without seeking to get at you."

"That's a credible story, seeing what St. Bevis's did for him, as if hell on earth could attract a man." Mrs. Die rejected the suggestion, her great eyes blazing with fire and scorn. "I tell you what, Kitty, I'm going to ride over to the quarter sessions again, to show him up, and to force that hypocrite of a cousin of his, who could not save his own kinsman,—and don't care that I am left to suffer from his base degradation,—to bind over

Cholmondely to keep the peace, and to cease to persecute me," she ended, with a terrible intensity of aversion and disgust in her calmness.

"Inform the squire — take counsel with him," advised Mrs. Kitty doubtfully.

"Never!" screamed Mrs. Die, clapping her hands together. "What! to be twitted by him with the past? to be reminded that he did it? that a fine Lon'on gentleman like my brother is a fiend incarnate compared to a poor sold and sunk sot? I'll take it into my own hands. I'll ride over to the quarter sessions this very day, and, what's more, I'll carry this midge of a niece, Bell Etheredge, with me, to give her a little lesson in men and manners."

"You'll let me go with you also, after you have changed your dress, and got on your habit?"

Mrs. Kitty addressed her mistress soothingly.

"Well, yes, I suppose I may want you," granted Mrs. Die, calming down, and considering. "Come, find my toggery, Kitty, and put it on; and you, miss—Lady Bell, whatever they call you—make ready, and I'll be better than my word," she grinned ironically; "I'll be extreme kind, a doting aunt, taking you junketing, and showing you life, on your very first day too!"

Lady Bell, overlooked and forgotten, had stood aside during the late colloquy. In the girl's eyes, she had obtained proof positive that her aunt, Mrs. Die, was not only as wild, but as mad as any inmate of Bedlam. Was it not sufficient that the wretched woman, older than Lady Bell's mother would have been had she been alive, believed that she was the object of an unscrupulous passion?

Doubtless, Mrs. Kitty made a feint of agreeing with Mrs. Die, to flatter and coax her, as mad people, who were not locked up and chained, were coaxed.

"For certain, Mrs. Die looks as old and as horrid as the hills," reflected Lady Bell hastily, "with those sticking out bones and ploughed furrows in her cheeks. She must be many a long day past love and lovers. But I must humour her too," she considered anxiously, "lest she should conceive a fresh access of ill-will,—I think she was minded to let me alone after the attack,—and seek to poison or throttle me. Mrs. Kitty will never permit that," she decided, in great trepidation, "though I've offended her; but she is in her senses, and looks to be Mrs. Die's keeper. My uncle could not know me in bodily peril, and sit and lean back in his chair, and look into the air above my head."

Thrilling with this new, outrageous apprehension, which, yet in its panic, served to divert the young mind from its desolation, Lady Bell did Mrs. Die's bidding with the utmost dispatch, put on her hat and habit, and hurried back to the parlour.

Mrs. Die in her hat and habit was not so crazy looking, and was more like a lady of birth and breeding than she had been in her morning gown. She directed the horses —there was usually no lack of horses at St. Bevis's—to be brought to the door, and ascertained that Lady Bell was fit to guide the pony allotted to her, while Mrs. Kitty was mounted double behind a groom.

"Sneyd may come with us if he likes, and is not frightened for his master; or Greenwood may attend," Mrs. Die said condescendingly.

"It is a mighty queer expedition, just like Mrs. Die," murmured the last—the chaplain, who had come out under the colonnade to see the party start; "but I'll ride after you to see that justice is done, and for the sake of the young lady," he whispered to Mrs. Kitty.

"If you don't come for the sake of the old one, I think you had better let it alone, sir," Mrs. Kitty rebuffed him shortly.

It was a ride of an hour and a half for the party, with half-a-dozen dogs at their heels, to reach the country town where the quarter sessions were held. Mrs. Die gave no sign of knowing anybody, either among the country people in greatcoats trudging to market, or the smarter townspeople lounging by the low-browed shops and tall brick houses, though countrymen and tradesmen, with their womenkind, saluted and turned to stare at the group.

Mrs. Die rode straight with her friends to the court-room door, and having alighted, walked in, and up to the table round which the gentlemen in drab, purple, and green coats, and muddy boots and tops, were sitting with their papers before them.

A case of horse-stealing had just been disposed of, and a miserable man was being led out, marched along by the turnkeys, while his friends, in the shape of sullen men and weeping women, were pressing round him.

Mrs. Die tapped on the table with her riding-whip.

"I have come to demand your protection, gentlemen," she said, with a raised voice,

"from a man, one William Cholmondely, who follows and persecutes me."

One gentleman, in a coat of a precise cut, with a plain cravat and a rigid cast of face above it, winced and reddened.

The other men roused themselves, stuck their tongues in their cheeks, and looked as if they expected something peculiarly interesting and enlivening, out of the course of regular business.

One of the elder men present took snuff, and whispered to his next neighbour that he remembered that woman as the handsomest jade in England.

"Zounds! a lady shall not demand protection and be refused it, you may depend upon that, Mrs. Die," said a free-and-easy, outspoken gentleman, who loved a row. "What does this rapscallion Cholmondely do to molest you?"

"He waylays me and my housekeeper; he drops me letters continually; he threatens to do both for me and himself, if I don't pay him money to stop his vile tongue and pen," answered Mrs. Die furiously.

"Mrs. Die Godwin," interrupted the gentleman in the precise cut of coat, speaking sternly, "permit me one question. Were you not at one time affianced to this William Cholmondely?"

"Yes; I was promised to him in marriage twenty years or more ago," replied Mrs. Die disdainfully; "before this girl, my niece, was born;" and at the words, eye-glasses, which had already been roaming curiously over Lady Bell, were arrested and fixed upon her with keen criticism.

"And was not the marriage broken off," Mrs. Die's antagonist continued indignantly, "because your brother, Squire Godwin, engaged Cholmondely in a sporting transaction (I shall not stop to say of what nature), the brunt of which, falling on this wretched fellow, not only stripped him of every acre and guinea he possessed, but blackened his reputation beyond redemption, compelled him to flee the country for a season, and reduced him to associate with the very dregs of society on his return? Is not that a correct statement of facts, madam?"

"Perfectly correct, sir," assented Mrs. Die promptly, making him a superb curtsey. "But you have given no reason why he should lie in wait to yelp and snarl at me."

The result of the complaint was that the quarter sessions granted Mrs. Die Godwin the protection which she claimed, binding over William Cholmondely, late of Thornhurst, to keep the peace under a penalty of one thousand pounds.

PROGRESS OF OUR NEW CHURCH.

AS yet no organ rolls, no church-bell rings,
But in and out the darting swallows pass;
While distant hands prepare the pictured glass,
Through vacant quatrefoils the hodman sings.
But when the House is built, the ALTAR spread,
Enter, O broken heart! and tell thy sin,
Prime guest of Jesus! enter, and begin
The Church's mystic life, one cup, one bread:
And when to these crush'd graves the spring shall give
Once more their common bond of daisies sweet,
So may all flat and barren souls revive,
In one white field of common graces meet;
While bells and organ and sweet hymns combine
To draw them lovingly to rites divine.

CHARLES TURNER.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH.

WHETHER the British race is improving or degenerating: What, if it seem probably degenerating, are the causes of so great an evil: How they can be, if not destroyed, at least arrested—these are questions worthy the attention, not of statesmen only and medical men, but of every father and mother in these isles. I shall say somewhat about them in these columns; and say it in a form which ought to be intelligible to fathers and mothers of every class, from the highest to the lowest, in hopes of convincing some of them at least that the science of health, now so utterly neglected in our curriculum of so-called education, ought to be taught—the rudiments of it at least—in every school, college, and university.

We talk of our hardy forefathers; and rightly. But they were hardy, just as the savage is usually hardy, because none but the hardy lived. They may have been able to say of themselves (as they do in a state paper of 1515, now well known through the pages of Mr. Froude)—"What comyn folk of all the world may compare with the comyns of England, in riches, freedom, liberty, welfare, and all prosperity? What comyn folk is so mighty, and so strong in the fielde, as the comyns of England?" They may have been fed on "great shins of beef" till they became, as Benvenuto Cellini calls them, "the English wild beasts." But they increased in numbers slowly, if at all, for centuries. Those terrible laws of natural selection, which issue in "the survival of the fittest," cleared off the less fit, in every generation, principally by infantile disease, often by wholesale famine and pestilence; and left, on the whole, only those of the strongest constitutions to perpetuate a hardy, valiant, and enterprising race.

At last came a sudden and unprecedented change. In the first years of this century, steam and commerce produced an enormous increase in the population. Millions of fresh human beings found employment, married, brought up children, who found employment in their turn, and learnt to live more or less civilised lives. An event, doubtless, for which God is to be thanked. A quite new phase of humanity, bringing with it new vices and new dangers: but bringing, also, not merely new comforts, but new noblenesses, new generosities, new conceptions of duty, and of how that duty should be done. It is childish to regret the old times, when our soot-grimed manufacturing districts were green with lonely farms. To murmur at the transformation would be, I believe, to murmur at the will of Him without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground.

> "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Our duty is, instead of longing for the good old custom, to take care of the good new custom, lest it should corrupt the world in like wise. And it may do so thus:—

The rapid increase of population during the first half of this century, began at a moment when the British stock was specially exhausted, namely, about the end of the long French war. There may have been periods of exhaustion, at least in England, before that. There may have been one here, as there seems to have been on the Continent, after the Crusades; and another after the wars of the Roses. There was certainly a period of severe exhaustion at the end of Elizabeth's reign, due both to the long Spanish and Irish wars, and to the terrible endemics introduced from abroad; an exhaustion which may have caused, in part, the national weakness which hung upon us during the reign of the Stuarts. But after none of these, did the survival of the less fit suddenly become more easy; or the discovery of steam-power, and the acquisition of a colonial empire, create at once a fresh demand for human beings, and a fresh supply of food for them. Britain, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, was in an altogether new social situation.

At the beginning of the great French war, and, indeed, ever since the beginning of the war with Spain in 1739—often snubbed as the "war about Jenkins' ear"—but which was, as I hold, one of the most just, as it was one of the most popular, of all our wars; after, too, the once famous "forty fine harvests" of the eighteenth century, the British people, from the gentleman who led to the soldier or sailor who followed, were one of the mightiest and most capable races which the world has ever seen, comparable best to the old Roman, at his mightiest and most capable period. That, at least, their works testify. They created—as far as man can be said to create anything—the British Empire. They won for us our colonies, our commerce, the mastery of the seas of all the world. But at what a cost!

"Their bones are scattered far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea."

Year after year, till the final triumph of Waterloo, not battle only, but worse destroyers than shot and shell—fatigue and disease—had been carrying off our stoutest, ablest, healthiest young men, each of whom represented, alas! a maiden left unmarried at home, or married, in default, to a less able man. The strongest went to the war; each who fell left a weaklier man to continue the race; while of those who did not fall, too many returned with tainted and weakened constitutions, to injure, it may be, generations yet unborn. The middle classes, being mostly engaged in peaceful pursuits, suffered less of this decimation of their finest young men; and to that fact I attribute much of their increasing preponderance, social, political, and intellectual, to this very day. One cannot walk the streets of any of our great commercial cities without seeing plenty of men, young and middle-aged, whose whole bearing and stature shows that the manly vigour of our middle class is anything but exhausted. In Liverpool, especially, I have been much struck not only with the vigorous countenance, but with the bodily size of the mercantile men on 'Change. But it must be remembered always, first, that these men are the very *élite* of their class; the cleverest men; the men capable of doing most work: and next, that they are, almost all of them, from the great merchant who has his villa out of town, and perhaps his moor in the Highlands, down to the sturdy young volunteer who serves in the haberdasher's shop, country-bred men; and that the question is, not what they are like now, but what their children and grandchildren, especially the fine young volunteer's, will be like? And a very serious question I hold that to be, and for this reason:

War is, without doubt, the most hideous physical curse which fallen man inflicts upon himself; and for this simple reason—that it reverses the very laws of nature, and is more cruel even than pestilence. For instead of issuing in the survival of the fittest, it issues in the survival of the less fit; and therefore, if protracted, must deteriorate generations yet unborn. And yet a peace such as we now enjoy, prosperous, civilised, humane, is fraught, though to a less degree, with the very same ill effect.

In the first place, tens of thousands—Who knows it not?—lead sedentary and unwholesome lives, stooping, asphyxiated, employing as small a fraction of their bodies as of their minds. And all this in dwellings, workshops, what not? the influences, the very atmosphere of which tend not to health, but to unhealth, and to drunkenness as a solace under the feeling of unhealth and depression. And that such a life must tell upon their offspring, and if their offspring grow up under similar circumstances, upon their offspring's offspring, till a whole population may become permanently degraded, who does not know? For who that walks through the by-streets of any great city does not see?

But now—and this is one of the most fearful problems with which modern civilisation has to deal—we interfere with natural selection by our conscientious care of life, as surely as does war itself. If war kills the most fit to live, we save alive those who—looking at them from a merely physical point of view—are most fit to die. Everything which makes it more easy to live; every sanatory reform, prevention of pestilence, medical discovery, amelioration of climate, drainage of soil, improvement in dwelling-houses, workhouses, gaols, every reformatory school, every hospital, every cure of drunkenness, every influence, in short, which has—so I am told—increased the average length of life in these islands, by nearly one-third, since the first establishment of life insurances, one hundred and fifty years ago; every influence of this kind, I say, save persons alive who would otherwise have died; and the great majority of these will be, even in surgical and zymotic cases, those of least resisting power; thus preserved to produce in time a still less powerful progeny.

Do I say that we ought not to save these people, if we can? God forbid. The weakly, the diseased, whether infant or adult, is there on earth, a British citizen; no more responsible for his own weakliness than for his own existence. Society, that is, in plain English, we and our ancestors, are responsible for both; and we must fulfil the duty, and keep him in life, and if we can, heal, strengthen, develop him to the utmost, and make the best of that which "Fate and our own deservings" have given us to deal with. I do not speak of higher motives still; motives which to every minister of religion must be paramount and awful. I speak merely of physical and social motives, such as appeal to the conscience of every man—the instinct which bids every human-hearted man or woman to save life, alleviate pain; like Him who causes his sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and his rain to fall on the just and on the unjust.

But it is palpable, that in so doing we must, year by year, preserve a large percentage of weakly persons, who, marrying freely in their own class, must produce weaklier children, and they weaklier children still. Must, did I say? There are those who are of opinion—and I, after watching and comparing the histories of many families, indeed, of every one with whom I have come in contact for now five-and-thirty years, in town and country, can only fear that their opinion is but too well founded on fact—that in the great majority of cases, in all classes whatsoever, the children are not equal to their parents, nor they, again, to their grand-parents of the beginning of the century; and that this degrading process goes on most surely, and most rapidly, in our large towns, and in proportion to the antiquity of those towns, and therefore in proportion to the number of generations during which the degrading influences have been at work.

This and cognate dangers have been felt more and more deeply, as the years have rolled on, by students of human society. To ward them off, theory after theory has been put on paper, especially in France, which deserve high praise for their ingenuity, less for their morality, and, I fear, still less for their common-sense. For the theorist in his closet is certain to ignore, as inconvenient to the construction of his Utopia, certain of those broad facts of human nature which every active parish priest, medical man, or poor-law guardian has to face every day of his life.

Society, and British human nature, are what they have become by the indirect influences of long ages, and we can no more reconstruct the one, than we can change the other. We can no more mend men by theories than we can by coercion—which, by-the-bye, almost all these theorists look to longingly as their final hope and mainstay. We must teach men to mend their own matters, of their own reason, their own free-will. We must teach them that they are the arbiters of their own destinies, and to a fearfully great degree, of their children's destinies after them. We must teach them not merely that they ought to be free, but that they are free, whether they know it or not, for good and for evil. And we must do that in this case, by teaching them sound, practical science; the science of physiology, as applied to health. So, and so only, can we check—I do not say stop entirely—though I believe even that to be ideally possible—but at least check the process of degradation which I believe to be surely going on, not merely in these islands, but in every civilised country in the world, in proportion to its civilisation.

It is still a question whether science has fully discovered those laws of hereditary health, the disregard of which causes so many marriages disastrous to generations yet unborn. But much valuable light has been thrown on this most mysterious and most important subject during the last few years. Now our light, and I thank God for it, is widening and deepening month by month. And I doubt not that, in a generation or two more, enough will be known to be thrown into the shape of practical and proveable rules, and that, if not a public opinion, yet at least, what is more useful far, a wide-spread private opinion, will grow up, especially among educated women, which will prevent many a tragedy and save many a life.

But, as to the laws of personal health, enough, and more than enough is known already, to be applied safely and easily by any adults, however unlearned, to the preservation not only of their own health, but of that of their children.

The value of healthy habitations, of personal cleanliness, of pure air and pure water, of various kinds of food, as each tends to make bone, fat, or muscle—provided only—provided only, that the food be unadulterated; the value of various kinds of clothing, physical exercise, of a free and equal development of the brain-power, without undue overstrain in any one direction; in one word, the method of producing, as far as possible, the mentem sanam in corpore sano, and the wonderful and blessed effects of such obedience to those laws of nature, which are nothing but the good will of God, expressed in facts—their wonderful and blessed tendency, I say, to eliminate the germs of hereditary disease, and to actually regenerate the human system—all this is known, known as fully and clearly as any human knowledge need be known: it is written in dozens of popular books and pamphlets. And why should this divine voice, which cries to man, tending to sink into effeminate barbarism through his own hasty and partial civilisation,—"It is not too late. For your bodies, as for your spirits, there is an upward, as well as a downward path. You, or if not you, at least the children whom you have brought into the world, for whom you toil, for whom you hoard, for whom you pray, for whom you would give your lives,—they still may be healthy, strong,

it may be beautiful, and have all the intellectual and social, as well as the physical advantages, which health, strength, and beauty give."—Ah, why is this divine voice now, as of old, Wisdom crying in the streets, and no man regarding her? I appeal to women who are initiated, as we men can never be, into the stern mysteries of pain, and sorrow, and self-sacrifice. They who bring forth children, weep over children, slave for children, and if they have none of their own, then slave, with the holy instinct of the sexless bee, for the children of others —Let them say, shall this thing be?

Let my readers pardon me if I seem to write too earnestly. That I speak neither more nor less than the truth, every medical man knows full well. Not only as a very humble student of physiology, but as a parish priest of thirty years standing, I have seen so much unnecessary misery; and I have in other cases seen similar misery so simply avoided; that the sense of the vastness of the evil is intensified by my sense of the easiness of the cure.

Why, then—to come to practical suggestions—should there not be opened in every great town in these realms a public school of health? It might connect itself with—I hold that it should form an integral part of—some existing educational institute. But it should at least give practical lectures, for fees small enough to put them within the reach of any respectable man or woman, however poor. I cannot but hope that such schools of health, if opened in the great manufacturing towns of England and Scotland, and, indeed, in such an Irish town as Belfast, would obtain pupils in plenty, and pupils who would thoroughly profit by what they hear. The people of these towns are, most of them, specially accustomed by their own trades to the application of scientific laws. To them, therefore, the application of any fresh physical laws to a fresh set of facts, would have nothing strange in it. They have already something of that inductive habit of mind which is the groundwork of all rational understanding or action. They would not turn the deaf and contemptuous ear with which the savage and the superstitious receive the revelation of nature's mysteries. Why should not, with so hopeful an audience, the experiment be tried far and wide, of giving lectures on health, as supplementary to those lectures on animal physiology which are, I am happy to say, becoming more and more common? Why should not people be taught—they are already being taught at Birmingham—something about the tissues of the body, their structure and uses, the circulation of the blood, respiration, chemical changes in the air respired, amount breathed, digestion, nature of food, absorbtion, secretion, structure of the nervous system,—in fact, be taught something of how their own bodies are made and how they work. Teaching of this kind ought to, and will, in some more civilised age and country, be held a necessary element in the school-course of every child, just as necessary as reading, writing, and arithmetic; for it is after all the most necessary branch of that "technical education" of which we hear so much just now, namely, the technic, or art, of keeping oneself alive and well.

But we can hardly stop there. After we have taught the condition of health, we must teach also the condition of disease, of those diseases specially which tend to lessen wholesale the health of townsfolk, exposed to an artificial mode of life. Surely young men and women should be taught something of the causes of zymotic disease, scrofula, consumption, rickets, dipsomania, cerebral derangement, and such like. They should be shown the practical value of pure air, pure water, unadulterated food, sweet and dry dwellings. Is there one of them, man or woman, who would not be the safer and happier, and the more useful to his or her neighbours, if they had acquired some sound notions about those questions of drainage on which their own lives and the lives of their children may every day depend? I say—women as well as men. I should have said women rather than men. For it is the women who have the ordering of the household, the bringing up of the children; the women who bide at home, while the men are away, it may be at the other end of the earth.

And if any say, as they have a right to say, "But these are subjects which can hardly be taught to young women in public lectures;" I rejoin,—Of course not, unless they are taught by women,—by women, of course, duly educated and legally qualified. Let such teach to women, what every woman ought to know, and what her parents will very properly object to her hearing from almost any man. This is one of the main reasons why I have, for twenty years past, advocated the training of women for the medical profession; and one which countervails, in my mind, all possible objections to such a movement. And now, thank God! I am seeing the common sense of Great Britain, and indeed of every civilised nation, gradually coming round to that which seemed

to me, when I first conceived of it, a dream too chimerical to be cherished save in secret—the restoring woman to her natural share in that sacred office of healer, which she held in the Middle Ages, and from which she was thrust out during the sixteenth century.

I am most happy to see, for instance, that the National Health Society,* which I earnestly recommend to the attention of my readers, announces a "Course of Lectures for Ladies on Elementary Physiology and Hygiene, by Miss Chessar," to which I am also most happy to see, governesses are admitted at half-fees. Alas! how much misery, disease, and even death, might have been prevented, had governesses been taught such matters thirty years ago, I, for one, know too well. May the day soon come, when there will be educated women enough to give such lectures throughout these realms, to rich as well as poor,—for the rich, strange to say, need them often as much as the poor do,—and that we may live to see, in every great town, health classes for women as well as for men, sending forth year by year more young women and young men taught, not only to take care of themselves and of their families, but to exercise moral influence over their fellow-citizens, as champions in the battle against dirt and drunkenness, disease and death.

There may be those who would answer—or rather, there would certainly have been those who would have answered, thirty years ago, before the so-called materialism of advanced science had taught us some practical wisdom about education, and reminded people that they have bodies as well as minds and souls—"You say, we are likely to grow weaklier, unhealthier. And if it were so, what matter? Mind makes the man, not body. We do not want our children to be stupid giants and bravos, but clever, able, highly educated, however weakly providence or the laws of nature may have chosen to make them. Let them overstrain their brains a little; let them contract their chests, and injure their digestion and their eyesights, by sitting at desks, poring over books. Intellect is what we want. Intellect makes money. Intellect makes the world. We would rather see our son a genius than an athlete." Well: and so would I. But what if intellect alone does not even make money, save as Messrs. Dodson & Fogg, Sampson Brass & Montagu Tigg were wont to make it, unless backed by an able, enduring, healthy physique, such as I have seen, almost without exception, in those successful men of business whom I have had the honour and the pleasure of knowing. What if intellect, or what is now called intellect, did not make the world, or the smallest wheel or cog of it? What if, for want of obeying the laws of nature, parents bred up neither a genius nor an athlete, but only an incapable unhappy personage, with a huge upright forehead, like that of a Byzantine Greek, filled with some sort of pap instead of brains, and tempted alternately to fanaticism and strong drink? We must, in the great majority of cases have the corpus sanum, if we want the mentem sanam; and healthy bodies are the only trustworthy organs for healthy minds. Which is cause and which is effect, I shall not stay to debate here. But wherever we find a population generally weakly, stunted, scrofulous, we find in them a corresponding type of brain, which cannot be trusted to do good work, which is capable more or less of madness, whether solitary or epidemic. It may be very active. It may be very quick at catching at new and grand ideas—all the more quick, perhaps, on account of its own secret malaise and self-discontent: but it will be irritable, spasmodic, hysterical. It will be apt to mistake capacity of talk for capacity of action, excitement for earnestness, virulence for force, and, too often, cruelty for justice. It will lose manful independence, individuality, originality; and when men act, they will act, from the consciousness of personal weakness, like sheep over a hedge, leaning against each other; exhorting each other to be brave, and swaying about in mobs and masses. These were the intellectual weaknesses which, as I read history, followed on physical degradation in imperial Rome, in Alexandria, in Byzantium. Have we not seen them reappear, under fearful forms, in Paris but the other day?

I do not blame; I do not judge. My theory, which I hold and shall hold to be fairly founded on a wide induction, forbids me to blame and to judge: because it tells me that these defects are mainly physical; that those who exhibit them are mainly to be pitied, as victims of the sins or ignorance of their forefathers. But it tells me too, that those who, professing to be educated men, and therefore bound to know better, treat these physical phenomena as spiritual, healthy, and praiseworthy; who exasperate them, that they may make capital out of the weaknesses of fallen men, are the most contemptible and yet the most dangerous of public enemies, let them cloak their quackery under whatsoever patriotic or scientific or even sacred words.

* 9, Adam Street, Adelphi, London.

There are those again,—honest, kindly, sensible, practical men many of them; whom I have no wish to offend, whom I had rather ask to teach me some of their own experience and common sense, which has learned to discern, like good statesmen, not only what ought to be done, but what can be done—There are those, I say, who would sooner see this whole question let alone. Their feeling, as far as I can analyze it, seems to be, that the evils of which I have been complaining, are on the whole inevitable: or, if not, that we can mend so very little of them, that it is wisest to leave them alone altogether, lest, like certain sewers, "the more you stir them, the more they smell." They fear lest we should unsettle the minds of the many, for whom these evils will never be mended; lest we make them discontented—discontented with their houses, their occupations, their food, their whole social arrangements; and all in vain.

I should answer, in all courtesy and humility—for I sympathize deeply with such men and women, and respect them deeply likewise—But are not people discontented already, from the lowest to the highest? And ought a man, in such a piecemeal, foolish, greedy, sinful world as this is, and always has been, to be anything but discontented? If he thinks that things are going all right, must he not have a most beggarly conception of what going right means? And if things are not going right, can it be anything but good for him to see that they are not going right? Can truth and fact harm any human being? I shall not believe so, as long as I have a Bible wherein to believe. For my part, I should like to make every man, woman, and child whom I meet discontented with themselves, even as I am discontented with myself. I should like to awaken in them, about their physical, their intellectual, their moral condition, that divine discontent which is the parent, first of upward aspiration, and then of self-control, thought, effort, to fulfil that aspiration even in part. For to be discontented with the divine discontent, and to be ashamed with the noble shame, is the very germ and first upgrowth of all virtue. Men begin at first, as boys begin when they grumble at their school and their schoolmasters, to lay the blame on others; to be discontented with their circumstances—the things which stand around them—and to cry, "Oh that I had this!" "Oh that I had that!" But that way no deliverance lies. That discontent only ends in revolt and rebellion, social or political; and that, again, still in the same worship of circumstances—but this time desperate—which ends, let it disguise itself under what fine names it will, in what the old Greeks called a tyranny; in which—as in the Spanish republics of America, and in France just now—all are the voluntary slaves of one man, because each man fancies that the one man can improve his circumstances for him.

But the wise man will learn, like Epictetus the heroic slave, the slave of Epaphroditus, Nero's minion—and in what baser and uglier circumstances could human being find himself?—to find out the secret of being truly free; namely, to be discontented with no man, and no thing save himself. To say not—"Oh that I had this and that," but, "Oh that I were this and that." Then, by God's help (and that heroic slave, heathen though he was, believed and trusted in God's help), "I will make myself that which God has shown me that I ought to be and can be."

Ten thousand a-year, or ten million a-year, as Epictetus saw full well, cannot mend that vulgar discontent with circumstances, which he had felt—and who with more right?—and conquered, and despised. For that is the discontent of children, wanting always more holidays and more sweets. But I wish my readers to have, and to cherish, the discontent of men and women.

Therefore I would make men and women discontented, with the divine and wholesome discontent, at their own physical frame, and at that of their children. I would accustom their eyes to those precious heir-looms of the human race, the statues of the old Greeks; to their tender grandeur, their chaste healthfulness, their unconscious, because perfect, might: and say—There; these are tokens to you, and to all generations yet unborn, of what man could be once; of what he can be again if he will obey those laws of nature which are the voice of God. I would make them discontented with the ugliness and closeness of their dwellings; I would make the men discontented with the fashion of their garments, and still more just now the women, of all ranks, with the fashion of theirs; and with everything around them which they have the power of improving, if it be at all ungraceful, superfluous, tawdry, ridiculous, unwholesome. I would make them discontented with what they call their education, and say to them—You call the three Royal R's education? They are not education: no more is the knowledge which would enable you to take the highest prizes given by the Society of Arts, or any other body. They are not education: they are only instruc-

tion; a necessary groundwork in an age like this for making practical use of your education: but not the education itself.

And if they asked me, What then education meant? I should point them, first, I think, to noble old Lilly's noble old "Euphes," of three hundred years ago, and ask them to consider what it says about education, and specially this passage concerning that mere knowledge which is nowadays strangely miscalled education. "There are two principal and peculiar gifts in the nature of man, knowledge and reason. The one—that is reason—commandeth, and the other—that is knowledge—obeyeth. These things neither the whirling wheel of fortune can change, nor the deceitful cavillings of worldlings separate, neither sickness abate, neither age abolish." And next I should point them to those pages in Mr. Gladstone's "Juventus Mundi," where he describes the ideal training of a Greek youth in Homer's days, and say—There: that is an education fit for a really civilised man, even though he never saw a book in his life; the full, proportionate, harmonious educing—that is, bringing out and developing—of all the faculties of his body, mind, and heart, till he becomes at once a reverent yet a self-assured, a graceful and yet a valiant, an able and yet an eloquent personage.

And if any should say to me—"But what has this to do with science? Homer's Greeks knew no science;" I should rejoin—But they had, pre-eminently above all ancient races which we know, the scientific instinct; The teachableness and modesty; the clear eye and quick ear; the hearty reverence for fact and nature, and for the human body, and mind, and spirit; for human nature, in a word, in its completeness, as the highest fact upon this earth. Therefore they became in after years, not only the great colonisers and the great civilisers of the old world—the most practical people, I hold, which the world ever saw: but the parents of all sound physics as well as of all sound metaphysics. Their very religion, in spite of its imperfections, helped forward their education, not in spite of, but by means of, that anthropomorphism which we sometimes too hastily decry. As Mr. Gladstone says in a passage which I must quote at length, "As regarded all other functions of our nature, outside the domain of the life to Godward; all those functions which are summed up in what St. Paul calls the flesh and the mind, the psychic and bodily life, the tendency of the system was to exalt the human element, by proposing a model of beauty, strength, and wisdom, in all their combinations, so elevated that the effort to attain them required a continual upward strain. It made divinity attainable; and thus it effectually directed the thought and aim of man

'Along the line of limitless desires.'

Such a scheme of religion, though failing grossly in the government of the passions, and in upholding the standard of moral duties, tended powerfully to produce a lofty self-respect, and a large, free, and varied conception of humanity. It incorporated itself in schemes of notable discipline for mind and body, indeed of a lifelong education; and these habits of mind and action had their marked results (to omit many other greatnesses) in a philosophy, literature, and art, which remain to this day unrivalled or unsurpassed."

So much those old Greeks did for their own education, without science, and without Christianity. We who have both, what might we not do, if we would be true to our advantages, and to ourselves?

C. KINGSLEY.

PAGANINI.

FIRST PAPER.

WHO is this man who rises up suddenly in the world of music, and whose fame passes with the brightness and rapidity of a meteor through the civilised world; who at the moment when Baillot, Spohr, Rode, and Lafont seemed to have explored the heights and depths of the violin, opened up new vistas full of strange, unparalleled mysteries, and gave us glimpses into a hell, purgatory, and paradise beyond the dreams even of Dante—whose gaunt and supernatural figure startled and fascinated the crowds that thronged about him, a solitary man amongst men, but so unlike them, that he seemed to belong to another race, and to discourse in the weird music of another world—who bowed to none, yet was idolised by all—whose engagements were negotiated by kings and ministers—who could spurn the prayers of princes and grand duchesses, and yet received honour at their hands, and was alternately decorated by the Pope, and anathema-

tized by the clergy;—who was this exceptional being reigning supreme for forty years without a rival over the conflicting schools of Italy, Germany, and France, at whose approach the greatest masters confessed themselves vanquished—who, although he set the fashions, infected whole populations, invented a new school yet in his own peculiar greatness, had no masters, no equals, and has left no followers? This man, who has stamped so indelible an impression of himself upon the musical world, whilst his name will survive as the synonym of wonder and mystery to the remote ages—this Hercules of the Violin was NICOLO PAGANINI.

That a man's grandmother, or even his father and mother, are of some consequence when he derives lustre or gain from them of any kind, no one will deny; but when he sheds back upon them the only kind of reflex glory which they are capable of receiving, the glory of an imperishable name, no one will blame the biographer for skipping a few dull and stupid antecedents.

Paganini père may have been a street porter, as some pretend, or a small tradesman, as others, probably in the right, affirm. He was a sharp man; he was a cruel man; he did overmuch to develop his son's talents, and overmuch to ruin his health, and, probably, is chargeable with having destroyed his mental and moral equilibrium for life. Nicolo's mother was a sweet, amiable woman —she loved her boy, she believed in him, she often stood between him and the rod, she prayed for him, and saw one night in a vision a celestial being, who told her that the boy would become the greatest violinist that ever lived. How far this dream, which she lost no time in communicating to father and son, increased the father's severity, and fired the boy's ambition, we cannot tell; but the dream seems to have been a well-established fact, and years afterwards, when the mother was old, and the son at his zenith, she reminded him of it, as of an incident which had been familiar to both of them throughout their lives.

In these early days of boyhood were probably laid the seeds of that idiosyncrasy of temperament which became at once the glory and curse of his life. Little as we know about the human brain, it is tolerably certain that its particles move in physical grooves and acquire methodical arrangements, which correspond to what we call mental qualities and states of mind. Illness may perpetuate some, and modify others. Great severity may have a similar effect; recurrent outward action, for instance, may create intense propensity in certain directions, and thus impart the perseverance of mania to inward dispositions; the nervous system at the same time, if it does not break down, becomes over developed, and is then endowed with an almost supernatural sensibility. Something of this kind appears to have been the case with Paganini; he was by nature very delicate. At four years old he was nearly buried alive, he lay for a whole day in a state of catalepsy, and was already placed in his shroud, when he revived, but with a nervous system which from that time forward showed signs of a strange and unnatural susceptibility. By his own temperament, as soon as he could hold the violin he was urged to an intense and dangerous application—for the least fault he was severely beaten by his father, which seemed only to increase an ardour which should, for his own sake, have been rather moderated. Precocity was still further forced on by starvation. Had it not been for his mother he might never have survived this brutal treatment. We shall see by-and-by how lovingly he remembered her in the midst of his triumphs.

Paganini was born at Genoa on the 18th February, 1784. After exhausting his father's instruction, he was taken in hand by Signor Servetto, of the Genoese theatre; then Giacomo Costa, chapel master, taught him, and the child was often seen playing in the Genoese churches on a violin almost as large as himself; but, like Mozart before him, and Mendelssohn after him, Nicolo was the despair of his masters, who were in turn angry with his innovations, and astonished at his precocious facility. In his ninth year he appeared at a concert, and electrified every one with variations on the French air, *La Carmagnole*. This triumph impelled his avaricious father to discover some one who could further teach him; the young talent was to be pressed and squeezed to its utmost limit, in order to produce the golden harvest.

At Parma lived the celebrated musician Rolla. To Rolla was the boy taken, but Rolla was ill. Whilst waiting in the anteroom little Nicolo took up a violin, and played off at sight some difficult music which he found lying on the table. The invalid composer raised himself on his bed to listen, and eagerly inquired who the great master was who had arrived, and was playing in his anteroom? "A mere lad!—impossible!" but on Paganini's making his appearance as an humble pupil, Rolla at once told him that he could teach him nothing. Thence

to Paër, who was glad to make his difficult charge over to Ghiretti, and this master gave him three lessons a week in harmony and counterpoint. It is not clear that this extraordinary genius owed much more to any one but himself—his indomitable perseverance and his incessant study. His method is to be noted. For ten or twelve hours he would try passages over and over again in different ways with such absorption and intensity, that at nightfall he would sink into utter prostration through excessive exhaustion and fatigue. Though delicate, like Mendelssohn, he ate at times ravenously, and slept soundly. When about ten he wrote twenty-four fugues, and soon afterwards composed some violin music, of such difficulty, that he was unable at first to play it, until incessant practice gave him the mastery.

In 1797, Paganini, being then thirteen years old, made his first professional tour, but not as a free agent. His father took him through the chief towns of Lombardy, and not unnaturally prescribed the task and pocketed the proceeds. But the young neck was already beginning to chafe against the yoke. In 1798 he escaped, with his father's tardy consent, to Lucca, where a musical festival in honour of St. Martin was going on. He there gave frequent concerts, and was everywhere met with applause, and, what was more to the purpose, with money. Surrounded by men of inferior talents, a mere inexperienced youth, without education, without knowledge of the world, with nothing but ambition and his supreme musical genius, he now broke wildly away from all wise restraints, and avenged himself upon his father's severity by many youthful excesses. He gambled—he lost—he was duped by his companions; but he made money so fast, that he soon owned about £1,000. It is pleasant to think that he at once thought of giving some of this to his father and mother; it is unpleasant to record that his father claimed, and eventually got, almost the whole sum from him. But it did not much matter now, for everything seemed literally to turn into gold beneath those marvellous fingers, and bad luck proved nearly as profitable to him as good.

By the time he had reached seventeen, Paganini was a confirmed gambler. He had little left but his Stradiuarius violin, and this he was on the point of selling to a certain prince, who had offered him £80, a large sum at the beginning of this century even for a Stradiuarius. Times have changed, and in these latter days we think nothing of giving £300 for a genuine instrument of the first class. But the reckless youth determined to make a last stand for his violin. "Jewels, watch, rings, brooches," to use his own words, "I had disposed of all—my 30 francs were reduced to 3. With this small remains of my capital I played, and won 160 francs! This amount saved my violin, and restored my affairs. From that time," he adds, "I abjured gaming, to which I had sacrificed a part of my youth, convinced that a gamester is an object of contempt to all well-regulated minds." The violin he narrowly missed losing was given him by Pasini the painter, who on one occasion brought him a concerto of extraordinary difficulty to read at sight, and placing a fine Stradiuarius in his hands, said, "This instrument shall be yours if you can play that concerto at first sight in a masterly manner." "If that is the case," replied Paganini, "you may bid adieu to it;" and playing it off at once, he retained the violin. Easy come—easy go. Some years later, at Leghorn, being again in great straits, he was obliged to part, for a time at least, with this same Stradiuarius; but this disaster was only the means of procuring him the favourite Guarnerius, upon which he ever afterwards played. In his need, Monsieur Livron, a distinguished amateur, lent him this splendid instrument, and was so enraptured by his playing, that he exclaimed, "Never will I profane the strings that your fingers have touched. It is to you that my violin belongs." This violin is still shown at Genoa under a glass case.

At the age of seventeen Paganini appears to have been entirely his own master—weak in health, nervous, irritable, and excitable; his wild and irregular habits and pursuits were, at this critical age, threatening to hurry him to an early grave, when an event occurred which, although but too characteristic of the looseness of Italian manners, probably saved his life.

Suddenly, in the midst of new discoveries and unexampled successes, Paganini ceased to play the violin. He retired into the depths of the country, and devoted himself for three years to agricultural pursuits, and to the society of a lady of rank who had carried him off to her Tuscan estate, and to the guitar. With the sole exception of the late Regondi, no such genius has ever been concentrated upon this limited and effeminate instrument. But the lady's taste ran that way, and the great violinist lavished for a time the whole force of his originality and skill upon the light

guitar. He wrote music for it, and imitated it on the violin, but seldom touched it in after life until quite the close, although, as we shall presently see, he was able to produce a prodigious effect upon it when he chose. These years of country life and leisure, during which he was delivered from the pressure of crowds, the excitement of public performances, and, most of all, the grinding anxieties of life, had the effect of bracing him up in health, and prepared him for that reaction towards intense study and exhausting toil which left him without a rival —the first violinist in the world.

In 1804 he returned to Genoa, where he seems, amongst other things, to have given lessons to a young girl of fifteen, named Catherine Calcagno, who appears to have caught something of his style, and to have astonished Italy for a few years, but after 1816 we hear no more of her. And now the neglected violin was taken up once again, but this time with maturer powers and settled intentions. There is a strange thoroughness about Paganini—nothing which any previous musician knew or had done must be unknown or left undone by him; there was to be no hitting him between the joints of his armour; no loophole of imperfection anywhere. He now occupied himself solely with the study of his instrument, and with composition—wrote four grand quartettes for violin, viol, guitar, and violoncello; and bravura variations with guitar accompaniment. At the age of twenty-one (1805) he made a second professional tour, passing through Lucca and Piombino, and in one convent church where he played a concerto, the excitement was so great that the monks had to leave their stalls to silence the uproar in the congregation. It was at the end of this tour that Napoleon's sister, the Princess Eliza, offered the new violinist the direction of the court music, and gave him the grade of captain in the royal guard, with the privilege of wearing that officer's brilliant uniform on state occasions.

Between 1805 and 1812, whilst in the service of the Princess Eliza, afterwards Grand Duchess of Tuscany, Paganini probably reached his acme of power, if not of fame. He had for years been at work upon new effects and combinations, but, at the very time when each new exploit was being greeted with frantic applause, he betook himself to an exhaustive study of the old masters. Something he seemed to be groping after—some clue he wished to find. How often had he thrown over Viotti, Pugnani, Kreutzer, how often had he returned to their works! All were found utterly inadequate to suggest to him a single fresh thought, and it was nothing short of a new world that he was bound to discover.

In studying the ninth work of Locatelli, entitled "L' Arte de Nuova Modulazione," his brain was set suddenly agoing in the peculiar direction of his new aspirations. Every original genius seeks some such clue or point of departure. Something in Locatelli's method inflamed Paganini with those conceptions of simultaneous notes struck in different parts of the instrument; the hitherto unknown management of the screws, in which the violin was tuned all sorts of ways to reach effects never heard before or since; the harmonic flying out at all points, the arpeggios and pizzicatos, of which more anon; these which were in after years brought to such perfection, were born out of infinite study and practice, under the stimulating influence of the Grand Duchess and her court.

It is at this season of his life that Paganini appears most like other people; the idol of the court, untouched as yet by any definite malady, occupying an official post, and systematically labouring to perfect a talent which already seemed too prodigious to belong to any one man,—all conditions seemed most favourable to his peace and pleasure, could they have only lasted, but this was not possible. They continued until he had achieved the last step in the ladder of consummate skill, and no longer. Probably all his executive peculiarities were developed at this time. It was at Florence, for instance (and not in a prison), that Paganini first played upon only two—the first and fourth—strings, and then upon one—the fourth—string.

Being in love with a lady of the court, who reciprocated his attachment, he gave out that he would depict upon his violin a *Scène Amoureuse;* the treble string, we presume, was the lady, and the fourth string the gentleman. The emotional dialogue was carried on between the two in a manner which fairly overcame the audience with delight, and led to the Grand Duchess requesting him to try one string alone next time. How he succeeded in that exploit is known to all the world, for he ever afterwards retained an extreme partiality for the fourth string.

In 1808 he obtained from the Grand Duchess leave to travel. His fame had preceded him. Leghorn, where seven years before he had forfeited his famous Stradiuarius and won a Guarnerius, received him with open arms, although his appearance was marked

by an amusing *contretemps*. He came on to the stage limping, having run a nail into his heel. At all times odd-looking, he, no doubt, looked all the more peculiar under these circumstances, and there was some tittering among the audience. Just as he began, the candles fell out of his desk—more laughter. He went on playing, the first string broke—more laughter. He played the rest of the concerto through on three strings, but the laughter now changed to vociferous applause at this feat. The beggarly elements seemed of little consequence to this magician. One or more strings, it was all the same to him; indeed, it is recorded, that he seldom paused to mend his strings when they broke, which they not unfrequently did. Whether from abstraction or carelessness he would allow them at times to grow quite ragged on the finger board, and his constant practice of plucking them, guitar-like, with the left hand, as well as harp-like with the fore-finger of the right hand, helped, no doubt, to wear them out rapidly.

At Ferrara both he and his violin met with a different reception. A singer had failed him, and he had induced a *danseuse* who had a pretty voice to come to the rescue. Some graceless fellow in the audience hissed her singing, which caused Paganini to take a revenge little suited to the occasion. In his last solo he imitated the cries of various animals, and suddenly advancing to the footlights, caused his violin to bray like an ass, with the exclamation, "This is for him who hissed!" Instead of laughter, the pit rose in fury, and would have soon made short work of him and his violin, had he not escaped by a back door. It appears that the country folk round Ferrara called the town's people, whom they hated, "asses," and were in the habit of singing out "hee-haw!" whenever they had to allude to them, hence the angry reception of Paganini's musical repartee.

We get but fugitive glances of the great artist during this professional tour, but it is too true that at Turin he was attacked with that bowel complaint which ever afterwards haunted him like an evil demon, causing him the most frightful and protracted suffering, and interrupting his career sometimes for months together. His distrust of doctors, and love of quack medicines, no doubt made matters worse, and from this time his strange appearance grew stranger, his pallor more livid, his gauntness and thinness more spectral and grotesque, whilst greatly, no doubt, in consequence of suffering, his face assumed that look of eagle sharpness, sometimes varied by a sardonic grin, or a look of almost demoniacal fury, which artists have caricatured, and sculptors have tried to tone down. Indeed, he must have been altogether an exceptional being to behold in the flesh. People who knew him say that the figure which used to be exhibited at Madame Tussaud's, some twenty-five years ago, was a remarkable likeness. He looked like an indifferently dressed skeleton, with a long parchment face, deep dark eyes, full of flame, long lank hair, straggling down over his shoulders. His walk was shambling and awkward, the bones seem to have been badly strung together, he appeared as if he had been fixed up hastily on wires and the wires had got loose. As he stood, he settled himself on one hip, at a gaunt angle, and before he began, the whole business looked so unpromising, that men wondered how he could hold his violin at all, much less play it!

It must have been at his first visit to Florence, before his appearance was familiar, as it afterwards became, to the inhabitants of that city, that we get one of those side-views of the man which are more precious than many dates and drier details.

Slowly recovering from illness, Paganini repaired to Florence, probably in May of the year 1809. He must have then lived in almost complete solitude, as he does not appear to have been recognised there before the month of October, when he was officially recalled to his duties, by the late Princess, now Grand Duchess, at the Court of Florence.

Those who have wandered in spring-time about the environs of Florence, know the indefinite charm there is in the still and fertile country, without the walls of the city. Outside the gate of Pitti, on the summit of a steep hill stands Fiesole, bathed in clear air and warm sunshine. How many an invalid has walked up that winding and rugged path, gathering, here and there, a sweet wild-flower, resting, from time to time, to drink in the delicious air, until pure health seemed borne back to the feeble frame upon the soft and fragrant breeze.

Alone, on a bright morning, a tall, ungainly figure goes slowly up the hill towards Fiesole. He pauses at times, he looks round abstractedly. He is talking to himself out loud, unconscious of any one near him—he gesticulates wildly—then breaks out into a loud laugh—but stops suddenly, as he sees coming down the hill a young girl, carrying one of those large baskets full of flowers so commonly seen in the streets of Florence.

She is beautiful with the beauty of the Florentine girls, the brown flesh-tints mellowed with reflected light from the white road strewn thick with marble dust; under the wide straw hat the free curls flow dark and thick, clustering about her temples, and lowering the forehead. Suddenly the large black eyes, so common amongst the Italian peasants, seem transfixed with something between wonder and fear, as they fall upon the uncouth figure approaching her. In another moment, conscious of the stranger's intense gaze, she stands motionless, like a bird charmed by a serpent; then she trembles involuntarily, from head to foot. A strange smile steals over the pale and haggard face of Paganini—was he then conscious of exercising any mesmeric power? At times he seemed so full of some such influence that individuals, as well as crowds, were irresistibly drawn and fascinated by his look. But the strange smile seemed to unloose the spell, the startled girl passed on, and the solitary artist resumed his walk towards Fiesole.

Heavy clouds, riven with spaces of light, were driving before the wind. Over the bridge Delle Grazie, up the hill once more without the gates of Florence, we pass towards a ruined castle. A storm seems imminent, the wind whistles and howls round the deserted promontory, the bare ruin that has braved the storms of centuries stands up dark against the sky, and seems to exult in the fury of the elements, so much in harmony with its own wild and desolate look. But what are those low wailings? Is it the wind or some human being in anguish? The traveller rushes forward—in a cavity of the deep ruin, amongst the tumbled stones, o'ergrown with moss and turf, lies a strange figure—a lonely, haggard man. He listens to the wind, and moans in answer, as though in pain. Is he the magician who has conjured up the tempest, and is the scene before us all unreal? or has the tempest entered into his soul, and filled him with its own sad voice? Indeed, as he lies there—his pale, almost livid, face distorted, his wet hair streaming wildly about his shoulders—his uncouth form writhing with each new burst of the hurricane—he looks the very impersonation of the storm itself. But, on being observed, his look becomes fixed—the stranger insensibly recoils, and feels awkwardly the sense of intrusion. If the strange man is in pain he wants no help; thus rashly exposed to the weather, hardly recovered from his grievous malady, he may well be actually suffering, but most likely he is merely possessed for the time by certain emotions impressed upon his sensitive and electric organization by the tempest from without. He is drinking in the elemental forces which, by-and-by, he will give out with a power itself almost as elemental.

Some of us may have walked in the soft moonlight under the long avenue (Cascine) that runs by the brink of the rushing Arno straight out of Florence. We can remember how the birds love those trees, and the broken underwood beneath them. When the city sleeps the heart of those woods is alive, even the daylight birds are sometimes aroused by the nightingales, as they answer each other in notes of sweetness long drawn out, and tender raptures that seem to swoon and faint into the still more tender silences of the summer night. But suddenly the birds' song is checked—other strains of incomparable sweetness arise in the wood. The birds are silent, they pause, and listen: the notes are like theirs, but more exquisite—they are woven by a higher art into phrases of inspiration beyond even the nightingale's gift. The strange whistler ceases, and the birds resume, timidly, their song; again the unearthly music breaks forth, and mingles with theirs. As we push apart the bushes, we discover the same weird figure that but lately lay moaning in the storm among the ruins upon yonder hill.

The person to whom we owe, substantially, the above glimpses met this extraordinary man again in the streets of Florence a few days later. A merry party of young people, laughing and shouting, pass by towards the Uffizzi—we listen to their ringing voices, occupied with themselves, and, youth-like, caring for nothing at the time but their own gaiety, when suddenly the voices fall, the twanging of the guitar ceases, a curious murmur runs through the merry throng, and not a pleasant murmur; a tall, pale man, with eyes on fire, and strange imperious look, has pushed brusquely in amongst them. He seizes the guitar, and, sweeping its strings with passion, causes it to wail like a zither, then peal out like the strains of a military band, and finally settle into the rich chords and settled cadences of a strong harp. All resistance and murmuring ceases as the astonished party follow him, spell-bound. His cravat flies loose, his coat-tails wave madly to and fro, he gesticulates like a maniac, and the irresistible music streams forth louder, wilder, more magical, than ever—he strides, leaps, dances forward with the guitar, which is no longer a guitar, but the very soul of Nicolo Paganini.

A few days later still the mystery was cleared up. Paganini had been officially called to Florence by the Grand Duchess to superintend some court concerts, and the whole of the town was soon ringing with his name.

About the age of thirty, at which time, as we shall presently narrate, Paganini became free never again to be bound by any official appointment—the great violinist had exhausted all the possible resources of his instrument. From this time Paganini, incredible as it may appear, seldom, if ever, played except at concerts and rehearsals, and not always even at rehearsals. Mr. Harris, who for twelve months acted as his secretary, and seldom left him, *never* saw him take his violin from its case. At the hotels where he stopped the sound of his instrument was never heard. He used to say that he had worked enough, and had earned his right to repose; yet, without an effort, he continued to overcome the superhuman difficulties which he himself had created with the same unerring facility, and ever watched by the eager and envious eyes of critics and rivals. In vain! No false intonation, no note out of tune, no failure was ever perceptible. The *Times* critic, reviewing him in London some years before his death, says his octaves were so true, that they sounded like one note, and the most enormous intervals with triple notes, harmonics and guitar effects seem to have been invariably taken with the same precision. In the words of a critical judge, M. Fetis, "his hand was a geometrical compass, which divided the finger-board with mathematical precision." There is an amusing story told of an Englishman, who followed him from place to place, to hear him play in private, in the hope of discovering his "secret." At last, after many vain attempts, he managed to get lodged in the next room to the great artist. Looking through the keyhole, he beheld him seated on a sofa, about to take his violin from its case—at last! He raises it to his chin—but the bow?—is left in the case. The left hand merely measures with its enormous wiry fingers a few mechanical intervals, and the instrument is replaced in silence—not even then was a note to be heard!



From a Bust in the possession of Professor Ella.

Yet every detail of rehearsal was an anxiety to him. Although he gave a prodigious number of concerts, he was always unusually restless and abstracted on the morning of the day on which he had to perform. He would be idle for hours on his sofa—or, at least, he seemed to be idle—perhaps the works were then being wound up before going to rehearsal—he would then before starting take up his violin, examine it carefully, especially the screws, and, having satisfied himself, replace it in its shabby-worn case without striking a note. Then he would sort and arrange the orchestral parts of his solos, and go off to rehearsal. He was very unpunctual, and on one occasion kept the whole band waiting for an hour, and was at last found sheltering from the rain under a colonnade, rather than take a cab. This was in London. At the rehearsal there was always the most intense eagerness on the part of the band to see him play, and when he came to one of his prodigious cadenzas, the musicians would rise in their seats, and lean forward to watch every movement, and follow every sound. Paganini would then just play a few commonplace notes, stop suddenly, and, turning round to the band, wave his bow, with a malicious smile, and say, "Et cætera, Messieurs!" If anything went wrong he got into a paroxysm of fury; but when things went well he freely showed his satisfaction, and often exclaimed, "Bravissimo sieti tutti virtuosi!" He could be very courteous in his manner, and was not personally unpopular with his fellow-musicians, who stood greatly

in awe of him. No one ever saw the principal parts of his solos, as he played by heart, for fear of the music being copied. The rehearsal over, he carried even the orchestral parts away with him. He would then go straight home, take a light meal, throw himself on his bed, and sleep profoundly until his carriage arrived to take him to the concert. His toilet was very simple, and took hardly any time; his coat was buttoned tightly over his chest, and marked the more conspicuously the impossible angles of his figure; his trousers hung loose for trousers of the period; his cravat was tight about his neck. He sweated so profusely over his solos, that he always carried a clean shirt in his violin trunk, and changed his linen once at least during the concert. At concert time he usually seemed in excellent spirits. His first question on arriving was always, "Is there a large audience?" If the room was full he would say, "Excellent people! good, good!" If by any chance the boxes were empty he would say, "Some of the effect will be lost." He kept his audience waiting a long time, and he would sometimes say, "I have played better," or "I have played worse," and occasionally his first solo would be more effective than his last. After once or twice trying the music of Kreutzer and Rode in public, he decided never to play any but his own, and said to his secretary, Mr. Harris, "I have my own peculiar style; in accordance with this I regulate my compositions. I had much rather write a piece in which I can trust myself entirely to my own musical impressions." "His art," observes M. Fetis, "was an art born with him, the secret of which he has carried to the grave."



From a Bust in the possession of Professor Ella.

Some have pretended that, as Paganini never cared to play except in public, his art was nothing to him but a means of making money. It would be, perhaps, nearer the truth to say that his art was so entirely himself, that he did not require, except at seasons, and chiefly for others, to give it outward expression. He needed no more to play than Beethoven needed to hear. Happier than Beethoven, he was not deprived of the power of realising outwardly the art in which he inwardly lived; but probably the creations of his spirit infinitely outstripped the utmost limits even of *his* executive powers, until in his eyes they seemed, after all, the faint and inadequate symbols of his wild and inspired dreams. There are times when the deepest feeling is the most silent—music may come to the aid of words; but there is a point at which music itself is a mere beggarly element. What made Paganini so exceptionally great was the portentous development, the strength and independence of the emotional fountain within. The whole of life was to him nothing but so many successions of psychological heat and cold. Incidents immediately became clothed with a psychic atmosphere—perhaps the life of emotion was never so completely realised in itself, and for itself, as in the soul-isolation of Paganini. That life, as far as it could be individually expressed, was uttered forth by his violin. On his concert-bills he used to put,—

"Paganini fara sentire il suo Violino."

What the tempest had told him his violin would proclaim; what the summer night had whispered was stereotyped in his soul, and the midnight song of birds came forth from the cremona depths at his bidding. Nor was there any phase of passion unknown to him, save, alas! the phase of a pure and lasting love. His wild soul had early consumed itself with unbridled excesses, and although in his maturer years he grew more sober in such matters, it was not before he had fathomed the perilous depths of more than

one "grande passion," and made himself master of all its subtle expressions.

When, then, we are told that he seldom played, we must remember that his inmost life was itself one vast cosmos of imaginary concord and discord—he *was* music, although only at times "the tides of music's golden sea" would burst forth with incomparable splendour, and gather a kind of concrete existence in sound, yet to him his own inspirations were as real—perhaps more real—without it. For music exists apart from physical vibrations, nor can such vibrations, however subtle and varied, express it wholly as it lives in the creative heart. The ear of the soul hears what no ear of sense can hear, and a music fairer than anything on earth is often sounding in the spirit of the true musical seer. Nay, does he not feel, like Beethoven, the bitter descent when he formulates his thoughts upon paper, strikes the keys, or sets in vibration the strings which after all are but feeble apologies for the ideal beauty, the intense, the subtle, or exalted harmonies of the inner life?

H. R. HAWEIS.

FAIRS AND PILGRIMAGES IN INDIA AND RUSSIA.

FIRST PAPER.

NOTHING in Europe so strikes the Englishman who has returned from a residence in the East as the resemblance of Russia to India. So far as civilisation is identified with the West, India and Russia may be said to have arrived at the same stage of progress. Geographically there are the same magnitudes and distances, and on the part of their peoples there is the same indifference to time and space. The two countries possess at present very nearly the same mileage of railway communications. Although, being a military power, with a command of the money markets of Europe, Russia will soon surpass India in this respect, British India is ahead of Russia in public works of all kinds, St. Petersburg excepted. The basis of the characters of both peoples is essentially Asiatic, whether we look at their ignorance, at the subjection of the masses to the social strata above them, at the land tenures, at the superstition which identifies religion with an *opus operatum*, or at the symbolism and æsthetic forms generally which express that religious stage. The customs which spring from this character resemble each other, whether we consider family life, the village constitution, the dress of the people, their architecture, their social intercourse with each other, or their commercial dealings. In all these climate seems to be set at defiance, as if the genius of a common origin, the very spirit of the races that sprung from the steppes and mountains of Asia, were impressed for ever alike on the elder southerns who crossed the Himalayas into the burning plains of India, and on the later emigrants who up to a comparatively recent period in European history found their way across the Volga and the Urals. Save in one respect, the historical and political parallel is equally instructive. At the commencement of the eighteenth century, Peter the Great in Russia, and the English in India, began to overlay the combined barbarism and old civilisation of the Russians and the Southern Orientals with the results of Western truth and progress. They then attempted to do from the outside what Roman law, Greek culture, and Christian truth had combined to work out in the very heart of Europe. In the century and a half since Peter's death, marvellous results have been accomplished both in Russia and India, but in both the civilisation is still foreign, still lies on the surface. The exception we have alluded to is the early adoption of Christianity, in its Byzantine form, by Vladimir. That has effected a certain consolidation of the varied races of Russia, alike in law, in life, and in policy. If either the genius of true Christianity or the opinion of the day had encouraged the early English in India to follow Constantine and Vladimir in, for instance, declaring that no one should hold office who was not baptized, we might have seen, all over Bengal at least, the same uniform but practically corrupt forms of Christianity which surprise the visitors to St. Isaak's, the Kremlin, and Troztia.

Perhaps the most significant instance of the analogy between modern Russia and British India, is to be found in the fairs and pilgrimages which form so important a part of the religious and commercial life of both. In both countries we see, at this day and all through the year, the same practices which were so characteristic of mediæval times in

the west of Europe, but which the light of the Reformation, in the widest sense of that word, banished for ever, save in the more priest-ridden districts of France and Italy. Pilgrimages, like those of La Salette and Lourdes, which have recently excited some attention, are the exception even in France; in Russia, as in India, they are the rule.

It has been estimated that every day throughout the year there are not fewer than half-a-million of our fellow-subjects in India on the move as pilgrims from shrine to shrine and fair to fair. No distance daunts them, no hardship terrifies them, although the majority are women. When in 1853 the first railway was opened in India, the question was raised by the Brahmins, whether the use of such a means of communication would lessen the merit of a pilgrimage, or would weaken the bonds of caste. Fortunately for the railway companies and for the country, the fiat went forth in favour of the new "fire-devil." This decision was prompted, it was said, by the consideration that as pilgrims start with the largest sum of money which they can scrape together, and leave the shrines almost penniless, less would be spent on the railway than on the long road, and so more would be available for the priests. Hence pilgrims who are not purely professional ascetics, or deeply devout, use the railway when that is possible, in a way not known in Russia. But there are vast provinces of India, and many of the most popular shrines which cannot be reached by railways. The peninsula is flanked, as it were, by the great shrine of Pooree on the east, and the historic sanctuary of Dwarka on the west sea-coast. On the far north, where the Ganges issues from the hills, there is Hurdwar; on the extreme south there is the Ramiseram passage to Ceylon, bristling with the legends of the Ramayan. Within these four points India is studded with sanctuaries—Hindoo, Jain, and Mussulman—to which, over distances greater than from London to Moscow, or from Archangel to Rome, thousands of human beings are seen painfully toiling. There are holy spots, varying in size from a grove or a hill to a great city, which are sacred at all seasons, and are ever crowded with worshippers, such as Gya, Benares, Muttra, Bindrabum, Pokur and Palitana in the north of India. There are shrines devoted to one particular deity, and most attractive only at the special season of his festival, such as Pooree, Saugor Island, Serampoor, Puchmurree, and Allahabad. In southern and western India there are such vast gatherings as those of Conjeveram and Pundherpoor. Almost every sub-division of a district, or little county, has its local shrines, to which the sick and the conscience-stricken resort when they cannot afford to purchase the greater merit of a journey to the holy city of Benares, or to Jagganath at Pooree. Such is Tarkeshur, near Serampoor, devoted to the worship of the Hindoo Esculapius, in the very heart of a province which has lost nearly half its population in the past ten years from malarious fever. Such also are Deoghur in the Sonthal country, and Baroonee, and Byjnath, and a thousand others. All these are purely idolatrous in their origin and objects, although commerce is attracted to them chiefly to supply the wants of the pilgrims. Like many of our own people, the middle class of Hindoos take advantage of the local festival to lay in the stock of family clothing for the year.

But there are many fairs in India of a more mercantile character, and these are happily on the increase. The various provincial governments of India encourage the establishment of such great markets, and occasionally hold exhibitions in the European sense in the provincial capitals. At such assemblies religion holds a subordinate place, and is indeed chiefly confined to the saintly beggars and ascetics who crowd to them for a living. There are a few such gatherings on the muddy deltas of eastern Bengal, when left dry by the Brahmapootra and the Ganges towards the beginning of the hot season; but there, and in Upper India, water, road, and railway communications are too convenient to render such markets necessary. It is near the Himalayan frontier, and in provinces like those of Berar and Central India, which have not yet recovered from the Mahratta devastations, that such fairs are most numerous. But as the black cotton-fields of Berar are being brought into connection with the railways to Bombay, the weekly market in every large village and town is more and more taking the place of such old fairs as those of Dewalgaon and Nagurtass. In the Central Provinces, of which Nagpoor is the capital, in the very heart of India, between Bengal, Bombay, and Madras, there were eighty-three fairs held in the year 1867-68, or twenty-two more than in the previous year. They were attended by upwards of a million and a half of persons, whose object was trade or religion, or both. The attendance at three of these was above 100,000 each, and at eight it was above 50,000 each. The goods exposed for sale at all of them amounted to £693,075 in value, of which

two-thirds was sold. The articles consisted of Lancashire cotton-cloth to the value of £83,098; of local manufactures and raw produce, estimated at £184,069; and of horses and cattle. In Oudh, there is a successful horse and cattle fair at Khyrabad, established by one of our district officers. Near the Nepal frontier, in the Gondah district, there is the Dabee Patun Fair, held beside an old Hindoo temple, at which the produce and ponies of Nepal are exchanged for the products and manufactures of India.

The most vigorous attempt which any English official has yet made to establish a fair in India on an extensive scale, was at Pahlumpoor, in the Punjab. That is the chief station of the district of Kangra, a paradise of tea-gardens shut in between the Himalayas and their outer low range. Above rises the sanatarium of Dhurmsala, the resting place of the late Earl of Elgin, with the snowy range as a background. Below is the expanse of the Five Rivers and their Doabs, with the commercial emporium of Umritsur, the holy city of the Sikhs, at a considerable distance. But what gives the Kangra valley its importance, is not its tea and not its beauty and salubrity merely. It forms the approach to a trade route which leads through our own provinces of Kooloo and Spiti right across the mighty mountain range to Khoten, Yarkund, Kashgar, and Central Asia. Russia is pushing on from the north-east year by year avowedly to command the markets of Toorkestan, but with ulterior political objects. Since the expulsion of the Chinese from Eastern Toorkestan by the Mahomedans, Central Asia has lost its great market for the supply of tea. Why should British India not take the place of China, sending its green and brick teas across the Himalayas, and taking in return that exquisite wool for which its Umritsur weavers cry, that they may put the Kashmeer shawl trade on a new and healthy basis? Why should it be left to Russia to supply Asia with inferior and expensive manufactures of iron, cotton, and wool, when British India can so easily underbid it? There is only one reason, the want of an easy road for caravans, and of a convenient and attractive fair at the end of the road. Such a road exists over the depression in the Himalayas, known as the Karakorum, along the Changchenmo route. But unfortunately it leads into that principality of Kashmeer which, with its down-trodden people, we sold in an evil moment to the rapacious Golab Singh at the end of the first Sikh war. His son still rules it with an iron hand, and is surrounded by bad and ignorant advisers. After much diplomacy we have failed to induce the Maharajah to act honourably, or even to do his duty as a noble of the empire. But, not to be beaten, Mr. Douglas Forsyth, when in charge of that country, opened a route through the Karakorum and Leh, the capital of Ladak, and then away round by Kooloo and Kangra to the Punjab, avoiding Kashmeer proper. To see that justice was done to the traders from Yarkund, the Government of India appointed an English doctor—Dr. Cayley—to reside at Leh as its agent. The well-known traveller and quondam tea-planter, Mr. Shaw, lately officiated for him for some time.

Having opened the route, Mr. Forsyth's next duty was to establish the fair, and this he did, in 1867, at Pahlumpoor. The present writer will never forget his march along the caravan road and through the Kangra valley to Pahlumpoor, in October, a glorious month in the north of India. The new capital was rising from the ground, up the ridge of a small spur of the mighty Himalayas. At the top was the church, flanked by the civil offices and residents' houses. Down the street, and on either side lay the permanent part of the settlement, a substantial bazaar of shops. All around, amid the leafy topes, and reaching down to the river, were the encamping grounds and temporary booths for the traders. Here on 30th October, 1867, there was held for the first time a fair which has been called the Nijori Novgorod of India. In one quarter are the products of Kangra, its tea, its slate, its quinine-yielding cinchonas. Plunging into the purely native part, we find ourselves amid the exquisite but expensive shawls and wool-work of Moulvee Oomroodeen from Noorpoor. Close by are the brass pots and platters, of artistic form and perfect in their very simplicity, which are all-important to a race who value caste above life. Iron cooking vessels of huge size come next, but a little further on they are dwarfed by the vast stores of the richest trader in the Punjab, the Vuzeer Goshain of Mundee. Commanding the fine iron mines of Serag and Sonor, up in the hills, he easily distances all rivals. We pass on to the shop of a remarkable person, the Negee of Lahoul, the representative of our Government on the frontier of Thibet, where, too, there is a Moravian mission. He has sent his son through the wild passes of snow with what may be called *articles de luxe*—silks

and chopsticks from China, tea-tables from Lhassa, trophies from regions further east, fantastic figures, and pictures of Boodhist deities and devils; to say nothing of woollen cloths soft as fur and quite as warm, and of hardy ponies. Beside the Spiti ponies, all quickly bought up, and great bales of wool, stands a Yak, the Bos Grunniens, the most valuable quadruped in the north country. He is soon purchased for the zoological gardens at Lahore. Salt, borax, honey, ghee, opium, rugs, felts, brooches, and metal-work of skilled workmanship and artistic design, change hands to the value of £22,578, a small amount for a great fair, but a promising beginning. The distribution of prizes and a display of fireworks close the gathering. Since 1867 the fair has been held every year, being attended on one occasion by Lord Mayo. Whether it will solve the problem, How effectually to supply the markets of Central Asia with our tea and our manufactures, in return for its fine wool, remains to be seen. The true solution lies in the opening up of Kashmeer, and that is only a question of time.

Very different is such an ancient and purely Hindoo gathering as is to be found at the beginning of every year under the walls of Akbar's Fort of Allahabad. When the writer was last present the concourse of pilgrims was at its height: It was on the 21st of January, and the fair lasts for a month. The gathering is held, like that at Nijni Novgorod, on the sandy spot left dry by the receding waters at the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna. Both are sacred rivers, but there is a third more sacred than these, the Sereswuttee, which unites with both at this point. True it cannot be seen, but the pilgrim believes that it flows underground to this spot. Hence the merit of bathing in all three streams may be at once obtained here. The spot is called Prayag, or junction, corresponding to the Sungum of South India. There are many such sacred confluences of rivers in India, but this is the holiest of all. It is the more attractive because, especially since the opening of the railway, devotees may with ease accomplish a pilgrimage to Gya, Benares, and Allahabad, in the same month of January. In 1812 official records of the iniquitous pilgrim-tax show that there were no fewer than 218,792 worshippers present, yielding a net revenue to our Government, after paying for collection, of £22,107. This tax, whether at Allahabad, Pooree, or elsewhere, has been abolished, but fees are paid by the occupants of ground for stalls and booths for trading purposes, and the money is applied to police and sanitary purposes at the place. When the writer was last present the Government collections did not amount to more than a thousand pounds, and the number of pilgrims was evidently under 100,000. The sole object of the pilgrim is to bathe at the junction of the three streams. This cannot be done except by those who go out in a boat to the supposed spot. In former times, here as at Saugor Island, at the mouth of the Hooghly, many devotees sacrificed themselves by drowning with three pots of water tied to their persons. Even yet accidents occur on the rush of crowds to the brink at the auspicious moment, the lunar period, when expiation is most certain and thorough. The sight is at once saddening and repulsive. The whole extensive area from the wall of the Fort to the confluence, and to either river, is enveloped in a cloud of sandy dust. Throughout the day crowds continue to arrive, mostly on foot. But now a Rajah comes, seated in silver howdah on a gorgeously caparisoned elephant, and attended by a crowd of ragged followers, with tom-toms and music shrilly discordant. Eager to accomplish the vow, the new-comers push on, hurrying timid women with them, past the tent where missionaries preach from sunrise to sunset, past the booths, and shows and jugglers. All these strange and novel sights they will duly enjoy when the conscience has been cleansed by dead works, and merit enough has been laid up to atone for a long period of sin, and secure a happy transmigration in the next birth. As they press through the lines of devotees the crowd becomes more and more dense, and the police have to interfere to keep them from being jostled into the water. All along the Prayag and at the most holy spots the Brahmins ply their busy trade, inviting customers, directing penitents, guiding shrieking women and sensual men into the cold waters. Each pilgrim, as he arrives, squats as near the bank as he may, that every hair in his body may be shaved off and fall into the stream. As he joyously undergoes the operation he hears a hundred priests shouting aloud that every hair thus sacrificed secures for him a million years of happiness hereafter. He then bathes, and next day he performs that rite which lies at the root of the whole family life and religious belief of the Hindoo, the obsequies of his forefathers. The priests receive their fees, and the washed devotee is now ready to enjoy the attractions of the fair, and plan his route homeward or to the next shrine.

Well for him if he hears and opens his heart, as some do, to the words of One, who in a scene of not widely dissimilar significance, stood up and cried on the last, the great day of the feast, "He that believeth on me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water!"

Even more renowned than the Mêla, or Fair of Allahabad, is that of Hurdwar, the gate of Vishnoo, under his name of Haree. At this point, one hundred and ten miles to the north-east of Delhi, the Ganges issues from the hills down a steep pass. A new interest has been given to the spot by the fact that, a little below, the river is taken off by a dam to form the head waters of the great Ganges Canal, which sweeps on past Roorkee, and away with numerous branches right down to Cawnpoor, fertilising hundreds of square miles, and in years of famine saving thousands of lives. Before the opening—in Lord Dalhousie's time—of this, the greatest canal in the world, the water at Hurdwar was broad and shallow. Now the river is dammed up into a clear limpid stream of considerable depth, and with a swift current, rendering the bathing of crowds more dangerous than it was before. The most sacred spot for ablution is at the base of a steep hill approached by narrow steps at the end of a ravine. Even before the canal was thought of, this place was not unfrequently the scene of a dreadful tragedy, for only four abreast could bathe at a time. In 1819, for instance, when the crowd was unusually large, the pilgrims so pressed on in the narrow street leading to the ghaut that the sepoys stationed to keep order could not resist them, and four hundred and thirty persons, including several of the sepoys themselves, were crushed to death. Men and women rush into the water together, absorbed only in the desire to wash away the sins of the past and lay up merit for the future. When the writer visited the spot the festival had not begun, but there were hundreds of devotees of the richer sort who were being leisurely dipped in the ice-cold stream, each by a couple of Brahmins whom they liberally paid. The poorer bathers pay from twopence to sixpence each. The season of the festival falls about April, when the sun enters Aries. But every twelfth year, when Jupiter is in Aquarius at that time, the merit of bathing becomes so enormously increased that thousands crowd from all parts of the peninsula to the favoured spot. No one who was in Northern India at the time will forget the last occurrence of this peculiarly sacred fair in April, 1867. The English authorities were well prepared for it, having made sanitary and encamping arrangements for no fewer than three millions of people. Boats, chains, and roadway railings for no fewer than ten bridges over a rapid stream, had to be collected. For miles around the jungle had to be cleared, the scrub forest rooted out, and the three Brahminical towns of Hurdwar, Kunkul, and Joalapoor cleansed. Roads were lined out and constructed to, and all through the vast encampment. An army of police had to be organized for novel duties. Hospitals were erected, and, above all, most extensive sanitary conveniences were prepared. And all this was so done in a month that a population nearly as large as that of London found an improvised city prepared for them, and in spite of their timidity and ignorance they were enabled to settle down for the serious business of worship in peace and order. The whole formed a triumph of organization such as, indeed, is the rule in India whether in peace or war, its finances always excepted. The people were grateful. Mr. Williams, the commissioner, officially reported in these terms:—"Whenever they saw a European they never ceased vociferating their grateful praises of the Government that had been so kindly thoughtful in providing for their safety and comfort." Not an accident occurred.

Alas! there was an enemy that, it would seem, no organization can defeat, no foresight ward off—"the pestilence that walketh in darkness." The fair was about to break up when rain fell. By 15th May, cholera numbered from eight to ten thousand victims. Pilgrims had come in so early as March; the first case showed itself on April 13th. The people fled in dismay. Before that dark goddess whom they propitiate, Vishnoo had no charms even for his most fanatical devotees. May is the hottest month of the hot Indian year. Soon crowds were seen hurrying along every highway to the principal cities and villages of Hindostan and the Punjab. The roadside was strewed with those who fell by the way; the hospitals were filled with those who remained at the shrine, too ill to crawl away from the fatal spot. The municipal authorities and provincial governments were up in arms against the enemy. The long strings of pilgrims were diverted round the towns, while all that medical skill could do for them was attempted. But it was too late; a quarantine of this sort was ineffectual. The epidemic spread all over Upper India, and 1867 was a year of dreadful mortality. To this day the mystery is not solved, in spite of

reams of reports and leading articles; for no one has yet discovered whence cholera springs, how it may be prevented, or if there is a specific for its cure. This only is agreed by its friends and foes alike, that sanitation did all it could do at Hurdwar, which is naturally a malarious place. The mortality was not so great there as in the bands of panic-stricken fugitives. For ten years previously, no case of death from cholera had been known at Hurdwar. The only consolation is that which springs from duty done, and from the consciousness that the calamity would have been far greater but for the thorough doing of duty.

Such an event at once brought to a head those discussions on the relations of Fairs and Pilgrimages to the spread of epidemic disease which had long been going on in India, and had attracted the attention of the Constantinople Conference. The Government of Lord Lawrence called for opinions and returns from all the provincial governors, the more active of whom had, as in the Central Provinces, occasionally stopped such fairs as that of Mahadeo, at Puchmurree, in a cholera season. Bad as this case of Hurdwar was, it is nothing to that of Pooree, where the shrine of Jagganath has always been hideous in the annals of Indian pilgrimage. The result has been certain legislation to remedy the abuses at Pooree, and more activity on the part of the executive authorities elsewhere. But the conclusion has, in India at least, been very generally arrived at, that the machinery of our municipal system should so be applied to every gathering of this kind, religious and commercial, that they may be effectually regulated and controlled. Whether this should be done by exacting a fee from every pilgrim, or by laying all the expenses on the priests, is doubtful. The former would look like a renewal of the pilgrim-tax, and would seem, in ignorant eyes, to identify our Government with the support of idolatry. The latter might cause a degree of discontent and misrepresentation which a neutral government would not care to face. Perhaps it would be better to allow municipalities to deal with each case on its own merits.

Indian pilgrimages raise many other interesting questions, some of them of profound import, besides those of a sanitary kind. Are the facilities of roads, railways, and executive and sanitary precautions likely to give these superstitious gatherings a new hold on the people, or rather to develop the commercial element in them, or, as in Berar, to weaken them altogether in favour of local markets? As Christianity spreads, what is to take the place of these assemblies, or can they be maintained after their idolatrous *raison d'être* has been destroyed? This question troubled the early Church; it is becoming more and more a difficulty in the infant native church of India. Meanwhile, the Christian missionary makes good use of the opportunities given him by such concourses of people all professing to seek deliverance from sin, and to propitiate our common Father. The preaching-tent, with its two divisions for preaching and the sale of the Word of God, is often a more prominent feature of a fair than any other; its Bible flag attracting all eyes, and its earnest voice sounding out the word of life. From sunrise to sunset, a succession of preachers, European and native, keep up the good work, and never fail of an attentive audience; while, at the other side, one of them sells at a low rate—but always *sells* if he is wise—a portion of Scripture, or a good book in the vernacular. Thus we know that many have taken away with them to far distant homes, in their hearts and memories, or in the book, good seed which brings forth fruit even here.

Were we to analyze the crowd of worshippers at any of the great shrines, we would find it to be composed three-fourths of women, priests, and professional ascetics, and one-fourth of pure traders and dissolute men. It would not be too much to say that a large minority, at least, of the millions who crowd to Hurdwar, Pooree, Serampoor, Gya, Benares, and Allahabad every year, are conscience-stricken. They seek for rest, they are pursued by their sins, and they can get no peace. In no country in the world are there so many widows as in India; owing to its marriage-system, many are widows from the cradle. Nowhere are they so harshly treated, till only one alternative is left to them—dissolute intrigue, often ending in crime; or, if they can afford it, the visiting of shrines, the pilgrim life. Sometimes to such, to many who are like the woman that was a sinner, peace is sent, not from idol or priest, but from that Cross on which One was lifted up that He might draw all unto Him. At an Indian shrine, and on an Indian pilgrimage, we find concentrated and intensified, as it were, that weariness, that longing, that despair which marked the old Pagan world, which is ever becoming more evident in modern India, and which, we believe, is the precursor of the Desire of all Nations.

GEORGE SMITH.



BIRTH-SONG.

LET winds and waters murmur clear;
More sweet this infant voice to me,
That comes as from the golden sphere
Where thrills the soul of harmony:
Blow tempest, and let thunder roll—
God gives us this immortal soul.

Let sceptres flash, and senates shake;
The war-steed neigh, the trumpet blow;
Let banners strike the wind, and make
A splendour where the warriors go:
What heed we? War may rage and roll—
God gives us this immortal soul.

Let science glimmer on the brine,
Bind isle to isle, and clime to clime;
And on the ocean's lyric line,
Let lightning twang the psalms of time:
A triumph! Let the music roll—
God gives us this immortal soul.

For, in this soul, serene and clear,
All mortal and immortal shine:
Eternity, a single year,
Thought glowing into light divine:
Bend, bend the knee! let anthems roll
For God's sweet gift, a virgin soul!

WILLIAM FREELAND.



LOST LAMBS.

IN the spring of 1865 a lady,* living at Leytonstone, N.E., took to heart certain dimly-understood and less-discussed miseries of the lowest class of little waifs—children under twelve, some under six, who "had been grievously dragged into such terrible sins, that they could no longer be kept in Village Schools or Orphan Homes intended for the training of comparatively pure children." She began her little Home of six wretched inmates on scraps and gifts of all sorts. A grocer sent her sugar and treacle; a baker gave her flour; some one lent her a few mattresses; some one else sent a ton or so of coals; here came in a bag of rice; there a parcel of three-legged stools that served for both chairs and tables; an old servant went as matron; and the lady's mother gave the cottage. Thus she started, very humbly, very hopefully; and of the six little girls with whom she began her work of tenderness and mercy, their ages ranging from five to eleven, there was not one who was not qualified for a penitentiary or a reformatory, had she been old enough.

The question now was, how to employ and how to maintain this little family of castaways, so as to keep them from the greater evil which must come if they were turned adrift again into the streets. Some one suggested "taking in washing" as the thing which requires the least arduous apprenticeship; and the lady acted on the idea. A washing machine, a stove, and some irons, were given as the nucleus of the future laundry; and the six little creatures began with washing for two boys in the old stables adjoining the cottage. How well the work has prospered may be inferred from the fact that the Home now washes for thirteen families, besides a school which sends the linen of fifty persons. I can bear the testimony of an eye-witness to the first-rate quality of the work done. I have never seen better washing—seldom so good. Every one in the Home, from the eldest to the youngest, bears a hand; and "Lady," as Miss Cotton is always called by the children, herself helps—much of the delicate goffering being done by her.

It is pleasant to see this large family of children and grown-up girls all occupied, busy, capable, happy, in the various stages of the work. The little ones do the lighter parts, and machinery of all kinds helps the heavier. One of the elder girls, "E.," whose history will be more specially particularised by-and-by, is a first-rate laundress; ever since she was fourteen distancing any woman who could be got for the amount and deftness of her work. She went to the Home in 1865, and was then a miserable starveling whom many a Christian mother would have shuddered to touch had she known her awful history and condition. She is now a useful and valuable worker. A pretty little girl of eight, mothering her two younger brothers with the thought and care of a woman, is an active elf of no small value as she flits about the washing room; and "Hector," a chubby, blue-eyed young Trojan of five, was occupied during my visit in pulling out the flannels, which a strong-looking girl sent crawling between the rollers, as she turned the handle of the machine. The steaming clothes were hot for his small, fat hands; but he managed bravely; took virtuous care not to tear the dragging tapes; and piled up the fleecy garments cleverly on the tin platter which kept them from the stain of the sloppy floor. Another little creature folded the wet clothes for "packing," previous to washing; and the younger ones generally paired the socks, and tied them and the pocket-handkerchiefs in bundles, cut the soap, cleaned the pegs, waited on the elders, and made themselves actively useful and happy in their zeal.

The stories of some of these unhappy children are fearfully sad; and some so terrible that I scarcely know how to tell them. Still, it is a simple matter of duty to tell out as as plainly as the world will bear to hear what things exist in this Christian England of ours; and to put it to the consciences of faithful men and women, themselves parents, whether more ought not to be done, than is done in one obscure humble little Home, by the efforts of one lady and her immediate friends only, to check this awful "canker in the bud," which is surely worse than any amount of conscious adult sin. Men and women are free agents, but children——

The story of E., to which I alluded just now, reads like a sensation novel; but every word, as I shall tell it, is either truth or *less than the truth*. The end has not come yet; but we can only hope that the poor girl will be kept safe through the temptations which await her. At all events, these past years of

* When she first began her work this lady suppressed her name in her reports and letters, &c.; now I have her permission to give it in full. She is Miss Agnes Cotton, daughter of the late William Cotton, Esq., of the Bank of England.

peace and virtue have been so much to the good.

E. is the child of an Italian adventurer, who was some sixteen years or so ago employed about the Opera. Her mother was his French servant. Her earliest recollection is that of being in a garret in Soho, with her mother, who threatened to kill her. An old woman, who lived in a room near theirs, begged the child of the mother; and the woman, glad enough to get rid of her burden, left her on the dame's hands, and departed into the night whence she has never returned. The old woman had two daughters and a son, all of whom married; the son taking to wife another servant of this same Italian adventurer. When E. was seven years old, the dame died, being christened and baptized on her deathbed; a scene that made a strong impression on the child. She left E. to the care of her daughters, asking them to bring her up between them, and not to let her want. The daughters took the little girl, and she lived first with one and then with another; while both the husbands qualified themselves for the Old Bailey by their hideous treatment of her. Before E. was ten years of age, she was earning ten shillings a week for them, and was essentially what the world calls "bad." Her course of life landed her in the hospital; where she was heard of by Miss Cotton, and found, desperate, deserted, and grievously sick both in soul and body. The lady, nothing daunted, took her up and carried her to the Home. She scarcely realised the task she had given herself. E.'s nature was wild and fierce; her passions were strong; her love of liberty, and her need of excitement great; but she had the potentiality of a conscience, poor lost lamb!—and while one part of her character drew her powerfully towards lawless courses of all kinds, the other made her desire to be saved, and led up into something nobler and purer. In this chaotic state of mind, the lady had both her difficulty and her hope. By gentle treatment, kind and yet firm; by never slurring over the degradation of her past, but never ceasing to hold out the bright possibility of a pure and wholesome future; by trying to bring back this premature woman to something of the sweetness and docility of childhood; by skilful management when her fits of savage rage, her fits of wild impatience at the comparative quiet of the Home, and her mad desire to break away and go back to the noisy riot and excitement of her old life came upon her like possession—true soul sickness—the lady succeeded in keeping her until the age of sixteen, and in gradually softening and reclaiming her. But there were hard days to be got over during that time—days when E., resolved to be wicked yet unable to be disloyal, would turn the little prints and pictures of Christ and the angels about her bed with their faces to the wall; tear off the cross she wore round her neck; swear; rave; demand to go back to her old haunts; till the fit gradually subsided—when she would fling herself at the lady's knees in a paroxysm of repentance and despair, sometimes refusing to go into the prayer-room, kneeling only at a distance as the publican of old, as one too vile to draw nearer. And then she would quiet down into the better condition of peace and calmness, which gradually grew to be her more usual state. But we cannot picture what times of trial these must have been for the lady and her coadjutors—the patience, the faith, the intensity of Christian love, the fervent wrestlings in prayer that accompanied and followed the poor child's soul through these crises!

When E. was sixteen there came down to the Home two flaunting, evil-visaged women. They brought her the photograph of a handsome man, who they said was her father; and it was afterwards discovered that he was really her father, and that their mission was so far true. He had commissioned them to demand her as his daughter, and to request that she should be sent out to him, living at ease in Cairo, "to be made a lady of." The women reminded E. that she was now of the legal age to choose her own guardian; and they urged her to come with them and leave the Home and "Lady," her godmother. Miss Cotton was absent, but her coadjutor resisted them, and pleaded with the girl on the other side. It was the old story over again, of the angel and the devil, vice and virtue battling for the human soul; and poor E.'s wild nature and truer conscience had to guide her through the difficulty as passion or grace might determine. She stood for some minutes flushed and irresolute. On one side was her father, comparative wealth, pleasure, luxury, and the reckless life of the world. On the other poverty, hard work, the Home, and God. Suddenly she turned, and clung to the lady's hand, "I will not go! I will stay!" she said.

After this she ran away to London for a few days. The women's visit had disturbed her, and she could neither rest in peace nor give herself up to evil. The letters to her godmother, during the three days she was absent, are among the most touching and tragic I have ever read. So simple, too, in

their relation of her self-made difficulties and temptations! Over and over again she stood by the 'gin-shop door longing to go in, but remembering her life and teaching at the Home, thinking of the prayer-room and all she had heard therein, and then running away at hot speed. And standing, listening, longing, fearing, as she did so often, yet never once did she cross the threshold of one of these dens. Finally, wandering about Soho, wanting to be seen yet ashamed to go to the clergyman's house, she was caught by an old porter who knew her; and rescued. The lady took her for a time of probation into her private house; and from thence she passed back to the Home where she now is, and where may God grant her the grace to remain!

A second little creature is such another as E. was at her age; passionate and wilful, at times desperate and unmanageable, but coming right in the end by reason of her strong affections, and the divine germ of conscience which is growing slowly in her. This little creature, Bessie, was in a low lodging-house, where was no one to care for her and keep her from evil; so the fate that is by no means uncommon among these deserted children befel her, as so many others. By the mercy of Providence she fell into the Lady's hands; and though she too has given them hard days and heavy nights by her lawless, undisciplined, violent nature, as yet the good has prevailed, and she has been kept safe among them.

One young child has been caught away from the infamy of her own home; another little creature, like an angel in face, has been taken from the infamy of a quiet, rural village, which looks all peace and virtue; one is utterly a waif and castaway, without a friend in the world save the Lady and the Leytonstone Home; born no one knows where, bred no one knows how, and rescued from destruction by the Home. One was dedicated to crime by her own mother; another by her grandmother; and some are just gutter children, abandoned by society from the beginning. But no one is shut out. Those who are considered too bad for other Homes are taken into this, where they are sought to be cleansed and purified; and whence, when old enough, they are set forward in an honest way of life. It is not for the virtuous—they have aids—so much as for the lost children of the sinful poor that the Home has been founded. As Miss Cotton says in her report, "Many a poor child is sent to me from some other Home because 'she *will* steal, or pick, or lie, fight, or behave ill at night,' and 'we cannot keep her.' I long to ask some of my sisters if they think the Good Shepherd only cares for the good and biddable lambs."

One great endeavour at the Home is to make it like a real home, where the children are treated as children—neither petted as repentant little sinners turned saints, nor preached at as irremediable sinners who will never be cleared of their stains. They are children—naughty or good, obedient or disobedient, as it may chance; but always children, and at home. They are taught, and they are employed. The elder ones take charge of the younger; for there are fourteen very little ones, quite babies, chiefly from the Five Dials' district in Soho, most of whom are Miss Cotton's godchildren, and all of whom are of course too young for the special sorrow that has afflicted the elder. Miss Cotton's report speaks of these very little ones thus:—

"These little ones are only inadmissible to other orphanages because of their deep poverty. It may seem unwise to try to bring them up in a Home bound to receive very bad children, but five years' experience has made me trust that, with us, the little ones do good, and do not get harm. Was it from Dr. Arnold or from Tom Brown that I learnt how much may be done to help a difficult elder child by giving a younger one in charge? Still I do very much wish I could have a separate cottage for these tinies, and be able sometimes to keep them apart."

Sometimes there are outbreaks in the Home, which have to be put down with a firm hand. Once, one fiery little rebel was going to "kill" the Lady's coadjutor with a hot iron, but she took thought in time, and did not; and there are frequent outbursts of rebellion and violence, that try the patience and nerves of all concerned. In Miss Cotton's own house, brought up by her, as her own, is a lovely child now a year old. When only seven weeks old it was sent to chance, with £100 pinned to its frock, to guide the hand of fate to a kindly issue. Knocked about and half starved for more than a week, nobody's care, nobody's charge, it was almost dead when the lady took it; now it is a fine, blooming, beautiful little creature, full of as much promise as a baby of a year old can be. So far as is known, it is the child of a gentleman in the Midland Counties; but both father and mother have repudiated it. Another girl in the Home is also the daughter of a gentleman and a woman of low origin, and worse nature; and the lady says that she proves in a most extraordinary manner the theory of "inherited qualities,"

showing in all sorts of odd ways some of the most pronounced features of the upper and lower classes combined, bad and good together. She was sent out into service when old enough; but the temptations of the outside world proved too strong for her; and she fled back to the Home, to be admitted as a penitent—doing the hardest work, sharing in none of the privileges, her only cry being, "Let me stay here, safe from temptation!" Miss Cotton has kept her on probation; hoping, yet fearing; but in any case willing to give her another chance. One child was an infant in an orphanage. She swore as soon as she began to talk (many of them do that), and, when dismissed as too bad by those who are obliged, by the rules of their constitution, to feed only the wholesome of Christ's flock, was found by the lady who cares for and cleanses the foul, to be one of the worst of the bad. Dirty, naughty, thieving, pretending insanity to escape work or punishment, her language horrible, and worse things yet behind, she seemed simply hopeless. Now she is cleanly, industrious, and of fair average goodness.

In this extraordinary family of lost lambs found and folded, a stranger would see nothing odd or unlikely, if they have been long enough at Leytonstone to have become really homed and somewhat civilised. (But the Lady says, for her own part, that the strain of dealing with such abnormal characters and experiences as theirs is something at times almost beyond her strength to bear. Nothing but the deepest sense of the need of such a home, and the belief in God's help, could carry her and her assistants through their terrible duties.) In the beginning the girls have a wild, starved, hunted look about them; they slink into corners, or stand defiantly at bay, like wild beasts. They are hard to conquer, and are true Ishmaelites in suspicion and hate; but the discipline, at once so free and yet so strict, so kindly, so full of occupation, so rich in religious hope and teachings, does its work; and the rounded forms and humanised faces tell that the starved wild beast has given place to the Christian child, with some idea of right and wrong, some germs of a true conscience.

The story of one poor little creature was very touching. She was the tiny folder of wet clothes for packing, previous to being washed. She is four years old, and one of seven. Her father and mother, who are not married, live at the top of a wretched house in Newport Market; he, a basket-maker and a drunkard; she, paralyzed in one side. Of the children, one boy of nine is a cripple; another of eight is strong-bodied, but nearly a cripple. They go about together as one boy, under one coat, with bits of rags for shirts and trousers. Perhaps a pair of old boots or shoes is shared between them. The crippled boy does any washing of rags or floors in which the family indulges. The only girl, Alice—the "folder"—and her youngest two brothers were on their way to be christened, under the Lady's charge. She was caring most for the little boys, thinking the girl, at her mature age, better able to fend for herself; when, on looking round, she found her gone. After much search, she was discovered in the midst of a flock of sheep which were being driven to the slaughter-house. Some time after this the father ran away; and the mother went, with her young children, into the workhouse. A neighbour, a ticket-of-leave costermonger, saved the little girl, and sent her to her godmother, the Lady.

The Home is now altogether a household of fifty, including cripples, invalids, aged and infirm women, reprobate children whom no other Home will keep, very young orphans taken up starving out of the streets; and, among others, a woman and her two children, whose story is one of the old, sad and bad chronicles of deceit, vice, and self-indulgence. Their support comes from the laundry, from donations, and from the Lady's aged mother, who allows her daughter to make up the deficiencies from her private purse. She, however, is very old and infirm; and when she goes, the prospect is a cheerless one enough. There are also all manner of stray and sick birds and animals, the care and love of which greatly help in the work of humanising these poor little lost lambs. The Home has overflowed into three houses or cottages, where a wise division is as much as possible kept up; but, as we have seen, where it is not possible to keep up as much as would be quite wise. The children are from ten months to eighteen years old; and the adults number among them one old dame of sixty, and another of eighty. There is no room for them in the parish church, and their own little prayer-room is insufficient for their numbers. But they do the best they can, waiting for better days, and sure of the blessing of God.

The "out-girls" must not be forgotten. There are at least fourteen in service, doing well—some of them very well. Some of the letters which I have been allowed to read,

sent by these out-girls to the old Home that sheltered, fed, and taught them to know good and to follow after righteousness, are wonderfully touching from their simple heartiness and earnest affection. Some, again, have gone wrong altogether; and some, as we have seen, have flown back to the Home as their place of refuge from themselves. On this, Miss Cotton says in her report, or letter, "Here, again, I touch upon one of the pressing needs of such a work as this, a permanent Home for those quite unfitted to be out in the world."

There are many lovely charities in and about London, charities in the support of which all may join, whatever the special dogma observed, because of the object which is beyond and above dogma. But there are none which appeal more directly to the heart, not only of Christians, but of citizens, of human beings, than the Children's Home at Leytonstone. To take out of the mire the waifs and strays whom society has deserted and civilisation overlooked; to place them where they may be taught to get an honest living by their own industry, and to know good from evil; to humanise their wild hearts; to purify their soiled souls; to snatch from destruction so many immortal spirits; to bring the little ones to Christ, and to obey his behest, "Feed my lambs"—can there be a nobler object for any woman's work? for any man's sympathy? When we remember from what manner of life these children are rescued, what can we say but God bless the Home! God reward the tender soul that conceived such a work of mercy, and the brave heart that has battled for so many years with its difficulties!

E. LYNN LINTON.

THE "FAITHFUL SAYINGS" OF THE PASTORAL EPISTLES.

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

FIRST PAPER.

"IT is a faithful saying"—"it is a true saying." The original phrase, to which these two renderings are given, is the same. It is a phrase peculiar to St. Paul, and by him used only in the Pastoral Epistles; that is to say, in those letters which he wrote to Timotheus and Titus near the close of his life.* These circumstances alone would justify the printing of a few pages devoted to this subject. But, for special reasons, the careful consideration of these "faithful sayings," these "true sayings," of the Pastoral Epistles is of greater consequence than at first sight appears.

Those who are familiar with Biblical criticism of the destructive kind, are aware that formidable attacks have been made on these portions of Holy Scripture. In referring to this fact, I am far from saying that I think people in general need trouble their minds about the questions thus raised. I am persuaded that ordinary Christians, and the Clergy too, in their busy pastoral work, may draw instruction from these Epistles, as heretofore, with perfect confidence as to their authorship. Still, if any particular topic connected with them can be so handled as to confirm such confidence, this is a collateral benefit by no means to be despised.

The critical objections, to which allusion is here made, may be summed up, for the most part, under two heads. The style of these writings, it is urged, is very different from the style of the acknowledged writings of this Apostle. Whether we regard the general manner of the composition, or the use of peculiar words, it is difficult to believe that St. Paul, whom hardly any one in the world doubts to have been the author of the Epistles to the Romans, Galatians, and Corinthians, was also the author of the Epistles before us. Moreover, it is argued that the completeness of Church organization and the development of heresies, as set forth, or, at least, intimated in those letters, betoken a greater maturity than could possibly correspond with any period of St. Paul's recorded life. Then the argument is brought home and riveted by the assumption that St. Paul had no second imprisonment after that which is related to us in the Acts of the Apostles, and by showing (which may very readily be done) that it is difficult to fit in these Epistles chronologically, with their various notices of persons and places, into any part of that narrative.

Now both these positions may be accepted without reserve, though not altogether without some limitations. Both as regards the features of church polity and heresy on the one hand, and the mere style of writing on the other, it is quite true that a change is per-

* 1 Tim. i. 15; iii. 1; iv. 9; 2 Tim. ii. 11; Titus iii. 8.

ceptible in these writings on a comparison with the others that bear the Apostle's name. The Gnosticism which is condemned here is different from the Judaizing error that meets us in the Epistle to the Galatians, and goes beyond what we find in the Epistle to the Colossians; while there are certainly indications of more complete and more diversified ministrations and offices in the Church than those which we trace, for instance, in the writings addressed to the Corinthians and Philippians. And still more clearly is a change of phraseology discernible. There have, indeed, been considerable exaggerations and oversights in some statements of this matter. A careful comparison of all the documents in question brings out points of verbal similarity between these letters and the others, which, even taken alone, may be used as an argument for their common authorship. Still the difference does subsist, and is very marked. I have heard it observed, with perfect truth, that even when the lessons are read in church from the English Version, an attentive listener can perceive this difference. And it becomes still more perceptible when the original Greek is closely examined. On such examination it is easily discovered that certain words are characteristic of these Epistles, which are, to say the least, not equally characteristic of the others.

Now, the key of the answer to the whole of these objections is to be found in the assertion of a second imprisonment; and against the hypothesis of a liberation and a second imprisonment there is absolutely no fact to be alleged, while the general tenor of tradition is in favour of it. With this belief accepted, the arguments against the authority of the Epistles become arguments in its favour. We gain the requisite space of time. The more mature development, whether of heresy or of the Church system, is accounted for. But leaving these questions on one side, as not properly belonging to our subject, I turn to considerations connected with new peculiarities of style.

Let any one who has been accustomed to much writing, especially on topics connected with human feeling and human action, compare his style at thirty with his style at fifty-five, and he will be conscious of a marked alteration.* This alteration may be for the better, or it may be for the worse, or partly for the better, partly for the worse; but, as a fact, it will not escape notice in a process of careful self-criticism. Let it be added, too, that St. Paul had passed through much sorrow, fatigue, and anxiety, and that such experience has its effect inevitably on the customary use of words. Moreover, due weight must be given to the fact that these letters were addressed, on special subjects, to Timothy and Titus in their official relations, whereas other epistles are addressed to Churches on general questions. Any man of quick sympathy (and such pre-eminently was St. Paul) changes his style immediately on writing to persons very different in character and circumstances from those whom, even within the interval of a few hours, he may have been addressing by letter.* But in this argument the main stress is laid on lapse of time; and the argument is made much stronger and more definite by observing not only the fact, but the kind of change which is evident in the Pastoral Epistles of St. Paul, as compared with the rest.

It seems as if there had come over the mind of St. Paul, with prolonged experience, a larger and deeper sense of Divine mercy, and with this (it is a most instructive combination) a disposition to attach even more importance than ever to the vigilant discharge of practical duty. Thus he speaks of God as the "Saviour," in a manner hardly customary with him before,† while the reference to "conscience" in these Epistles are peculiarly emphatic.‡ But especially it is in words inculcating soberness, practical piety and fixed principle, in deprecating restless speculation and idle discussion which can lead to no good result, that the charge of which I am speaking is conspicuous. Again and again he urges Timothy and Titus to avoid "fables," "vain janglings," "endless genealogies," and the like. The word for "sober-mindedness" and its derivatives occur repeatedly:§ so, too, does a peculiar term for "godliness of life," which, from its prominent appearance here, while it is not found in the earlier letters, give the impression that it had become proverbial.‖ And especially mention must be made of that singular use of the word "healthy," or "whole-

* This interval of time is, of course, greater than that which separates St. Paul's earliest and latest Epistles. But the same argument is true, in its measure, of a smaller interval: and the other considerations mentioned above must, in this case, be added to those connected with the lapse of time.

* See the opening pages of "The Wholesome Words of Jesus Christ," Sermons preached at Cambridge in 1866, by the Master of the Temple, who asks (and the question clears away a good deal of superficial criticism), "Who can read one page of St. Paul's letter to Philippi and fancy it a chapter of his Epistle to Galatia?"

† 1 Tim. ii. 3, 4; iv. 10; Titus ii. 10, 11; iii. 4.

‡ 1 Tim. i. 5, 19; iii. 9; iv. 2; 2 Tim. i. 3; Titus i. 15.

§ 1 Tim. ii. 9, 15; iii. 2; 2 Tim. i. 7; Titus i. 8; ii. 2, 5, 12.

‖ 1 Tim. ii. 2; iii. 16; iv. 7; vi. 11; 2 Tim. iii. 5, 12; Titus i. 1; ii. 12.

some,"—applied sometimes to persons or characters, but sometimes also to words and doctrine,—which, more than anything else, is to be marked as a verbal characteristic of these documents.* "Never before, through the whole volume of his letters, has St. Paul applied that term to the Gospel. Now it is almost his one epithet for it." Have we not here an indication of that change of phraseology which comes with growing years and experience, and the recognition of which, in the case before us, is in no degree inconsistent with our full belief in Divine inspiration?

This brings me to the point in hand. In this phrase, "it is a faithful saying," "it is a true saying," which, as I have said, is quite peculiar—and in the Apostle's habit of introducing weighty sentences here by this remarkable formula—we see an indication of that change of style, which, if what I have said above is correct in reasoning, is in truth a confirmation of the authenticity of these Epistles, not an objection against it. This language is part of the sententiousness of an old man, who quotes proverbs, who accepts what has stood the test of experience, who is not disposed to recede from positions already won.† St. Paul, indeed, in his earlier writings and speeches, quotes proverbial sayings very readily, even from Heathen sources;‡ but now the habit is more fully formed, and the quotations are given with a more deliberate emphasis.

It may be remarked in passing that though our thoughts are chiefly to be given to the proverbs included in this specific framework which has attracted our attention, yet the proverbs of the Pastoral Epistles are by no means limited to these instances. There is a remarkable verse in the latest of the three letters, in which two golden proverbial sayings are introduced. After dwelling on the heresies which threatened havoc in the Church, and on the words which were preparing to "eat like a cancer" into its life, St. Paul expresses his immutable conviction of the eternal principles which nothing can shake, by saying, "Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, *The Lord knoweth them that are his*, and, *Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity.*" * How much do we gain in our apprehension of the meaning of this sentence, if we see in the mottoes engraved on this great foundation-stone two Christian proverbs—one declaring the certainty, in the midst of all persecution and trouble and all the mistakes that we may make for the time, of God's recognition of all that truly belongs to Him,—the other declaring, with equal explicitness, the absolute necessity of separation from sin in everything that professes to belong to Christ!

But again, if some of the quotations to which the formula in question is attached are liturgical rather than proverbial (and I hope to show that this is the case), then in another form we have an argument in the same direction. In either case a comparatively late period for the date of these Epistles is just what we want. Every society has its proverbs. Why not the Christian Church? But some time must elapse before the principles of an organized society become incorporated in current maxims. So with Hymns and Liturgical forms. They grow up side by side with the progress of Church-life. They would hardly be coincident, at least in any mature shape, with the first preaching of the Gospel; but would come into existence gradually in the settled Christian communities, would spread from one such community to another, and become bonds of union among them, as indeed Christian proverbs too would be bonds of union, partly because of their general acceptance, and partly because they embodied great principles.

Here again, on the liturgical side of our subject, as above on the proverbial, an illustration may be given of the general drift of our argument, before we proceed to the five instances which are marked off for us by a peculiar formula. In a passage where St. Paul is noticing that form of heresy which showed itself in making distinctions between one kind of food and another, and in teaching that matter in itself is impure, he says that "every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if only it be received with thanksgiving: for it is sanctified by the *Word of God* and prayer."† Now, no little difficulty has been felt by commentators as to the meaning of "the Word of God" in this place. It may, indeed, refer to the original declaration of the Almighty, as recorded in the book of Genesis, when all created things were pronounced "very good;"‡

* 1 Tim. i. 10; vi. 3, 4; 2 Tim. i. 13; iv. 3; Titus i. 9, 13; ii. 1.

† I quote a few words from one of the above-named destructive critics, without naming him. He says that in the Epistle to Titus "commonplaces and the enforcement of practical Christianity are frequent—things which Titus himself did not need, else his long association with Paul had been of little benefit to him:" again, that the practical tendency in these letters is "wholesome enough, but too commonplace to proceed from Paul;" that "the pervading spirit is flat, sober, sensible." This appears to me positively comical; but such sentences really contain arguments which refute themselves.

‡ Acts xvii. 28; 1 Cor. xv. 33.

* 2 Tim. ii. 19.

† 1 Tim. iv. 4, 5.

‡ Gen. i. 31.

but the combination of the mention of prayer with this phrase seems to make such an explanation inadequate. Some have thought that the word addressed to God in prayer is intended; but such an interpretation will hardly commend itself to the majority of thoughtful critics. The difficulty is at least diminished, if we imagine that certain forms of "grace," involving the use of words from the Old Testament, had grown up into use (we may call such use either proverbial or liturgical) in the Christian Church. Examples of such "graces" might be adduced, and have been adduced, from early Christian sources in elucidation of this view. At this point it is quite as much to our purpose to quote an ancient Jewish grace, rich with "the Word of God" as given in the Old Testament, such as the following from the Mischna: "Blessed art Thou, O Jehovah, our God, King of the world, who feedest all with Thy goodness, with grace, with mercy, and with loving-kindness. He giveth bread to all flesh, for His mercy endureth for ever; in His great goodness He hath never been wanting to us; and may food never fail us, for ever and ever, for the sake of His great Name; for He feedeth and supporteth all, and showeth kindness to all, and sustaineth with food all His creatures whom He hath created. Blessed art Thou, O Jehovah, who feedest all." Such a grace as this, customary in use among the readers of the Pastoral Epistles, might well be spoken of as "the Word of God" combined with prayer.

My belief is, that the "faithful sayings" of these Epistles refer partly to proverbial sentences, and partly to liturgical, or semi-liturgical forms. But, to justify this belief, it will be necessary to examine them, one by one.

J. S. HOWSON.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

AN INCIDENT SO NARRATED IN A VERY EARLY FRENCH FABLIAU.—(*See Sir Walter Scott's "Essay on Romantic Literature."*)

"Sans espoir, sans peur."—*Ancient motto of the House of Burgundy.*

IN pleasant lands far away
(Listen, gentles, for delight)
Dwelt a fair lady bright,
That unto knight, page, and thrall,
Aged nurse, and seneschal,
Gave upon a certain day
Giftes kind, and unto each
Somewhat spake of gentle speech
That suiteth gift kind and free.
But when she came to one who long
As page, upon his bended knee
Had served her well, and now as squire
Served her both with sword and song,
And as knight did yet aspire
To serve and guard her, not for hire,
But all for love and loyalty;
Were it all her gifts were spent,
Or were it but in merry sport,
Or love, that loves to hide thought,
I know not, guess not what she meant,
That do but tell the tale I heard;
She stopped, and spake never word
Nor gave look, but slowly drew
From out her scarf a golden thread,
And lightly to the squire threw.
And he for answer quickly took
His dagger forth, and lightly strook
Across his breast a wound red
And in it laid the golden thread,
Nor spake word nor gave look.
But in the days when the green leaf
Springeth, and singeth each that can
Sing, be it bird or man,
For gladness either, or for grief;
Full softly for his heart's relief,
He sang, between the sun and shade,
A little song that he had made.

THE SQUIRE'S SONG.

"Store hath she of gifts meet
That gave to me the golden thread;
Store hath she of wordes sweet
That with it never word said.
How may be, then, this riddle read?
She did not speak her meaning plain,
But if she meant her gift for pain
It suiteth well," he said, "with me.
What man that liveth but pain knoweth?
And if for love, I ween it groweth
In gentle hearts full speedily.*

"I would that she had spoken soft,
I would that she had smiled," he said,

* *Amor, che in cor gentil ratto s'apprende.*—DANTE.

"As oft she speaketh, smileth oft,
That gave to me the golden thread.
And yet her gift with my degree
Suits, that am a lowly squire;
The cloth of gold, it may not be,
The cloth of frieze is not for me,
In that so highly I aspire.
I prize the gift I did not choose!
Contented well with my estate
I stand, I serve, I run, I wait.
Content am I to win, to lose,
To bear through all a heart elate,
To bear through all a wounded breast;
And foeman's hand that seeks," he said,
"My heart to strike, or sweet friend's head,
That fain thereon would lean to rest,
Must strike it through the golden thread,
Must lean upon a wound red!



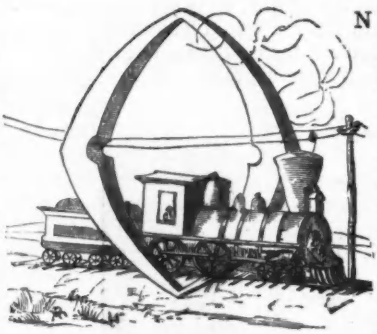
"Dayes of peace and dayes of strife
Pass," he said, "and heat and cold,
And ever with my hearte's life
Is wrought the little thread of gold.
It is not with me as of old;
My careless dayes of youth and glee
Are gone for ever, such a bold
Sweet surmise to felicitie
Hath neighboured me, and unto pain
Knit up my life with longing vain,
And neared it to a purpose high;
And still runneth, till life flit by,
Through all my dayes a wound red,
Runneth still a golden thread!"

DORA GREENWELL.

WINTER IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

EDITED BY CANON KINGSLEY.

NO. I.—FROM NEW YORK TO COLORADO.



ON Thursday, October 25, 1871, I found myself in a palace car on the Missouri Pacific Railroad, whirling out of St. Louis to the unknown West.

Scarcely a month had passed since we landed in the New World: and in that month what had we not seen?

We reached New York one bright Sunday afternoon, steaming up its matchless harbour under the hot October sun. We spent a few days among its hospitable inhabitants, and got some idea of its wonders and wealth. We saw its noble hospitals, its beautiful suburbs; Central Park, so unique in natural advantages of rock and water, used with such admirable taste and skill. Long Island, with its charming old settlements and pretty country houses, in which are stored treasures of art and culture; and Staten Island across the bay, with its woods, where the English encamped for the winter, during the siege of New York in 1776.

Then we started north one night, waking next morning to find ourselves among the glowing woods and hillsides of the Kenisteo Valley; and by noon we were crossing a great river over a high suspension bridge; and there, two miles up the gorge, between high limestone cliffs, covered with blazing maples and black pines, was Niagara.

No photograph, painting, or description can give any idea of its perfection of beauty; so I will not attempt to describe it, but only say that were any one to take the whole journey from England and back again, and see nothing in America but Niagara, it would, I think, be well worth the trouble.

Then, after three days of perfect enjoyment, we set out by rail for Kingston, *via* Toronto. This part of our journey was not enjoyable, as when once accustomed to the novelty of small farms, snake fences, backwoods' clearings and blackened trees, the constant repetition became rather tedious. But the worst was to come. Before we left Niagara, the news that Chicago was burning reached us; and when we arrived at Kingston, on the St. Lawrence River, where we took the steamer for Montreal, we were caught in the smoke of Chicago and of the great Wisconsin forest fires. It so filled the air, though it had travelled five hundred miles, that we could form no conception of the Thousand Islands; neither could we "shoot the Rapids," as the captain said he could not see ahead. So we landed ignominiously at a small village; and came into Montreal by train.

Then, after a couple of days, a night journey took us down to West Point on the Hudson, the Sandhurst and Woolwich combined of the United States, which has turned out so many famous men. There we got a little rest and quiet for two days, and saw the "Fall" tints in their full beauty. There, too, we heard our first American service, sitting in the Cadets' Chapel, under the old guns and colours taken from us at the Battle of Saratoga, and there preserved among other trophies.

Much we wished to stay longer in this lovely place, reminding one so strongly, as it did, of the best bits of Killarney, with its noble river, and the wooded mountains of the highlands of the Hudson, in a glow of crimson, yellow, and green foliage. But time pressed, for by the 17th we were bound to be in Baltimore for the Church Convention.

So we set off again by train down the east bank of the Hudson, past pretty towns and villages, with white houses, and a most remarkable collection of names, Indian, Dutch, Classic, and English, mixed up together. For instance, you have Poughkeepsie, Hyde Park, Tivoli, Catskill, Athens, Stockport, and Troy, all within some hundred miles.

Close to New York, we got a fine view of the Palisades, a curious line of cliffs, three hundred feet high, which run along the western bank of the river for some miles. We came slowly into the city down one of the streets, for three or four miles—a most alarming proceeding to our European nerves, as the street was crowded with children, horses, and carriages. But as the State affords no protection against accidents, people there learn to protect themselves.

After a few hours in New York we left with a large party of friends, in that most pleasant of inventions, a parlour car, where one can sit in comfortable arm-chairs, talk to one's companions, walk about, or in fact do exactly as one would in a pleasant little room. The country in the State of New Jersey is flat, and for the most part not pretty; and our greatest interests were crossing the Raritan, Delaware, Schuylkill, and Susquehanna Rivers, and passing Philadelphia. We got a good view of the city from the cars, running past it through a part of Fairmount Park, one of the largest and most beautiful public parks in the world, being over sixteen hundred acres, with the Schuylkill River flowing through it.

We reached Baltimore late the same evening; and our kind reception there went far to prove the truth of the popular belief, that it is the most hospitable city in the Union.

It was the beginning of the Indian summer—warm days with a delicious blue mist hanging in the air. Baltimore also boasts a noble park, with fine trees; and the winding roads up and down hill, with groups of deer coming to stare at the carriage through the branches of scarlet oak, purple hickory, and flaming maple, give one quite a new idea of a city pleasure-ground. The chief interest of my fellow-travellers of course centered in the Church Convention; but as that has little to do with my journey to the Far West, I will go on to the evening of the 24th of October, when, under the kind escort of American friends, I left Baltimore to join my brother in the Rocky Mountains.

On the next morning we were woke at five A.M. for breakfast, and then came a great surprise; for I found that during the night we had climbed up about two thousand feet, and were now at Altoona, near the top of the Alleghanies. It was a misty morning, so that the views were rather spoilt: but over the summit we caught glimpses through the mist and cloud of grand scenery, as we wound round the mountain sides. On either side were pine forests, some of them black from recent fires, others with a brilliant undergrowth of sumach and dogwood. About eleven miles below Cresson Springs, having run all that distance without steam, we came to the Horseshoe Bend, where the curve is so great that, looking out of the windows of the last car, you see the three engines of the train running parallel with you, only the other way.

The rain cleared off, and the scenery became more distinct every moment as we came down the side of the mountain trout streams, their banks covered with tall hemlock pines, and a thick undergrowth of rhododendrons and ferns among the rocks. About eleven A.M. we reached Pittsburg, the Wolverhampton of the States; and with some difficulty secured places in the sleeping car of the New York train which we joined here.

As soon as we were clear of the smoke and dirt of Pittsburg, the journey till dark was quite lovely. Across the Ohio, where we first saw the steamers for shallow water, with wheels at the stern instead of the sides. Then along wooded valleys by the side of a stream for miles, following its many windings till the sharp curves made one feel giddy. So the night came, and on the 26th we woke up to the rolling hills and plains of Indiana, and breakfasted at Terre Haute on coffee, roast quail, and corn bread. The country grew more level as we went on, and after passing some bluffs, we ran ten miles over a dead flat of rich alluvial land, and found ourselves on the banks of the Mississippi at St. Louis.

Like every European, I was prepared to be immensely impressed by my first view of the "Father of Waters:" but I must confess to a feeling of disappointment. I saw nothing but a very wide and very dirty river, covered with steamers; a huge unfinished bridge; and the city, looking rather dingy, with its long rows of warehouses on the other side. Outside the cars when we stopped, were six huge omnibuses, with four splendid horses to each; and into these we all bundled, and drove down some little distance and on board a ferry-boat, where the omnibuses were drawn up side by side, the horses standing like rocks; and so we crossed the river. The gangway of the ferry-boat being a good foot and a half below the *levée*, or pier, on which we landed, one thought they would either raise the gangway or put down something to smooth the joining. But not so; the horses were set off at full trot, and they dragged us up with a bump that would have broken anything but an American carriage to pieces.

We had only a few hours here, and had not time to see much of the wonderful city, which some look upon as the future capital of the United States. Its rate of growth is prodigious, in the one item of railroads alone. Three years ago there were three, and now there are thirteen, running into the city; and many more are projected.

After wandering about the streets hard by, and laying in a small stock of provisions, against our journey across the plains, we made our way down to the Missouri Pacific

Depôt; and, as I have already said, were soon steaming away towards the setting sun.

Now began the really novel part of the journey. I was west of the Mississippi; on that enchanted ground to which, if you have once set foot upon it, you must sooner or later return. "Mustang fever" is the name Westerners give to that wholly inexplicable feeling which is said to allure people back into the wilderness, almost against their own wills, when they try to cure themselves of their roving tastes, by living in the cities of the Eastern States, or even in Europe. Ere I went thither it was easy enough in my ignorance for me to laugh at this theory: but now, I am not quite sure that I have wholly escaped the contagion. Certainly the journey of the first evening, as we left St. Louis, was most attractive. The moon was so bright, that I was tempted to sit up looking at the country till nearly every one else had gone to bed. We ran for several hours alongside of the Missouri river, with the trees on its banks reflected clear and sharp in the smooth water, reminding one of some old steel engraving. Then crossing the river, we ran for some way with it on our right, and broken ground on the left; in some parts cultivated, in others forest, with deep gullies worn by water through the light sandy soil.



At last I packed up for the night; and woke about six on the 27th to find the train at a stand-still at some bit of a place, a perfect specimen of a mushroom town. It consisted of a few wooden houses, a saloon, a boot store, a dry goods store, and directly opposite our car the building in the picture, with a plate on the door, stating that this was "Dr. W. W. Miller's Office." The ground was white with hoar frost; and the sun rose crimson over an open country, rolling away to the blue distance. With joy I thought, "Only one night more, and we shall be at Denver:" but then, to my dismay, came the news that by some unlucky chance we had started in the wrong train, and must wait fourteen hours at Kansas City to catch the through train. My heart sank; for of all places to wait at, a more unpleasant one than Kansas City, which we reached about eight A.M., can hardly be found. But in a new country one has to put up with many little annoyances; so we determined to make the best of it, and drove up to the Lindell Hotel. After a rather nasty breakfast in a very hot room, we went out and explored the town a little. It stands on a sandy bluff over the river; a strange situation to choose, as the foundations for all the houses on the slope have to be cut out of the sand at great expense and inconvenience. There were two or three good streets, partly finished; several hotels; and scattered stores, some wooden and some brick, standing alone or in small clusters; little wooden saloons, with glass fronts, and various titles in English or German — "Colorado Saloon," "Denver Saloon," "Deutsche Gasthaus," &c.; and candy or fruit stores at the corners of what are in the future to be streets, but are now only masses of mud and stone with a boarded side-walk. One of these small booths bore a device painted in the very roughest style of art, of a large shoe, a green and red fly, and the word "syrup" written below them. After some reflection, I found that it signified that "Shoofly syrups" were to be procured here.

Along the river below the city are lines of warehouses, and one of the huge elevators for raising and shipping loads of grain. Of this curious process an excellent description may be found in Mr. Macrae's account of Chicago in "The Americans at Home."

After dinner, we went down to the depôt of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, to secure our

tickets and places in the sleeping cars. The heat was intense, the road being cut through sandbanks, which reflected the blazing sun overhead. The day wore away slowly, and I was rejoiced to hear about 10.30 P.M. the rattle of the four-horse omnibus outside the hotel, to take us to the train, and decided that I had seen enough of Kansas City to satisfy me; though I doubt not, from what I know since, I should have liked it better had I been less hot, and less impatient to get on.

At daybreak on the 28th I found we were on the Prairies in good earnest; and in a couple of hours we stopped at Salina for breakfast. This was the point from which, in 1867, the Transcontinental Survey started, described by Dr. W. A. Bell, in his "New Tracks in North America." It was then a place of importance, as the temporary terminus of the line, where all goods were transferred from the freight cars to the ox trains destined to carry them through the dangers of a hostile Indian country to Denver and the towns of New Mexico. It then boasted a good many houses and stores, three billiard saloons, an ice-cream saloon, newspaper-office, school, and two hotels, besides fine streets marked out with stakes.

Now, as we walked up to the dining-room a little distance from the track, it seemed the picture of desolation. There were, I think, not more than three buildings to be seen; one being the eating-room, approached by a shaky plank walk, and two small wooden houses. All the rest had disappeared; and the streets had relapsed into the original prairie, with no signs of cultivation around save a scraggy rail fence, showing some settler's claim ground.

Directly we left Salina, we came upon the regular plains; short grass in tufts on a sandy soil, and long stretches of brown, rolling away wave upon wave, like some great ocean turned into land in the midst of a heavy ground-swell after a storm. The little sketch (p. 80) will give some faint idea of a prairie "ranche," or farm, with its corral for horses and cattle, and the great heap of grass, which represents the civilised hay-stack of Eastern or European farms. It is a lonely life, that of one of the ranchemen, settled out on the prairie with his herd of horses and cattle, often without another house within a dozen or twenty miles. But that people can live out on the borders of civilisation, and prosper, is a fact proved by the very existence of such States as Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, &c. Fifty—certainly seventy—years ago they were quite as wild, and much more inaccessible, than Kansas and the territories are now.

I could not take my eyes off the country, so strange and new it seemed: and suddenly my attention was attracted by a little brown post about a foot high, planted in a sandy ring, with a little round pit in the centre. I looked again, thinking it a strange place for a post: and there was another, and a dozen more. All at once one of the posts threw itself flat down, and disappeared into the pit, displaying four short legs and a twinkling tail; and I saw it was a prairie dog (*Cynomys Ludovicianus*). We were going through a "dog town;" and there they sat on their hind legs praying at the train, and rubbing their noses with their fore paws; and there I sat laughing till I nearly cried.



They are the quaintest little animals; and make charming pets, as they are easily tamed. They are very falsely called dogs, their only claim to such a name being their cry, a short bark, but are really most nearly allied to marmots. They are usually supposed to live in the strange company of a small owl and a rattlesnake; and I have heard people assert that in each hole these three most uncongenial friends are found. This fact, however, I have been unable to prove satisfactorily, never having myself seen either snake or bird with the prairie dogs. Those who have had much experience in the West tell me they have often seen the rattlesnake come out of holes in a dog-town, but have never seen any prairie dogs come out of the same hole. They are difficult to catch, as their movements are very rapid. The

best plan is to pour water down the hole, and so drown out the poor little beast, who comes up sneezing and snorting, and is then easily made prisoner. The peculiar shake they give their short tails as they bolt down the hole has given rise to a western phrase, denoting rapidity, "in the twinkling of a tail."

Near Brookville, a little station some way beyond Salina, we passed through a range of those bluffs, which one hears of so often as a feature of prairie scenery. They seem to me to be entirely water-worn. A smooth grass-covered slope rises up in a gentle wave from the prairie, and ends abruptly in a steep rocky face. Sometimes, nearer the foot of the Rocky Mountains, a few pines or scrub oaks find shelter on the rocky side of the bluff: but out here on the plains no twig was to be seen. Among these bluffs herds of horses and cattle were grazing; and we passed an occasional ranche till mid-day, when, every sign of civilisation left behind, we reached the edge of the Buffalo plains.

Now began great excitement in our car, which was the last on the train; and some of us went out on the back platform, to watch for the appearance of the buffalo. This is not a very safe proceeding, as there is only a rail just across the end, and the sides are open. Still, there is something pleasantly exciting in sitting there as one whirls along the single track, over dry water-courses on fragile-looking trestle bridges; or between sandy banks, with high snow fences to keep the snow in the winter from drifting and filling up the cuts; or over a wide smooth expanse, disfigured in many places by the long tongues of black running out on either side the track, where a spark from the "smoke stack," or chimney, has set the short buffalo grass on fire during the droughts of summer. In some parts these fires had run for two or three miles over the country; and it was very likely owing to their pasture being so burnt, that for a long while we saw no buffalos alive, though endless skeletons and dead bodies lay on each side of the track. A most cruel fasnion prevails on these trains, of shooting the poor animals from the cars as they go along, for the mere pleasure of killing. Of course, many more are missed than hit; but when they are wounded there is no means of stopping to dispatch them: so they die in misery.

However, for some time it seemed as if the passengers on our train were not to have any opportunity of showing their skill; for we reached Fort Parker without seeing a buffalo. But, suddenly I caught sight of two about a mile to the north. Then the excitement redoubled; in half-an-hour we heard the crack of a pistol from the front of the train; and as it sped on we came in sight of three huge beasts, not more than two hundred yards from the track. They had been startled by the pistol shot, and were galloping along in their clumsy way parallel with the cars, as they always do when frightened. One wondered how such awkward-looking beasts could keep up such a pace; for, long after we had passed them they were in sight, still galloping after us, with heads down. They are hideous animals, with heavy heads and shaggy shoulders quite out of proportion with their small hindquarters.

The buffalo, or more properly bison (*Bison Americanus*), ranges over the great plains of Texas, Kansas, Colorado, and Nebraska in enormous herds, sometimes, in the summer, getting as far north as the 50th parallel. They seem very little disturbed at the invasion of their territories by railroads; and take very kindly to the telegraph posts, evidently considering them put up for their special convenience to rub against. This, as may be imagined, does not improve the insulation of the wires; and so many posts were rubbed down at first along the Kansas Pacific Railroad, that orders were given to stick the new ones full of large, sharp nails. This, however, only made matters worse, as the buffaloes found the nails charming combs for their shaggy coats, and the posts were knocked down more frequently than ever.

At Ellice we stopped for dinner: but, preferring our own provisions to a nasty meal of tough and almost uncooked buffalo steak, I took advantage of the train waiting to get a little walk on the prairie, coming back into the cars with a handful of common weeds which were all new to me. Most of them were in seed, as the season for flowers, alas! was over; and some of my fellow-travellers were not a little puzzled at any one taking an interest in such rubbish.

Then away we went again over endless plains, through blinding sun and dust: and to my amazement, I saw here and there, to the south, beautiful lakes and rivers, with trees along their banks reflected in the clear water. I had been assured that there was hardly any water, and not a single tree all across these plains: however, here they were most certainly, and I called others to look too. But as we approached one of the lakes it gradually faded away into the air, and we found it was nothing but mirage.

The utter desolation and monotony was only

varied here and there by a herd of antelopes bounding away from the train, or a wolf skulking round some skeleton, or a great owl sitting blinking in the sun; till about 4.30, when we came across the buffaloes again. This time they quite came up to all one's expectations as to number, and till sunset we were never out of sight of them. In one place we saw two hundred or more a mile away, and in another the plain was literally alive with a vast herd, three or four miles off, which they said must have numbered some thousands. The groups near the track varied from four to twenty, of all sizes; and once I saw a little calf, with its father and mother galloping on either side of it, to protect it from the black, smoking monster that disturbed their evening's grazing.

As the sun set in crimson glory over the plains, we reached the station for Fort Wallace; and the depôt was full of United States' officers, who had driven in to get the mail and newspapers. The Fort was too far off for us to see in the twilight. I could hardly divest my mind of the idea that we should be attacked by Redskins, for the name of Fort Wallace is associated with such horrors; but we met with no worse misfortune than a very bad supper, and sped on towards Denver. During the night we passed Kit Carson, the scene of a terrible Indian raid in May, 1870; and Elko, from whence, in the daytime, Pike's Peak may be seen, one hundred miles away south-west.

Next morning, the 30th, I was up before daylight, and as the sun rose ahead of us, pink in the dawn appeared range on range of hills; and I knew they were the Rocky Mountains at last. And at six A.M. we steamed into Denver, where M. was waiting for me on the platform.

How we got up to the hotel I hardly know: and I fear my adieux to my travelling companions were sadly wanting in length and courtesy: but my next most distinct recollection is of sitting down to a seven o'clock breakfast of delicious mountain trout and eggs and good coffee, to which I did ample justice, as the food along the K. P. had not been very tempting.

Denver stands at the junction of the South Platte and Cherry Creek, about fifteen miles from the mountains. It is certainly one of the most successful of all the new cities of the West. On the 1st of January, 1871, the census returns gave five thousand inhabitants, and on the 1st of January, 1872, ten thousand inhabitants, showing that in one year the population had doubled. Eighteen months before I reached Denver, the whistle of an engine had never been heard; when I left, in March, 1872, five railroads were running out of it, and several more were projected. The streets are wide, and laid out in straight lines, crossing at right angles. There are very few mean or badly-built houses, such as one is too apt to see in a new western town: most of the business blocks are of brick or stone, and in the residence streets pretty wooden villas stand each in their own little garden plot. Cottonwood (white poplar) trees are planted along most of the streets, and seem to thrive. The stores are excellent; if one does not object to paying four times as much as one would in England, all the necessaries, and most of the luxuries, of life can be procured.

Later in the day, M. and I went to dine with Colonel and Mrs. G.; and after dinner they took us for a drive round the city.

The day was bitterly cold and grey, with shattering of sleet from time to time; and I was thankful to put on sealskin and cloud and fur gloves—rather a contrast to our sufferings from heat on the plains only the day before. We drove across the Platte to a sandy hill, which is to be in future the public park of Denver. It is called the Boulevard, and has a fine riding and driving road laid out, with four rows of cottonwood trees and irrigating ditches. This, however, must be seen, like many other things in the West, by the eye of faith; as at present the road is a rough, sandy track, and when the Ute Indians visit Denver, they make the park their camping ground. We got a good idea of the city from the Boulevard. It looks as if it had been dropped out of the clouds accidentally, by some one who meant to carry it further on, but got tired, and let it fall anywhere.

To the east one sees nothing but brown, barren plain, away and away. But on the west the view is superb. The plain rolls up in great brown waves to the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, which bound the western horizon as far as eye can see, north and south. At first I confess I was disappointed as to their height, but soon discovered to my consolation, that I had not seen the real mountains. For just before sunset the clouds cleared off; and there, behind the foot-hills that lay in deep purple shadow, gleamed the white peaks of the Snowy Range, illumined by a golden glory; and down South, Pike's Peak rose clear pink and white, seventy-five miles away.

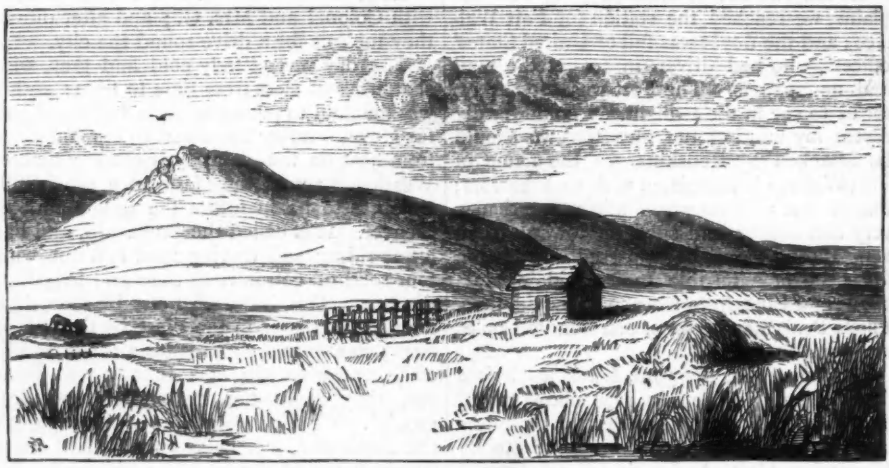
Next morning, at 7.30, we were down at the depôt of the Denver and Rio Grande

Railway, that celebrated little road which, with its tiny track, only three feet wide, is destined to join the two sister Republics, the United States and Mexico: and to be not only the pioneer narrow-gauge road of the States, but the pioneer north and south road, bringing the produce of Mexico to the markets of the north, and taking down, with the improved appliances of science, &c., of the north, civilisation and prosperity to one of the richest, though at present one of the most unhappy countries on earth.

The first division, as far as Colorado Springs, had only been open a week; and M., who had worked at it since the preliminary surveys in January, soon imbued me with a proper enthusiasm at its success.

For some miles out of Denver, the road follows the Platte, till it turns to the mountains, and you lose sight of it in the dark abysses of the Platte Cañon. Then, after leaving the Platte, you follow one of its tributaries, Plum Creek, for about thirty miles, bordered with willows and cotton woods. Here I may as well explain that a "creek" in the West means any small river or stream. On either side of Plum Creek are ranches for sheep, cattle, and agriculture.

Every mile took us nearer to the mountains; and at last the train began climbing up the Divide, or watershed of the Platte and Arkansas. Here we first got among the Pineries, a great source of wealth all along the Rocky Mountains; and at Larkspur passed a large steam saw-mill in full work. Up the Eight Mile, a little creek which runs



Prairie "Ranche" near Salina, p. 77.

north from the top of the Divide, the grade was very steep, seventy-five feet to the mile; and in a few moments we stopped at the summit, by the lake, which from its north end feeds the Platte, and from its south the Arkansas. It was the highest point of ground I had ever been on, being 7,554 feet above the sea; only second in height to Sherman, on the Union Pacific Railroad, which is 8,370.

We got out of the car while some telegrams were dispatched, and walked about a little to warm ourselves, for the place bore out its reputation of being the coldest spot in Colorado; and then began the run down to the Springs, about thirty miles. The road now was picturesque in the extreme, winding along the banks of the Monument Creek, past fantastic sandstone rocks, water-worn into pillars, and arches, and great castles with battlemented walls, on the top of every hill. Through the pine-trees we now and then caught glimpses of the mountains, pink and purple, towering up ridge over ridge; till, about Husteds, the whole panorama south of the Divide lay stretched beneath us.

To the right the foot hills rose, crowned by the snow-covered head of Pike's Peak, 14,336 feet above the sea, south the horizon was bounded by Cheyenne Mountain, standing out into the plain; and from it to the eastward stretched the boundless prairie.

An hour more, through Monument Park, over trestle bridges, and past deserted "grading camps," each of which recalled some fun or adventure to most of my fellow-passengers; till we ran over the last few miles of level land, and pulled up at a log cabin by the side of the track; and I found I was at home!

LADY BELL.

By the AUTHOR of "Citoyenne Jacqueline."

CHAPTER V.—AN IMPRISONED PRINCESS.



THE family did not meet at dinner, the only meal at which they professed to gather, the day after Lady Bell came to St. Bevis's. But on the following day she had again an opportunity of seeing her uncle. She was summoned into the dining-room, where she had seen him on the evening of her arrival, in order to sit down to table with the rest.

The Squire, standing near the foot of the table, made her a little mocking bow. "May I flatter myself country air does not——" he left the sentence unfinished as if he had forgotten her existence before he could conclude his speech. He began carving the meat in the middle of Mr. Greenwood's saying grace. "The odds are upon Skyflyer," he observed presently in a low tone to the chaplain, and a little later in the meal he made an investigation of the same authority with regard to a certain horse-ball. He spoke to no one else, neither did Mrs. Die directly address her brother, though she kept growling audibly at him from her end of the table, like a dog that will give tongue and show its teeth, though it knows that the protest will pass unheeded; nay, that perhaps the protester will have punishment dealt to it for its pains.

"Nothing but mutton and fowls, Kitty," exclaimed Mrs. Die; "we'll be at the boards themselves soon. No, I know that you can't help it. Burgundy? Don't we wash our hands in Burgundy, it goes so fast, Sneyd? Short of wet and dry fruit for kickshaws, and no more to be had from Cleveburgh till we've cleared our scores; that will be long enough, not till after our tricks with stable-boys and gambling house-keepers beat cleverer knaves' tricks."

That dinner was a fair sample of following dinners.

Lady Bell lived on at St. Bevis's. She had no other resource, and found that her fate, piteous as it was, did not prove so unbearable as she had feared. It is the experience of most of us, particularly at the plastic age of fourteen.

The Squire, who had spent the greater part of his youth in London, though he had deserted the town or found it too hot for him, was hardly ever at home: Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, races of local celebrity, local gaming clubs, and card matches, pretty much divided his time. On the occasions when he was at home, his treatment of Lady Bell was to ignore her presence.

If a sister of Mr. Godwin's had happened to marry a spendthrift nobleman, and husband and wife had died, leaving a puny, vapid girl, it was no fault of his, and he was not called upon to cumber himself with considerations regarding her welfare.

Squire Godwin succeeded in impressing Lady Bell more deeply than all the fine gentlemen whom she had seen at her grand-aunts, and in striking her with awe; but she could not complain greatly of his overlooking her, since she, poor child, felt tempted to shrink out of his sight.

Mrs. Die was a woman half crazy with wrongs, utterly wanting in principle and self-restraint, and using strong stimulants; but, as she had said of her hate, she had too much to do brooding over her fate and fighting with her enemies, to trouble herself with tormenting Lady Bell.

Mrs. Die let the girl alone for the most part, unless when her youth and opening prospects, unblighted, however slender, pierced her aunt with the sting of recollection. Even then Mrs. Die would content herself with a passing taunt at the girl's girlishness, untold fortunes, and imagined aspirations, and forget all about her the next moment.

Mrs. Kitty's smaller nature and comparative leisure from introspection and desperate schemes, left her more at liberty to cherish a grudge and a jealousy, and to visit them continually, like the dropping of water, on the head of a hapless, defenceless victim.

But Mrs. Kitty, too, had an engrossing interest and occupation, which was not snub-

bing Lady Bell. Mrs. Kitty had room in her narrow heart for a slavish devotion, the more ardent that it flowed in a single confined channel, and that devotion was at once lavished and concentrated on Mrs. Die.

In the old days, when Mrs. Die had been a brilliant, ill-regulated, reckless girl, she had taken by storm the heart of the ungifted, branded dependant, reared and retained at St. Bevis's in the spirit of a coarse tolerance, by the heedless generosity which had overleaped the gulf between the girls, and had raised Mrs. Kitty to a convenient place in Mrs. Die's confidence and regard.

Mrs. Kitty's hands were full not only with grasping tightly such reins of domestic government as were left at St. Bevis's, but with protecting Mrs. Die from herself and her neighbours, and cherishing the lost woman so far as she would suffer herself to be cherished.

There were pullings down in her airs for Lady Bell, which, as she grew accustomed to the process, did not hurt the girl much, only put her on her mettle and provoked her to undesirable pertness.

There were little deprivations in what comforts and luxuries of soft pillows, hot water, apples, nuts, prunes, were going at St. Bevis's —a piece of petty malice which might cause Lady Bell's young bones, blood, and appetite to crave and cry out, and her sense of fairness and honour to smart, but which did not press hardly on a healthy girl already trained to some measure of self-denial, as such girls were commonly trained. What was worse, there was the sedulous suspicious guarding of Lady Bell from ever coming near Mrs. Die in any moment of weakness or kindred kindness on Mrs. Die's part. Mrs. Kitty took care that there should not be the most distant danger of Lady Bell's stepping between them, and ousting Mrs. Kitty from the place which she prized so highly, that she fancied the whole world must prize it too, as the recipient of Mrs. Die's unhappy secrets. But Lady Bell did not covet the post which was thus denied her.

This was the trifling amount of vengeance —even more trifling in sound than in reality —which, so far as it appeared, was all Mrs. Kitty chose to inflict on Lady Bell for coming to St. Bevis's at all, and after coming for taking it upon her to give orders to Mrs. Kitty as if she were a common servant—the servant of a minx like Lady Bell, poorer than Mrs. Kitty herself, and doomed to hang as another burden on the Godwins, making up the dead weight under which the house was tottering to its fall.

Mr. Sneyd and Mr. Greenwood, the remaining authorities, with the exception of the bailiffs who were billeted at St. Bevis's every month or two, were good-natured scamps and vagabonds each according to his cloth, who not uncharacteristically experienced a lingering sentiment of shame, pity, and tenderness, of which their master was destitute, where the young girl, Lady Bell, was concerned. The butler and the chaplain did not resent, like Mrs. Kitty, Lady Bell's obstinately refusing to consent to any freedom of speech and bearing on their part. They even applauded her for it, crying, Curse them, Lady Bell was game. She was a proud, delicate-minded young lady, who deserved another fate, which they would have procured for her, if it had been in their power, and had not cost them too much. They did what they could.

Mr. Greenwood and Mr. Sneyd conformed themselves, where Lady Bell was in question, to her notions of propriety, and flattered and won her to some friendly feeling towards them in their debasement, by the respect which they showed her and the trouble which they took to be of use to her.

Mr. Greenwood offered Lady Bell humbly his valuable assistance in the practice of penmanship and the study of French fables, to which she had set herself in accordance with a promise to her dead friend, with a sort of dull childish fidelity to the letter, and with a hopeless doggedness of spirit.

Mr. Sneyd exerted himself to ride out with Lady Bell. Nobody interfered with the men's performance of these good offices, which formed an agreeable, a reclaiming element in the worthless tenor of their lives.

At first St. Bevis's was horribly, heavily dull to Lady Bell; nor there were no visitors and no visits. The Squire did not bring company to St. Bevis's; Mrs. Die had long retired from her world. The appeal to the quarter sessions remained for months the solitary episode which broke the dreary monotony of Lady Bell's life.

But the oppression of dulness grew lightened by custom and in time, though not from Lady Bell's acquiring rapidly country tastes, not even after sloppy mid-winter had given place to the rosy-tipped buds of spring.

Nature, though for the most part accessible to all, requires an introduction to her court, and a suit paid to her after the fashion of sovereigns, before she will bestow her rewards.

In Lady Bell's day, rude nature was at a discount; such nature as was sought after,

praised, and worshipped, was tricked out, transformed, artificial nature. This was not the nature of the neglected, sodden fields, the waste lands, the hovels of cottages, with their sometimes savagely ignorant and always uncared-for occupants, and the stony, rutted roads, like water-courses, all about St. Bevis's.

Besides, youth when it has been town-bred, and if it have not the instinctive passion for nature, does not, in the order of things—in the fantastic extravagance of its emotions and the lethargy of its weariness, have recourse to the last earthly refuge of well-balanced, wise old age.

Lady Bell, as her past life faded like a dream—so that London drawing-rooms, public gardens, royal birthdays, Lord Mayor's shows, satin and spangles, hautboys and French horns, became the merest far-away visions and echoes—adopted ingenious devices, not unlike those of a prisoner, to employ her energies and help her to spend her days.

She not only wrote copies, conned French and read history for Mr. Greenwood, she executed intricate feats of stitching and embroidery, with such materials as she could command, entirely for her own gratification. She had learned a little drawing, principally to enable her to trace patterns for her work, and she now accumulated patterns which would serve her for the "flowering" of ruffles and aprons till she was ninety-nine, if her eyes stood out.

The closet where she slept, which was all that she could claim as a privileged place of resort and retirement, was not only the haunt peopled by innumerable girlish fancies, but she exercised her skill within its bounds, preserving her health of body and mind in finding there never-ending objects of interest and amusement.

With a little childish make-believe, the closet was curiously and elaborately adorned for no other eyes than her own. The walls were covered with her patterns, the curtains were draped and looped according to her device. On the chimney-piece were tinted fan-sticks, thread-papers, cock's feathers, imitation flowers.

Her little bird which a farm-boy had caught for her, and her kitten which had strayed into the habitable part of the house from a colony among the ruins, were trained by her to form a happy family.

Thus the solitary girl occupied and entertained herself as an imprisoned princess might have sought to improve and beguile the hours, not altogether unhappily, for Lady Bell was clever, her temper was naturally cheerful, and in youth the spirit is elastic, fit to rise again buoyantly after a blow, to build new castles in the air, to remain uncrushed by mere neglect.

Lady Bell had not long time given her to pursue her own course and the even tenor of her way at St. Bevis's. In the first spring of her stay, about six months after her arrival, the great man of the neighbourhood, Lord Thorold, came down to his place of Brooklands, on the eve of his marriage, accompanied by a large party, including his intended bride and her family, and feasted the public in his house and grounds, thrown open in honour of the occasion.

Squire Godwin chose to accept the invitation not only for himself, but for his household. Either he was unwilling to give way to the evil odour in which he was held, or he felt inclined to test it, or he desired to propitiate the magnate.

Whatever the motive, the result was the same; an order was issued which even Mrs. Die did not dispute, though she had not been in public save at the quarter sessions, not even so far as to hear Mr. Greenwood preach in the little church close at hand, of which Squire Godwin was the patron, for these dozen years and more. The whole family at St. Bevis's were to grace Lord Thorold's wedding rejoicings.

CHAPTER VI.—FROM SCYLLA TO CHARYBDIS.

"It is an ill wind which blows nobody good," Lady Bell thought, rising with the alacrity of her years to join the pleasure-seekers.

She ransacked her trunks, and went into high dress—the extremely high dress of Lady Lucie's order and era. Once more Lady Bell put on a peach-blossom coloured paduasoy, a muslin neckerchief drawn through the straps of her white silk stays, and a Rubens hat above her powdered curls, and started abroad to flutter like her companion butterflies in the sunshine and splendour of high life and its holiday.

Mrs. Die, sitting opposite Lady Bell in the family coach, so seldom in use, was not so inappropriate in costume as in physiognomy. The fabric of ladies' gowns possessed in those days the advantage of lasting for generations; country fashions were not expected to change above once or twice in a lifetime. Mrs. Die's dead-leaf coloured cut velvet, her lace, and the few jewels which, as heirlooms of the Godwins, had not been confiscated, were not amiss for an unhappy, haunted lady of quality.

Mrs. Kitty in her mode cloak and bonnet, and black satin muff, formed a creditable waiting gentlewoman.

But the group, however stared at and commented upon, remained isolated and apart after they had entered the great gateway, and joined the rest of the Warwickshire world, high and low. The guests were meant to mix in the sports, and to promenade among the refreshment tents, and about the spaces allotted for games and dancing, and to sit on a green terrace listening to a band of music, and witnessing a little wedding-drama, "writ" for the occasion, in which the real bride and bridegroom, with a master of the ceremonies, and several nymphs to serve as the indispensable chorus, were the actors.

But Lady Bell wearied of the spectacle, and began to fret secretly at her strict spectatorship of the play, though the May weather was fine, and the scene in the gay young green of the season, and the lively colours of the holiday company, was very effective.

After Lady Bell had decided hastily that the bride—a great fortune—however languishing and abounding in airs, and however bejewelled, was far behind the court ladies whom Lady Bell had seen; that the bridegroom looked not quite sober at that moment, that the company were in keeping with the king and queen of the feast, she ceased to mind them exclusively.

She admired idly the red cloaks of the country girls, seen among the shrubbery like poppies in corn. She turned to watch a fleet of swans on an artificial lake beyond the turf stage on which the chief show had been held.

At last, neglected as Lady Bell was by Mrs. Die and Mrs. Kitty, who snarled and made their own observations, and forgotten by Mr. Greenwood, who was with the Squire betting in the centre of a shooting-match, Lady Bell rashly ventured to stroll away from the others, trusting to find them where she had left them. She fancied she would like to inspect the swans more narrowly, to see if there were any of the silver pheasants of which she had heard, in the bushes, to look at, and smell at her leisure the fragrant flowering lilacs and thorns.

Lady Bell was punished for her enterprise. There was a mixed company at Brooklands that day, as there was wont to be at similar entertainments. Such gatherings were more dangerous even than public assemblies like riddotos or Ranelagh, because, in the latter case, the rules of admission placed a check on the guests. There a disguised highwayman, flush of money, might, if he were inclined for mild amusement, impose upon a master of the assembly, and dance cotillons and drink negus with honest folk, but he must be in disguise, and act up to his character. Here a desperate penniless vagabond could intrude with the wild hope of mending his broken fortunes. Not only were simple boors from far and near, in their clean smocks and knots of ribbons, collected and regaled free from charge at Brooklands, but with them came disreputable hangers-on at the country houses and the wayside inns, servants out of place, discharged soldiers, scamps of every description, attracted by a day's rough junketing and possible profit.

Lady Bell learnt, in her painful experience, that a handsome young lady of fifteen years of age, richly dressed, and separated from her party, was in perilous circumstances at such a place.

She had discerned that she had gone farther than she had intended in an unfrequented direction, and had turned to retrace her steps along a path between high hazel bushes, when a man, in a horseman's cloak, still worn off the stage, rounded a corner, and intercepted her by stopping short and standing directly in her way.

Though to Lady Bell horsemen's cloaks were not uncommon accoutrements for travellers and men whose changes of suit were not numerous, yet this great, hideous, hide-all of a cloak—exactly such a cloak as may be worn by the Stranger in Kotzebue's drama, to this day—was attended with the result of investing its wearer with mystery. The air of that cloak alone sent a thrill through poor Lady Bell, while she had an instinctive consciousness that the riding-boots seen beneath the cloak, were filthy and tattered. Above it, set in the unshorn Ishmaelite face over which the three-cornered hat was cocked, and which she had never seen before, were two blood-shot eyes, that in their tendency to leer, inspected her sharply.

Lady Bell tried to pass without speaking, and when that was in vain, she assumed her grandest air, and said, with the tremor in her voice running through its imperativeness—

"Pray, sir, allow me to pass."

"Not so fast, young lady," replied the man in a thick harsh voice, but with the accent of a man of education; "I want speech with one of your sort—perhaps with you in particular. Ain't you young Lady Bell Etheredge?"

"And what if I be?" demanded Lady



"LADY BELL."

Bell, in doubt and dismay for the consequences of the admission, yet not seeing how she could avoid it, while she rued her folly bitterly.

"A vast deal in my favour, if you be, my young lady," replied her challenger with a mock wave of his hand, and a flourish of his hat revealing the absence of a wig, "scratch" or "bag," to hide the thin and almost white hair of a head which had been blanched betimes in the ways of vice. "I wish you to tell me if Mrs. Die Godwin has come here. I have the strongest and tenderest reasons for the inquiry," he protested, with a loud laugh.

Then this was her aunt Die's terrible suitor, whom her Uncle Godwin had destroyed? This was that Cholmondely who would not leave off seeking revenge, after the cruel kindness of the Godwins had changed to hardly more cruel hatred, by flaunting his degradation in Mrs. Die's face, and persecuting her with her old letters and love-tokens, and wringing money from the woman who spurned and detested him?

Lady Bell had heard that he had threatened to blow out either his own or his mistress's brains—it was a toss up which; but as she would be only too glad to get rid of him, he rather thought the lady's brains would have the preference. Perhaps he had a pistol beneath his cloak at this moment, and might begin by practising his aim on Lady Bell. She gave a gasp before she delivered her answer—"When I quitted Mrs. Die she was sitting on the terrace with the main part of the company."

"By heavens, that will not serve my purpose!" swore the man; then he added, either by way of intimidation or because he was three-fourths desperate and dangerous, "I wonder how it would do to take you in her stead," and caught Lady Bell by the wrist.

"Unhand me, unhand me, sir!" cried Lady Bell, striving to free her hand, and when she did not succeed, uttering a shrill scream before the man could clap his hand on her mouth.

To Lady Bell's unbounded relief the scream brought a champion to her aid without a moment's delay.

A gentleman, who must have been walking behind her, ran forward, shouting, "Let alone the lady!" then, as a recognition ensued, he vociferated, "Be off with you, Will Cholmondely; I have screened you as a fallen gentleman in distress, before now, but if it has come to this, that you are to fright and prey on ladies in public places, I'll have nothing more to say to you. I'll have you up to justice myself."

Cholmondely growled something half inaudibly of not designing the young lady any harm, of having as good a right to be there as any Bully Trevor, of Trevor Court, among them. He slunk away, nevertheless, and left Lady Bell to her deliverer.

This gentleman, so well met, ought to have been long of wind as of leg, befitting the young prince come to the rescue of the young princess. On the contrary, however, he was finding as much difficulty, though the impeding cause was different, in recovering his breath as Lady Bell was finding in recovering hers.

He was a stout, florid man of sixty, bull-necked, short if firm on the legs, and wearing the brown coat and scarlet vest, which in one style of man preceded the blue coat and yellow vest identified with American republicanism and Charles James Fox. He was not an altogether uncomely, elderly gentleman, but he was narrow-browed and heavy-jowled, and showed himself at once extremely choleric. Even while complying with the form of standing with his hat in his hand he was rating Lady Bell soundly for getting him out of breath and into collision with a scamp.

"What were you doing at an affair of this sort all alone, ma'am? Han't you been told of the villain Hackman shooting Miss Rae at the door of Covent Garden Theatre?"

After he was a little mollified by the evident inexperience of the culprit, by the dewy freshness of the weeping eyes and the child-like pout of the quivering lips, he still scolded, though he extended his scolding, causing it to fall less heavily on the individual head.

"Bless my soul, you're a very young lady; somebody ought to be taking charge of you. Whom do you belong to?"

Lady Bell was affronted in the middle of her gratitude, for she was Lady Bell Etheredge—she was not likely to forget that, though she had suffered humiliation; in fact, the more she was humbled the more she clung to the remembrance of how, until she had come to St. Bevis's, she had been treated with the respect due to her rank.

But she bethought herself that doubtless this imperious old gentleman had daughters of her age whom he was in the habit of hectoring, that thus it was by a not unfriendly, fatherly forgetfulness he took her to task; so, in place of letting herself grow indignant, she looked up in his face with a disarming confidingness in her dark eyes, and spoke out

her thoughts frankly: "I daresay, sir, if I had been a daughter of yours, I should not have been suffered to expose myself. But I am Lady Bell Etheredge, and as my father and mother and Lady Lucie Penruddock are all dead, I am staying with Squire Godwin."

She stopped there, as if that were sufficient explanation of her loneliness.

The listener replied in a tone of curious mortification and irritation, as of a vain man petted to the sensitiveness of a girl on the oddest points.

"A daughter of mine! madam—my lady, I crave leave to tell you that I have not the honour to have a daughter, nor a son neither, for that matter, whether bantling or young lady or gentleman." He paused, with a shade of shame at the ridiculousness of his annoyance. "No matter, you are Lady Bell Etheredge, and you are staying with Squire Godwin," he repeated, settling and shaking his double chin dogmatically in his cravat; "that is queer enough, since he is an old political ally of mine. It is business with him which brings me now to this part of the country, and I thought I should like to look in on Lord Thorold's party in the by-going—the better for you, Lady Bell—the better for you, and we'll hope not the worse for me in the long-run," he told her emphatically.

He went on again, as if pondering over and digesting her statement, not without an accent of satisfaction. "Your father the Earl, and your mother the Countess, are dead a number of years ago, I knew that, of course, and Lady Lucie Penruddock—I think I have heard of her as a lady of repute and discretion. And so you have taken up your quarters—cold quarters, eh?—at St. Bevis's."

Lady Bell would have been not merely affronted, but mortally offended, by the freedom of the last words, had they not been spoken abstractedly, like the words of a man accustomed to lead an autocratic, solitary life, and to speak to himself for lack of a qualified audience.

He wound up by stretching out his hand to take that of Lady Bell's, and making the proposal—"Come, Lady Bell, I shall lead you back to your guardians, and renew my acquaintance with Squire Godwin."

Lady Bell submitted, and when she reached the spot where she had left her aunt, she found Mrs. Die with Mrs. Kitty in high dudgeon, declining so much as to give an account of their stewardship to Mr. Greenwood, who was looking about in consternation for Lady Bell.

As for Squire Godwin he was lolling against a tree a little apart, his arms folded, his chin in the air, his eyes half closed; if he had not been standing he might have been fast asleep.

Lady Bell's companion, Mr. Trevor, of Trevor Court, stepped up to Mr. Godwin, and saluted him pointedly, "Your servant, sir. I hope you've not forgot me, since I have come to the neighbourhood on purpose to transact a piece of business with you, and I have brought back your niece, Lady Bell Etheredge, who has strayed and nearly come to grief in this crowd."

"I am obliged to you, Mr. Trevor; I remember you perfectly." Mr. Godwin acknowledged both the man and the favour with the utmost suavity and the least interest.

"It is about the purchase of that little corner of your Staffordshire property which is next to mine," explained Squire Trevor brusquely. "As for the service to Lady Bell," he added in an undertone, looking after the girl while she withdrew to the other side of Mrs. Die and Mrs. Kitty, "I make bold to hope I may establish a right to serve her, before we have done with our business, Squire Godwin."

"With all my heart," responded Squire Godwin, with a bow of imperturbable acquiescence.

CHAPTER VII.—AN OLD SQUIRE'S WOOING.

SQUIRE TREVOR wanted a wife. He had been long of setting about to supply the want; he was the keener in his search when he had begun it. His latent determination to exercise his prerogative and marry like other men whenever the fit took him, had been lately fanned into a flame by the supposed insolence of the heir-presumptive in counting prematurely on Squire Trevor, of Trevor Court, dying a bachelor.

He had not thought of coming to St. Bevis's to find the wife whom he had in his mind, for he had only learnt accidentally from Lady Bell herself that there was a marriageable young lady at St. Bevis's. But stumbling, as he had chanced to stumble, on Lady Bell in her strait with an untoward guest at Brooklands, having helped her, he was drawn by her rank, youth, and high-bred April charms, while he was not repelled by her presumed absence of fortune.

Squire Trevor actually resolved—and with him to resolve was to perform—before he came up to Squire Godwin, and ascertained that the uncle would be consenting to the sale and sacrifice of the niece, that Squire Trevor's wife should be Lady Bell Etheredge.

When gentlemen like Squires Trevor and

Godwin made up their minds to a match, a century or more ago, they did not let grass grow on their intentions, or stand on ceremony and mince matters in bringing them to pass.

Squire Godwin's party, on its return that May night from Brooklands to St. Bevis's, had the benefit of Squire Trevor's company and that of his two servants.

Mr. Trevor stayed ten days at St. Bevis's, busy every morning during the first part of his stay, over accounts and papers with Mr. Godwin and a scrivener summoned for the purpose. Every afternoon he would saunter about, ride, course, or take a turn at bowls or skittles, unwieldy as he was, to stretch his limbs. Then he would take a dish of tea in Mrs. Die's parlour, before he sat down to play cards with his host and the chaplain.

Long before the ten days were at an end, it was an established fact, plain to the whole household, that Squire Trevor, who in these days of early marriages might have been Lady Bell Etheredge's grandfather, was paying court to Lady Bell, and that he was only tarrying so long to have the connection settled. Nay, possibly, as the affairs of the family were in a desperate condition, the family might dispense with ceremony. Mr. Trevor might propose to marry Lady Bell off hand, since he had no time to lose, and, in order to relieve himself from the trouble of another journey of several days, when he was just getting in his hay crop. In that case Mr. Trevor might carry away Lady Bell with him, and leave her to fix upon and lay in her marriage suits, by his generosity, at Trevor Court. Such marriages were arranged by old cronies, fathers and guardians, and run up in a trice, without time being granted to make mouths at them. Young lads were sent for from college, girls were called from their tambour-frames, even from their dolls, and barely informed before they went into the presence of the parson, who was always at hand, that it was to decide summarily their fate, they were thus brought on the scene of action.

Lady Bell was the last person in the household at St. Bevis's to learn what was in store for her. By the time she learned it, every preliminary had been agreed upon, the marriage contract was drawn out, the day all but named. Mr. Godwin had answered in the affirmative for his niece. Mrs. Die was perfectly indifferent.

Mrs. Kitty was indifferent and malicious at the same time, because this poor upstart fiddle-faddle Lady Bell was to pass beyond Mrs. Kitty's authority, quitting St. Bevis's with a bride's honours—such as they were, of which Mrs. Kitty's Amazon queen, Mrs. Die, had been monstrously defrauded in her day.

Even Mr. Sneyd and Mr. Greenwood looked on the marriage of Squire Trevor with Lady Bell, for the most part, favourably. What little rue the men felt was chiefly on their own account; for her sake they were inclined, on due reflection, to welcome the match as not altogether out of course, and perhaps the best thing that could be hoped for Lady Bell.

St. Bevis had not so fair a reputation, or such a promise of dowries for young ladies that it should draw wooers to Lady Bell. Of such wooers as would risk an association with Squire Godwin—a partnership in bets, an opposite book at Newmarket, or a night with him at cards—how many even of the likeliest young fellows would present a character half as honest for a husband as Squire Trevor, and a rent-roll by many degrees so unencumbered as that of Trevor Court?

Finally, as a compensation and triumphant conclusion of the matter, these gentlemen—Lady Bell's most considerate and indulgent friends—were guilty of proposing in their own minds, for the innocent girl's comfort, that she would in all probability be left a young widow,—if she played her cards well a rich young widow,—while she had still plenty of time and opportunity to please her taste in a second husband.

But Lady Bell was utterly incredulous, dumb-foundered, adverse, obdurate, only too vehemently so to begin with.

Certainly she had often heard of such marriages as that which she was required to make. Ay, and she had heard them insisted on as a portionless girl's simple solemn duty. While, on the other hand, she had known all marriages contracted rashly, impudently in defiance of friends, characterized by no less an authority than Lady Lucie Penruddock as acts of gross impropriety and disgraceful insubordination, which ought to compromise, and did compromise, a young woman fatally, and bring upon her punishment in proportion to the offence.

Lady Bell was not able to persuade herself that her former idol, Lady Lucie, would have been on her side in this question. Lady Bell's poor heart sunk like lead when she took Lady Lucie's opinions into consideration. She dared not think of Lady Lucie during the tumult and rebellion of these May days at St. Bevis's.

But through all the girl's elaborately artificial training, there was the young heart

beating fast and warm with true instincts of what meetness was, of what sympathy meant, of what "the great passion" might prove.

In the remote background of all Lady Bell's girlishly proud schemes and undertakings to keep up her studies and gentlewoman's accomplishments, to improve herself, to spend her time not amiss, even amidst the neglect and disorder of St. Bevis's, there had hovered always the bright sweet hope of deliverance and a deliverer.

In Lady Lucie's set Lady Bell had not been without hearing of the young loves, consecrated by tragedy, of such a couple as Lord and Lady Tavistock. She had witnessed with her own eyes "proper" young pairs rejoicing in their real union, entering on life with every assurance of the closest friendship, the tenderest intimacy till death should them part.

With her rapidly budding womanly instincts, with the fervour of her youthful recollections, Lady Bell absolutely revolted at being wedded to Mr. Trevor without her will being consulted.

The deliverer whom she had dimly anticipated in a glamour and glory of romance was not a bull-necked, stout-bodied, short-legged squire of sixty and upwards, in a brown coat and scarlet vest.

Lady Bell had owed to Squire Trevor the trifling boon of his having walked in the same direction as herself at Brooklands. Oh! how she wished she had not been so perverse as to weary of the strutting and speechifying of Lord Thorold and Miss Babbage, if sitting still would have prevented this catastrophe!

But although Squire Trevor had saved Lady Bell by a word from an unscrupulous vagabond, Lady Bell had not taken to Squire Trevor from the first. She had been disagreeably struck by his touchy vanity, his rude dictation. She was indignant, disgusted, furiously angry when she learnt the proposal he had made of himself within the first week of their acquaintance.

But who was to help Lady Bell to assort her sentiments?

Instead of helping, every one was against her, and she was only a girl of fifteen, all the more likely to be overborne and to give in at last, because of two things, the unreasonable violence of her opposition, and her old-fashioned, factitious dignity and self-consciousness.

Lady Bell's first tactics were sufficiently transparent; she made herself as disagreeable as possible to Squire Trevor. She never spoke to him voluntarily, and she only answered him in monosyllables.

She retreated before his approach in the wilderness garden, or under the portico, showing him the last sweep of the tail of her train. She turned her shoulder to him, polite as she was, when she was forced to encounter him in Mrs. Die's parlour, and when, to Lady Bell's anger and dismay, the seat next her was significantly appropriated to Squire Trevor.

She would not accept the early rose which he took from the bow-pot and offered to her.

She would not eat the bread and butter which he had, according to the homely gallantry of the generation, prepared specially for her consumption.

She refused to sing to him.

She ventured to cry aloud coldly, "Oh! Mr. Trevor, don't make such a pother," when he insisted on her being promoted to the card-table on the single occasion that Squire Godwin condescended to sit down for a family game, with Mrs. Die launching at her brother her madly malicious innuendoes.

CHAPTER VIII.—MARRIED IN A DAY.

All was utterly in vain, as futile as Lady Bell's dressing herself in her dowdiest clothes with her shabbiest, least "setting" top-knots. If Lady Bell had only known in her youthful inexperience, there was something irresistibly piquant and provocative in her pouts and flouts, her sulks and déshabillés, to most men who had her in their power. The mere circumstance that her resistance, sincere to anguish as it was, in its openness was weak as her age, would have been enough to all, save a generous man, in the conduct of such an attack, while to a man like Squire Trevor, any opposition, however feeble, served but as tinder to flame.

Lady Bell's next move was made in the utmost alarm at the arrival of a pair of valuable buckles set with diamonds, and a necklace with an emerald "bob," for which Squire Trevor had sent a messenger expressly, and which were put by his direction, and the connivance of others, in their cases with the lids open, on the little table before the mirror in Lady Bell's closet.

She ventured to seek her uncle when he was alone in the dining-room, and to tell him plainly, "Uncle Godwin, I am sorry to plague you, but I will not marry Squire Trevor."

For his answer, Mr. Godwin raised his eyebrows, and having nearly demolished Lady Bell by this simple operation, and its super-

cilious reception of her declaration of war, he proceeded further to annihilate her.

"My Lady Bell, let me ask you, and forgive me for the indelicacy of the question, have you any means of subsistence except wha grant you?"

"No, sir," answered Lady Bell, faint and low at the home-thrust; and she was not able to tell her uncle, because in the annals of her rank she had not yet heard of such an enterprise, and was ignorant how to set about it, that she would no longer be indebted to his bounty—she would go forth and earn her own bread, or perish without it, but she would not barter herself, for the sake of his making a better bargain in the sale of an unentailed fragment of his estate, or that he might be permanently rid of the burden of her maintenance.

It would not have mattered although Lady



Page 83.

Bell had done so, for Squire Godwin would only have mocked her merrily and reminded her, that as she was an old lady of not more than fifteen, that he was her lawful guardian, and could raise the country in pursuit of her, could drag her into a public court in order to have her shamed, rebuked, and restored to his natural keeping.

But all that Lady Bell said was, "No, sir," with bitter humiliation.

"Then I have the honour to tell you, madam," Squire Godwin continued with the utmost coolness, "that I am a ruined man, and can no longer afford to support you. On that and every other account I hasten to accept so unexceptionable an establishment

for you as a marriage with Squire Trevor will secure. Therefore, my niece, I beg to hear no more idle objections, unless you are prepared to show a better right to make them."

The Squire turned on his heel and drummed with his fingers on the chimney-piece. Lady Bell turned also, and ran tottering from the room.

She soon felt her confidence ebbing away; her sense of right and wrong grew hopelessly confused; her perplexity, despondency, and despair of escape became more than she could bear. At last an accident and Lady Bell's own lively impulse put an end to the struggle.

One of the executions of which Mrs. Die had spoken to Lady Bell on her first day at St. Bevis's, was put into the house. Bailiffs with writs turning up unexpectedly one morning, and not doing their spiriting gently, did not compose Lady Bell's shaken nerves, though it must be owned that Mr. Godwin and Mrs. Die took the visitation with great equanimity, and did not even disturb themselves on account of the presence of Mr. Trevor, but left it to his swagger and stoutness to be exceedingly aggrieved by the disagreeable interruption to his wooing.

Within twelve hours the rough men walking about the house at their pleasure, in muddy shoes, with hats on their heads, and smelling of beer and gin, stripped from St. Bevis's, as bailiffs had done more than once already, every article that would lift. They even put profane hands on some of Lady Bell's fragile performanees of fan-handles and card-boxes. The men included in their sweep, as they had not included on former occasions, the very wearing apparel of the heads of the family.

Furniture and clothing were piled and stuffed into waggons brought round under the portico for the purpose, to be driven off and have the contents sold in the market place of Cleveburgh.

Squire Godwin, who was not liable to personal arrest because of the seat in Parliament which he, his father, and grandfather had held since the Long Parliament and the Charleses, and Mrs. Die, were left like one of Hogarth's couples—only this couple were used to the extremity, and it did not discompose them—sitting desolate among a few heirlooms of old pictures, plate, and jewels.

The brother and sister and their household were without changes of clothes, without beds to lie down upon, without vessels out of which to eat such victuals as they could procure; while Mrs. Kitty, Mr. Sneyd, and Mr. Greenwood, were hurrying here and there, on foot and on horseback, exerting themselves frantically to collect fresh necessaries.

Squire Trevor pulled out a bundle of bank-notes from his pocket-book, and put them uncounted into Mrs. Kitty's hand.

Lady Bell saw the deed from the window-recess in which she was standing, shivering with agitation. She came out and acted on it.

"Squire Trevor," she declared, "I for one cannot consent that my friends and I shall live on your charity, while I will not marry you. I will marry you, sir, now, when you please."

He turned briskly. "So, you've come to your senses, my lady," he remarked drily; "I am glad to hear it;" and he took her at her word.

Need one say that she hated him the more for so taking her, and that she repented her word the moment it was spoken?

Lady Bell was married within a few days, so soon as Mrs. Kitty could repair in a decent manner, by Mr. Trevor's bounty, the destruction at St. Bevis's.

The morning of her marriage-day Lady Bell stood, for the last time, at the parlour window, looking out on the prospect which had claimed her on her arrival, and had since become familiar and almost home-like.

It was a soft summer rain—so soft that the rooks were cawing and the blackbirds singing through the wet, as if they knew how the corn was sprouting, and the fruit germs, from which the blossoms were falling, were setting in the genial, timely moisture.

The very fragment of the great house, which one man had begun, but no man would finish, because beams and copestones had been launched away on a horse's heels, and rattled down with a throw of the dice—seemed as if it were wept upon by the patient sky's purifying tears.

Lady Bell was no longer wrathful and wounded to the quick in her self-respect, her maidenly pride, her noble birth. She was sick and sad, wishing that she could die in her youth, with this day, and that the rain might be falling on her grave.

"So, you are going from this evil house, Lady Bell, before its fate fall upon you," said Mrs. Die.

It was the gentlest speech she had ever made to her niece, but it was spoken not so much in remorse, or in atonement, or in faint congratulation, as in a certain dreary sense that a presence, strange for many a day,

which she had not prized while she had it, that had come and abode for a season at St. Bevis's, was going from it for ever. It was the presence of youth, simplicity, hope, a heart ungnawed as yet with passion, which might have made the vacant, haunted place less doleful.

Mrs. Kitty hastened to interpose with a parting sneer. "Sure, Lady Bell will never remember such unfortunate, stay-at-home folks as we are at St. Bevis's, when she is a young married madam, gadding abroad with her gay bridegroom."

These were the gibes which Lady Bell heard, instead of the flattering assurances and fond prognostications which are wont to wait on brides.

She was married in her hat and habit, as she had come to St. Bevis's, because there was to be no marriage feast, inadmissible in the circumstances; and she had to start with Squire Trevor immediately after the ceremony.

The special license had been procured, and Mr. Greenwood had only to don his cassock, to marry Lady Bell in Mrs. Die's parlour.

It was the disreputable merry-andrew and scapegrace of a chaplain who held her by the hand for a moment at parting, and said seriously and from his heart, "May every happiness and prosperity attend you, Lady Bell."

"Thank you, sir," she answered him calmly and gravely, "and I have to thank you also for all the kindness which you have shown me since I came here, and to ask you to forgive me if I have ever offended you. Will you say the same from me to Sneyd, in case I should not get it said to him?"

She spoke it so prettily, and so like some poor young Lady Jane Grey on her way to the block, as Mr. Greenwood confided to his crony Sneyd afterwards, that the tears started to his eyes, and he was forced to retire and not see her ride away, because he could not have stood it without blubbering; and what would the Squire have said to such an exhibition?

AT HER WINDOW.

BEATING heart! we come again
Where my Love reposes:
This is Mabel's window-pane;
These are Mabel's roses.

Is she nested? Does she kneel
In the twilight stilly,
Lily clad from throat to heel,
She, my virgin lily?

Soon the wan, the wistful stars,
Fading, will forsake her;
Elves of light, on beamy bars,
Whisper then, and wake her.

Let this friendly pebble plead
At her flowery grating.
If she hear me will she heed?
Mabel, I am waiting!

Hark, yon raptured carol proves
Love no empty fable;—
Hush, sweet bird, her lattice moves...
Mabel, dearest Mabel!

FREDERICK LOCKER.

FAIRS AND PILGRIMAGES IN INDIA AND RUSSIA.

SECOND PAPER.

RAILWAYS, built with money borrowed chiefly from England, are fast bringing Russia within the range of the ordinary tourist. As yet, however, Americans and Anglo-Indians, both accustomed to long journeys, are the English-speaking foreigners met with most frequently in Russia. The former do not always penetrate beyond St. Petersburg. But the latter occasionally find their way to or from India through Russo-Asiatic territory. The Black and the Caspian Seas are now virtually Russian lakes. In a few years, when the railway is completed from Tiflis to Bakou on the Caspian, Russia will be able to place troops and supplies in Persia, and almost in Afghanistan, more rapidly and efficiently than we can do from India even when our State line from Lahore to Peshawur is completed. Odessa and Rostov, with the aid of the Suez Canal, are even now enabling Russia to obtain her supplies of Indian cotton and China tea by sea at all seasons, and are compensating her for her ice-bound coasts and desolate harbours in the far north.

The traveller who first enters Russia either by the dreary railway through Berlin, or, in summer, by the charming steamer route through Copenhagen, Stockholm, Finland, and Cronstadt, very soon discovers that St. Petersburg is no more unique than Paris or Vienna. The new capital of the Tsars is, indeed, but a magnified edition of these—interesting to all who care for palaces, art-galleries, and public buildings of the stereotyped European stamp, but by no means Russian. He who would study the people and their customs, as they were and as they now are, finds the materials in all of the Hermitage collections that refer to Peter the Great; in the crowds of worshippers who throng his little house on the Neva, close to the fortress and cathedral where rest his bones and those of his successors; in the great Nevski Prospekt, with its markets, churches, shops, stalls, and street life—the grandest thoroughfare in Europe; and, above all, in St. Isaak's, where, on a saint's day or a Sunday morning, thousands of men, women, and children stand packed for two hours under its golden dome, listening to the gloriously chanted ritual, and taking part in it at intervals with all the fervour and more than the genuflexions of an Asiatic devotee. But not till Moscow is reached does the foreigner feel that he is really in Russia. There, as in Hindoo Benares and in Mussulman Delhi before the Mutiny, one perpetual fair may be said to be held; to its Kremlin, pilgrimage from all parts of the empire is ever going on. He who has travelled or resided in the East at once finds himself at home in Moscow. The architecture, the colours, the people, the dress, the bazaars, the street life, the social customs, the superstitious devotion separated altogether from the practical life, the blazing sun of summer and the ever blue sky, are all Oriental, all redolent of Constantinople, of Cairo, of Agra. Troitza is the centre of almost nothing but religious pilgrims, the trade within and around the walls of the most sacred monastery in Russia being chiefly in the hands of the monks. Nijni Novgorod, again, is a purely commercial fair, and as such probably the largest in the world. It abounds with priestly beggars, and it has its cathedral; but otherwise religion can no more be discovered there than in an English market or a European "Exhibition." Moscow combines both in the true Indian fashion. In spite of its conflagration so recently, the city looks as old and as picturesque as if the work of Demetrius of the Don had never been swept away, but had only been added to, though not improved, by the Italian architects of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Even the opening of an Exhibition of Art and Industry on the purely Western model, during the last year, has not been able to give a modern tone to Moscow, or to de-orientalise the holy city of what is still an Asiatic race, fanatically devoted to the most Asiatic form of Christianity. The Moscow Exhibition of 1872 was utterly unlike anything of the kind in London, Paris, Vienna, or Copenhagen. Instead of one vast palace, of glass, wood, or brick, in which all the objects are classified for display, the collection was broken up into small departments, and to each department a separate house was allotted. These departments were not regularly arranged in Western style on an open plain, but were picturesquely piled up along three sides of the fortress-cathedral called the Kremlin. On one side, just beneath that fine palace of the Tsar Nicholas, from which the first Napoleon looked down on the burning of the city,

the Exhibition was squeezed between the Moscow river and the Kremlin walls. On the other two sides the departments lay along each line of a boulevard, and were perched back from it on the rocky foundations which uphold the domed Cathedrals of the Assumption and the Archangel Michael, and send up to heaven the Tower of Ivan Veliki with its silver bells. The grouping was perfect; the arrangement at once scientific and artistic. The same taste which in successive centuries has given to Russia structures only less architecturally satisfying than those of Agra and Delhi, was apparent in an organization which thus made the hideous uniformity of a Western display of the kind fit in to the local conditions. And this impression was deepened by a detailed study of the departments themselves. Entering the door under the Tower of Ivan, and opposite the mighty Tsar Bell, we passed through the state portion of the display—the fruits of the fine Russian surveys, second only to those of India; the models of soldiers, uniforms, the *matériel* of war, ambulances, and camp life; the manufacture of cartridges; full-size sections of men of war, ships and boats of all kinds with their armour and tackle; marble and porphyry work; Russian houses, schools, and churches of wood; agriculture, its implements, processes, and results, including grain and wood of all varieties; the life and pursuits of the denizens of the far northern provinces, illustrated by an exquisitely prepared ice-scene; the post-office and telegraph departments; specimens of ecclesiastical and photographic art, the metal work of the former being especially remarkable; and the hundred other objects of the shop-keeping class which fill up similar collections in Western Europe.

But what, above all, gave to this fair an Asiatic character was the department illustrating Russian Toorkestan. In completeness and extent, in variety and interest, in instructiveness and suggestiveness, the Toorkestan collection, made for a temporary purpose, fell little short of that small portion of the permanent Indian Museum which the state of our Indian finances allows Dr. Forbes Watson to display in the attics of the India Office. If the philistine Englishman would learn how far Russia has gone in Central Asia, and how vast her designs are, let him study the display which, we trust, will be made the nucleus of a permanent museum. The whole was, most appropriately, set forth in a building constructed and decorated after the fashion of the fine gateway leading to the Taj Mahal of Agra. The visitor, who purchased for eighty kopeks, or a florin, a copy of the official map of Toorkestan, sold within the building, or who glanced at the statistics and larger maps which adorned the walls, could form some idea of the enormous progress made by Russia in Central Asia since 1864, when Gortchakoff issued his famous circular deprecating further annexations and explaining away the past. Now Samarkand, the capital of Timour, marks Russian conquest on the south, while all Bokhara is feudatory to the Tsar, and part of Afghanistan is claimed by his officers. To the far east Kuldja has been for some time the Russian outpost, or rather base for farther advances in due time. Khokand was the first Khanate to be swallowed up, and now it is the *point d'appui* from which the new potentate of Kashgaria, the Ataligh Ghazee, is threatened. At this moment a Russian force is menacing the last of the three great Khanates, Khiva, and with a certainty of success insured by the disaster which attended the former expedition across the dreaded steppes. The photographs and drawings around enabled the visitor to clothe the statistics and maps with life; while the full-size figures, the bazaar with shops occupied by genuine traders from Bokhara, the tents and the Kirghiz encampment, completed the picture of the new empire which Russia is building up on the ruins of that of Genghis Khan, and the Eastern Kaliphs. Boodhism, Shamanism, and Mahomedanism alike were here represented, but there was not a hint of any missionary work done by Russia in Asia. The Russians, like the Dutch in Java, have found it politically expedient to encourage the religion of the conquered rather than to promote Christianity.

The Moscow Exhibition, however unique, has been held only once, and is the result of state action from above. The Fair of Nijni Novgorod comes round every August. This gathering has a peculiar history; it represents the natural and unimpeded flow of trade; it is in one aspect a bit of barbarism amid railways, steamers, and telegraphs, on the very margin of civilisation; and since 1860 it has avowedly formed the model on which the Punjab Government has desired to establish similar gatherings along its frontiers, and has succeeded in creating the Pahlumpoor Fair in Kangra. Fresh from a week's exploration of Moscow and a day's musing in its Exhibition, the writer took the train for Nijni Novgorod on 27th August, 1872. The fair, which nominally begins towards the end of

July and closes in the middle of September, had reached its height. Purchases had been made, exchanges effected, and the settling day had come. In a week half the traders would have disappeared. The distance is two hundred and seventy-three miles eastward, and is accomplished during the night by what is called the "express" in Russia, in rather more time than is spent between London and Edinburgh, but at a cost of only thirty-four shillings first-class. In Russia, as in India and America, the great distances and the advantage of travelling by night, have led to the use of really comfortable sleeping carriages, such as the indifference of English railway directors still denies to travellers between the north and south. Each first-class traveller may obtain one of the eighteen easy chairs, which with two stoves and closets, fill the large carriages of the Russian railway companies. By touching a spring behind, the chair becomes a luxurious bed. The refreshment rooms are admirable, and only too much time is wasted at each. Good tea from the never-failing samovar, with sugar and a slice of lemon, forms a beverage which will disincline the visitor who becomes accustomed to it to the concoction with milk universally drunk in England. The occupants of the carriage in which the writer travelled were chiefly Moscow bankers; Germans, going to the settlement of accounts; Manchester cotton spinners, with designs for sale, and seeking to obtain others; and Russian mill-owners. At Nijni Novgorod there thus met Englishmen from Manchester and Mussulmans from Lahore. By careful and energetic management the visitor may see the whole fair in one day, and in that case he will be content with the hotel arrangements at the railway station. But if he seeks to spend a night on the spot, and is indifferent to the filth of purely Russian interiors, he will easily obtain accommodation in the very heart of the trading. The first duty is to form a clear idea of the position of the fair, in relation to the two rivers at whose confluence it stands, just like that of Allahabad. Taking a drosky, he drives rapidly through the outskirts, crosses the pontoon bridge to the town of Nijni Novgorod, ascends its Kremlin, and thence looks down for a time on the wondrous expanse below him.

Fronting the height, the already mighty Volga pours down its waters, navigable from distant Tver, where the traveller crossed it on his way from St. Petersburg. Thence the steamers sail to Astrakhan, a distance of more than two thousand miles, and so into the Caspian and down to Persia. To the left the broad Oka, with many a sandy island, sends down its stream, which joins the Volga just below the spectator's feet. On the muddy deposit at the confluence, left high and dry at this hot season, and on the larger of the sandy islands in the Oka, the fair is held. The united rivers form even at this season an expanse of great breadth, on which hundreds of steamers are ever shooting along, while the heavy barges which have brought goods for sale are already taking away their return cargoes either up towards Tver, or more frequently away down to the Caspian. Here East and West seem to meet, and the sight is, in its way, as suggestive, if not so beautiful, as that from Bulgurlu on the Asiatic side of the Bosporus, from which the eye takes in Europe and Asia, the Black Sea and Ægean. The buyers and sellers at the fair seem swarming in thousands, like so many ants, dragging their bales and carts in the sweltering sun to and from the boats and the warehouses. A low sand-laden cloud rests over the whole, dimly obscuring it in spite of the clear blue of the heavens and the bracing air of already approaching winter. Descending to an Indian breakfast at the principal hotel, we thereafter plunge into the midst of the swarms, guided by the mental photograph taken from the Kremlin, and soon by a coloured plan of the whole encampment sold in the numerous book-shops.

The gathering is divided into two parts. There is the fair proper, held in the rectangular bazaars built by Alexander I., behind the Governor's house and facing the Oka; and there is the large irregular series of shops, huts, and encampments, stretching away from that to the wharves on the Volga, and occupying, indeed, the whole point at the confluence of the two rivers. The fair proper is surrounded by a canal in horse-shoe form, the Governor's house on the Oka forming the other side. This canal serves the two purposes of protection from fire—none are allowed to smoke here, under a heavy penalty—and of flushing the sewers which are used by the vast population. These sewers form a sanitary curiosity, most perfect of its kind, and certainly unique. At such great Indian fairs as Hurdwar, trenches, dry earth, and furnaces, are the means adopted. Here the visitor observes a series of twenty white towers, like sentry boxes, ten on ether side of the bazaar, and within the circular line of the canal. On descending one, he finds himself in a subterranean gallery, with all neces-

sary appliances, and so ventilated and flushed daily, that there is little to offend the senses. Fire is such an enemy at the fair, and in all the towns of Russia and the North, where wood is so much used in building, that everywhere there are towers and watchers to announce its outbreak. But the precautions against its occurring at all are nowhere what they ought to be. In spite of the burning of nearly whole cities like Hamburg, there is a certain indifference on this subject which will probably never be removed. Within the horse-shoe canal there are forty-eight rectangular lines of buildings, with shops on either side, and generally arcaded. Running through the centre of them is a pleasant boulevard, on either side of which the best, that is, the most European-like shops are to be found. At the river or principal end is the Governor's house, the lower story of which is given up to a bazaar, in the Western sense of that word. At the other end is the cathedral, flanked on either side by two lines of rectangles, consisting of the Chinese-like shops devoted to the sale of tea. This portion of the fair is, to one who has lounged in the fine markets of Moscow and St. Petersburg, altogether too ordinary, too European, to be long attractive. Crossing the canal, we reach the more irregular lines of traders, stretching away down to the busy wharves on the Volga and the Oka. This large area, much of which is under water when the rivers rise, is divided by a main street which runs parallel to the canal, having the pontoon bridge over the Oka at one end and the theatre, shows, and disreputable quarters at the other. Narrow roads branch off to right and left, each devoted to the sale of some one article, after the fashion of Oriental traders, who naturally classify themselves in the quarters devoted to each calling. As the Volga is approached, the area becomes more open and is not unfrequently defiled by pools of filthy water left by the last inundation. The railway sends off a branch for some distance along the banks, but there are no macadamised roads or streets worthy of the name. Even at the end of August, heat, dust, flies, and an everlasting hum, occasionally rising to the roar of a city, pervade the whole.

All the countries of Europe, and many of the peoples and languages of Asia, are represented at this fair. To reckon the number present would be difficult, but it cannot be much under half-a-million, when the gathering is at its height. Every part of the fair was crowded; many portions, as at the pontoon bridge, the main street, and the Governor's house, were impassable from eleven to four, on the 28th of August last. The wharves and warehouses beside them were swarming; the barges, lighters, and steamers very busy. There were few retail shops without numerous purchasers. The wholesale offices, which are the most numerous in the place, were alive with men haggling after the Eastern manner, writing up accounts, inspecting samples, or, towards evening, drinking tea and smoking. But the tendency of the concourse is every year to diminish in numbers, while the transactions become larger. The retail element is disappearing, the number of large capitalists and dealers is increasing. The transactions range from seventeen to twenty millions sterling in value. The writer was disappointed in the number of Orientals with whom he met. Persians, Armenians, and Jews were most numerous. He did not see a Hindoo, and fell in with only one Mussulman from India. The latter was selling the embroidered wool-work of Lahore with a dignified gravity and pre-occupation which seemed to render him indifferent to customers. On being addressed in Hindostanee, beginning with the welcome "Salaam," he at once became genial, communicative, and even too friendly. He belonged to Lahore, had settled in Damascus, and was now selling his wares in Russia. He politely pressed the writer to accept of some of his finer productions "for the love of God," and finally shook hands, as if to prove his familiarity with European manners. The bulk of the traders are Russians; many of them were serfs, till recently, not allowed by law to ask a credit of more than five roubles, or fifteen shillings, but often trading for sums amounting to millions, and that by word of mouth. Peculation in the lesser, not fraud in the greater, transactions is the characteristic of the East. The cup of tea, rather than the pen, is the attendant of bargaining.

A study of the wares exposed for sale confirmed this disappointment at the comparative absence of Orientals. The wharves and warehouses along the Oka were devoted to iron from Siberia and the Urals. Those up the Volga were backed by the cotton of Toorkestan, wool, tea, and sugar. The supply of tea was enormous, but the writer did not meet with the coarse brick tea so common in Central Asia, and which the Indian planters have as yet failed to imitate. This he had to get in Moscow, where its consumption does not seem to be large. Silks and furs were abundant. European prevailed over the finest Asiatic jewellery. Spices, nuts, and dried fruits were

the principal products of the East. This was intelligible in former times when the great Khanates were independent. Then the hire of each camel from Bokhara amounted to five guineas; the transit duties, both Asiatic and Russian, were vexatious, and the road through the steppes was beset with predatory bands. But now all that is supposed to be changed. Bokhara and Khokand are Russian. Russian merchants cross the steppes and ranges of Toorkestan to Kashgar, and even Kuldja. Purely Russian Toorkestan has supplied to the Moscow Exhibition a department rich in specimens of agricultural and mineral wealth, of industry and art. The conclusion is, that if Pahlumpoor is too far from the markets of Central Asia to be successful, Nijni Norgorod is not less so. The numerous book-shops were a most attractive feature, even to one ignorant of Russian. Hawkers and small shopkeepers bought largely from enormous stocks of cheap books and pictures, both of a healthy, moral, and occasionally satirical character. For a kopek each, the hundredth-part of three shillings, coloured pictures are sold, just as at the Indian fairs. In India, however, the cheap literature is almost all legendary and obscene; the pictures are chiefly idolatrous. In Russia, the moral and the biographical hold their place with the ecclesiastical. Here is a serf's wife beating her drunken husband, there death warns an old peasant. One picture gives the principal events in the life of Peter the Great, another represents the national dance. The pictures and metal shrines of the saints are of all degrees of art, and command an extensive sale. Of the amusements at Nijni Novgorod, the less written the better. So motley a gathering for six or eight weeks every year, attracts the refuse of Moscow and other places. The theatre is said to be good; the other exhibitions are those of a low English fair. The traktirs, or Russian restaurants, are chiefly resorted to for tea, but dancing, singing, and debauchery are the attractions of many of them. The Russian under the influence of his favourite *vodka*, is a pitiable and often dangerous person. The traveller need not go so far as Nijni Novgorod to discover that the present Tsar's great reform of freeing the serfs is only the first necessary step in the slow and mighty task of civilising a nation from the very beginning. We are convinced, by a personal study of the country, not that Russia is less dangerous to the peace of the world, and the growing civilisation of countries like India, but that the danger is more distant than is sometimes supposed.

In Russia, as in India, the tendency of progress is against fairs and pilgrimages. For a short time, railways may be favourable to both. But when the railway system has been developed and fixed, new centres of traffic will be formed, and both shops and banks will be brought to every man's door. Nor will pilgrimages, even in the most ignorant and superstitious country, be long able to withstand the light which every new means of communication streams in on a nation. The spectacle of half a million of people from Asia and Europe meeting on a Volga sand-bank for six weeks every year, to buy and barter to the extent of nearly twenty millions sterling, and then disappear, cannot be long witnessed, even in Russia. The marvel even now is, that the fair of Nijni Novgorod has not been gradually attracted to and merged in Moscow. If the holy city were on the Volga, that must have been the case long before this. As it is, the question is only one of time and low railway rates. Fairs are, however, necessities for the frontier of an empire on the borders of chaos, such as that of Central Asia for centuries back. Russia will thus, doubtless, long be able to supply her mills with the cotton of Bokhara, especially if she ever succeeds in connecting the great Khanates with the Caspian, into which the Oxus, it is believed, flowed at one time. Not less should it continue to be the effort of the Government of India, as it has been that of the Punjab since 1860, to obtain for the fast-increasing teas of the southern slopes of the Himalayas, the vast market of Asia from which the Mussulmans have so lately driven the hopeless Chinese. In the case of both India and Russia, trade and politics will probably long go hand in hand, the one acting as a cover for the other. Meanwhile, whatever may be the designs of Russia in Asia, whether or not she means to use the position which she is broadening every year, so as to neutralise us when the great struggle for Constantinople comes, our duty is clear. Alike by trade, and by strengthening our allies in Afghanistan and Kashgaria, it becomes us, as the paramount power in Southern Asia, jealously to guard that civilisation which England is bestowing with such toil and disinterestedness on the two hundred millions of her Indian subjects.

GEORGE SMITH.

AFTER THE WAR.

THEY took him at that pleasant time
When summer falleth, and the corn,
And now the places where he stood
Peer dimly through the misty morn;
The hillock where the roses blow
Hath never roses now to show.

The pathway to the distant town,
As ever, windeth low and high;
And yet methinks it wears a look
It wore not in the days gone by:
Maybe it is I wait to catch
No footstep, and no lifted latch.

Beside the window in the gloam
I stand as I have stood before;
I cannot sew, the light is done,
Nor is there need to ope the door;
For he that used to come, they say,
Has travelled on another way.

Did never season fall so glad
As that, before our corn was stored
(And now himself is reaped, and set
Safe in the garner of the Lord)?
God knows how fair a face can show
Flush'd in the golden evening's glow.



I mind the day the news was told,
And how the village heard the tale,—
Our manhood with a lusty shout,
Our women with a silence pale;
How one by one they wended down
That pathway to the distant town.

For me, I had none closely near
To send forth proudly there to die;
Only this playmate, and you know
We were no lovers, he and I:
And yet methinks I too was pale
At telling of yon woeful tale.

I mind the last long look he gave
Just as he turned him from the door,
My hand was throbbing from his touch—
Poor hand that throbbeth never more!
Look in my eyes—this cheek is dry,
We were but friends to say good-bye.

Now the night cometh—I shall sleep;
And he too sleepeth far away;
My dreams may picture me a face
Turned patient up to wait the day:
Sleep sweet upon the blood-stain'd sod,
Dear playmate, that is gone to God!

C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.

THE GULF STREAM.

PART II.—WHAT IT DOES NOT; AND WHAT GENERAL OCEANIC CIRCULATION DOES.

FROM the time when it came to be known that the vast current which pours the water of the Gulf of Mexico into the Atlantic, retains not only its *moisture*, but a large measure of its *heat*, through a course of more than two thousand miles along the coast of the United States and British America, from Cape Florida to the Banks of Newfoundland, and that on quitting the eastern sea-board of the American Continent, this stream takes a direction which would carry it to the western sea-board of the European, the inference has been generally accepted that the comparative mildness of the climate of the British Isles, especially on their Atlantic shore, is due to its warming agency.

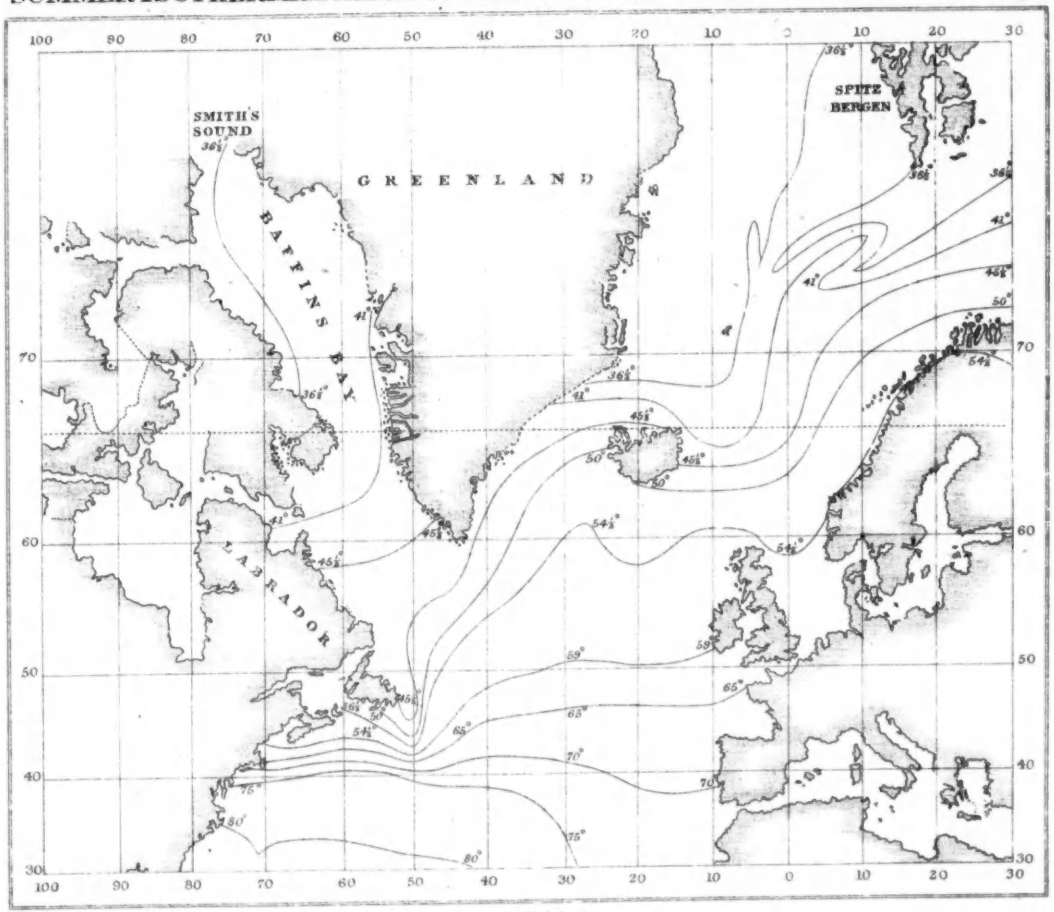
It was shown in the previous Paper, however, by the course of the Winter Isothermal lines across the Atlantic, that there is no reason for believing the temperature of the Western coasts of Spain, Portugal, and the Southern part of France to be raised in any appreciable degree by a flow of Tropically-heated waters towards them. And the same conclusion may be drawn from a comparison of the temperature of the sea at different points on these coasts, with points under corresponding latitudes on the shores of the Mediterranean. Thus, while the *summer*-warmth of the sea at Bordeaux, Lisbon, and Cadiz is *not greater* than at Genoa, Palermo, and Algiers, the *winter*-temperature of the sea at the Atlantic stations just named, is *lower* than it is at the corresponding Mediterranean stations. It is clear, therefore, that the oranges picked by Captain Silas Bent at Genoa and Naples, did *not* owe any part of the warmth which ripened them to the Gulf Stream.

When, however, we carry our survey further North, and examine the Climatic phenomena of the British Isles, and still more those of the regions to the north and north-east of them, we are forced to the conclusion that *the further North we proceed, the more is their Temperature in excess of that which would correspond to their Latitude.* A certain allowance has to be made, not merely for the influence of S.W. winds (as already noticed), but for the effect of *insular* position; the proximity of the sea on every side rendering the climate of Islands more *equable* than that of stations under corresponding parallels in the interior of Continents. But an inspection of the course of the Isothermal lines to the north of the parallel of 50°, affords strong indications of a great movement of Oceanic water in a north-easterly direction; bearing the warmth, not of the Tropics, but of the Mid-Atlantic, into high latitudes. Of the existence of such a movement there is now a considerable body of evidence, which also proves that *it is far too great, deep, and voluminous*, to be regarded as a prolongation or extension of the Gulf Stream. We shall, in the first place, follow its course as indicated by the Isothermal lines laid down by Dr. Petermann. (See Map.)

Beginning with the Summer Isotherm of 59°, we see that its *eastern* portion so closely corresponds with the parallel of 50° N. Lat., in which it crosses the meridian of 30° W., as to give no indication of any northward movement of warm water; while the southerly bend of its *western* portion is obviously due to the depressing agency of the Arctic Current. But on following the course of the Summer Isotherm of 54½° to the eastward of the meridian of 50° W., we see it turning sharply to the North, so as to cross the entrance to Baffin's Bay, and then following the line of the Greenland coast beyond the parallel of 60° N. Lat. And thus the whole western coast of the British Islands, from the British Channel to the Orkneys, having a range of more than *ten degrees* of Latitude, lies between the Summer Isotherms of 60° and 54½°; that is to say, the *mean summer* temperature of the Western Hebrides and of the Orkneys is only 5½° lower than that of the Land's End and of the south-west of Ireland. Still stronger evidence is afforded by the course of the Winter Isotherms (see Map in the last No.); for while that of 50° strikes our western coast at the Land's End, that of 45½° ranges north nearly as far as the Faroe Islands, and then passes to the Shetland Islands, the *mean winter* temperature of which, therefore, is only 4½° lower than that of the South of England. That it is by the warmth brought by the *Sea*, not by that of the S.W. *Winds*, that the greater part of this amelioration is produced, has been distinctly proved by recent observations; which show that during the winter, especially on the coast of Norway, the mean temperature of the Sea is *higher* than that of the Air, in some instances by as much as 14½°.

If, in like manner, we follow the course of

SUMMER ISOTHERMAL LINES OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC AND ARCTIC SEAS



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the Summer Isotherm of 50°, we see that it quickly runs up to the N.E. as far as Iceland, then turns eastward, and then follows the trend of the Norwegian coast to the North Cape; the summer temperature of the Sea surface to the south and west of Iceland, and thence north-east beyond the parallel of 70° N. Lat., being actually as high as it is off the Banks of Newfoundland in Lat. 45°. The course of the Summer Isotherms of 45½° and 41°, is so nearly parallel with the preceding, as greatly to strengthen the same conclusion; as does also the course of the Winter Isotherm of 41°, which runs northwards not far from the south-east of Iceland, and that of the Winter Isotherm of 36½°, which first crosses Iceland, and then follows very nearly the same course as the Summer Isotherm of 45½°; thus showing that the same mean sea temperatures, as well for Winter as for Summer, are to be found in Lat. 72°, considerably to the north of the North Cape, as prevail on the Banks of Newfoundland. In this way it comes about that the Norwegian harbours, even further east than the North Cape, and the Havne Fiord and other places in the Faxe Bay of Iceland, are free from ice, and accessible to ships throughout the winter. Not less remarkable is the northward extension of the Summer Isotherm of 36½° as far as Spitzbergen, and even considerably to the eastward of it, while the east coast of Greenland is usually shut in by a barrier of ice even in summer. Such a temperature was found last year by MM. Payer and Weyprecht, as high as 77½° N. Lat., in E. Long. 44°; and as high as 76½° N., Lat. in E. Long. 55°.

These lines pass eastwards along the northern shores of Russia and Siberia; the sea temperature of which, as far as Nova Zembla, is much higher than the normal of their latitude. In a recent Russian expedition, under the scientific charge of the eminent *savan*, Von Middendorf, it was found that the warm stream, which at the North Cape had a summer temperature of nearly 55°, was traceable eastwards with very little loss of heat; but, whilst constantly speaking of this as a "current," he distinctly states that he did not detect any *movement*, but only judged by the result of *temperature* observations, that the warm water must come from the West.

Now that this warm N.E. flow is *not* an extension of the true Gulf Stream or Florida Current, appears from two sets of considerations:—

In the first place, as was pointed out by Mr. Findlay, some years since, the thinning out and expansion of the Gulf Stream over the north-eastern portion of the Atlantic, which would be required to enable it to impart its warmth to Iceland and the British Isles, to say nothing of the branch which is said to run north-west into Baffin's Bay, would require it to spread over an area of at least 1,500,000 square miles. Such an extension must reduce it to a mere surface-film, which cannot long retain any onward propulsive force of its own. Now, although there is unquestionably a general N.E. "set," in this portion of the Atlantic, bringing to the western shores of the British Islands, to the Faroes, to the North Cape, and even to Spitzbergen, tropical trees, fruits, &c., this "set" is so slow that one hundred and fifty days would be required for a floating body to be carried from the Banks of Newfoundland to the Land's End; and looking to the reduction of heat which the Gulf Stream, even at its deepest and strongest, has been shown to sustain in its fortnight's passage from the Florida Channel to the Grand Bank, it is obvious that any excess of heat which this surface film may have brought as far as the Mid-Atlantic, must be dissipated beneath an Atmosphere colder than itself, long before it reaches the British Islands,—still more, that it could not be retained when the flow passes still further north within the Arctic circle.

But, secondly, the inference to which we should be thus led, that the persistence of a higher temperature in this N.E. flow must depend upon the extension of its surplus warmth to a considerable depth, is fully borne out by the Temperature observations recently made in the Scientific Expeditions in which the writer has borne a part. For a comparison between the temperatures taken at different depths off Lisbon and in the neighbourhood of the Faroe Islands, as well as at intermediate stations, ranging through *twenty-three degrees* of Latitude, has brought out the remarkable fact, that while the difference between the extremes of *surface* temperature was 15½°, this difference was only 10½° at 100 fathoms, and gradually diminished to only 6½° at 500 fathoms; the temperature at this depth, which was 51½° off Lisbon, being still as high as 45° off the Faroes. Thus it would appear that there must be *a general northward movement of the upper stratum of North Atlantic water, to a depth of at least five hundred fathoms*, which may be considered as perceptibly commencing from about N. Lat. 40°.

Now, as was pointed out in the previous

Paper, all water flowing from the Equator towards either Pole must have a tendency to move also towards the East; in virtue of the *excess of easterly momentum* which it brings with it from a lower to a higher latitude. And this may be expected to show itself more and more sensibly, as the water nears the Pole. For *one* degree of Longitude at the Equator, which is equal to *two* degrees in Lat. 60°, is equal (in round numbers) to *three* degrees in Lat. 70°, and to *six* degrees in Lat. 80°; and the north-moving water which is carried round by the Earth's rotation at the rate of about 520 miles per hour in Lat. 60°, would carry with it into Lat. 70° an excess of easterly momentum (if none were lost on its passage) of 170 miles per hour, and would carry an additional excess of like amount in flowing northwards from Lat. 70° to Lat. 80°. Hence the steady *easterly* "set" of the deep warm stratum along the north coast of Russia, even as far as Nova Zembla, can be fully accounted for, if adequate reason can be found for its *northerly* flow; and as it seems quite preposterous to attribute such a movement to the spent force of the Florida Current, we have to seek some other explanation for it.

This is supplied by the doctrine of a General Oceanic Circulation dependent on differences of Temperature only; which may be designated as a *vertical* circulation, to distinguish it from the *horizontal* or *superficial* circulation produced by Winds. This doctrine, which was originally propounded by the eminent French physicist Pouillet, on the basis of thermometric observations, was set aside for a time by what was supposed to be the more accurate determination of the Temperature of the deep sea, made in the Antarctic voyage of Sir James Ross: but it has been recently revived by the writer, on the basis of Temperature-observations on which full reliance can be placed; and his views have received the full approval, not only of Sir John Herschel (given a month before his death), but also of the Astronomer-Royal and Sir William Thomson.

The observations on which Sir James Ross founded his doctrine of the uniform Deep-sea Temperature of 39°, alike in the Equatorial and in the Polar Seas, are now known to have been vitiated by the imperfection of his Thermometers. For the enormous pressure to which *ordinary* Thermometers are subjected at great depths—amounting, at 2,400 fathoms, to *three tons on every square inch*—forces-up the fluid they contain into the tube, and thus causes them to *register* a temperature which is higher than the *real* temperature, the excess being proportional to the pressure, and therefore to the depth. Experiments having been made a few years since, under the writer's direction, to determine the amount of this error, by subjecting marine Register-Thermometers to water-pressures of various degrees, up to three tons on the square inch, in a Hydrostatic Press, it was found that the very best of them, under that extreme pressure, registered temperatures at least *eight degrees too high;* the error being proportionally less at lower pressures. The best means of obviating this source of error, so that the thermometers might register the *actual* temperature, became a matter of careful consideration; and a very simple remedy devised by the late Professor W. A. Miller, —consisting in the enclosure of the bulb in an *outer* bulb, which acts as a sort of "buffer," taking off the pressure—has proved perfectly effectual. Every thermometer thus "protected" by Mr. Casella is now tested to the above-mentioned pressure, before being sent out; and the Miller-Casella thermometers may thus be employed with confidence in all deep Temperature-soundings.

Recent observations with these "protected" instruments lead to the unexpected conclusion, that *a temperature not much above 32° prevails over the deep Ocean-bottoms, even under the Equator;* and it is impossible to account for the prevalence of this Glacial temperature on the deep-sea bed, except on the supposition that there is a constant *underflow* of water from the Polar areas towards the Equator. This underflow, in the North Atlantic, can only take place from the Arctic area through two main channels of communication;—one of them, broad and deep, between the coast of Greenland and Iceland; the other, much narrower and less deep, between the Faroe Islands and the North of Scotland. Between Iceland and the Faroes there is a bank at from 200 to 300 fathoms' depth, which will act like a coast-line to the glacial underflow; and a still more complete obstruction is afforded by the shallow bed of the North Sea, the whole of which lies at a depth of less than one hundred fathoms. The bottom temperature of the Greenland-Iceland channel has not yet been ascertained; but there is every reason to believe that it must be as low as that which the writer met with in the "Lightning" channel between the Faroes and the North of Scotland. For it was here found that while the temperature of the surface and of the upper 200 fathoms dis-

tinctly indicated a warm flow from S.W. to N.E.; this was underlain at the depth of about 300 fathoms by *a glacial stream*, having at that depth the temperature of 32°, and coming down at 600 fathoms to below 30°. That this stream came from the Arctic basin, and was therefore proceeding from N.E. to S.W.,* was further indicated by the character of the Animal Life found on the bottom over which it flowed; this being distinctly *Boreal*, and contrasting strongly with that which was found (outside its course) on the warmer bottom of 43°, at the like depth, and sometimes within a few miles. These glacial streams, discharging themselves into the North Atlantic, certainly reduce its bottom-temperature as low as 36°; but observations with trustworthy instruments are yet wanting in regard to the deepest parts of this Ocean, which will very likely be found to have a temperature as low as 32° in the line of the glacial flow down the Greenland Channel. Such observations will constitute the first part of the work of the Scientific Circumnavigation Expedition which has recently left our shores.

On the other hand, the communication of the great Southern Oceans with the Antarctic area is so free, that a much larger glacial flow may be expected to take place from it over their bed: and a bottom-temperature of 32° has been recently obtained by Captain Chimmo very nearly under the Equator, a little to the west of Java; whilst bottom-temperatures of 33° and 34° have been met with in several other parts of the Eastern Seas; and there is reason to believe that the bottom-temperature of the Arabian Gulf, between Aden and Bombay, is nearly, if not quite, as low as this.

That this extreme depression of the Temperature of the Sea-bed really proceeds from the underflow of Polar water, is further indicated by the very important fact, that the bottom-temperature of Inland Seas, however deep, whose only communication with the open Ocean is by a shallow strait, does not show any such depression. This fact was mentioned in the previous Paper (p. 21) as regards the Mediterranean; it is also most strikingly the case with the Red Sea, the bottom-temperature of which is probably nowhere below 70°, though that of the Arabian Gulf, at great depths, is certainly as low as 36°, perhaps lower. In the Sulu Sea, again, between Borneo and Mindinao, which is shut in by reefs and islands in such a manner as to exclude the deeper stratum of Oceanic water, the temperature of the bottom, at nearly 1,800 fathoms, is 50°, although it is 37° at 900 fathoms in the China Sea, not far off. And in the neighbouring Celebez Sea, the bottom, at the enormous depth of 2,667 fathoms, has the comparatively high temperature of 38½°, obviously in virtue of the obstruction produced to the access of Polar water by the islands that bound it.

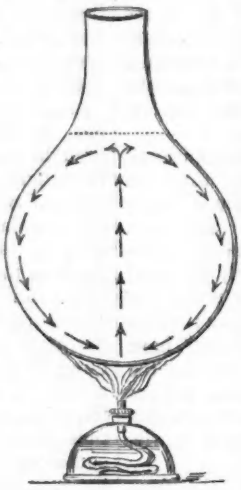
But an *underflow* of Polar water towards the Equator necessarily involves as its complement a converse flow of an *upper* stratum of Equatorial water towards the Pole; and this, as we have seen, is exactly what the Temperature-observations correlated by Dr. Petermann really indicate. For the sharp northward turn which the Isothermal lines take round the corner of Newfoundland (see Map), whilst quite inexplicable by the propulsive power of the Gulf Stream (which there flows *nearly due east*), is precisely what such a *surface-indraught* towards the Arctic Sea would produce; while a similar indraught through Smith's Sound (at the head of Baffin's Bay) would account for the passage of warm water up the western shore of Greenland, ameliorating its climate, and carrying to Disco Island such Tropical products as the log of mahogany that was made into a dining-table for the Governor of Holsteenborg. Although this, like every other northerly flow of warm water, has been set down to the account of the "Gulf Stream," a little consideration will show the extreme improbability that any branch of it could be thus diverted from east to north-west, and could retain its original propulsive force all the way from the Florida Channel. For, it must be remembered, any current that is urged on merely by the force originally imparted to it, progressively loses its momentum (like a ball struck by a bat) through the resistance it encounters; and hence the only force that would be adequate to sustain a movement of water across a wide Ocean, is one which is constantly imparting a new propulsion.

Now the constantly operating force of Gravity may sustain, under certain conditions, a *vertical* Circulation in a mass of water; what is needed for this effect being a constantly-renewed disturbance in the Specific Gravity of one part of the liquid, as compared with another. Such a disturbance is produced by partial changes of Temperature; as may be made apparent by heating water, through

* Any mass of water moving *from* either Pole *towards* the Equator, will have a *westward* tendency, owing to its *deficiency* in easterly momentum. It is thus that the Arctic current, running southwards from Labrador, keeps close to the coast-line of the United States.

which particles of charcoal have been diffused, to render its movements visible, in a glass flask over a spirit-lamp. For the film of water that is immediately over the flame, being the first to receive its heat, expands, and therefore becomes relatively lighter. As this rises to the surface, its place is taken by an inflow from the bottom-stratum that surrounds it; and this again, being heated in its turn, follows the preceding film to the surface. But, as each warm film reaches the surface, it is cooled by the air it meets there; and becoming denser, and therefore relatively heavier, it sinks along the sides (where it is still further cooled) to the bottom, where it receives a fresh charge of heat, and rises again to the surface (Fig. 1). Now, if the cooling of the top and sides of the flask were constantly equivalent to the heating of its bottom, a constant circulation would be maintained, without any rise in the temperature of the entire mass of the water; and this is just what happens in the hot-water apparatus now so generally used for warming large buildings. For the main-pipe which serves, like an artery, to distribute the water heated in the boiler, goes off from its *top*; whilst the pipe which (like a vein) brings back the water that has been cooled during its circulation, enters the *bottom* of the boiler. Now, as *hot* water (in virtue of its increased bulk) is relatively lighter than *cold*, it follows that the water heated in the boiler will tend to rise in the former set of pipes, whilst the water cooled during its circulation will tend to sink in the latter; and thus, so long as these opposite changes continue to take place, so long, by the difference of Gravity alone, will the circulation be maintained. But if the fire were to go out, or the air of the building were to acquire all the heat the water can impart to it, so that the water in the distributing and in the returning pipes came to an equality of temperature, the circulation will cease.

Fig 1.



We might imagine a similar Circulation to be maintained in another way. If the water filling the pipes were salt, but its saltness were increased in one part by evaporation, whilst in another part it were diminished by dilution, the salter water, being relatively heavier, would gravitate towards the bottom, whilst the diluted or less salt water, becoming relatively lighter, would tend to rise; and a circulation would be produced, which would continue as long as the difference is maintained.

Now we have on a large scale several very remarkable instances of an *under*-current of Sea-water maintained by excess of *density*, against an *upper*-current due to difference of *level*. In the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, for example, there are strong surface-currents almost constantly setting *outwards* from the Black Sea into the Ægean; these being due to the excess of fresh water discharged into the Black Sea by the great rivers which empty themselves into it. But as the water which flows out is more or less salt, whilst that which rain and rivers bring in is entirely fresh, it follows that the Black Sea would become in course of time a great fresh-water lake, if the salt it is continually losing were not in some way brought back to it. Now, this is effected by an *under-current*, which has been recently shown by experiments conducted by the Surveying staff of Her Majesty's ship *Shearwater*, to flow *inwards* through the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora, and the Bosphorus, thus verifying the writer's previous prediction; and this with such force, that a "current-drag" suspended from a boat at a depth sufficient to hang in the *under*-current, drew the boat *in*wards at a rapid rate, in opposition to the *out*going *surface*-current. It is clear that this under-current entirely depends on the difference of Specific Gravity between the water of the Black Sea and that of the Ægean, consequent upon the different proportions of salt which they respectively contain. The saltness of the Ægean, like that of the Mediterranean generally, is rather greater than that of ordinary Sea-water, for a reason presently to be explained; so that its Specific Gravity is about 1,029—*i.e.* a bottle which contains 1,000 grains of pure fresh water would contain 1,029 grains when filled with Ægean water. But the same bottle, when filled with the water of the Black Sea, would be found to contain only from 1,012 to 1,015 grains, its saltness varying with the season. Hence it follows that a column of Ægean water will weigh heavier than a column of Black Sea water of the same height and diameter, in the proportion of 1,029 to about 1,014; that is to say, its pressure on the

bottom, and therefore its *lateral* pressure, will be greater in that proportion. And thus, whilst the influx of fresh water, by continually tending to *raise the level* of the surface of the Black Sea, maintains the *out*ward current which tends to its equalisation, the outflow of Black-Sea water which it produces, by carrying with it a certain quantity of salt, is continually *lowering the specific gravity* of the water which remains behind: and it is the excess of lateral pressure thus maintained at the lower part of the Ægean column, that drives *in*wards the under-current of more saline water, by which the salt that has passed out above is replaced, and the salinity of the Black Sea is thus maintained at an average of about half that of the Ocean.

The same is the case with the Baltic Sea, which is said to receive the river-drainage of one-fifth of Europe; and as this influx of fresh water is vastly greater than the amount of evaporation from its surface, its level would be continually rising, but for the outflow of the excess through the Baltic Sound and the Great and Little Belt. This produces an almost constant *out*ward *surface*-current in these channels, especially in the Sound, which is the most direct and open of the three; but beneath this is an *in*ward *under*-current, produced, as in the case of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, by the greater *lateral* (because *downward*) pressure of the outside water.

Its existence was ascertained two hundred years ago, by an experiment of the same kind as that by which the existence of the Dardanelles' under-current has been recently determined. For a boat having been taken into the mid-stream of the Sound, where it was carried along by the *out*ward surface-current, a bucket was sunk with a heavy cannon-ball to a certain depth of water, and the boat's motion was found to be perceptibly retarded. By sinking the bucket still further, the boat's outward motion was brought to a stand; and when it was lowered yet deeper, the boat was carried *in*wards in opposition to the surface-current, the depth of which appeared to be not more than four or five fathoms. Further evidence to the same effect was obtained a few years ago by a diver, who went down to recover the passengers' effects from a steamer that was sunk by a collision near Elsinore; for he also found that a strong under-current was running towards the Baltic. And whilst the *low* Specific Gravity of the water of the *surface*-current proves that it is derived from the Baltic, the *high* Specific Gravity of the water of the *under*-current proves its source to be Oceanic.

But there are other Inland Seas communicating by narrow Straits with the Ocean, of which the condition is exactly opposite to that of the Black Sea and the Baltic. This has been now well ascertained to be the case with the Mediterranean; from the vast surface of which the evaporation is so much *in excess* of the whole amount of fresh water returned to its basin by rain and rivers, that its level would be continually lowered, and its salinity increased (like that of the Dead Sea) by concentration, were it not for the continual influx of Atlantic water by the Strait of Gibraltar, through which a strong *surface*-current is continually flowing *inwards* at a rate which seems to average about two miles per hour. Now it is obvious that as all the water which passes off by evaporation is *fresh*, while all that comes in has the full saltness of the Ocean, there would be a continual *increase* of salt in the Mediterranean basin, if there were not some means for its escape. That escape has been supposed to be barred by the "ridge" between Capes Trafalgar and Spartel, which constitutes the western boundary of the Mediterranean basin; the bottom of the Strait gradually rising from about 500 fathoms opposite Gibraltar, to an average of 100 fathoms on this ridge, and falling again at about the same rate on its outer or Atlantic side, so that it constitutes a kind of marine "watershed" between the Atlantic and Mediterranean basins. The movements of the water of the Strait over this ridge were made a special study, in the summers of 1870 and 1871, by the writer, in conjunction with Captain Calver and Captain Nares, and the following results were obtained:—While the *upper* stratum, to a considerable depth, consists of *Atlantic* water, as is shown by its Specific Gravity, there is exactly the same evidence that the *lower* stratum consists of *Mediterranean* water; and this stratum may be traced at a gradually *de*creasing depth, from Gibraltar to the "ridge," and thence at a gradually *in*creasing depth down the Atlantic slope. From this it seems clear that Mediterranean water does flow outwards over the ridge, notwithstanding the strong inward upper current which extends downwards almost to its surface; and this conclusion was fully confirmed by experiments with the "current-drag," although the results of these were complicated by Tidal action. As would naturally be anticipated (according to the *rationale*

here assumed), the *out*ward *under*-current of the Strait of Gibraltar has not anything like the rapidity or the force of the *in*ward under-currents either in the Dardanelles or the Baltic Sound. For whilst the Specific Gravity of Atlantic water may be taken at 1,027, that of Mediterranean water is not ordinarily much above 1,029; so that the difference of lateral pressure is comparatively trifling. There is a distinct Tidal movement over the "ridge," extending through the whole depth of the water which flows over it; but whilst the *in*flow is more rapid than the outflow in the *upper* stratum, so that the balance of its movement is towards the Mediterranean, the *out*flow is more rapid in the *deeper* stratum, so that the balance of *its* movement is towards the Atlantic. In this manner, then, the slight excess of salt in Mediterranean water is prevented from increasing; for if, either by a greater excess in its surface-evaporation, or by a diminution in the river-supply, its level could not be maintained without a still greater influx of Atlantic water, the additional quantity of salt thus brought in, by raising its Specific Gravity, would increase the rate and volume of the outflow, so as to keep down the salinity of its water to a tolerably constant standard.

This seems, indeed, to be exactly what takes place in the Red Sea; for its surface-evaporation is probably greater than that of any equal area elsewhere, amounting, it has been estimated, to *eight feet depth* per annum; whilst there is scarcely any return of fresh water, either by rain or by rivers. A strong *surface*-current runs *in*wards through the Straits of Babelmandeb; and as the saltness of the Red Sea scarcely attains a higher standard than that of the Mediterranean, and shows no tendency to increase, it may be affirmed, without reasonable doubt (as Captain Maury long ago pointed out) that its amount is kept down by an *out*ward *under*-current, maintained by the excess of lateral pressure exerted by the heavier Red Sea water against the water of the Ocean outside.

These examples of *surface*-currents and *under*-currents flowing in contrary directions, constituting a *vertical circulation*, have been here adduced for the purpose of showing that there is a *definite scientific basis* for the doctrine that a like Vertical Circulation will be maintained between the Polar and Equatorial areas of the Ocean, by the constant difference in the Weight of the Polar and Equatorial columns, maintained by their difference of Temperature.

It is necessary to clear the ground, however, by the preliminary explanation of a matter as to which very erroneous notions are generally prevalent.—Every student of elementary Science early comes to learn that *fresh* water, between 40° and 32°, constitutes an exception to the general law (applying to solids, liquids, and gases alike) of *expansion* by heat and *contraction* by cold; fresh water, in cooling from a higher temperature, acquiring its *least bulk*, and therefore its *greatest density*, at about 4° Cent. or 39·2° Fahr.: so that it expands, instead of contracting, with a further reduction; and has the same bulk at 32°, when just on the point of freezing, as it had at 8° Cent. or 46½° Fahr. It is in virtue of this property that our ponds, lakes, and rivers freeze *on the surface;* for whilst the cooling of each film by the action of a frosty air sends it *downwards* so long as its density is thereby increased, its place being taken by the rise of a warmer film from below, this interchange ceases as soon as the surface-film becomes *colder* than 39°; for it then becomes *lighter* than the water beneath, and floats on its surface, until, by a still further reduction of its temperature, it is changed into ice, which change is attended with a still further expansion. But the case of *salt* water is altogether different; for not only is its freezing point much lower than that of fresh water (being about 27½° under ordinary circumstances, and 25½° when it is kept very still), but it *continues to contract* and therefore to *increase in density*, down to its freezing point; so that a column of Polar water weighs considerably heavier than a column of Equatorial water of the same height. And as this difference in weight or *down*ward pressure acts equally in a *lateral* direction, there is just as much reason for the bottom-outflow of the *denser* because *colder* water, as there is in Straits between Inland seas and the Oceanic basins with which they communicate, for the under-currents which we have seen to flow in each case from the *more* salt to the *less* salt.

It is further obvious that such a bottom-*out*flow, by lowering the level of the Polar Sea, will produce a surface-*in*flow of warmer water from the surrounding area; and as this is chilled by the air above, it will descend in its turn, giving rise to a further indraught. It is maintained, *not* that this will produce a sensible *current*, but that it will give rise to a "set" of the whole upper stratum of Oceanic water in the Polar direction, wherever a free passage is afforded to it. Such a general Southerly "set" has been spoken of by

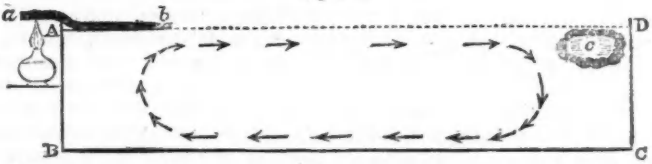
Antarctic navigators; and the existence of a Northerly "set" between the Shetland Islands and Iceland has been deduced by the Danish Admiral Irminger from the "logs" of the Government ships traversing that course—its rate being only from 0·8 to 4·7 miles per day. Such a "set," extending to a depth of several hundred fathoms, would carry the warmth of the Northern Temperate sea far into the Polar area. And this is, as we have seen, precisely what may be inferred from the course of the Isothermal lines in the North Atlantic. That there is no such evidence of a *special* flow of warm water towards the South Polar area, is readily intelligible from the *openness* of that area in every direction.

Further confirmation of this view has been afforded by the Temperature-observations recently made at moderate depths nearly under the Equator, by the officers of the New York School-ship *Mercury*, under the direction of Professor Draper. For it was found, not only that the direct heating influence of the Solar rays was lost at 100 fathoms, but that the temperature even at 200 fathoms is lower than the constant temperature of the Mediterranean down to nearly 2,000 fathoms. This could scarcely be, unless the water in the Equatorial area were continually *rising* from the bottom to the surface, as that of the Polar areas is continually *sinking* from the surface to the bottom; and the explanation of this rise is obvious. For if there be a continual flow of glacial water along the Ocean-bottom from the Poles towards the Equator, and a continual draughting-off of the warmer upper stratum from the Equator towards the Poles, it is obvious that room will be made for each new arrival of Polar water at the Equator, by the upward movement of the column from which the summit has been removed—the last arrival, as the coldest, taking its place at the bottom.

Thus, it may be affirmed as a Scientific probability, that a great Vertical Circulation is always in progress between the Polar and Equatorial Oceans; which tends, by the transference of heat from the latter towards the former, to moderate the extremes of temperature to which each would be liable; and that this Circulation, being entirely maintained by the differences in Specific Gravity produced by differences of Temperature, will continue so long as such differences exist, provided that there be a sufficiently free communication between the Polar and Equatorial areas.

The following Experimental illustration, which has been several times exhibited by the writer, may serve to make the doctrine he advocates more thoroughly intelligible :—

Fig. 2



A, B, C, D is a long narrow trough, with glass sides, filled with salt-water nearly to its edge, as indicated by the dotted line A D. At A, a thick metallic bar, *a b*, is so fixed that one part of it lies along the surface of the water, whilst the other, which projects beyond the trough, is heated by a spirit-lamp placed beneath. Thus the water in the trough is acted on by *surface-heat* at one end, like the water of the Equatorial Ocean; and by *surface-cold* at the other, like the water of the Polar Sea. By the introduction of a colouring liquid, mixed with gum of sufficient viscidity to prevent it from too readily diffusing itself, it can be seen that the mass of water in the trough goes through the *vertical* circulation indicated by the arrows; the upper stratum moving slowly towards the ice, then *tumbling down* (as it were) to the bottom of the trough, then creeping slowly along its bottom, and then rising gradually under the heated plate, to recommence the same movement. The *force* by which this circulation is kept up, is the increased weight of the water acted-on by the *surface-cold*; which acts in sending *downwards* the water exposed to it, in precisely the same manner as *bottom-heat* acts in sending *upwards* the water that is being boiled over a spirit-lamp (Fig. 1). And just as, in the former case, the circulation continues until the whole water in the flask is equally heated, so in the latter the circulation would be maintained in the trough by the constant application of fresh ice at one end of it, until the whole mass of its water is brought down to the temperature of 32°. The action of surface-heat at the other end does not itself tend to draw up the water from below, since the film which it warms is lighter than all that underlies it; but it antagonizes the cooling effect of the ice, and thus maintains

that constant want of equilibrium between the weights of similar columns at the two ends of the trough, which is necessary for the continuance of the movement.

Such, then, is the Physical Theory of the general Oceanic *vertical* Circulation, which has been lately revived by the writer, on the basis of accurate Temperature-observations—*not* in substitution for that for the *horizontal* current-circulation produced by Winds, but as *supplemental* to it. Some may consider that if it be admitted that a N.E. flow of warm water tempers the winter climate of the British Isles, keeps open the harbours of Iceland and Norway, and renders endurable even the Arctic frigidity of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, it is futile to attempt to determine whether this flow is an extension of the Florida Current (or true Gulf Stream), or is due to any other agency. But such persons might just as well say that provided the Sun shines, it is of no use to try to ascertain how or why he shines. And to those who take a *Scientific* interest in Physical Geography, as the study, not merely of the actual condition of the Earth's surface, but also of the causes which have brought it into that condition, it is obvious that no branch of that study can be more important, than the determination of the real character of the Forces which produce the great Movements of the Ocean. For while its *superficial* movements, by their mechanical agency, are constantly wearing down the land, it is by the course of its deep movements, that the transportation of this *detritus*, together with that brought down by rivers, is accomplished, and the place of their deposit (at a great distance, it may be) determined. Thus the sand containing volcanic minerals, which is found on the sea-bed of various parts of the North Atlantic, is the result of the abrasion of the rocks of Labrador, Greenland, Iceland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen; and is drifted far to the south along the course of the glacial underflow, intruding upon the area elsewhere covered with the *Globigerina*-mud or newly forming Chalk. On the other hand, the comparative stagnation of the lower stratum of the Mediterranean basin, gives the opportunity for the finest of the particles washed down by the Nile or the Rhone, to settle tranquilly down over the deepest parts of its bottom; which seems almost everywhere covered with a deposit of mud, mingled with the fine calcareous sand that is produced by the abrasion of the Tertiary rocks which form a large part of its shores.

But the *vertical* Circulation appears, further, to have the very important function of bringing every drop of Oceanic water, at some time or other, to the surface; whereby it is exposed to the purifying influence of the Atmosphere, and its power of sustaining Animal life is thus renewed, as is accomplished in an Aquarium by some mechanical means. For in the Mediterranean, in which the uniformity of Temperature through all but the superficial stratum precludes any such Vertical Circulation, the writer has found *an almost entire absence of life* at depths and temperatures which in the open Ocean appear most favourable to it.

How entirely dependent is the *Temperature* of the Ocean-bottom on the manner and degree in which it is affected by the *vertical* Circulation, has been already shown; and it is by Temperature that the distribution of Animal Life is essentially dominated. It has long been known with regard to the minute *Foraminifera*, that the specimens brought up by very deep soundings in Tropical seas have an Arctic character; and it was formerly supposed that *depth* must have the same influence with *cold*. Now that we know, however, that these great depths are nearly as cold as those of Polar Seas, the true *rationale* of this fact discloses itself; and the knowledge of it must have a very important bearing on Geological theory. For if a Glacial temperature should be found now to prevail, and types of Animal Life conformable thereto should prove to be diffused, over the deeper portion of the existing sea-bed of every Ocean that is in free communication with either of the Polar basins, it is obvious that the same would have been the case at *any* Geological epoch. For there must have been Deep Seas in all Geological periods; and the opposition of Temperature between the Polar and the Equatorial areas, which maintains the *vertical* Circulation in the Ocean at the present time, must have been *always* in operation, though modified in its action by the relative distribution of Land and Water at any particular date. The facts already determined fully justify the conclusion, that a *glacial* Submarine climate may prevail over any area, without having any relation whatever to the Terrestrial climate of that area.

It may be anticipated that the investigations to be carried on by the *Challenger* expedition, now at work under the able direction of Captain Nares and Professor Wyville Thomson, will throw much additional light on this subject. It was represented to the First Lord of the Admiralty by

the writer, when laying before him the scheme of such an expedition, that "the key to much of the past history of the globe is now lying at the bottom of the ocean, and is waiting only to be brought up." Being himself unable to prosecute the search further, the writer leaves it with confidence in the hands of the friend and colleague with whom he co-operated in the earlier stages of it, and who has promised to communicate to the public from time to time, in the pages of this magazine, a general account of the results of his researches.

W. B. CARPENTER.

THE SCHOOL-BOARDS ON TRIAL.

THAT at so early a period of the existence of the School Board there should have arisen a feeling of antagonism between it and the public cannot but be a matter for regret to all who take a friendly interest in the object for which the School Board was created. Such a feeling, however, exists, and it is therefore well that, in the interests of national education, the charges brought against the Board should be impartially considered; and to so consider them is the chief part of our present purpose.

The main charges against the Board are that it has been extravagant, and that it has not done the work it was set to do. We will deal with the last first. Broadly put, the charge under this head is that the Board has done nothing save enter into competition with existing elementary schools, emptying them by underselling them; and that it has failed in getting the class known as gutter children into schools. It is easy to understand such charges being made, for though they have by some been set down as mere spiteful vapourings, or the arrogance combined with ignorance of local "rating authorities," those who know best what the Board has really done will the most readily admit that there is considerable *apparent* justification for these accusations. Instances can be pointed to in which the opening of Board schools has proved detrimental to other schools; and at the time when the outcry against the Board was raised only those having a practised eye or special means of information could have told that the number of children running about the streets had been lessened through the operations of the Board; though such was undoubtedly the case. That any intentional injustice was done to the Board we do not for a moment believe; but that from a want of knowledge of the true facts of the case the public misjudged it, there can be no question. In the first place it should be remembered that, if such a work as that entrusted to the School Board was to be accomplished at all, it could only be by setting about it systematically. The ultimate object of the Educational campaign was of course well known, and that was about all that was clearly known when, in November, 1870, the School Board for London became a thing of life. The whole plan of campaign had to be arranged, everything material had to be ascertained. The metropolis had to be divided into districts and re-censused, in order to find the number of children of school age (from three to thirteen) in it, and the proportion of them for whom it was necessary to provide "Efficient Elementary Schools." To get at this latter point it was necessary not only to obtain a return of all schools, but to classify them into efficient and non-efficient; and the result of this last proceeding is perhaps the most striking proof that could be adduced of the national necessity for such a body as the School-Board. Out of 3,130 schools, 1,876 were found to be inefficient; the great majority of the condemned being, however, it is fair to add, petty affairs classed in School-Board returns "Adventure Schools," and known in popular phraseology as Dames' Schools. As the general result of their statistical researches the School Board found that they were called upon to provide school accommodation for, in round numbers, one hundred thousand children, and this they at once commenced to do, by hiring available buildings for immediate use, and seeking out eligible sites whereon to erect permanent "Public Elementary Schools."

With all this troublesome preliminary work to be got through the School Board, at the end of a year and a half—about which time the cry against them first began to be heard—might well have pleaded that they had had little time for aught else. But as a matter of fact they had done more than merely learn their position. All things considered, they had, as we will show, done a good deal in the matter of getting children into schools, not "by filling the new Board schools with pupils drawn from other schools," but by driving in children who would not have been sent to school at all but for the action of the Board. It is by the operations of the School Board Visitors that this

crowning work of the Board is accomplished; and it is therefore necessary to point out that the first Visitors only commenced work on the 4th of March, 1872, while in some divisions they did not get to work till the latter end of May. The first general report of their proceedings gives the results of their operations up to the 29th September; and now let us look at what they effected in the course of the seven months covered by the report. The returns made by the managers of Efficient Schools to the Visitors showed that the total average attendance during the quarter from June to September was 186,648, being on the whole, as compared with the previous quarter, an increase of 11,311. An analysis of these figures conclusively disposes of the charge of merely filling Board schools by emptying others. On this point the report says, "It has occasionally been stated that the Board schools are only filled at the expense of other schools. It may therefore be well to point out that of the above increase of 11,311, there is an increase of 4,920 in Board schools, and of 6,391 in voluntary schools. In other words, while the Board schools are gradually filling, the average attendance at other schools, notwithstanding a few exceptions, is on the whole not diminishing but steadily increasing."

Really good schools, in which the fees are moderate, will have little or nothing to fear from Board schools. The latter class of schools will not be established in excess of what the Board know to be the actual wants of the district, though those that have not the Board's means of information upon the point may think that, in conjunction with existing schools, they do make up an excess of school accommodation. And as the School-Board Visitors drive gutter children into the Board schools—the only schools that are bound to take them—in constantly increasing numbers, it will be found that many children of other classes will be withdrawn from them and sent to other elementary schools, *provided those other schools offer equal educational advantages.*

To come to the all-important matter of the work of the Board in respect to the class of children who are generally spoken of as "waifs and strays," "gutter children," "street Arabs," and the like. In the first place, it is an incontrovertible fact that the Board had, even previous to the date of the report from which we have been quoting, got a considerable number of that class of children into schools. It may be safely assumed that nineteen-twentieths of the children in respect to whom the compulsory powers of the Board have to be exercised, are of the gutter-child class; and such being the case, let us see what the Board had done in the way of compelling the attendance of children at school. Up to the 29th of September the visitors had served 6,946 "A" notices. These notices call upon parents to send their children to school within fourteen days, and warn them that if they do not comply they are liable to be summoned and fined; and they proved effectual in 4,701 cases, that number of children having been sent to school. The parents of 1,317 children on whom notice "A" produced no effect were served with notice "B," which informed them that they had been guilty of a breach of the bye-laws, and were called to appear before the members of the division, to show cause why they should not be summoned. This led to 904 additional children being sent. In 146 cases it became necessary to take out summonses, of which 43 were withdrawn, and 103 dealt with by the magistrate. In 17 cases the children had been sent to school between the time of the issue of the summonses and the day of hearing; in 34 instances the parents were fined, in 30 the cases were adjourned, chiefly on the promise of parents to send children to school—fines being inflicted in 5 cases on the adjourned hearing; 2 cases were dismissed, and the remainder were pending when the returns from which the report was compiled were sent in.

As the "A" notices are only served in cases in which persuasion and threats have failed, and as in practice the summons cases are found to have a very salutary effect, we think the report can scarcely be accused of exaggeration when, in conclusion upon this head, it says, "It needs scarcely to be added that the above figures give a very inadequate idea of the total number of children sent to school, inasmuch as many parents send their children without the Visitors being obliged to serve notice at all." But supposing the figures are taken alone, they tell a tale of which the Board need certainly not be ashamed. Apart from all official figures, however, we are in a position to know that large numbers of gutter children have been got into schools through the action of the Board. In the division of the metropolis we know best hundreds of such children can be seen in daily attendance, many of them of ten and eleven years of age, painfully puzzling over the alphabet, and all of them woefully backward. They are mostly ragged, and are not always as clean as they might be; but the experience of teachers is that they soon improve in that

respect, and though they are at first more difficult to deal with than ordinary pupils, they are upon the whole less troublesome than might have been expected. Some few of them, it should be added, are only half-timers. Where it is shown to the satisfaction of a committee (or sub-committee, as the case may be) that a child of more than ten years of age is "beneficially and necessarily at work," they have the power (under Bye-Law 4th) to exempt it from the obligation of attending school for more than ten hours a week. Such are "half-timers." The half-time school system has long been established in the Lancashire, Yorkshire, and other factory districts, in which children are largely employed, and in such districts, where there are half-time schools, and a plan of education adapted to the half-time principle, the system is an admirable one, beneficial alike to parents, children, and employers. But in the metropolis the half-time system, as carried out by the School Board, is little better than a mockery. London is *not* a factory district; there are no half-time schools in it, no half-time classes in its full-time schools; while its School Board will not recognise night schools for children of less than thirteen. A child under that age found attending a night school (if not attending a day school also) is treated by the School Board as not being at school at all. Still, without the means of compromise, which the half-time system affords, divisional committees being but men, and having the hearts of men in them, could scarcely do their duty. They have to deal with many most distressing cases—cases in which the families interested are so wretchedly poor that to withdraw from them even the scanty earnings of a ten-year-old child would be absolute cruelty, would be snapping the last link between the family and pauperisation, or starvation. Where, in such cases, the granting of the half-time certificate will save the earnings it is granted. The child—as a rule very backward in his education, if it has been educated at all—becomes a half-timer, but has to attend a full-time school, and take its chance of picking up such crumbs of education as may fall to it under a system meant for and applied to full-timers. That for half-time pupils there should be half-time schools or classes is so self-evident a proposition that there is no need to demonstrate it, and it might naturally have been expected that the establishment of such classes would have followed as the necessary corollary of a bye-law sanctioning half-time attendance.

So far as we are aware, nothing has ever been said upon this point at any of the meetings of the London Board; but in the interest of popular education, we would fain hope that this omission has arisen simply from the press of other matters to which the Board has had to attend, and not from any failure to appreciate "the situation," or to see the importance and necessity for action upon the point—otherwise it would be a dark look-out for the half-timers. If the Board does not shortly deal with this subject in some practical manner, any person wanting a real grievance against it will do much better to take up the question of making provision for half-timers, than by dealing in sweeping charges that the Board has done nothing.

To come back to the point from which we have digressed. Some of the children driven into schools by the action of the School Board in the district of which we were speaking, are, as we said, only half-timers, and are therefore sometimes still to be seen in the streets in school hours. Thus a boy who may be seen regularly at school every afternoon, may in the mornings, be as regularly seen hawking hearthstone. A girl who may be heard calling watercresses or winkles in the afternoon, will be found in school in the mornings; while other girls who may be seen step-cleaning in the mornings attend school in the afternoons. A number of shop errand-boys are also half-timers; and in some cases of widows having to go out to work, two sisters are allowed to be half-timers that one may be at home in the morning and another in the afternoon to take charge of the household, and look after younger children.

While it is true, however, that a considerable number of children have been got out of the streets into schools, it is equally—and to the outer public more obviously and strikingly—true that a great number of children who ought to be in schools are still to be seen running on the streets. There are undoubtedly tens of thousands of such children whom the School Board, great as is the power given to it by law, has failed to reach. But at the same time the number of children to be seen in the streets of the poor quarters of the metropolis, is not always or necessarily the strong argument against the Board that to the uninitiated it appears to be. We will illustrate this by an example. In the particular school division to which we have already specially referred, there is a street that has long been notorious for the number of "gutter" children running about in it. It is

a short street, and taking our stand at the top of it one morning recently, we counted no less than thirty-one children of school age playing in it. Any believer in the theory that the School Board has done nothing, passing the street at this time would probably have remarked that the children in —— street were as thick as ever. Such, however, was not the case. We could have informed any such passer by, that a few months before more than double that number of children would have been found in the street at that time of day; that Patsey H——, the leader of a band of street urchins, who had been a great nuisance in the neighbourhood, was with most of his associates actually attending school; that the School Board had made a raid upon the street with satisfactory results, that a haul of nine children had been made in one house, that most of those in the street who had been served with them, had obeyed the first notice, and that the B—— family, the G—— family and the L—— family, with one or two others better known than respected, had succumbed to the second notice, and sent their children to school.

"But what of all these children who are now in the street?" the passer-by would naturally ask. "Would they be there if the School Board was efficiently discharging its duty? Why were they too not at school?" These are pertinent questions, and we will answer them. In the first place it is necessary to explain that in the School-Board division of the metropolis of which we are speaking, there is a great deficiency of "efficient" school accommodation, and on that account the continued existence of schools officially "condemned," has for the time being to be connived at. Children returned to the officers of the Board as attending such schools, and found to be actually attending them, in such fashion as children do attend dames schools, were left unmolested until the "efficient" accommodation of the district should be increased. With this much premised, let us see how far the fact of these thirty-one children being in the street was really a proof of inefficiency or neglect on the part of the Board. We recognised rather more than a dozen of the children, and knew that through them we could ascertain who the others were. Having from our standing-place "spotted" them all, we made a descent on the street, and from questioning parents and children, and verifying their statements, we found the case to stand as follows:—Eleven were absent from inefficient schools, eight were suffering from skin diseases to an extent that would have led to their being excluded from any school, and this the School Board was bound to accept as a "sufficient reason" for absence; two had sore eyes, two were absent from an efficient school without leave or sufficient reason, but had not been away long enough to cause the master to put them in the list of irregulars furnished to the School-Board Visitor, one was absent for the morning by permission of her schoolmistress, and one was a half-timer who attended school in the afternoon. There were only six of the children whose presence there could fairly be used as a reproach to the school, while two of these had only come to live in the street three days before, and the School Board had not "got wind" of their being there, a thing not to be wondered at when it is considered that each Visitor has on an average about five thousand children to look after. This is of course only a solitary instance, and it may be that it was particularly favourable to the Board, but it shows clearly enough that there are several things to be taken into consideration before the number of children still to be seen in the street can fairly be used as an argument in support of the allegation that the School Board has done nothing in the way of gathering street children into schools. It has already done a good deal in that way, and as year by year the present "plentiful lack" of efficient school accommodation and school teachers is reduced and the class of parents who at present regard it as a hardship that they should be compelled to educate their children, are brought to accept the educational situation as it applies to them, it will do more and more.

As to whether or not the School Board has been extravagant in its expenditure, a good deal may be said on both sides. The charge has generally been made broadly, though two distinct points have been fixed upon—namely, the appointment of an architect at a salary of £1,000 a year, and the apportioning of a sum of £18,000 for the erection of offices. Looking at the number of new schools that are required to give the necessary amount of efficient school accommodation, and considering that thousands of children have still to be allowed to attend dames' schools, or to remain out of school altogether for lack of such accommodation —considering this state of affairs, the Board might very fully and very profitably employ an architect. Against their having such an officer, *at the present stage of their operations*, very little could be fairly said; but, in the manner of the appointment as made, there

certainly were elements that savoured of undue extravagance. In the first place, though the salary of the office is so large, it is expressly understood that the officer is not to give his professional services solely to the Board, and in the second, the appointment on the face of it seems to be a permanent one. If the impression of the public upon this latter point is wrong, it would be well that it should be authoritatively contradicted; while, if it be right, it constitutes a good case against the Board. If, with their command of money, they have not in three years time from now built their new schools throughout the metropolis, both they and their architect will be blameworthy in the matter; and when the schools are built, the architect's office will be very much in the nature of a sinecure—will, at any rate, be most extravagantly overpaid at £1,000 a year. Eighteen thousand pounds certainly seems a large sum of money to be spent upon offices. No doubt, commodious and comfortable offices could be provided for less; but when it is considered that the School Board is second only to Parliament in importance, that it is a deliberative as well as an executive body, and employs a numerous staff, the question whether £18,000 is too large a sum to expend in the erection of a council hall and offices for it, becomes very much a matter of taste.

There has been some talk too of the proposed School-Board schools being of too costly a character; but, looking at the question generally, and bearing in mind that the schools are intended to be permanent institutions, and must, with a view to *ultimate* economy, be well built, and constructed with the utmost regard to the health of the children, we should hardly think that such was the case. The calculation of the financial department of the Board is, that out of a School-Board rate of twopence-halfpenny in the pound, a halfpenny in the pound will defray all costs of building, the other twopence in the pound being required for the maintenance of the schools. While those of the outer public opposed to the Board have been chiefly exercised in respect to the sums proposed to be spent in building, we think they might have got a much more tenable and reasonable case on the score of extravagance out of the larger item of school maintenance, had they only taken the trouble to make themselves acquainted with the actual facts and bearings of this head of School-Board outlay. The circumstance of the Board having persistently refused to give free education, in the full sense of the term, has caused most people to overlook the fact that they are giving partially free education to a great extent, and that without any inquiry as to whether those benefiting by the partial remission of fees are such as ought to be allowed to so benefit at the expense of rate-payers. Whatever may be alleged against the Board in other respects, it is admitted upon all hands that their schools are of a high degree of excellence. The head teachers of them are certificated, and teaching power, and all educational means and appliances are supplied to them upon the most liberal scale. This liberality of supply, of course, involves largeness of outlay, while the low rate of fees, which is an integral part of the school scheme as hitherto carried on by the Board, involves small returns, and the difference between outlay and return has to be made up out of rate-raised funds. How great that difference is, may be estimated from the fact that the balance-sheet of the Board for the half year ending Michaelmas, 1872, showed that the working expenses of the Board schools opened up to that date had been £26,164, while the total amount received in school fees was £2,218. Thus close upon £24,000 worth of gratuitous education was given *indiscriminately* out of the rate; for any one who chooses can send their children to Board schools so long as there is room in them. This is the part of the expenditure of the Board which most invites the serious attention of the rate-payers. Speaking from practical knowledge, we have no hesitation in asserting that it is underestimating the cost, to say that, on an average, it would require a shilling per week per pupil to make the Board schools self-supporting; while it will certainly be over-estimating to place the average fee per pupil actually received at threepence per week. Thus, towards the cost of the education of every child in Board schools the rate-payers contribute, on an average, at least ninepence per week, and among these children are thousands belonging to small tradesmen, well-to-do mechanics and others who, were the matter fairly put in that way, would certainly not be considered entitled to rate-paid relief in *any* form, who would never think of *asking* for such relief, and who, sending their children to Board schools simply because they are capable of appreciating the educational advantages which those schools offer, would, in all probability, pay a higher fee were they requested to do so. Of course, there must be low fees in Board schools, to meet the

necessities of the poorer and poorest classes of parents, and a good deal may be said in favour of "the sweet simplicity" of uniform payments; but, seeing that it is public money that is being dealt with, we think a good deal may also be said in favour of a graduated scale of fees. In this matter too the Board is at present acting upon the principle, that unto them that have shall be given. They will give the tradesman or well-paid mechanic a shilling's worth of education for threepence; but they will not remit the threepence to the poorest widow, whose case, after full investigation, one of their own divisional committee may recommend for remission of fees. And this point alone, there can be no doubt, has given rise to a good deal of ill-feeling against the Board. Not a few rate-payers would like to see the better-off parents charged sixpence for their shilling's worth, and the threepences thus gained granted in the shape of remission to those who were proved to be badly off. If they must pay an average of ninepence per scholar, they would do it much more cheerfully if the average was struck in this manner.

Upon one head of its expenditure the Board certainly cannot be accused of extravagance, except in the sense in which an unwise economy is extravagance—the payment, namely, of its Visitors. The salary of those officers is £80 pounds a year. What their duties are, we pointed out in our article on "School-Board Work." It is through them that the Board works. It *must* see with their eyes, hear with their ears, and rely upon their intelligence and discretion for standing before the public as a capable and impartial body. In the discharge of their duties they have to go into all sorts of places—places in which fever and small-pox are rife, or where rough and disorderly characters abound. They have to conduct inquiries into the conduct and circumstances of families, and make independent investigations as to the truth of statements made by the heads of those families—a part of their business which, it is scarcely necessary to point out, requires judgment, tact, and knowledge of character. Though simply styled Visitors, they are also clerks, having such a number of books to keep, lists and notices to make out, forms to fill, reports to write, and statistical tables and returns to compile, that to do it with anything like comfort, and the necessary degree of privacy each visitor should be able to have a room of his household solely as an office. Representing, too, as they do the authority of the Board, to those upon whom that authority has to be exercised—a class that is strongly influenced by outward appearances—the Visitors should be able to dress respectably, and live in a fairly good part of their district, things that it is evident—in the case of married visitors, at any rate—cannot be done out of 30*s.* per week. The duties of a School-Board Visitor are much akin to, but heavier than, those of a relieving officer, while the salary of a Visitor is about half of that usually paid to relieving officers. A London Visitor working under an active divisional committee must, to discharge his duty conscientiously and efficiently, give up to it considerably more than what are now mechanics' hours, while he receives considerably less than a mechanic's pay. That numbers will be found willing to undertake the office of School Board Visitors for £80 a year there can be no doubt; but that men of sufficiently high character and ability to discharge the duties of the office efficiently will *continue* to do so at such a salary, is very improbable indeed. A number of the first-appointed Visitors in the metropolis have already resigned, and now that they have learned by experience how much work there is incidental to the office, others are likely to follow their example as soon as they "can suit themselves." Of five Visitors appointed by the Liverpool School Board for a probationary term of a month, four were found unfitted for their duties, and the chairman, in making the announcement, said that they wanted persons of high character to undertake the duties. To discharge the duties satisfactorily, the Visitors should be of high character, and of good education and general ability; and to secure and *retain* such persons, the Board must deal in a more liberal manner with its Visitors, nor need they fear that the public would blame them for showing a fair liberality to their working officers.

THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON.

By MRS. PARR, Author of "Dorothy Fox."

CHAPTER IV.—"HARD TO PLEASE IN REGARD TO SHE."



"WE are going to have some one besides a boy?" asked Sir Stephen, looking at the little boat, while the surf running up the beach was handling her rather roughly.

"It will be right enough outside," said Hero; "when we have rounded the point you'll find the sea as calm as a mill-pond."

"Because I am nothing of a salt-water sailor: I can contrive to manage a boat on the river, and that is about all."

"Jim will take care of us;—he is not a boy; Jim!" she cried, and, starting up from the bottom of the boat, where he had been taking a siesta, appeared a wiry, under-sized man, whose age, from his agility, might have been forty, and, from his face, might have been seventy. Sir Stephen felt more satisfied, until after a minute or two's inspection, he exclaimed—

"Why, he has only one arm."

"Oh! that's nothing," replied the Captain; "except with no worse fate than "breaking his fall" on Jim, and tumbling on Hero.

"Never mind," shouted the Captain, who stood watching their departure from the shore; "you'll shake down all right by the time you get outside. Don't you bother about the ropes, he'll manage them with his hook and his teeth."

"I hope you can swim," shouted Sir Stephen, as soon as they were fairly off. Jim put his hand to his ear and looked at Hero.

"Sir Stephen hopes that you can swim." Jim shook his head.

"Not I," he answered, "'taint lucky, sir; so far as I've a seed, most o' they as puts their trust in swimmin' is pretty near certain to be drowned. Uncle Bill could swim like a fish," he said, turning to Hero, "so could Seth Lavis, and Osee Triggs, and what comed of it? Why, they all three went down like lead, and I by their side was saved. No, no, sir, don't 'ee put no hold by swimmin'; set your trust in One above, who never fails to save they who is to be saved, and if you'm born to be drownded, drownded you'll be; 'taint swimmin' will keep your poor sinful body above water."

"Comforting!" ejaculated Sir Stephen.

"Oh! we are safe enough," laughed Hero, "though I see yours is only make-believe fear. In the summer, Jim and I go out for whole days together, and he tells me stories for rowing he never misses it; and if the wind veers round or drops, as I think it will, you must lend a hand, Hero."

"Is rowing one of your accomplishments, Miss Carthew?"

"Yes," replied Hero, laughing, "I have not many, but I *can* manage a boat."

"Oh, she's a capital oar," said the Captain, with pride. "She'd get her rating on board any Queen's ship." Then, putting his two hands to his mouth to form a speaking trumpet, he roared out to Jim—

"Sir Stephen wants to know if Miss Hero can take an oar?"

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the man, in the low distinct kind of whisper, so often used by very deaf people. "That she can; I'd back her agen Ann Granville, Jinny Adams, or any o' the Saltashers."

"That's a compliment you won't appreciate until you have been to one of the regattas and seen the women row," said Hero; "then you will fully understand the pride I feel at Jim's flattering opinion of my stroke."

The boat tumbled and tossed in the foam, pretending every minute that it intended to be upset. To get into her it needed the agility of a cat, which Hero seemed to possess; for, seizing her opportunity, she sprang in first. Sir Stephen was not so fortunate, but thought himself lucky in meeting

and I sing him songs. I am telling Sir Stephen how we amuse ourselves when we go out fishing, Jim," she said, seeing the old man's bright listening eyes fixed upon her.

"Ah!"—and Jim gave a long sigh of satisfaction. "Them's the times. I haven't heerd nothin' nat'ral like, never since the 29th o' last October; that's the day we went to Batten Reach."

"What does he mean?" asked Sir Stephen.

"Well, if you speak to him you have to roar at him, and he says the noise is like thunder, but he can hear singing,—at least he says he can hear mine,—and it so delights him to listen to his old sea songs, that I often repeat them over and over again for his amusement."

"You refused the other evening; you told me that you could not sing."

"Nor can I; but when I was a child papa taught me several of his favourite nautical ballads, which are not exactly company music, you know."

"I dare say they are very much prettier."

Hero shook her head.

"Let me hear one?"

"Oh, no, I could not; they are not in the least what you would care for."

"You cannot tell that. Jim," he called out, "ask Miss Carthew to sing one of your favourite songs."

"Will 'ee, Miss Hero?" said Jim; "'es now, do 'ee, like a dear," he added in a coaxing voice.

"Yes, do 'ee, like a dear," said Sir Stephen, trying to imitate Jim's insinuating voice.

Hero held up her finger reprovingly, but she nodded assent to Jim's further pleading request that the song should be "The lass who loves a sailor." After a momentary pause she began: her voice rose clear and sweet, doing justice to the tuneful melody, which she sang with heartfelt feeling. Her face was turned so that the old man might hear; and he, with his eyes on the sail and his hand to his ear, sat listening with a rapt expression, which made his thin, worn face beam with delight.

Sir Stephen gazed on the pair, and then the beauty of the whole scene seemed to come over him suddenly; the calm "great heaven of blue" which reflected itself in the water below, the high samphire-patched rocks fantastically jagged and broken, the foam dashing and lapping against them, frothy and white above the sea's borrowed depth of colour.

"Surely," he thought, "my mother's prejudice would give way before this wild scenery, which she always admires. I hope I shall succeed in getting her to feel an interest in these people. They have made me somehow take to them wonderfully; they have such simple ways and pleasures, and are so different to the common run of country folks. What a sweet face this girl has, and such a pretty air of coquetry; conscious but not vain of her beauty; a real unspoilt woman, with a heap of weakness to make the man who loves her proud of his strength, and a heap of strength to turn his pride into weakness." And then the vision of another face rose up before him—a face which had once been to him the fairest in all the world, but which now was shadowed by clouds of distrust and bitterness, lived out but not forgotten.

"God bless you for that sound to the deaf ear," said old Jim reverently.

Sir Stephen, roused from his reverie, smiled at her, saying—"I can say nothing, but that I am very much obliged to you. It must make you feel very happy, Miss Carthew, to be so beloved and have it in your power to make people so happy."

"If you will but stay here and live among us, I will promise you an equal share of popularity. As long as I can remember, people have been wishing that you lived at Combe, and now we know you, and have seen you, nothing but your doing so will content us."

"I won't promise you to come and live here altogether, but I shall certainly come and stay some part of each year. Your father has been showing me that it is not fair to hold land and yet do nothing for those who live upon it. We decry Irish absentees, and yet in many instances follow their example, and I feel I have been very much to blame."

"But you knew so little about us," said Hero.

"For the reason, I suppose, that I asked so little; and then, as Mr. Truscott said that they never complained in any way, I tried to hope they were in a very flourishing condition."

"Mr. Truscott is a Dockmouth man," said Hero, in a scornful voice, "and does not understand Mallett people; it was not at all probable that he would hear many complaints by riding over when it suited his convenience, and stopping such as he chose with, 'Well, my man, and how does the world serve you?'" and Hero's imitation of the hand on the hip, and the wave of an

imaginary whip, was so life-like that Jim, who was watching her, chuckled out—

"That's Lord Truscott to a T."

"There you see," exclaimed Hero significantly, "*he* was not very likely to gain their confidence."

"True, I see now that things must be managed very differently in future. As I explained to Captain Carthew this morning, I am anything but a rich man; my other estate, Pamphillon, was left to me encumbered with debts, so that instead of deriving any income from it, I have to spend money on it every year. The fact is, when I came of age I ought to have sold that place, but my mother would not hear of it; and I, shrinking, as one naturally does, from giving up what has been in one's family for generations, tried to see if, by any means, it was possible to keep it. Afterwards I went abroad for some years, and gave up attending to business matters, but now I see so plainly what is the right thing to do, that I shall hesitate about it no longer, but put Pamphillon into the market directly I return to town. I daresay I shall find a bidder," he added with a sigh; "it's a fine old place."

"What a pity to have to sell it!" said Hero.

"Yes; better never to have had it at all. My poor uncle, whom I succeeded, was a most eccentric man. He had no need to speculate; he had a good income, and nobody to spend it on, for he abhorred the sight of women, and never married, nor went into society; and yet, after his death, it was found that he had entered into the wildest speculations, and completely beggared the property. I was quite a child, and my mother had to economise and retrench in every possible way, in order to try to get things a little straight during my minority. How she managed to keep things from going to the dogs I can never tell; but it completely broke down her health, and people all say that she has never been the same since. The strain on her nervous system was too great; she over-estimated her responsibility in the desire to keep Pamphillon for me, and it has ended in her throwing herself into a fever of anxiety at the bare mention of selling it, and yet disliking the place so that she hates to go near it."

"Poor thing," said Hero compassionately, "what will you do to avoid paining her."

"Say as little about it as I can, and induce her to come down here. I think you and she would soon be excellent friends; she is very fond of young people's society."

"You have no sisters?"

"No; my cousin always lived with my mother until she got married, and since then she has preferred to be alone."

"I hope she may come here, then," said Hero, "I should be very glad to try and make her like me."

"That would not be a difficult task," said Sir Stephen, "the difficulty will be to get her to come; she declares Mallett is at the world's edge,—and perhaps the journey is a fatiguing one for her."

"But not in the summer?"

"Oh, no; I must contrive it somehow; and if I can then manage to interest her in the people, we shall soon set everything straight. I hope," he said, speaking to Jim, "that you will not have so much to complain of another winter. I am very sorry to hear how much many suffered during the past one."

"Thank 'ee sir," said Jim; "mostly times *is* a little hard then, but as I says, 'Take heart, mates, the summer 'ill come,' and come it does; and so it will, I reckon, for 'while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease;' and after 'twill all be changed, and there'll be winter no more, but to they that praise the Lord, light and sunshine allays."

"He is a local preacher," said Hero, answering Sir Stephen's surprised look, "and a very eloquent one according to Betsy's opinion, which is that preaching is a free gift, and not to be picked up like verses by reading books. Her sayings used to amuse poor old Mr. Despard greatly. You knew him, did you not? I mean the late rector," she added.

"No. My mother gave him the living when I was a boy; he had been, I believe, an old friend of my uncle's, and, through him, she had formed a high opinion of Mr. Despard. I don't fancy they were personally acquainted."

The sudden shift of the sail, as they tacked into Winkle Creek, put an end to the conversation. Their approach had been made known to Captain Joslyn by the signalman, and by the time the boat reached the shore, a line had been formed by the fine stalwart coast-guard men to run her out of the surf up the beach, where they could step out high and dry, and be welcomed by the whole family, who were standing to receive them. Mrs. Joslyn willingly acceded to Hero's request that they might carry off Alice, a pretty, shy girl, who looked upon

her friend Hero as the standard of perfection; and, only waiting until she was ready to accompany them, they set off on their return to Sharrows.

The wind dropping as the Captain had prognosticated, Hero's services were put into requisition; and Sir Stephen, instead of attending to the tiller, found his eyes straying from the undulating movements of Hero's lithe figure to her sweet face flushed by exercise, her hair a little tossed by the gentle breeze, and her eyes sparkling with fun and enjoyment of his pretended surprise, and his assertion that he was afraid to stir, although as soon as the boat touched he sprang on shore, and insisted upon lifting her out, with a care that made old Jim eye him suspiciously. The boat landed them at the foot of Sharrows, and as Alice wanted to unpack her bag the two girls went off together, leaving Sir Stephen to follow.

"Here, Jim," he said, putting a few shillings into the old boatman's hand, "you must drink my health."

Jim shook his head.

"I gived it up years agone, sir. For more than half of my life through love o' drink the devil stuck to me like a limpit, but, bless the Lord, who has overthrown the powers o' Satan in that respect as in many others."

"Well, then," said Sir Stephen, "keep it and do what you like with it."

"Thank'ee, sir; but there's lots in Mallett who has more need for it than me."

"Nonsense; Miss Carthew told me that you had been ill, and not able to do any work for a long time."

"'Twas only a touch o' the screws," said the old man, smiling; "the jints is gittin' a little rusty, I reckon, sir; but our Heavenly Father was good to me; and as for Miss Hero," and he took off his cap, seeming to forget Sir Stephen's presence, and said reverently, "May God send her the blessings I asks for her—amen," he added, after a moment's pause, turning with the money still in his open palm.

"Keep it for my sake, Jim," said Sir Stephen, patting the old fellow's shoulder; "I hope that you and I will get good friends soon."

Jim smiled his satisfaction.

"I hope so, sir; but," and he gave a knowing shake of his head towards Sharrows, "you mustn't mind us being main hard to please in regard to she."

Sir Stephen nodded. "She?" he thought, as he walked up the path, "I wonder what the old chap means?" and at something which seemed not distasteful to himself he smiled, and then indulged in a quiet laugh, and finally lighted a cigar, and sat down on one of the numerous seats the Captain had placed up the steep ascent, as resting posts to the aged and weary.

CHAPTER V.—KATHERINE DOUGLAS.

As Sir Stephen sat dreamily watching the shadowy mists gradually encircling the seabound hills and rocks, he again asked himself the cause of his present content. He recalled the journeys he had taken, the money and time he had spent, and the fatigue he had undergone, seeking, in the first instance, a remedy against hopeless depression, and afterwards, when his bitter disappointment had ceased, to ward off those fits of unutterable weariness, which threatened to take the place of an anguish he had finally succeeded in mastering. He was neither particularly energetic, nor easily moved to fresh action; but he had a wholesome horror of falling into a condition, in which there seems nothing left to give attraction, or afford interest to the end of a useless and wasted life. Cramped as he had been by his position and inadequate income, he always felt there was but one step by which he could right himself—selling his estate of Pamphillon. But from the only two persons whose opinion affected his actions, he met with determined opposition. His mother declared that such an act would be her death-blow. She entreated her son never to part with an inheritance which had been theirs for generations. She reminded him of the struggle which she had made during his boyhood, to prevent an acre of the land being parted with; and she asked him whether now, when by a hundred ways a man of energy and talent could build up anew the fortunes of his house, he was going tamely to sacrifice it all, and bury himself alive at a place, which was out of reach of all civilised society, and where he must sink to the level of the people with whom he would be compelled to mix. Mrs. Prescott was a fragile, delicate-looking woman, in all other things willing and ready to be guided by whatever best pleased her son; but whenever mention was made of this subject, she seemed to grow obstinate and unreasonable.

When Sir Stephen left England on his lengthened tour, she had obtained a promise from him that all should go on as usual until his return—a return which for years she sighed after; for, excepting a few hurried visits for the express purpose of seeing her,



"THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON."

Page 116.

Sir Stephen was always bent on some fresh expedition, and for six or seven years he had been roaming about in all quarters of the globe. When at length Mrs. Prescott received the welcome announcement that now he intended to settle at home altogether, her joy knew no bounds. She hardly asked herself, and dare not ask him, the reason of this resolution; whether the excitement of travel had been worn out, or whether the cause which had led him to seek diversion no longer existed. Could it, she asked herself, have anything to do with Mr. Labouchere's death, and that Katherine was again in England? Katherine! whose name had never been spoken between them for years. Katherine! for dread of meeting whom he had banished himself, for bitterness of whom he called all womankind hypocrites. What had wrought this wondrous change? And Mrs. Prescott would sit musing, until a softened expression, stealing over her face, hailed the revived hope that, after all, the dearest wish of her life might still be realised.

There had been a time when any doubt that Katherine Douglas would be Stephen's wife had never entered Mrs. Prescott's mind. Katherine was her favourite brother's daughter, and had been almost entirely brought up by her aunt, who, next to her son, bestowed upon her the greatest share of her affection.

When children, the two cousins had scarcely ever been apart; and, as they grew up to manhood and womanhood, it gave Mrs. Prescott the greatest satisfaction to see this early attachment ripen into a love of a more serious nature. Many persons (knowing how much Sir Stephen's fortune stood in need of repair) wondered that his mother should be content to see him woo a girl with nothing but her good looks to recommend her; but Mrs. Prescott loved her niece dearly, was proud of her beauty and talents, and, without either mother or son knowing or irksomely feeling it, Katherine entirely ruled both. She possessed her cousin's love so completely, that he willingly gave in to every wish and plan she formed; and her aunt leaned so confidently upon her, that the idea of thwarting Katherine never occurred to a mind thoroughly convinced that whatever Katherine did must be right.

To a formal engagement between herself and Stephen Miss Douglas objected, on the ground that her grandmother Dormer might raise obstacles. They understood each other, she said, and, as they could not marry for two years (when Sir Stephen would get an addition to his income), what was the use of being talked of, and perhaps annoyed about it? Mrs. Prescott thought there was a great deal of truth in what Katherine said, and between them Sir Stephen was overruled. The time of probation was within a few months of being accomplished, when Mrs. Dormer summoned Katherine to attend her to Nice, where she had been ordered for change of air, and from which place she lugubriously announced that it was highly improbable she should ever return. What was to be done? Mrs. Dormer must not be offended, or, though Katherine was her favourite grandchild, she would be safe to leave her money elsewhere.

"Well, let her," said Sir Stephen, "I would willingly give up every chance you have of her money, rather than let you go away from me, and we be parted all these months."

"Stephen!" said Katherine, and she looked at him reproachfully, "how foolishly you talk! You know of what importance money is to us. Without this prospect from grandmamma it would be madness in you to think of marrying *me*, but I hope that with it we shall be able to set everything right."

"She may live for years," he said moodily; "I am sure I don't desire otherwise. The safest and only sure way out of my difficulties is to sell Pamphillon, pay off the mortgages, and live on what is left. A very fair income it would be—and then if Mrs. Dormer left us anything—" but the cloud on Katherine's face would stop the indulgence of further hopes, and she would say in a voice which bordered on a sneer—

"Have you no ambition, Stephen? for it seems to me that except as an object of barter Pamphillon has small value in your eyes;" and this, or some such misinterpretation, wounding the young man, the two would grow vexed—he angry and sharp of speech, and she stubborn and cold.

Mrs. Prescott quite held with Katherine, that to refuse compliance with Mrs. Dormer's request would be folly. She, too, counted on the expected fortune, entered into Katherine's schemes, and would remonstrate with her son on his seeming rashness and selfishness.

"Is not Katherine making a sacrifice equal to your own?" she would say. "Can it be pleasure for her to leave you, and shut herself up with a fidgety old woman?"

"Why does she go?" Sir Stephen would answer, "she is doing this for my sake, she says, but I don't want the sacrifice. I would rather a thousand times never touch a

farthing of the money than gain the whole by giving her up for months."

And Mrs. Prescott turning away would sigh, and ask herself if men ever appreciated the heavy burdens borne by women for their sakes.

Before any of these discussions commenced, Katherine had determined to join her grandmother; during the time they were going on she settled her plans and made her necessary arrangements; so that when, after every artifice had been used to soften the matter, an unwilling consent was forced from Sir Stephen, it was but an absurd matter of form, the whole thing having been finally settled several days before, and Mrs. Dormer having heard from her granddaughter the very day and hour she intended joining her. Under the cloak of Mrs. Dormer's continued illness, Katherine's stay was greatly prolonged; her letters grew shorter, with longer intervals between. She gave up answering any questions, and seemed distressed, often cold, and entirely different from herself.

Mrs. Prescott tried to soften down the varied moods her son was thrown into through this air of mystery. She attributed it to anxiety, over-exertion, being among strangers, Mrs. Dormer's caprices. But all to no purpose; Sir Stephen's suspicions were aroused, his fears increased, until he determined to go to Katherine and learn from her the meaning of her strange behaviour; but a stop was unexpectedly put to his journey by an announcement in the morning paper:—"At Carabacel, Nice, Katherine Prescott Douglas, second daughter of the late Stanhope Douglas, Esq., of Pentarn, to John Pitman Labouchere, Esq., of Endor Court and Great Danesfield."

CHAPTER VI.—"RICH AND FREE!"

LITTLE by little, from friends who knew them and people who had met them, Mrs. Prescott learnt what there was to learn of her niece's extraordinary conduct. All of this she had to keep to herself; for, after a burst of outraged love and trust, on the receipt of a few lines from Katherine in defence of a step which she said he would one day understand and pardon, Sir Stephen would never hear her name mentioned. He began at once to make preparations for a lengthened tour, and, as soon as was possible after the announcement of the marriage, he was on his way; leaving poor Mrs. Prescott solitary and heart-broken, to brood over her shattered hopes. Many a bitter tear did she shed over Katherine's letters, which she had given a promise to her son she would not answer. Eagerly did she catch at every straw of gossip relating to the strangely matched couple; how that it was impossible for Mr. Labouchere to live a year; that his wealth was enormous; and that Mrs. Dormer (who had managed the whole business) said everything was left solely to her granddaughter, who, she did not hesitate to add, would in all human probability soon be free. Free! and if so? would Stephen ever forgive her? And Mrs. Prescott, remembering the fierce words her son had spoken, the bitter accusations he had brought against Katherine, shuddered as hope was swallowed up by fear. In a letter written the night before her marriage Katherine had said—

"It is to save our hopes from total wreck that I make a sacrifice, which you at least will comprehend, for you have often told me all that you have suffered for Stephen's sake; and surely it is worth giving up a few years of my life to know that our ambition is attained, and our aim accomplished; for I can make a will to-morrow leaving to whom I please the reversion of the money which will virtually then become mine, aunt. If Stephen will not see this, if he is bitter and misjudges me, entreat, plead for me, remembering that you have taught me that for those we love we can endure all things."

Yes, that was true. What had not she, his mother, endured for his sake—a burden which had robbed her of peace, health, and all internal comfort; a sorrow, repentance for which, in all save reparation, was complete?

Under the shelter of delicate health and over-strained nerves, Mrs. Prescott hid the storms of agonized fear and remorse which every now and then would sweep over her. Though quite innocent of the cause of these attacks, no one could soothe and manage her like her niece. Her son pitied her from his heart, but, not one whit understanding the reason of what, to his mind, was her causeless depression, he generally attempted to rouse her when she needed sympathy, and to sympathize with her when she only wanted to be assured and rallied. Until her support failed her, Mrs. Prescott never knew how entirely she had leaned upon Katherine. No one else understood her, no one else was a companion to her: and when mutual acquaintances would speak of her niece's altered appearance,—how she avoided all society, looked pale, and worn by the devoted attention she paid to her sick husband, whose side she seldom left,—Mrs. Prescott's heart would ache for the girl's sufferings, and she

would long to take her in her arms, and seek comfort for both in their mutual bond of sorrow. Well she knew that, though Katherine no longer wrote to her, her love was in no way diminished. Each birthday or recurrent period of home festivity, some simple gift would arrive, with no word or donor's name, but showing how fondly the heart of the absent one still clung to the old memories. These little tokens Mrs. Prescott hoarded and treasured, often wondering, as she fondly handled them, if the old hopes, now growing dim, would ever be realised. Nearly five years had past away, and Mr. Labouchere still lived, —kept alive, it was said, by the unwearied care of his young wife. He had never dared to leave Italy, but moved from one invalid resort to another, according to the change of season and temperature.

Old Mrs. Dormer had not lived to see Katherine sole possessor of the fortune she had secured for her. When she died, she left her all she had to leave; so that not a few spoke of the wonderful catch Mrs. Labouchere would one day be, and rather hinted that Sir Stephen would not remain long abroad after he heard that she was a widow.

And at length the long-looked-for event came to pass, and Katherine, with her dead husband's body, returned rich and free to the country which, nearly six years before, she had left an affianced bride, poor in all save the love she had seemingly set small store upon.

"Forgive me, Stephen, if I have been weak," wrote Mrs. Prescott some two months after her niece's arrival; "but when I learned that Katherine was in London, sorrowful and lonely like myself, with health gone and spirits broken, I could not refuse her entreaties to see me."

Sir Stephen's answer was that, if, seeing his cousin afforded his mother any pleasure, he should be sorry to think any misgivings on his account would prevent her from gratifying her desire. Further, he begged that she would entirely follow her own wishes, and if she desired to renew her old terms of intimacy with her niece, he should be the last to place any barrier between them.

Gradually therefore, and by slow degrees, Mrs. Prescott and Katherine saw more and more of each other. At first Stephen's name was hardly mentioned; but as their conversations grew more lengthy and confidential, reserve was thrown aside, and they combined their energies to bring back the heart-broken lover, as they both secretly pictured him. So in each letter Mrs. Prescott wrote to her son, increased mention was made of Katherine; and because, though he did not answer, he did not forbid these remarks, much hope was indulged in that all might yet go well.

Mrs. Labouchere's first year of widowhood was over, before Sir Stephen announced to his mother that he was on his way to England and home.

"I shall go to Scotland at once," Katherine said, as soon as their delight at the welcome intelligence had somewhat subsided. "It will be best for us not to meet until you find out how he feels towards me."

"I fear," said Mrs. Prescott, "that we must be prepared for coldness at first—and bitterness, too, Katherine. Stephen's love for you was of no common kind, and he has always been unreasonable about money. Oh! what a time that was!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands, as if in thankfulness for its being over. "I often wonder that I am alive after all I have gone through:—you lost to us; Stephen mad, reckless, not caring what became of anything. Why, each time he has come back, I have had to plead for keeping Pamphillon as if I was begging for a life."

"Forget it now, dear aunt; you *have* forgiven me?"

"Entirely;—a temptation of that kind is so terrible. But Stephen will never understand it. Men forget that love makes women weak and prone to act from impulse. In some things Stephen is very hard."

"Will he ever forgive me, aunt?"

"Oh! love changes a man's whole nature, and your slightest word had always more weight with Stephen than a volume spoken by any one else. Dear fellow, how I long to see him! It seems hard that you should go, Katey."

"But it is best, aunt, and I know you will do better for me than I could do for myself. I feel I cannot know any real happiness until Stephen is reconciled to me, and we are friends again."

For thus the two, woman-like, fenced with the word, and though they each knew the other's meaning, no warmer name than friendship had ever been given to the tie sought to be renewed between the cousins.

From this time until her son's arrival Mrs. Prescott's whole mind was engrossed by the one object of effecting a reconciliation. Not a moment of the day but she was going through imaginary scenes in which she delicately, and seemingly unconsciously, led round to Katherine's name. This diplomatic opening well received, she proceeded to

imagine what *she* should say, what *he* would say, the answers she should make, the arguments she should use, until she had the crowning happiness to know that her point was gained, and Stephen and Katherine brought face to face.

Indeed, so much time did she spend in arranging and perfecting her plans, that she felt quite vexed when Stephen, on the evening of his arrival, during their after-dinner chat, said, in the most easy manner and unemotional tone of voice—

"And so you have seen a great deal of Katherine lately. How is she, and how is she looking?"

Was it possible? Had she heard aright? She could scarce stammer out her confused answers. The tables were indeed turned.



Page 116.

It was she who was to have been calm, and he ill at ease and agitated, and when he went on to make further inquiries about her plans, her house, her fortune, Mrs. Prescott was entirely puzzled and completely perplexed.

"Perhaps you have no objection to meet her?" she asked timidly.

"I! not the least; I expected to find her in town, perhaps here."

"Certainly," reflected Mrs. Prescott, "Stephen is peculiar." And she decided that it was quite impossible to know how to deal with men, who she began to think had very little sensitiveness in their natures.

"I only thought," she said, nettled by his coolness, "that after what has passed you might still feel unwilling to meet her."

"What, bear malice all my life?" he

said, stretching himself into a more comfortable position, "because once upon a time she preferred a rich old gentleman to a spooney boy? On the contrary, I have lived to applaud her for such an uncommonly sensible decision, which has tended to enlarge my views considerably. In love, those who are first cured are best cured."

"My dear boy, pray don't lay down those horrid maxims as any rule of life," said Mrs. Prescott, regarding her son with a troubled gaze; "I am sure they only tend to shake one's faith in everything and every person."

Sir Stephen laughed.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear mother," he said. "My doctrines are most sound, and my faith unshaken. All I want you to understand is this, that, as long as it affords you pleasure to receive your niece, it will give me no uneasiness to meet her."

Mrs. Prescott kissed him as she thanked him, but she could not recover from her disappointment. Reflecting, after they had parted, on what he had said, she felt that her son had very much altered during these past six years. Each time he had returned to her she had noticed a change, but now all the slight alterations had seemingly culminated in producing a man who thoroughly differed from the ardent, impassioned lover Katherine Douglas had ruled and slighted. From a natural love of home, and the constant companionship of the two in whom all his affections were centred, Sir Stephen had formerly seen but very little of the world, and so had retained a boyish freshness which his lady-love did not always appreciate. But these six years of absence and constant change now told in his altered bearing, and Mrs. Prescott saw but a fresh cause for fear lest Katherine should disapprove of the change, and her regard diminish in consequence. She betrayed, however, none of her anxiety in the letter which she at once dispatched to Mrs. Labouchere. After giving a minute account of his arrival, his looks, and what he had said and done, she went on—

"And suddenly he spoke of you, asking me how you were, if you were at home, and how you were looking?"

And with the triumphant smile which the reading of these words produced on her face, what wonder that Katherine Labouchere was satisfied with the answer her presence would give the man, who, she elected, should now own the beauty he had so often praised?

Yes, she had wonderfully recovered her good looks; her eyes were no longer surrounded by dark rims; her cheeks were fast regaining their roundness; and her fair pale complexion had once more the hue of health, which for a long time seemed gone for ever. "Oh! that time!" the shadow of it passing across her memory caused a shudder to run through her, and she turned away and sat down again to her letter, lingering over, and dwelling upon every sentence which related to Stephen and herself.

"Rich, handsome, and free," not a few mouths watered over the good gifts fortune had so liberally lavished upon Katherine Labouchere; and thought, that if any one in the world was to be envied, it was the woman thus happily situated. Katherine herself perfectly concurred that the position she held was most desirable, and yet she wondered, whether to obtain this heaven of worldly good, many, knowing all, would consent to pass through the purgatory by which she had attained it.

Influenced greatly by all she had heard from her aunt, it was Katherine's earliest dream of ambition to become the means of restoring the decayed splendour of Pamphillon. Many a long hour had she beguiled in weaving a tangle of schemes and plans by which this purpose was to be effected. Her aunt was to do this, Stephen was to become that, various people were to lead up to the end by various ways; but she was the showman who held the puppet wires; she piped, while they but danced to her music. Of course Stephen would marry her, about that she never entertained a doubt; and when the time came, and he told her of a love different from aught he had ever felt, called into being and fresh-born for her alone, she cheated herself and him into the belief that she shared the feeling, instead of regarding it primarily as an essential to the scheme she was resolved to carry out. Not but that Katherine had more love for Stephen than her self-imposed restraints permitted her to indulge in; but hers was a nature to undervalue all that she was thoroughly secure of; and, believing that Stephen's love could never be shaken, she became indifferent, and made her own plans and wishes the sole guide of her actions. Her marriage with Mr. Labouchere was mainly brought about by Mrs. Dormer's influence. It was throwing away the gifts of Providence, she said, for a portionless girl to give up a fortune which the man, who could not carry it to his grave, was imploring her to accept. Every one knew that Mr. Labouchere was suffering from a mortal complaint; every doctor he had

consulted agreed that nothing could keep him alive beyond a few years. He was not ignorant of all this himself, and indeed had freely spoken to Katherine on the subject.

And then the old temptress drew cunningly devised pictures to the girl of herself, possessed of a large fortune and able to marry whom she pleased. She constantly intimidated her by saying, that if she set so little value upon money, she would take care that hers should be left to some one with more sense; until, harassed by the dread of losing all on the one hand, and, on the other, buoyed up by the idea that there was something grand in sacrificing herself for the man she loved, Katherine gave a sudden consent, and, when all was over, she began gradually to realise that, to a woman not unprincipled or hardened enough to calmly wait for the end, which Mr. Labouchere's fits of illness seemed to constantly threaten, her true position was by no means an enviable one.

At each attack Katherine, knowing how greatly in her secret heart she desired the sufferer's death, was seized with misgivings, grew anxious and nervous, and was tormented by gnawings of conscience. To still these reproaches she would devote herself to her husband by day and night; calling in every available aid, consulting each authority, carrying out the most minute suggestions, until those around her marvelled at an anxiety, which was so evidently unfeigned, as to leave no doubt that aught but love could call it forth.

In addition to her self-inflicted torments, she had to listen to Mr. Labouchere's praises, and accept his thanks and blessings, every word of which seemed to humiliate and stab her. And, when to the wonder of all about him, the invalid would begin to rally again, then Katherine's strength seemed to fail, her spirits began to droop, and hope would sicken and die out while contemplating visions as far out of reach as ever. It was a terrible life of struggle, although she hid the conflict from all who saw her. But when Mrs. Dormer, feeling death drawing near, called her to her bedside and said—

"Katherine, I have left everything to you. In spite of what I used to say to urge you to a marriage which I foresaw would turn out happily, I never meant that any but you should ever possess a farthing of my money—" her misery seemed greater than she could bear, and, hiding her face in her hands, she cried out that fate had dealt very hardly with her.

But why recall these clouds now, when all their darkness has passed, and only the silver lining remains in the shape of wealth and hopes which make life again look rosy and smiling?

Mrs. Prescott's letter concluded by begging that her niece would not delay her return to London, and that immediately after her arrival she would come to her; and as this was the very thing Mrs. Labouchere longed to do, the next week saw her back again in town and driving towards her aunt's house.

THE "FAITHFUL SAYINGS" OF THE PASTORAL EPISTLES.

By the DEAN OF CHESTER.

SECOND PAPER.

IN the first of three short papers, which are intended to elucidate the five "Faithful Sayings of the Pastoral Epistles," it was remarked that these "sayings" appear to have been partly proverbial and partly liturgical:—while, viewed in either way, they combine easily with other arguments that may be adduced for assigning these writings of the Apostle Paul to the very latest period of his life. The three instances which form the subject of the present paper group themselves under the head of proverbs. The question of liturgical quotations, which arises in connection with the two remaining instances, may be deferred to the third and concluding part of this discussion.

In the New Testament there is a far greater amount of proverbial teaching than a superficial reader would at first sight suppose. If indeed we reflect carefully on the great utility of proverbs, we should expect to find in that part of Holy Scripture an abundance of such maxims, containing great principles for the elevation of our customary thought and feeling, and ready for immediate use in the practical conduct of life. And such maxims we do find in profusion, though we are hardly conscious of the great extent of this profusion till we search.

Thus in the Gospels we have, in the first place, proverbs which we can hardly distinguish from parables—which might indeed

be termed parables condensed — as for instance the following:—"*No man having drunk old wine straightway desireth new. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Why seek ye the living among the dead? The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.*"* Elsewhere, but more rarely, our Lord states the truth, or gives the precept, literally and without any metaphor, but still in a proverbial form, as when He says, "*God will have mercy and not sacrifice. The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath. Judge not, and ye shall not be judged.*" †

If from the Gospels we turn to the Acts of the Apostles, we find in that book an instance of each kind of proverb from Christ Himself. When St. Paul was converted, the Lord said from heaven—we may call it either a parable or a proverb—"*It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.*" ‡ When St. Paul, now an experienced missionary, was addressing the Ephesian elders at Miletus, he quoted from among "the words of the Lord Jesus" the one precious relic of His teaching which has floated down by tradition without injury, namely, this maxim, universally true, yet rarely believed, that "*it is more blessed to give than to receive.*" § In like manner we might quote the proverbial sayings, which are imbedded in the writings of the Apostles, but which we hardly see in their true proverbial value, till they are taken out of their context and looked at separately; as when St. Paul asks, "*Thou that teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?*" or, "*Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?*" ‖ or when St. James asks, "*Can a fountain at the same place send forth sweet water and bitter?*" ¶ or when "the beloved disciple," true to his title, and to his own experience, says, "*He that loveth his brother abideth in the light.*" ** And from the Epistles of St. John we might pass, with the same result, to the Revelation of St. John. There too we find the New Testament proverb exercising its sacred function: and once more it is from the Lord Himself, speaking in parables, "*Behold! I stand at the door and knock.*" ††

But enough has been said concerning that general characteristic of the New Testament, that it abounds in proverbs. Here we are occupied with proverbs of a peculiar class. In these papers, we are dealing not simply with brief emphatic statements of truth, or with precepts made more forcible by condensation and by evident fitness for immediate use, but by sayings of this character adduced as being actually current, and as having already a recognised value, in Christian society. The preamble "it is a faithful saying," gives at once to the proverb with which it is connected the character of a quotation. The "saying" is taken down by the Apostle from the mouths of the Christian people around him, accepted by him as "faithful" and "true," and then thrown back upon them again with all the force of his own endorsement. It is this which gives its special interest to the five instances under our present consideration. They are the utterances of an organized community, conscious of the religious life with which it is pervaded: and St. Paul has transmitted to all future ages these selected sayings, as having this peculiar characteristic.

There are difficulties, as we shall see, in the exposition of some of these passages, arising from our perplexity as to which part, and how much, of the whole surrounding context is singled out and isolated from the rest by the defining formula. No difficulties of this kind, however, are encountered in connection with the first instance, which must now receive our separate attention.

(1.) In the course of the first chapter of the first Epistle to Timothy St. Paul writes, at some length and with deep feeling, of the mercy which he himself had received at the hand of God. He who had once been "a blasphemer and a persecutor," had been placed in the ministry. "The grace of our Lord" had been "exceeding abundant" towards him. His conversion, in fact, was "a pattern of all long-suffering" for the encouragement of all "who should thereafter believe."* In the heart of this passage there occurs the sentence in question: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that *Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.*"† St. Paul proceeds to add, "Of whom I am chief," and then uses some of the words I have quoted. With this personal reference to his own case we need not occupy ourselves at present, except to say that this framework, within which we find the proverb, very much augments the force of the proverb itself. The setting enhances the brightness

* Luke v. 39; Matt. v. 14; Luke xxiv. 5; John x. 11; Luke ix. 62.
† Matt. xii. 7; Mark ii. 27; Luke vi. 37.
‡ Acts xxvi. 14. § Acts xx. 35.
‖ 1 Rom. ii. 21; xiv. 4. ¶ James iii. 11.
** 1 John ii. 10. †† Rev. iii. 20.

* 1 Tim. i. 12—17. † Ver. 15.

and beauty of the jewel. Nothing could declare more strongly that the "saying" is not a mere abstract truth, remote from immediate human interest, but one which concerns every man very closely.

"*Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.*" No form of words could be more worthy to become a Christian proverb, or to stand in the forefront of a series of Christian proverbs. Our Lord expressed the same truth—and He, too, expressed it in proverbial form—when He said, using the language of a parable, "*They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick;*" or when, speaking literally and without a parable of his own mission, He said, "*I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.*" *

It was a true Christian instinct in the compilers of our English Communion Service to assign to this "faithful saying" the prominent position which it holds there, and, by making it liturgical, to make it in a new and wide sense proverbial. Wherever the English Prayer-Book travels (and it now travels over the whole globe), and wherever Christians meet at the Lord's Supper according to this form, there the Apostolic declaration that this saying is "faithful" is renewed again and again with the strongest emphasis. This, however, is to be observed, that the latter part of the phrase which St. Paul uses here to describe the quality of the proverb, is not so well rendered in this Liturgy as in the English Bible. "Worthy of all men to be received" is less adequate as a translation than "worthy of all acceptation." For the truth here proclaimed is not simply deserving of acceptance by all men, but by all men under all circumstances. There is no moment in any man's existence when it is not to him the most important truth in the world.

One office of a great number of proverbs is to afford encouragement, to inspire hope, to urge on to perseverance, to exhibit our existing circumstances on their brightest side. And many a man has been cheered in a moment of despondency by the sudden recollection of some popular maxim having this tendency. Such popular maxims are, in one point of view, the best commentary on this text: and illustrative examples might be quoted in profusion, if there were not some fear lest our reverential treatment of the subject before us might be impaired by descending to our human commonplaces. Our great cause of despondency is sin, whether it weighs heavily on the conscience in the form of guilt, or whether it impedes our efforts to rise to a higher and holier standard of life. No encouragement can be so strong as to be convinced that the one great reason why "Christ Jesus came into the world" was that He might "save sinners." This is the best of all news; and yet it is "true" and "faithful." It has the most absolute claim on our belief. To doubt its truth would be profane.

Another remark to be made on this early Christian proverb, on the manner in which it is quoted, on the place assigned to it by the Apostle, has reference to doctrine. Let it be considered how much is involved in the sentence. The pre-existence of Christ, the motive of compassion which brought Him into the world, our own miserable condition without Him, and the certainty of our salvation if He is truly accepted in the heart,—these great realities are all comprehended in this form of words. But, moreover, the manner and circumstances of quotation, which we find here, help us in forming a right estimate of the proper balance of doctrine. It is not too much to say that we have here a manifest indication as to where we are to look for the main point of the Christian system. We infer that it is the redeeming, saving, remedial work of Christ on which we are to lay the greatest stress. It is the same lesson which we learn from the study of His miracles viewed as exponents of the spirit and meaning of His mission.

And one further observation may be allowed before we pass on to the second instance of the "faithful sayings." It has been noted above that in this first example (as indeed is the case with the third*) something is added beyond the assertion that the saying is "faithful." It is further proclaimed to be "worthy of all acceptation." Now there is reason for believing that among the errors against which St. Paul is warning Timothy and Titus in these Epistles are certain modes of thought and forms of language connected with the Jewish Kabbala; and this word "Kabbala" denotes "reception" or "acceptance." It is as if the Apostle had said, "I will tell you the true Kabbala. That which we Christians accept and receive as infallibly true and important beyond all measure, is this, that *Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.* Not only is this the doctrine which I am commissioned to preach, but it has already been recognised in our customary language, and it is hereby trans-

* Matt. ix. 12, 13.

* 1 Tim. iv. 9.

mitted to all coming ages as an axiom of the Christian Church."

(2.) We may now turn to the second of these "faithful sayings," the place of which is found at the beginning of the third chapter. Here again I think we need experience no difficulty in determining to what sentence our formula alludes. It is true that even in this instance there has been a doubt; and by some commentators the reference has been supposed to point to certain matter contained in the latter part of the second chapter. But there will probably be almost entire unanimity among careful readers of these Epistles in taking this first verse as including the proverb in question—"*If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work.*"

The explanatory word "then" at the beginning of the second verse helps to determine this reference. So likewise does the whole of the third chapter down to the end of the thirteenth verse. St. Paul is here laying down what the bishops ought to be in their general character, and what the deacons (both men-deacons and women-deacons)* ought to be. He is describing the features which should be found in those who hold the Clerical office, and likewise in the ministers of both sexes who held that very subordinate office (for such it was in Apostolic times) which is called the Diaconate. And the significance of this proverb at the head of such a passage consists in this, that it expresses, in a concentrated form, the spirit which ought to be in those who desire such positions in the Church. "He that seeks to be occupied in pastoral teaching and superintendence seeks a work that is good."

It is needless to enter here into any questions regarding Episcopacy. "Good Words" circulates both north and south of the Tweed, as a bond of union among those who differ on sundry ecclesiastical subjects. On the north of this famous dividing river it might be said with perfect truth that the "bishop" here is evidently identical with the "presbyter," as is the case in the address at Miletus, and still more manifestly in the first chapter of the Epistle to Titus.† We, however, in the south, if any doubt is suggested on this account as to the Apostolic origin of Episcopacy, are ready to reply that Timothy and Titus, in their posts at Ephesus and in Crete, really exercised the Episcopal office, and that those whom they were to ordain, whether termed "bishops" or "presbyters," belonged to the second order of the ministry.

But leaving this aspect of the sentence, as one which could not altogether be neglected, but which need not at present be dwelt on further, and turning to the moral and religious meaning of this proverb of the earliest Church—this proverb might, on a superficial view, seem to contain a justification of ecclesiastical ambition; and, indeed, it has often in modern times been quoted, not without a touch of strong sarcasm, as having this tendency and drift. But any such application of it is at once swept away, if we consider, first, the words of the sentence themselves; and secondly, the circumstances of the times in which it was written.

As to the sentence itself, the parts of it to which I allude are the word "*good*" and the word "*work*." First, if a man desires to be engaged in the pastoral office, he is aiming at that which is concerned with everything morally and religiously "good." His standard is entirely separated from everything that is bad. "Whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report," these are to be the subjects of his thought, and the objects of his aspiration.* And next, the office at which he aims is no idle, self-indulgent post. It is to be a place of work—not a place of mere preeminence—not a place for the acquisition of property; but a place of downright and continuous toil.

And if the true aspect of this early Christian proverb is discovered on looking at the words themselves, not less is this the result, if we consider the circumstances of those early Christian times. The post of a presbyter or a bishop in the first century was not a preferment to worldly honour and position. Such a person was not received with respect in every town or village that he visited. He was not a member of the Imperial Senate. He was exposed to scorn—to "the spoiling of his goods"†—very possibly to death. If he was nearest to his Master in the good work he was called to do, he was nearest to Him also in his suffering. The Lord Himself had said, "*If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you.*" "*If they have done these things in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?*"‡ These sayings also are among the proverbs of the New Testament—among the proverbs of the Lord Himself—and their truth has seldom been more forcibly illustrated than in the toils and sufferings and

* With 2 Tim. iii. 11 should be compared Rom. xvi. and Phil. i. 1.
† See Acts xx. 17, 28; Titus i. 5, 7.

* Phil. iv. 3. † Heb. x. 34.
‡ John xv. 20; Luke xxiii. 31.

martyrdoms of the bishops of the Primitive Church.

Let us be content to refer to two martyrdoms which took place within a very few years after the writing of these Pastoral Epistles.

The career of Ignatius seems to connect itself very closely, by more links than one, with that of St. Paul. Antioch was the scene of "good work" effectually done by both. When it was decided by the Emperor Trajan that Ignatius was to be sent to Rome to be devoured by wild beasts, the martyr rejoiced that he was "joined in iron bands with the Apostle Paul."* The martyr's very journey is full of the most lively reminiscences of the Apostle. He sailed from Seleucia.† Delay was caused on the way, by the fact that no ship "sailing to Italy" was found in the harbour of Smyrna.‡ Three of the next stages on the journey were Troas, Neapolis, and Philippi.§ Finally, hindered by a contrary wind from landing at Puteoli,‖ where St. Paul landed, he entered Rome by the Tiber, and so passed to his dreadful death.

At Smyrna Ignatius had the great consolation of seeing his brother-bishop Polycarp, who had personally been one of the disciples of St. John. His life and death too are great illustrations of what is meant by the "good work" of the Primitive Episcopate. His labours in the education of a well-trained clergy, in the face both of heresy and persecution, ought specially to be mentioned; and may we not almost class with the "faithful sayings" of the Pastoral Epistles those golden words (and, in fact, one of those sayings does very closely resemble them¶) which he uttered in presence of the alternative between a continuance of life with denial of Christ, and death by burning with confession of Christ:—"Eighty and six years have I served Him, and He hath done me no wrong. How can I blaspheme my King, who hath brought me salvation?"**

To sum up the argument—when we look thus backwards from our own times, and consider closely what the circumstances were under which Christianity first made progress in this bad world, we shall find abundant reason to see in this second "faithful saying," not only the statement of a literal truth which needs no apology, but a proverb embodying a great principle, and a cheerful watchword, encouraging men and women, in the midst of conflict, to undertake responsible and dangerous work, as soldiers are nerved, by some strong and brief patriotic word, for endurance and for battle.

(3.) With the third of these sayings we enter on our difficulties. Let any one read the eighth, ninth, and tenth verses of the fourth chapter of this Epistle, and the reason for perplexity will become apparent. The question is inevitably asked, Which is "the faithful saying" here intended? Is it in the matter which precedes, or in that which follows the formula? And if this primary question is settled, there still remains the further inquiry: How much of the context is included within the scope of the formula?

It should be observed here that the word "for" at the beginning of the tenth verse really causes no embarrassment, inasmuch as this particle represents a Greek particle constantly used to introduce a statement for which previous words have made preparation. Is the "saying," then, this, which we find in the eighth verse, "*Bodily exercise profiteth little*"—with or without the remainder of the verse? Or is it this in the tenth verse—"*We therefore labour and suffer reproach, because we trust in the living God*"—with or without the remainder of the verse? It is evident that either of these sentences is well worthy to be a current and permanent Christian maxim. Moreover it would be easy to arrange commentators in array against one another, on the two sides of the question. I think it may be well for the present, now that our limits of space are reached, to leave the question open, in the hope of resuming it, next month but one, at the beginning of my third and concluding paper.

J. S. HOWSON.

* "Biography of the Early Church," by Archdeacon Evans, vol. i. p. 59.
† See Acts xiii. 4. ‡ See Acts xxvii. 6.
§ See Acts xvi. 11, 12. ‖ See Acts xxviii. 13.
¶ See 2 Tim. ii. 11—13.
** See Dean Milman's "History of Christianity," vol. ii. p. 137.

OUR ANCESTORS.

By LADY VERNEY.

IT is only in districts so bare and rocky, or so inaccessible as to be left somewhat in the state of nature, that any traces can now be found of the men who have preceded us in Great Britain. As civilisation increases, the salutary superstitious awe which has preserved to us the Cromlechs and the Maenhirs dies away. The "Nine Maidens" in Cornwall are cut into gate-posts; a midshipman flings down the great Druidical rocking-stone; improving farmers plough down Celtic camps, and cart away old British barrows; so that the few remains *in situ* which are still left to us, become each year more precious.

There is a bare mountain, fronting the stormy Irish Sea, where the steep cliffs, some seven hundred feet high, with strange contortions of strata, are pierced and worried by the fierce contending tides into weird caverns, only to be approached by water. In front, a long ragged edge of black reef runs far out among the waves, over which the boiling surf dashes, and there is a dangerous race. The rough mountain side, sloping to the south, is covered in autumn with a beautiful velvet diaper of bright pink and purple heather, golden gorse, and green fern, through which pierce the sharp-edged crags. Here, just below the highest point, backed behind to the north by the inaccessible cliffs, and with a sort of terrace-wall of defence in front,—looking out to the wide lonely sea and the distant mountain range to the right,—and commanding all approach by land, are a number of rude circles of stone and earth, the remains of the huts of some of our earliest ancestors.

The village, if so it can be called, seems to have been a considerable one: above fifty huts can be easily made out, and there are traces of more. Some stand singly, some are in clusters, but without any plan. They are built of unhewn stones, with double walls filled in with sods to keep out the wind, which would otherwise have whistled through the dry masonry. These in the memory of man were breast-high. The circles are about twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, and with the opening always to the south or south-west. The roofs seem to have been made of poles gathered to a point, like a tent, and covered with turf, or "stepped over," each stone projecting beyond its neighbour till all meet in the centre. Very perfect specimens of these "beehive huts" are still to be found in a little rocky island, one of the Skelligs, off the coast of Kerry, where they have been preserved as the holy abodes of anchorites.

Circular dwellings seem almost universal among savage tribes, and Dr. Livingstone describes how vainly he tried to teach his African natives to build a square hut; the moment his back was turned, they reverted to their old practice.

In the neighbourhood of Salisbury is a curious variety of the same form of construction; dome-shaped, round caves, wrought out of the chalk, and roofed over with "wattle and dab" by some troglodite tribe.*

The villages, built on piles, the remains of which have been discovered in so many of the Swiss Lakes, were also circular, made of a sort of basket-work, twisted round more solid upright poles, and lined with clay.

The Irish Cloghauns are of later date, but of the same make; they have often a small inner pen, without door or window, opening only into the larger den, which is also found in the Welsh huts, where the dogs are supposed to have been kept.

"Our ancestors" must have been extraordinarily hardy; there are no signs in the common huts at Ty Mawr of any fireplace or exit for smoke. The general cooking was probably carried on in a large central hut, in which three rude hearths were found; or out-of-doors, as is done among the negroes.

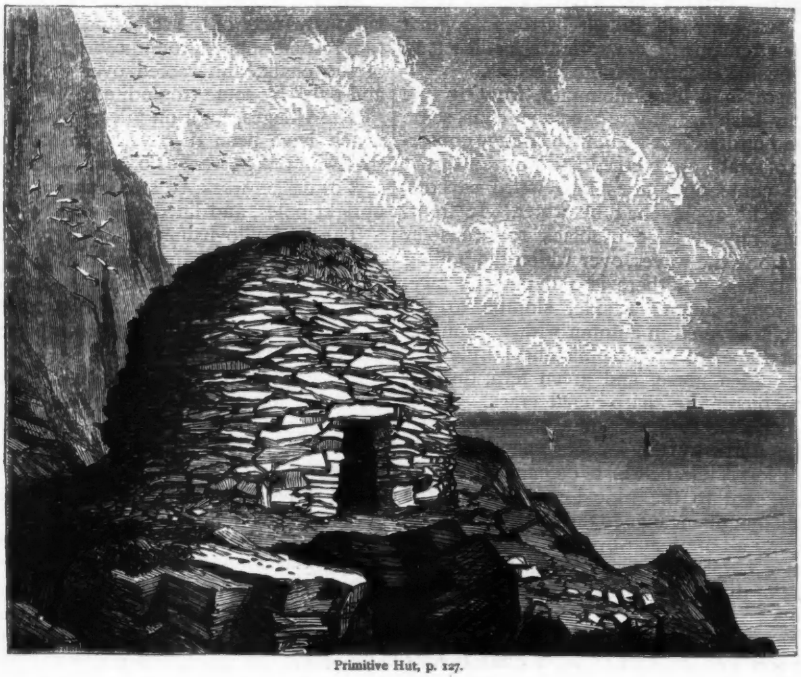
Heaps of flat stones and round pebbles from the shore lay within and without them, half calcined, which had evidently been used for the stone boiling process, still to be seen among many savage tribes. In the absence of metal of any kind, and where the pottery is too rude and badly baked to stand the action of fire, stones are heated red-hot and put into water, in which small fish, grain, &c., can be cooked. Fynes Morison describes the process as still going on in Ireland as late as 1600. For the cooking of large animals, a hole was made in the ground, lined with stones, which were heated with hot embers, these were brushed out, the meat was put in, and covered

* In the recent survey of Palestine such troglodite abodes have been just discovered, which are still inhabited—men, goats, cows, and sheep living promiscuously in circular or oval caves, rarely six feet high. "After a downpour of rain, the filth, the damp, the smells, and the vermin in these holes make an English pigstye seem a palace in comparison with them."

over with more hot stones, blazing heather and fern, and lastly, sods again. The juices are so well preserved by this process, that those who have tasted the result in the South Sea Islands, &c., declare all other cookery inferior to it. Another form of the earth-oven is to line the hole with a hide, which will hold water, this "paunch kettle" combines the advantages of boiling and baking.

We have forgotten the extreme difficulty of obtaining fire—the laborious contrivances of the rotating stick, the "fire-drill" with or without a thong, still found among the Australians and other savages, which our ancestors, too, must have used—but when we remember that flint, steel, and tinder continued to be our own only device for the purpose far on into this century, and that lucifer matches date from only some thirty or forty years ago, we need not be contemptuous of their deficiencies.

The tools and weapons of this early period were of flint, flaked to a point or an edge, an art still practised by the "flint knappers" of Suffolk, who make "strike o' lights" for the East and Brazil, and flint locks for the old-fashioned gun. How these were hafted is sometimes difficult to ascertain, as the wooden

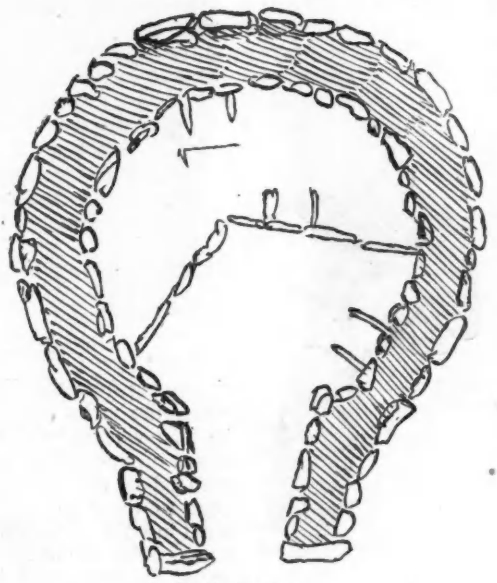


Primitive Hut, p. 127.

handles have mostly perished; but here again the modern savage helps us to understand his prototype. On p. 130 is a celt made of greenstone, brought from the Sandwich Islands, tied into a handle of very hard wood, by grass string. The Australians use a strong resinous gum instead of the cord. Sometimes the stone is forced into a socket of deer's horn. With such weapons "our ancestors" must have been among the most defenceless and helpless of animals, while the beasts with which they had to contend were often larger and stronger than their present representatives—the great elk, with horns eleven feet across; the urus, a primeval ox, which still existed in the German forests in the time of Cæsar, and is described by him as little less in size than an elephant; besides the cave lions, hyenas, and bears, whose bones are found associated with flint implements in Great Britain; and the treacherous wolf, which always seems to have inspired horror and loathing in the old world as in our own. It must have required an extraordinary amount of courage and craft to attack such animals as these, in the hand-to-hand struggles which were necessary when the missiles could be thrown so short a

distance and were so blunt. "How do you kill?" said a traveller, by signs, to a savage, showing, at the same time, that the point of his weapon could not penetrate an animal's hide. The man pointed to the eye.

It was only, however, the heroes and braves who would dare such encounters, and the misery and dread endured by the rest of the tribe must have been great, when searching for wild fruits, or snaring small animals, in the thick forests which then clothed the bleak hills and dreary morasses, in that part of Anglesey now so curiously bare of trees. Indeed, the large part which the fear of wild beasts bore in our forefathers' lives, even in far higher civilisations than ours, may be seen in the nature of the "glorious" feats of Hercules, and of the godlike heroes of all old mythologies, whose great work has ever been the destruction of huge lions, bears, dragons, and mythical creatures, which were only the growths of the terrified imaginations of the helpless savages around them. Orion, the mighty hunter, is promoted to a place among the stars for his great feats in the chase.* Of the twelve labours of Hercules, nine concern the quelling of wild beasts of some kind, --the Nemæan lion, the Lernæan hydra, the stag with golden feet, the wild boar, the carnivorous birds, a "prodigious wild bull" in Crete, the mares fed on human flesh, the monster Geryon, whose flock fed on men, and, lastly, Cerberus, the beast of death. These he slew by main force of his arms and his club, and not by stratagem or with weapons of any kind, of which he is hardly supposed by the story to have possessed much more than our own savages.



Primitive Hearth, p. 127.

With these rudest of implements, however, our ancestors somehow managed to cut down timber, scoop out caves, dress posts for huts, grub up roots, prepare firewood, and dig peat, kill animals and scrape their flesh from the bones, and to use even for agricultural purposes.

The dwellers at Ty Mawr were already at least in the second stage of the race. The earliest men of whom we have any trace seem to have lived by hunting and fishing alone, to have cultivated no grain, and had no domestic animals, and to have possessed no means of self-defence except such as was given by the inaccessible places they resorted to; while some rude agriculture must have been practised here, for a number of stone querns, hand mills and mortars were found in the huts. The grain, probably parched, was rubbed into a coarse powder, on a saddle-shaped mealing stone, or bruised with pestles in shallow stone mortars. A quern was the next step. Even now we have only improved the motive power. Water mills, wind mills, steam mills, are only modifications of the old principle. Some of the American tribes have not even now reached the level of the quern, and pound their maize to the present day.

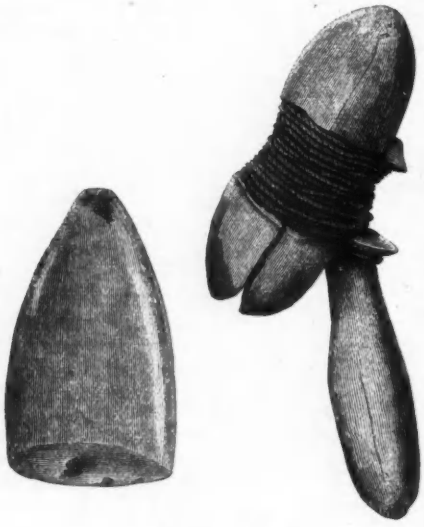
There were several varieties of these grain-rubbers found. A slab of stone hollowed towards the middle by use in grinding, with a rounded saddle upon it,--mortars of different shapes;—a circular disk of stone, concave, rotating on a lower convex one, by means of a wooden handle, worked by two persons, who sit with the mill between them, and feed it with grain through a hole in the uppermost slab, the meal falling between them, as may be seen to this day in Africa, where Sir S. Baker says he must have eaten pecks of dirt from

* The dragon, or "worm," however, destroyed by St. George, the one which burst open after swallowing St. Margaret! and the "dragon of Wantley," nearer home, bear so curious a resemblance to the strange reptiles of an earlier period, the Plesiosaurus, &c., that one is tempted to ask whether a stray specimen may not have survived in some out of-the-way jungle till the arrival of man.

the coarse sandstone rubbed in with the meal. It was the common mill used in the East: "Two women shall be grinding at a mill," *i.e.* in the closest possible proximity.

The daily providing of a sufficient amount of meal entails hard and incessant labour, generally done by the women. It is told of St. Columba, how, when studying under St. Finian, where the duty of grinding the corn for the religious community was done as usual by the younger students, he always got through the work so quickly, when it fell to his lot, that his companions complained jealously how he had the help of an angel in his task.

The meal, when kneaded, was made into flat cakes, baked among the hot stones and



Flint Weapons, p. 128.

covered over with blazing heath, a variety of which rude baking still survives in old Welsh farmhouses.

As for their other food, remains of shell-fish were found in the huts, and there is a small bay or port among the rocks, where probably our ancestors put to sea in calm weather to fish, in some variety of the coracles of hide stretched over wicker-work, in which frail barks, at a very much later period, St. Columba crossed over from Ireland to Iona.

Once a-year at least there must have been plenty to eat at Ty Mawr, when the sea-birds, which visit the coast by thousands, lay their eggs on every corner and narrow chink and ledge of the precipitous rocks to the north. Daring climbers, probably helped by a hide rope from above, swinging themselves up and down, "hanging on by their eyelids," as at St. Kilda's, would soon secure a feast for the whole community.

Spindle whorls were found in the huts, therefore some primitive spinning was practised there with wool or flax, and some sort



Flint Weapons.

of weaving from the fibre, such as is found among the relics preserved in the mud of the lake villages, which are our best storehouses of knowledge as to the implements and food of the Stone and Bronze periods. Next to these in interest come the objects found in burial mounds and places of interment. With the dead man or woman were placed the things which would prove most useful to them in the next world, as they had been in this, together with the most valuable of their possessions of all kinds, their best tools, pottery, and ornaments.

An elaborate necklace, or rather gorget of jet, was found, with two urns, in a rocky grave on the mountain near. The forms of the vases, incense cups, food vessels for the dead, which are taken out of the tumuli, whatever may have been their object, are often in good taste, so are the borders, running lines, dots, &c., upon them; they are in general very rudely baked, and seem sometimes to have been fired merely by being filled with hot ashes, and to have been supported by basket-work. There are, however, no designs upon them of any kind, and no such proficiency in art as is shown in a

spirited relief of a reindeer scratching its ear with its hind foot on a bone implement in the Salisbury Museum, which was found in an Auvergne cave. The drawing of this is full of talent and of the observation of nature, though the owner must have been a degree lower than an Esquimaux, as his tribe evidently possessed no domestic animals.

It is beyond measure difficult for us to realise existence without metal of any kind; with no nails, needles, pins, or screws, with



Primitive Vase.

nothing but strings to fasten together either the poles of the hut, or the ends of a garment, the shaft and head of an arrow, or the handle and celt of the axe, and the parts of a canoe. It is almost impossible for us to strip our minds down to the level of the dwellers in these low-domed earth and stone huts, with no light except from the door, probably closed at night by a skin, with no warmth but from the stones used in cooking, their own animal heat, and that of the dogs (which, however, makes an Esquimaux hut almost unbearable to Europeans), with no air such as we should consider essential to life. In such a den, huddled together like animals, crouched the skin-painted, half-naked savages from whom we all trace our descent. A strange life, fighting with the elements, these early men must have led in winter on that exposed spot, amongst the wild winds and storms which haunt the bare summit of the cliffs. Driven by the stern, relentless, impalpable, invisible, resistless power of air, wrapped for months, as they must have been, in a fearful curtain of sleet and foam, and rain and spray—the sky and sea mingling in one wild, cold whirlwind of fury and noise, whether they turned to the water or the land, to obtain food. It is easy to see how the beliefs in the Prince of the Powers of the Air of old mythologies grew up in such places, the spirits who walked upon the wings of the wind—the Valkyrs, messengers of Odin, who rode through the air over the sea on shadowy horses, from whose manes fell hail on the mountains and dew in the valleys, or who came surrounded by fiery lances in the Aurora Borealis, which was the special servant of the god of battles. The giant who ruled the winter, sitting at the "top of the North," surrounded by ice and snow, in the shape of an eagle, the waving of whose wings produced the bleak north wind. Heimdall the heavenly watchman, standing on the rainbow Bifrost, the bridge by which the gods visit earth. The great serpent, or "worm," Jormungandur, who was cast out of heaven by Odin, and surrounds the world, with its tail in its jowl, sullenly waiting revenge at the last day. He is commemorated in the name of the promontory almost in sight of the huts—the Great Orme's Head*—his turning makes the storms to rise and the sea to roar; "the worm lies and rocks," and the waters heave.

Nature-worship takes strange forms in different soils, but in all the principle is the same,—the warding off of the hostile influences of baleful spirits by sacrifices and rites, generally through the medium of some "intermediate man," who obtains frightful ascendancy over his tribe by his power of propitiating the gods of the storm, the lightning and sea, —who can stay disease, can grant success in the chase, and secure the good bearing of the crops of grain and wild fruits.

A very remarkable museum has been recently collected at Salisbury, the neighbourhood of which is peculiarly rich in early remains. On its shelves spoils from all countries are to be found—the scanty remains from the dwellings of the living and the dead, from tumuli, barrows, "Lowes" in Derbyshire and "Carnedds" in Wales—from Danish Köckenmöddens,† the mounds of shells and refuse of all kinds left by fish-eating tribes on the shores of the Baltic—from Lake villages in Switzerland—crannoges, or artificial islands of refuge in Ireland and the Spree Wald of Prussia—from cave dwellings in Auvergne, Belgium, and Great Britain—with a rich collection from Mexico and the United States, illustrated often by specimens of similar implements from modern savagedom.

The relics of a past Stone Age, says Mr. Tylor, are to be found underlying the civilisation and savagery of every country, the most modern and the most ancient alike. We have but to search, and the relics of the London mammoth and the London savage

* *Orm* is Danish for worm.
† Kitchen dunghills.

are unearthed under Gray's Inn Lane in the "drift"; and similar remains are discovered in Etruria and America, in India, Northern Asia, Assyria, Egypt, and Africa.

It is not possible for us to make these dry bones live, to conceive of the life of the past, without reference to present forms of the same customs still to be found lingering among modern savages.

On the other hand, the existence of many strange superstitions among ourselves can only be explained by the study of the notions haunting the early twilight of our race, and remaining to our own day in curious forms of what Mr. Tylor calls "Survivals." Sometimes pathetic, as when the war-horse is led at the funeral of a soldier, relic of the times when the favourite charger was sacrificed at the grave of a chief, as at the burial of Patroclus (the actual sacrifice took place at Treves, at the funeral of a general, as late as 1781);—sometimes ludicrous, when the belief in dreams and the influence of the planets, causes Zadkiel's Almanack to be sold by thousands; the salutation after a sneeze, which the savage believes to intimate the entrance of a spirit;—the drinking of healths, survivals of the libation to gods and men;—sometimes pernicious, as in the fear of saving a drowning man, a dismal result of the belief that the water spirit was angry when his victim was taken from him; and as in the odious spirit-rapping, every particular of which can be paralleled among the rites of sorcerers and diviners among savages at the present and in past times.

Strange revelations rise up for us out of the graves where they have been hidden, who can say how for many thousand years? Mr. Bateman, the great authority on tumuli, barrows, and interments, shows that sacrifices of slaves at the death of a chief, suttee, infanticide, grisly and cruel rites of all kinds, were carried on among "our ancestors." The life which they led must indeed have been a gloomy, hard, and grovelling one. In perpetual danger, and always on the look-out for evil of all kinds; harassed by suspicions and anxieties, suffering from hunger and cold, from the elements, "enemies," and wild beasts; giving way to every passion, as we may see among their modern representatives; ill-treating the weak, the women and children, on the smallest provocation; gorging themselves when they had food, and suffering sharply when they had none. With no rest to their souls from the machinations of evil spirits, which "swarm in the dark;" from "witches who ride at night on wolves, with snakes for bridles," in gloomy, inaccessible forests; from the demons of the woods, the winds, and the waters, whose ill-will brought down disease, sorrow, and misfortunes of all kinds upon them, and always on the watch to propitiate them and their interpreters, the wizards and medicine men, by dismal sacrifices. Such an existence must have been but little better materially than that of the beasts, while the faculty of looking forward to evil and remembering sorrow and pain in the past, gave our race powers of suffering such as no animal possesses. Our own civilisation is but skin-deep, our Christianity as yet more in word than in truth; but we may thank God with all our hearts fervently, that at least we have risen out of the state of "our ancestors," inhabiting the hut circles at Ty Mawr, on the bleak Holyhead mountain.

POT-POURRI.

"Si jeunesse savait!"

I PLUNGE my hand among the leaves:—
An alien touch but dust perceives,
Nought else supposes;—
For me those fragrant ruins raise
Clear memory of the vanished days
When they were roses.

"If youth but knew!" Ah, "if" in truth—
I can recall with what gay youth,
To what light chorus,
Unsobered yet by time or change,
We roamed the many-gabled Grange,
All life before us;
Braved the old clock-tower's dust and damp
To catch the dim Arthurian camp
In misty distance;
Peered at the still-room's sacred stores,
And rapped at walls for sliding doors
Of feigned existence.

Vogue la galère! What need for cares!
The hot sun parched the old parterres
And dahlia closes,
We roused the rooks with rounds and glees,
Played hide and seek behind the trees,—
Then plucked these roses.

Louise was one—light, mad Louise,
But newly freed from starched decrees
Of school decorum;
And Bell, the Beauty, unsurprised
At fallen locks that scandalized
Our *censor morum*:—

Shy Ruth, all heart and tenderness,
Who wept—like Chaucer's prioress—
When Dash was smitten;
Who blushed before the mildest men,
Yet waxed a very Corday when
You teased her kitten.

I loved them all. Bell first and best;
Louise the next—for days of jest,
Or madcap masking;
And Ruth, I thought,—why, failing these,
When my High-Mightiness should please,
She'd come for asking.

Louise was grave when last we met;
Bell's beauty, like a sun, has set;
And Ruth, Heaven bless her,
Ruth that I wooed,—and wooed in vain,—
Has gone where neither grief nor pain
Can now distress her.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

DEVOTIONAL READINGS FROM MSS. OF THE LATE DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

(NOT ORIGINALLY INTENDED FOR PUBLICATION.)

II.—CHRIST WILL MEET THE BELIEVER AT DEATH.

"*I WILL come again, and take you to myself; that where I am, ye may be also.*"

It is unnecessary for my present purpose to consider the various meanings attached to the coming of Christ, or the different periods which are described as times when "the Lord comes." It is sufficient to recognise the fact that He will meet the believer at death and come *for him*. This should not seem strange to those whose trust is in a living Person, and not merely in something said or done by that Person. What He said and did enters indeed into the faith we have in Him, and makes it possible; but the faith by which we live centres in Jesus himself, the Son of God; and that faith would perish or fall back into a mere belief in abstract truth if we could for a moment suppose that He, "whom having not seen we love," was himself ignorant of us and had no personal love to us. But if such a thought cannot be entertained by any one who on earth have experienced the love of Christ, and who associate his name with his constant presence, and knows the continual strength and comfort they have derived from Him who is "with his people *always*, even to the end of the world," how can it be imagined that His personal care should cease at death, and at the very moment when it is most required?

It cannot be that He who has led us through the wilderness will withdraw His presence and aid, and leave us to pass alone through the swellings of Jordan;—or that He who has been a present help in every time of need will fail to help in our last extremity. If so, then this thought is sufficient to supply all the strength and comfort we require in our dying hour, and to banish all those fears which are created by our weak, human hearts, or by that unbelief which, refusing light, remains in the dimness in which those spectres are seen that alone occasion our fear. We are all subject more or less to such anxieties, in proportion to the vividness of our fancy, the nervousness of our temperament, or the force of our natural affections and relish for the palpable realities of life. There is to every man a sense of loss in parting with every material thing he has ever possessed, his wealth, his business, the fruit of his long years of industry, and with the body in which he has lived; there is a sense of dreariness in the thought of his body, which almost seems himself, being carried out and buried among the dead, and there to lie beneath the beating storms of ages, until it has been absorbed into the elements, and only in a new form to be gathered up and revived when the voice of God calls it forth. There is the feeling of loneliness in going off on the mysterious and unknown voyage, the dearest objects of our love accompanying us to the shore, but no one able to step within the dusky barge that in darkness is to bear us away. Added to such thoughts as these, are the possibilities that death may come in some dread and violent form, or what is equally painful to flesh and blood, in an agonizing disease, in which we slowly pace our funeral march to the grave, and can almost number the steps that are to bring us there.

Now surely it is enough to counterbalance

all such real or purely fanciful thoughts about death, and to invest it with a very different aspect, if we see it but as that moment in our history when Jesus Christ comes Himself for us and to take us to Himself. We picture death as a hideous figure coming to destroy; let us rather picture Jesus Christ in glory coming to save. We think of death ending; let us think rather of life beginning, and that more abundantly. We think of losing; let us think of gaining. We think of parting; let us think of meeting. We think of going away; let us think of arriving. And as a voice whispers, "You must go," let us hear the voice of the Good Shepherd, saying, "I will come."

If Jesus thus comes for us at death, we shall never see the grave or the churchyard. They may keep our bodies for a time, but we ourselves shall never die. We go with Jesus.

If Jesus comes for us, we do not go forth into a world of mystery and darkness, knowing not where, nor how far. We simply go with and to Jesus. If Jesus comes for us, we do not go forth alone. When we lose hold of the clasping hands of the most beloved of all on earth, another hand,—of One in whom we are all one, and whose love for ever binds us all,—holds us fast, and tearful faces are withdrawn only to be replaced by the countenance of One who is bone of our bone, who was a man of sorrows, who Himself died, and who while He takes us away, as a triumph of his love, can comfort those we leave behind, even as He comforted Martha and Mary at Bethany, or His own mother in her hour of agony. It is thus that the one promise, "I will come again and receive you unto myself," should change darkness to light, death to life, the grave to glory, and make us exclaim with the quiet peace, the sober and solemn calm of faith in the midst of much to distract and disturb the soul, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for *thou* art with me;" if "absent from the body, I am present with the Lord."

III.—CHRIST THE PREPARATION FOR HEAVEN.

We cannot be too habitually, or too profoundly impressed by the fact, that the essential elements of heaven and hell are character. Looked at in every light, this conviction must be the result. A lost soul is a soul that has lost God, as darkness is the loss of light, or of the eye that should see it. A dead soul is a soul that has lost life, and life is the spiritual apprehension and possession of God in love. Hence it was said, when the prodigal found his father and became alive to his love, "My son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

You thus perceive that every notion of religion is false, every hope of safety a delusion, every creed a mere form of words, which do not involve the production of that new state of mind, the essence of which is reconciliation to God; friendship, instead of enmity and dislike; the spirit of submission and free obedience, instead of the spirit of self-will and self-dependence or independence;—and the choice of that kingdom whose law is God's law, whose glory is God's glory.

To each of these conditions of being, misery or peace are attached by an eternal and unchangeable law, as inexorable, as incapable of being altered, as the character of God. So long as a soul chooses evil, and will not come under law to God, on that wrong state of being the curse of God must rest. There is no escaping it, but by the possession of the right state of being, in which, by the same law, God's blessing must rest. Sin is like a disease which, from its very nature, *must* give pain, while righteousness, like health, must give peace.

To tell what God does to deliver us from the evil that we may escape the curse annexed to it, would be to give a history of all His love and mercy revealed to man. The work of Jesus Christ was to honour this eternal principle of righteousness; not to change God's law to us, but to change us to God's law; not to lower its demands, but to enable us to comply with them; not to save us *in* sin, but to save us *from* sin; not to make evil less terrible, but to convince us how inconceivably horrible it is, whether in this world or the next; not to make the requirements of personal character less necessary, but to show how absolute they are. It is with this deep acknowledgment of the eternal righteousness of God's will, that St. John says, "Little children, let no man deceive you—he that doeth righteousness is righteous—he that committeth sin is of the devil . . . for this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil." If then heaven is character, we may perceive how heaven begins here just as character begins. It is in this world we can say, "We know we have passed from death unto life," and are, even here, "partakers of the glory that shall be revealed."

Again, if heaven is character, so heaven is Christ, for there are no two kinds of cha-

racter. To be a *Christian* is not a mere play on a word, but expresses the fact, that as love, purity, goodness, truth, mercy, and the like, are one in all beings—so must the believer who possesses them in *kind*, be one with Christ, who possesses them in perfection. He must see his ideal in Christ. He must see all he most loves realised in Christ. He must see the deepest desires of his soul answered in the fulfilment of the promise to be made like Him, and he must recognise it as heaven itself to be with Him and be as He is for ever.

But this character may not be perfect here. Yet if sin has not been utterly destroyed in us, its power has. It no longer so reigns in our mortal bodies that we obey its evil desires. It is no longer our master so that we are its slave. We are free, and can say Nay to its commands, and Yea to the will of God. We not only consent to the law that it is good, but can in Christ accept it as our principle of life. If the tree of evil is not dead, the root has been severed, and is dying. If the body has not ascended up on high, it is yet alive and risen from the dead. "If we say that we have no sin, the truth is not in us;" but neither would the truth be in us if we said that sin had dominion over us, and that we had no righteousness. Christ has set us free. His grace is sufficient for us. We know that our Redeemer liveth, and that through Him we are more than conquerors. Whatever sin remains, we feel to be under the curse and justly liable to it, but we also have assured hope of perfect emancipation, both from sin and the curse upon sin. All this we know, and can tell to the glory of Him, who is no respecter of persons, but nigh to all that call upon Him in truth, and able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.

Some, however, prefer the darkness. I do not mean those who are without the knowledge and light necessary to enable them to form that deliberate choice which can alone determine their condition. How God will deal with such I do not know. But if there is any man who from unbelief in God, moral blindness to the character and claims of Christ, the love of pleasure more than of God, sloth and indifference, the enmity of a bold, proud, self-possessed and presumptuous nature, or for any cause whatever, refuses to come under law to God,—that man is not in heaven now, for heaven is not in him, and he cannot see God were he before His throne, nor can he have any fellowship with Christ. He and Christ are opposed. His life is not the life of Christ; his likings and the likings of Christ are wholly different. They live now in different kingdoms, and different modes of being. It would be delusion to speak of hope. Jesus Christ never gave any hope to any man who clung to evil as his good. The joy of the gospel involves terrors. The awful earnestness of God to save from evil, is but one side of that character which condemns evil. All that the Almighty can do to save sinners is done. If this fails, as sure as there is a right and wrong, so sure is it that to those who *will not* be saved, there remains but a fearful looking-for of judgment.

There are, lastly, those who think that they can obtain heaven in some other way than by Christ. It may be that many errors of judgment are mistaken by us for errors of heart;—that the Christ whom some men have been doubting or opposing, has not been the true Christ revealed in Scripture, but false Christs of man's creating; that the gospel which has apparently failed to gain them has not been Christ's gospel; or that their falls into evil have not been their true character, but exceptions to it; or that they have been ignorant of what, if known, would have delivered them. But, making all allowances, for human evil or shortcomings,—and God will make many more than we can do,—yet I see no hope of a man who does not recognise the claims of eternal righteousness, or who does not see them met by Jesus Christ and the gospel, or who does not seek by righteousness to be saved. I would ask such, whether he thinks it possible to have a more perfect embodiment of righteousness than in Christ? or ever to obtain a better character than Christ's? or ever to be in any heaven in which the friendship or fellowship of Christ would not be welcome to him? or on what grounds he hopes to obtain this character more sure and certain, more worthy of God, supported by better evidence, and more adapted to meet his wants, than those revealed by Jesus?







UNICA.

I HEARD three maidens singing,
And thought their song so sweet,
My heart was almost ready
To worship at their feet.
But when the song was ended,
My worship ended too:
"I bowed," I said, "fair maidens,
To music, not to you."

I saw two maidens talking,
In gentle voice and kind;
And love was almost ready,
Love-born, to fill my mind.
But when the maidens parted,
Their love seemed parted too:
"I loved," I said, "your friendship,
Fair maids—I loved not you."

I saw one maiden look at me
Out of her dark grey eyes;
My spirit bowed to worship her,
And never more shall rise.
I heard one maiden speak to me
In wisely measured tone:
My heart went forth in love to her,
And will love her alone.

W. H. SIMCOX.

PAGANINI.

SECOND PAPER.

SHALL we now assist at one of Paganini's performances? How many descriptions have been written, and how inadequate! It is hardly possible to do more than describe a few salient peculiarities. But even our pale sketch would be incomplete without such an attempt.

Enter Paganini—a shudder of curiosity and excitement runs through the crowded theatre, the men applaud, the women concentrate a double-barrel fire of opera glasses upon the tall, ungainly figure that shuffles forward from the side scenes to the footlights, with such an air of haughtiness and yet so many mechanical bows. As the applause rises again and again, the apparition stands still, looks round, takes in at a glance the vast assembly. Then seizing his violin he hugs it tightly between his chin and chest, and stands for a few more seconds, gazing at it in motionless abstraction. The audience is now completely hushed, and all eyes are riveted upon one silent and almost grotesque form. Suddenly Paganini raises his bow and dashes it down like a sledge-hammer upon the strings. The opening of the concerto abounds in solo passages, in which he has to be left almost without accompaniment; the orchestra is reserved for the *tuttis* and slight interludes. Paganini now revels in his distinctive and astonishing passages, which hold the audience breathless. At one time torrents of chords peal forth, as from some mimic orchestra; harmonic passages are thrown off with the sharpness and sonority of the flute accompanied by the guitar, independent phrases being managed by the left hand plucking the strings, whilst the right is playing legato passages with the bow. The most difficult intervals are spanned with ease—the immense, compass-like fingers glide up and down every part of the key-board, and seem to be in ever so many places at once. Heavy chords are struck indifferently with the point or heel of the bow, as if each inch of the magic wand were equally under control, but just when these prodigious feats of skill are causing the senses to reel with something like a painful strain, a low, measured melody steals forth and penetrates the souls of all present, until some of the audience break out into uncontrollable applause, whilst others are melted to tears, overpowered by the thrilling accents. Then, attenuated as it were to a thread—but still distinctly audible and resonant—the divine sound would die away; and suddenly a grotesque flash of humour would dart up from a lower sphere and shift the emotional atmosphere, as the great maestro too soon dashes, with the impetuosity of a whirlwind, into the final "rondo" or "moto perpetuo."

Paganini was not inexorable about encores—he was always gratified by applause. After the concert the people often waited outside to accompany him to his hotel. He seemed delighted with this kind of homage, and would go out at such seasons and mix freely with them; but he was often quite inaccessible, and bent upon absolute seclusion.

Let us now resume the chronological narrative. Towards the end of 1812 Paganini quarrelled with his royal patroness, the Grand Duchess of Tuscany. She had given him leave, as above mentioned, to wear at court the uniform of captain of the body guard, and one night he appeared in the orchestra attired in this splendid costume. The Duchess seems to have thought this inappropriate, and sent word desiring him to change his uniform for an ordinary dress. The offended artist declined point blank, and that evening threw up his appointment and left the Florentine court and all its works for ever. It is not at all improbable that Paganini, who could now command any sum of money, had grown tired of his official duties, which could no longer shed any new lustre upon him, and that, longing to be free, he gladly availed himself of the first ready pretext for flight. In vain his royal mistress sent after him, imploring him to return. Paganini was inexorable; and it was even whispered that the Duchess's entreaties were prompted by a feeling still more tender than the love of music—a feeling which Paganini had ceased to reciprocate.

Paganini was very fond of Milan, and he stayed there during the greater part of 1813. He visited that city three times in five years, staying often for several months, and giving in all thirty-seven concerts, most of them at the Scala.

It was in 1814 that he first made the acquaintance of Rossini at Bologna. The great composer, like every other connoisseur, regarded him with admiration and astonishment, and a friendship was then begun which was strengthened when the two celebrities

met in 1817 at Rome, and in 1831 at Paris.

Paganini treated his fellow-musicians and rivals with simple and unaffected courtesy. He expressed his great admiration of Spohr's violin playing, and he went all the way from Genoa to Milan to hear Lafont. When they met, Lafont proposed that they should give a concert, in which each should play a solo. "I excused myself," says Paganini, "by saying that such experiments are always impolitic, as the public invariably looked upon them as duels. Lafont not seeing it in this light, I was compelled to accept the challenge." Commenting upon the results, he added with singular candour and modesty, "Lafont probably surpassed me in tone, but the applause which followed my efforts convinced me that I did not suffer by comparison." Although usually anxious, more for the sake of others than for himself, to avoid such contests, he never declined them; and a similar trial of skill took place between him and the Polish violinist, Laprinski, in 1818, at Plaisance; the two artists remaining excellent friends.

At this time Paganini's health seems to have been in an unusually critical condition. We have noticed that he seldom consulted doctors, and when he did so he was not in the habit of following their advice, but his credulity was worse than his scepticism. He dosed himself immoderately with some stuff called "Leroy"—he believed that this could cure anything. It usually produced a powerful agitation in his nervous system, and generally ended in upsetting the intestinal functions. Sometimes it seems to have deprived him of the power of speech.

In 1816 he went to Venice, where he seems fairly to have collapsed after giving a few concerts. However, in the following year (1817) he was much better, and went to Genoa to see his mother, taking Milan *en route*. He has been called avaricious, suspicious of his kind, and devoid of natural affection. He, no doubt, loved money and had a general distrust of his friends; but, it is certain that he was attached to his mother, and took care to supply her with every comfort. She writes to him some years later:—

"I am delighted to find that after your travels to Paris and London, you purpose visiting Genoa expressly to embrace me. My dream has been fulfilled, and that which God promised me has been accomplished—your name is great, and Art, with the help of God, has placed you in a position of independence. We are all well. In the name of all your relations I thank you for the sums of money you have sent. Omit nothing that will render your name immortal. Eschew the vices of great cities, remembering that you have a mother who loves you affectionately. She will never cease her supplications to the All-powerful for your preservarion. Embrace your amiable companion for me, and kiss little Achille. Love me as I love you.

"Your ever-affectionate mother,

"THERESA PAGANINI."

The "amiable companion" seems to have been a cantatrice, Antonia Bianchi di Como, with whom he appears to have lived at one time, and who bore him his only son, "the little Achille."

In the same year, 1817, he arrived in Rome in time for the Carnival, where he excited the greatest enthusiasm. He was frequently to be found at the palace of Count de Kaunitz, the Austrian ambassador, where he met all the great people in Rome, and amongst them M. de Metternich, who did his utmost to persuade him to visit Vienna. From this time Paganini determined, sooner or later, to visit the principal cities in Germany and France, but the state of his health was still very precarious. In 1818-19 he gave concerts at Verona, Plaisance, Turin, and Florence, after which he visited Naples for the first time. His advent had been long looked for with feelings of jealous expectation and distrust. The chief professors and musicians of the place who had never heard him were not very favourably disposed. They, however, gave him a reception, on which occasion a piece of music was casually placed before him, full of the most ingenious difficulties that could be devised. Paganini was not unaccustomed to this kind of trap, and upon being requested to play it at sight, he merely glanced at it and played it off with the greatest ease.

But he had even worse foes than the professors. He seems to have got into damp apartments close under St. Elmo, and his lungs, at no time very strong, now showed unmistakable signs of consumption. The landlord, fearing that he would die in his house, actually turned him and all he possessed out into the street, where his friend Ciandelli, happening to come by at the very nick of time, administered a sound thrashing to the brutal host with a stick, and took the invalid artist to a more comfortable lodging. In 1820 he returned to his favourite city, Milan, where he founded a musical society, conducted several concerts, and received various crowns, medals, and decorations. In December of the same year he returned to Rome, and in the following year, 1821, paid a second visit to Naples, giving concerts at the Fondo and the Theatro Nuovo. At the end of the year he crossed over to Sicily, but the people of Palermo hardly appreciated

him; and in 1822 he is again at Venice and Plaisance. From thence he would have gone straight to Germany, in accordance with the proposals of Metternich, but on his way to Pavia, in 1823, he was attacked by his old complaint, and for some time it did not seem likely that he would recover. He was advised to go to Genoa for rest, and whilst there he recovered sufficiently to give concerts at the Theatre St. Augustine, when the prophet in his own country for once attracted enthusiastic crowds. The Milanese, who had never expected to see him alive again, gave him an enthusiastic reception at the Scala, on the 12th June, 1824. He seems to have been still unable to tear himself away from Italy, for in the same month he returned to Genoa, then passed to Venice, and in 1825 he was at Trieste. Then he proceeded, for the third time, to Naples, and going over to Palermo, for the second time, he now met with a most astonishing success. He remained in Sicily for a whole year, and seems in this delicious climate to have recovered his health sufficiently to undertake a long professional tour. He was then detained in Italy for nearly two years more, for in 1826 he visited again Trieste, Venice, gave five concerts at Rome. In 1827 he was decorated by Pope Leo XII. with the Order of the Golden Spur. He then repaired to Florence, where a disease in one of his legs stopped his progress for several months. It was only in the spring of 1828 that he went on to Milan, where he at length gave his farewell concert, before starting on his long-projected visit to Vienna.

To dwell upon the reports of his first appearance at Vienna would be only to repeat what has already been said. "The first note he played on his Guarnerius," writes M. Schilling in the *Lexique Universel de Musique*, "indeed from his first step into the room, his reputation was decided in Germany. Acted upon, as by an electric spark, a brilliant halo of glory appeared to invest his whole person, he stood before us like a miraculous apparition in the domain of Art!" He gave concerts in the capital of Austria on the 13th, 16th, 18th of April, 1828. The greatest players and musicians from all parts flocked to hear him. Mayseder, Janna, Slawich, Strebinger, Böhm, united in extolling the new prodigy. In a very few days Vienna seemed to be turned upside down—no class of people was unmoved by the presence of this extraordinary man. The newspapers were full of verses and articles on Paganini. Cravats, coats, gloves, hats, shoes, and even cigar cases and snuff boxes—everything was now *à la Paganini*. The fashionable cooks called new dishes by his name; any great stroke at billiards was a "coup à la Paganini."

He stayed several months at Vienna, but time did not injure his popularity; his talent bore the most critical inspection all round,—he was at once colossal in the breadth and majesty of his effects, and microscopic in the perfection and subtlety of his details. At the acme of his fame he left Vienna, and commenced a tour through Austria, Bohemia, Saxony, Poland, Bavaria, Prussia, and the Rhenish Provinces. Prague was the only city which failed to appreciate him. There was a stupid rivalry, of which we find traces in the days of Mozart, between Vienna and Prague, and it was generally understood that whoever was applauded at Vienna was to be hissed at Prague, and *vice versa*. But on reaching Berlin the great artist was received with such an ovation, that he is said to have exclaimed, on his first appearance, "Here is my Vienna public!"

From this time to the end of his life, the wildest stories began to be circulated about him, chiefly in the Italian and French newspapers; but the *Leipzig Gazette du Monde Elégant* cannot be held quite blameless, for it inserted one of the most extravagant of these tales. One man gravely affirmed that Paganini's miracles of skill were no longer to be wondered at, because he had seen the devil standing close behind him moving his arms for him. Another eye-witness wrote that he had for some time observed a beautiful woman at Paganini's concerts; he went to the theatre in the hope of again seeing her on the occasion of Paganini's last performance. The master appeared, played divinely; the house was crammed, but where was the lady? Presently—in one of the soft pauses—a deep sigh was heard, it proceeded from the beautiful lady; tears were streaming down her cheeks, a mysterious person was seated by her side, with whom Paganini exchanged a ghastly smile; the lady and her cavalier soon rose; the strange cavalier grasped her hand—she grew deadly pale; they proceed out of the theatre; in a narrow by-path stands a carriage with coal-black steeds—the horses' eyes seem on fire—the two enter, the carriage vanishes—where, apparently, there is no road at all, the inference of all which is that Paganini was in league with the devil! It is strange but true that these absurd legends gained some credence amongst the ignorant populace of Italy and France, though they were

probably laughed at in Germany. But other stories of a different kind annoyed him far more. He was a ruffian who had murdered one mistress, and decamped with another man's wife; he was an escaped convict; he was a political busybody. He was a spy, a thief, an immoral swindler; he had been in prison, it was said, for years, and had thus learned his skill upon one string, all the others having got broken. It is necessary, even at this time of day, to give a distinct denial to this last legend. Paganini's morals were not above, but they were not below, the average of the somewhat dissolute state of society in which it was his misfortune to have been born and bred. He never committed a murder, or fought a duel, or betrayed a friend, or left without provision those whom he had given just claims upon him. As to politics, he knew nothing and cared nothing for them; and he never read the newspapers except when they contained something about himself. In Paris they pasted up a coarse woodcut of Paganini chained in a dungeon about the walls and hoardings of the city. Paganini describes himself as having stood before it in mute astonishment, until a crowd gathered round him, and, recognising the likeness, mobbed and hustled him in the most inconvenient manner. It was these reports that he afterwards bitterly complained of, and M. Fetis, at his request, drew up a letter, which was afterwards published throughout Europe, in which the aggrieved violinist vindicates his character from the current calumnies. His protestations, however, were far from stilling the rumours, and, when he arrived in London, some years later, there was no absurd and extravagant tale about him that was not eagerly caught up and circulated throughout the length and breadth of the land. A lesser man might have courted this sort of notoriety, but Paganini, who could do without it, was intensely annoyed and wounded. We cannot follow the great violinist in detail through his German campaign, in the years 1828-29-30, but some notion of his way of life may draw his personality a little closer to the reader ere we prepare to greet him on our own shores.

Ill health, at times acute suffering, which turned his pale bony face to a green livid hue, an intensely susceptible nervous system, an outward life alternating between scenes of highly-wrought excitement, amazing exertion, and fitful repose—these causes combined to produce a character singular for its mingled abstraction and plasticity. At times he seemed in the body, at other times out of the body—sometimes he appeared to be only semi-conscious of life; at other times more intensely conscious than any dozen people put together. Physical causes acted at times oddly and instantly upon his brain; at others they found him like stone. He was not always open to impressions, which at certain moments would find him so receptive, that he became the utter incarnation of them. He was full of contradictions, which he cared little to explain either to himself or to others. He travelled with the utmost speed from place to place; in the hottest weather he would have all the carriage windows closed. Although latterly his lungs affected his voice, which became thin and feeble, he delighted to talk loudly when rattling over the roads; the noise of the wheels seemed to excite him, and set his brain going. He never entered an inn on the road, but would sit in his carriage until the horses were ready, or walk up and down wrapped in his great cloak, and resent being spoken to. Arrived at his hotel, he would throw all his doors and windows open, and take what he called an air bath; but he never ceased to abuse the climate of Germany, and said that Italy was the only place fit to live in. His luggage was extremely simple—a small napkin might have contained the whole of his wardrobe—a coat, a little linen, and a hat-box—a small carpet-bag, a shabby trunk, containing his Guarnerius violin, his jewels, a clean shirt, and his money—that was all. He carried papers of immense value in a red pocket-book, along with concert tickets, letters, and accounts. These last no one but himself could read, as he knew hardly any arithmetic, and calculated, but with great accuracy, on some method of his own. He cared little where he slept, and seldom noticed what he ate or drank. He never complained of the inns—every place seemed much alike to him—out of Italy; he detested them all equally. He seldom noticed scenery, or cared for the sights of foreign towns. To himself he was the only important fact everywhere. He often started without food in the early morning, and remained fasting all day. At night he would take a light supper, and some camomile tea, and sleep soundly until morning. At times he ate ravenously. He remained taciturn for days, and then he would have all his meals sent up to his room; but at some hotels he would dine at the table d'hôte, and join freely in conversation. He lay on his sofa doing nothing the greater part of every day; but when making plans

for the publication of his works, or the founding of a musical institution, which at one time occupied much of his thoughts, he would stride up and down his room, and talk in a rapid and animated manner. After dinner he habitually sat in his room in total darkness until half-past ten, when he went to bed. Sometimes from sixty to eighty people, eager to see him, would wait upon him at his hotel in the course of the day. When compelled to see visitors, he was polite; but the intrusion of strangers fatigued and annoyed him, and he often refused himself to every one. He would bolt his door, and not take the least notice of any knocks. He would sit for hours almost motionless in a kind of trance, and apparently absorbed in deep thought; but he was not always averse to society. He was fond of conversing with a few friends, and entered into whatever games and recreations were going on with much zest; but if any one mentioned music, he would relapse into a sullen silence, or go off to some other part of the room. He disliked dining out; but when he accepted he usually ate largely of everything on the table, after which he was generally attacked by his old bowel complaint. At the time, however, he would eat and drink largely without any inconvenience. Although he mixed freely with the world, like Chopin, he was a solitary man, and reserved to the last degree. No one seemed to be in his confidence. He had an excellent memory —yet certain faces seemed to pass from him absolutely. His fidelity to both his parents was not the least remarkable point in his strange character, and although ardently attached to money, he could be generous at the call of what he considered duty, and even lavish when charity was concerned—indeed, he frequently gave concerts for the benefit of the poor, remembering the time when he had been a poor man himself.

Paris, always eager for novelty, the self-elected critic of the civilised world in all matters appertaining to art, was by this time imperative in her demand to see and hear Paganini; so, early in the spring of 1831 he set out for that fashionable capital. Fame had preceded him with every kind of strange rumour—he could not only play on one string, it was said, but his fiddle still gave forth strange music when all the strings were removed. The old calumnies revived. The town was placarded with villainous woodcuts of him in prison—others represented him in caricature, playing on one string. In short, expectation was wound up to its highest pitch, when he suddenly arrived, in bad health, and immediately gave a performance at the Opera-House, on March 9, 1831. The calm and judicious veteran of the Royal Conservatory of Music in Belgium, M. Fetis, who knew him well, and heard him often, and to whose work we are so much indebted for the present sketch, can find no other words to express the sensation which he created on his first appearance at Paris than "universal frenzy." The whole city flocked to hear him, the professors and virtuosi crowded round him on the platform, as near as they dared approach, in order to watch him play, after which they were no wiser than before. At the end of each piece the whole audience, it is said, rose *en masse* to recall him, the tongue of envy forgot to wag, and rivalry was put out of court. It was hoped he might have thrown some light upon certain prodigious violin studies which he had published, and which had long been known at Paris. No one could play them, or even conjecture how some of them were to be played. Nor did Paganini reveal the secret, which lay, no doubt, partly in a peculiar way of tuning the instrument, as well as in a length and agility of finger which he alone possessed.

About the middle of May he left Paris for London, and the *Times* newspaper which, at that time, hardly ever noticed concerts, devoted half a column in a vain attempt to give some idea of his first performance at the King's Theatre. Paganini, to save himself trouble, had agreed for an enormous sum of money to let himself to a speculator during his stay in England, who made all arrangements for him and took the proceeds. This plan has since been adopted by several illustrious artists, M. Joachim amongst them; and, although it has been stigmatized as wanting in dignity, it is probably on the whole most satisfactory to the artist, though not always to the public. An attempt was made to double the prices at the Opera-House, which raised great indignation—the prices ultimately charged were the usual Opera charges—no more and no less—and this was doubtless thought exorbitant for a concert, although the solo performer was supported by an orchestra and some of the best Opera singers, the famous Lablache amongst them. The crowd at the doors on the first night was excessive, and the pit was full to overflowing, but the boxes were thin. Paganini was suffering at that time from the inroads of his old complaint, aggravated by the rapid encroachments of his last fatal malady,

consumption. He appeared contrary to the advice of his physicians, and was received with the usual tumult of applause. From a heap of contemporary criticism struggling vainly with the difficulty of the subject, we extract a few passages from the pen of an eye-witness, which strike us as unusually graphic.

Mr. Gardner, of Leicester, writes: "At the hazard of my ribs, I placed myself at the Opera two hours and a half before the concert began. . . . . The concert opened with Beethoven's second symphony, admirably played by the Philharmonic band, after which Lablache sang 'Largo al Factotum,' with much applause, and was encored. A breathless silence, and every eye was watching the action of this extraordinary violinist: and as he glided from the side scenes to the front of the stage an involuntary cheering burst from every part of the house, many rising from their seats to view the Spectre during the thunder of this unprecedented cheering—his gaunt and extraordinary appearance being more like that of a devotee about to suffer martyrdom than one to delight you with his art. With the tip of his bow he set off the orchestra in a grand military movement with a force and vivacity as surprising as it was new. At the termination of this introduction he commenced with a soft streaming note of celestial quality, and with three or four whips of his bow elicited points of sound that mounted to the third heaven and as bright as the stars. . . . . He has long legs and arms, and his hands in his playing often assume the attitude of prayer, with the fingers pointed upwards." It was curious to watch the faces of Lindley, Dragonetti, and the other great players, who took up places on the platform, to command a good view of him during his performance—they all seem to have agreed that the like had never been heard before, and that in addition to his marvellous eccentricities and novel effects, he had transcended the highest level of legitimate art that had ever been reached.

It has often been asked in what respects Paganini's playing differed from that of other great violinists—in what has he enriched the art—what has he discovered or invented?

These questions have been to some extent answered by the painstaking Professor of Music, Guhr, who had many opportunities of watching him closely.

He was peculiar, first, in his manner of tuning. Sometimes the first three strings were tuned half a note higher, the G string being a third lower. Sometimes he tuned his G to B, with a single turn of his peg he would change the pitch of his G string, and never fail in his intonation. These artifices explain no doubt many of his extraordinary intervals.

Secondly, in his management of the bow he has had many imitators, though none have approached him in the romantic variety and "fiend-like power with which he ruled over the strings." His ordinary *staccato* played with a very tight bow was prodigiously loud and firm, like the strokes of a hammer, whilst his method of dashing the bow on the strings, and letting it leap through an infinity of tiny staccato notes with unerring precision was wholly his own invention.

Thirdly, his *tremolo* use of the left hand exceeded anything which had been attempted up to that time. This effect has been, like every other one of his inimitable effects, driven to death by subsequent violinists.

Fourth, his use of harmonics now universally known to violinists, was then absolutely new, formerly only the open harmonics had been used, and that very charily; but Paganini astonished the world by stopping the string with the first finger, and extracting the harmonic simultaneously with the fourth. By sliding up the first finger together with the fourth, he played entire melodies in harmonics, and got on an average about three octaves out of each string; his use of double harmonics in rapid passages, and such trifles as four simultaneous A flats, are still problems which few, if any hands but his, have been able to solve.

Lastly, his habit of plucking the strings sometimes with the right, sometimes with the left hand, and producing those rapid *pizzicato* runs, on an accompaniment of a harp or guitar, was absolutely new; beyond these things it was found impossible much farther to analyse his playing. His secret, if he had any, died with him. His music does not reveal it. Although he wrote quartettes, solos, duetts, and sonatas, fragments of about twenty-four of which are in existence, only nine were found complete; of these the Rondo known as "Clochette," and often played by M. Sivori, and "Le Streghe," are perhaps the best known; the celebrated variations on the "Carnival de Venise" do not appear to have been published as he played them, though both Ernst and Sivori claim to play the Paganini Carnival. M. Fetis considers his finest compositions have not been preserved—amongst those he reckons a magnificent concerto played at Paris in 1831, and a grand military sonata for the fourth string only.

The rest of Paganini's story is soon told.

Broken in health, after an absence of six years, he returned to Italy, where he was now nearly worshipped by his countrymen. He had grown immensely rich, and bought various properties in Tuscany. He played at concerts from time to time, and was always most generous in giving his talents for the benefit of the poor.

Mr. Dubourg, in his valuable work on the violin, asserts that he went to America; but of this I can find no trace in the biography of M. Fetis, nor in any other documents which I have as yet come across. In 1835 Paganini lived much between Milan and Genoa. The Duchess of Parma had conferred the order of St. George on him in 1834.

In 1836 he got into bad hands. He lent his great name to the establishment of a Casino in Paris, which failed. He was obliged to go to Paris, and the journey, no doubt, hastened his end. His consumption grew worse, he could not bear the cold; he was annoyed by the unscrupulous speculators, who tried to involve him in their own ruin, and then refused to bear the burden with him. They even succeeded in mulcting him in the sum of 50,000 francs, and he was actually detained by legal proceedings until he had paid the whole sum.

But his days of speculation and glory were alike numbered. In 1839 he was a dying man. He struggled with indomitable energy against his deadly foe. He now often took up the guitar, which, in the spring-time of his life, had been so intimately associated with his first romantic attachment. He was a great admirer of Beethoven, and not long before his death he played one of that master's sublime quartettes, his favourite one, with astonishing energy. In extreme weakness, he laboured out to hear a requiem of Cherubini for male voices, and soon afterwards, with all but his last energies, he insisted upon being conveyed to one of the churches in Marseilles, where he took part in a solemn mass of Beethoven. His voice was now nearly extinct, and his sleep, that greatest of consolations, was broken up by dreadful fits of coughing, his features began to sink, and he appeared to be little more than a living skeleton, so excessive and fearful was his emaciation. Still he did not believe in the approach of death. Day by day he grew more restless, and talked of passing the winter at Nice, and he did live on till the spring.

On the night of May 27, 1840, after a protracted paroxysm, he suddenly became strangely tranquil. He sank into a quiet sleep, and woke refreshed and calm. The air was soft and warm. He desired them to open the windows wide, draw the curtains of his bed, and allow the moon, just rising in the unclouded glory of an Italian sky, to flood his apartment. He sat gazing intently upon it for some minutes, and then again sank drowsily into a fitful sleep. Rousing himself once more, his fine ear caught the sound of the rustling leaves as they were gently stirred by some breath of air outside. In his dying moments this sound of the night wind in the trees seemed to affect him strangely, and the summer nights on the banks of the Arno long ago may have flashed back upon his mind, and called up fading memories. But now the Arno was exchanged for the wide Mediterranean Sea, all ablaze with light. Mozart in his last moments pointed to the score of the Requiem, which lay before him on his bed, and his lips were moving, to indicate the effect of kettledrums in a particular place, as he sank back in a swoon; and it is recorded of Paganini, that on that fair moonlight night in May, as the last dimness came over his eyes, he stretched out his hand to grasp his faithful friend and companion, his Guarnerius violin, and as he struck its chords once more, and found that it ceased to speak with its old magic power, he himself sank back, and expired, like one broken-hearted, to find that a little feeble, confused noise was all that was now left of those strains that he had created and the world had worshipped.

He left £80,000 to his son, Baron Achille Paganini, and about £45 a year to Antonia Bianchi, with whom he had long since quarrelled. He had previously provided for his mother. His violin he left to his native city, Genoa, with directions that no other artist should ever play upon it.

We have no heart to dwell upon the wretched strife over his dead body. Paganini, who had no great opinion of the Catholic religion or the Catholic priests, died without confession and the last sacraments. He was, accordingly, refused burial in consecrated ground by the Bishop of Parma. For a long time his corpse remained at a room in the hospital at Nice. The body then lay for four years at Villa Franca, when owing, it was affirmed, to the ghostly violin sounds that were heard about the coffin, his son, by paying large sums of money, got permission to bury his father with funeral rites in the village church near what had been his favourite residence, the Villa Gajona. This last tribute was tardily paid to the ashes of the immortal musician in May of 1845.

H. R. HAWEIS.

ST. MICHEL DURING THE YEAR OF PAIN.

SHORTLY before the "year of pain" (*année douloureuse*), by which name the period from June, 1870, to June, 1871, is generally designated in France, there appeared in these pages a short account of the French Reformatory of St. Michel. Some of our readers may perhaps remember that this institution is a refuge for young girls who have fallen into evil ways, where, to the number of some four hundred, they are tended by about seventy *religieuses* of the cloistered order of St. Michel. The vast, rambling old house which shelters this large family is situated close to the Pantheon, and it was from various causes especially exposed to danger throughout the whole of the troublous times in Paris. I took advantage of my return to France this summer, to ascertain personally how it had fared with the helpless inmates in their time of trial.

The courteous sisters remembered my former visit very well, for the account of their Home, given in this Magazine, had been translated into French, and seen by them; and they very willingly told me all that had befallen them since last we had met. Their account of the vicissitudes through which they passed was so very striking, that I think it may interest those who sympathize with their great and noble work.

Their time of trial was naturally divided into the two distinct epochs of the Siege and the Commune, and the sufferings entailed on them by each of those national calamities was of a no less distinctive character. Throughout the siege these were wholly physical, but in the latter period they endured what the Supérieure called "des souffrances morales," adding with a trembling voice, "and these were far the worst. Ah, I can never tell you how far worse they were than all the cold and hunger of our first dark days."

So soon as the disastrous course of the Franco-Prussian war had flooded Paris with sick and wounded, the sisters of St. Michel established an ambulance in the exterior part of their building, in order to help in relieving, so far as they could, the pangs of those who had so vainly sought to defend their country; and by the 25th of October, 1870, it was filled with one hundred and twenty soldiers, in addition to a household of four hundred and twenty-seven persons.

The house of St. Michel has no fixed revenue, and is at all times maintained, as the sisters express it, by the providence of God, manifesting itself in the voluntary offerings of those who value their work of love; and they had, therefore, but small and precarious means of meeting the terribly exorbitant expense of the siege prices, while these five hundred and fifty lives were all absolutely dependent on them for support.

At the commencement of the siege they had possessed a milch cow and two pigs, and these, of course, were very soon taken as food; for much as they regretted the loss of the supply of milk, which was so greatly required by their invalid soldiers, they had no means of keeping the poor cow for want of fodder. There were also various domestic pets, which in happier times had been a source of interest and amusement to the sisters in their secluded life, and these one after another now went to replenish the larder. I had seen the nuns fondling these live playthings, and remarked that they must have regretted the sacrifice. "Ah, ma chère," answered the Supérieure, with a little smile, "when one is very hungry—it is true they were beautiful cats, and most caressing, but they made us a charming repast!"

In the midst of these severe privations they had a great consolation in the happy results on the wounded soldiers of the care and kindness they lavished upon them. Only eight out of the number succumbed to their wounds, and of these they could say with confidence that they had departed in the faith of Christ; whilst nearly all of the others had been won back to the religion they had abandoned.

As Christmas drew near, the nuns resolved that even the direful war should not prevent St. Michel from giving a joyful welcome to the Prince of Peace, and they found means to prepare many kind gifts for their "big children" of the ambulance, as well as for all their ordinary inmates; so that when the festival of love and good-will dawned on the beleaguered city, there was perhaps no happier scene, in all the range of sorrowful Paris, than that which took place in the convent ambulance.

But the sunshine of that tender charity, glowing through all the biting frosts of the coldest Christmas France had known for many years, was the last gleam of brightness that came to cheer the inmates of St. Michel throughout the year of pain. The thunders of the approaching bombardment,

which was hourly drawing nearer, soon drowned the last echoes of the Christmas hymns, and the delicate women's hands, of late so fitly occupied on tokens of love, were now employed by order of the police, in carrying buckets of sand and water to every point of danger.

Very speedily it was upon them. On the 5th of January a shell exploded on their neighbour's roof; a few minutes later another fell in their own garden; a third shook their house to its very foundation, and struck such terror into the hearts of the poor young girls under their care, that one of them died on the spot from the effect of the shock. No one slept that night throughout the whole establishment, and next morning the Supérieure removed the entire family from their dormitories and class-rooms to the laundries and offices on the lowest floor. The bombardment, being chiefly directed against the Pantheon, they were exactly in the line of fire, which increased in fury every hour. On the 9th of January they counted two hundred and fifty cannon balls which passed over their heads, and the hours of darkness were spent by them all in the extremity of terror. The tardy dawn next morning found the greater part of them ill, and exhausted with watching, but as the day wore on it seemed to them that the fire slackened in some degree, and they leapt at once to the conclusion that it was going to cease altogether. On the strength of this happy conviction, the whole wearied household went to bed at seven o'clock in the evening. In the course of a few minutes they were all wrapped in welcome slumbers, but speedily there came a rude awakening. At nine o'clock they were aroused by what the Supérieure termed a "frightful noise." Loud cries, bursting from the laundry, joined to clouds of smoke and a strong smell of powder in that direction, showed that the shell had struck on the very spot they had thought most secure. The sisters ran in trembling, nothing doubting that some of their children at least must have been killed; but, to their great astonishment, they found that, although part of the ceiling had fallen, and broken two of the beds to pieces, the girls sleeping in them were only very slightly injured. It is not wonderful that the good religieuses should have thought this escape almost miraculous; but their miracle *par excellence* was an event which took place the next day, and which certainly was a very unaccountable preservation of life.

For the remainder of that night the whole family took refuge in the cellars, where, in the bitter cold and darkness, they sat on the ground longing for daylight to appear. The weary hours were spent in reciting psalms and prayers, and, as the Supérieure said, "they joined themselves in spirit to the early Christians of the Catacombs."

At seven in the morning they ascended to the upper world to hear the service in the church, and then, as the night had after all been completely sleepless, they sent their children to bed in one of the dormitories which, from its position, they thought sufficiently safe under the lighter fire of the morning hours, to allow of their taking a brief repose. It was called the "Providence dormitory," for it was necessary, in order to avoid confusion, that all the numberless rooms in the vast building should have distinguishing names. Scarcely had the girls fallen asleep, when they suddenly woke up to the consciousness that there had been a tremendous crash of some kind, and that part of the wall and several of the windows had fallen amongst them, while the dormitory was filled from end to end with suffocating smoke. "Some of us were crying, but the most of us prayed," said one of the girls, simply, afterwards. When, however, their "mothers" inspected the dormitory, they found amongst the fragments of stone, wood, and glass which encumbered the room, one of the heavy window curtains dragged down by some weight to the floor; and as they were about to raise it they discovered, to their horror, that an unexploded shell was enveloped in its folds! They all fled from the spot in terror, and sent for an artilleryman to come and remove it. When he came, he was transfixed with astonishment at the marvellous occurrence. The shell, he said, which weighed a hundred and eighty pounds, and had been fired from Chatillon, had pierced the roof without the slightest resistance, forcing a passage through the dormitory wall, and displacing the stones with so much violence, that they were flung into the middle of the garden, but in its progress it had struck against some hard substance, so as to bend the needle and shut up the ball, instead of bursting it. Still the man affirmed that there was absolutely no means of explaining the extraordinary fact that the *obus* had not exploded when it fell upon the curtain and bore it down to the ground. It was completely unaccountable; but it was certain that if it had burst, not one of the persons in the dormitory could have escaped with life.

It is not unnatural that the nuns should

have looked upon this singular event as a direct miracle, and the more as they thought they could trace the hand of God in its results. "We told our poor girls," said the Supérieure, "that they were fitly named children of the Divine Providence; and their wonderful escape had a great effect spiritually upon the whole of them, and caused the complete conversion of some concerning whom we had been anxious."

From that moment, however, it became evident that the whole family must take up their abode entirely in the cellars. Several of the largest were chosen as dormitories, mattresses being laid in rows on the floor, and the remainder arranged as class and community rooms. The only inmates of the house whom they did not move to these vaults were the invalids in the infirmary, to whom they feared the chill atmosphere might be fatal; but within a few hours they were startled by a tremendous shock, which so shook the walls even of the cellars, that they thought the house itself had been overthrown. It was found that a shell had fallen upon the class-room immediately above the sick wards, and had finally exploded in a cell only divided from them by a thick wall. The poor patients were discovered fainting and speechless from terror, and it was at once decided that they must also be conveyed to the cellars, in spite of the bitter cold and damp. This occurred on the 12th of January, and from that day till the 27th the entire household lived in these dark vaults, where still, however, they managed to keep their children steadily at work; "for," as the Supérieure said, "idleness would in some respects have made greater havoc amongst them than even the shells." Twelve bombs fell in their courts and garden in the course of the next few days, all of them sufficiently heavy to penetrate three yards into the earth, although the ground was frozen to a depth of thirty-five inches. During this time the daily increasing difficulty of procuring food had reduced them to a condition almost of famine. They had only a little corn left, with which they made a sort of *purée*, which went further than bread; but their sufferings from cold were greater even than those they endured from hunger. On the 29th of that month a shell burst at the door of St. Michel in the early morning, and then, to their utter amazement, the firing suddenly ceased. They thought they must be dreaming when the hours passed on, and not a single cannon was heard, although the bombardment had then continued without intermission for twenty-two days. At last, just as they were preparing to go to bed in their cellars, the chaplain arrived to tell them that an armistice had been granted, and that they might leave the vaults where they had suffered so much. Their relief and joy may be imagined, but it was damped by the almost immediate death of two of the sisters, who succumbed to the privations they had endured, before they could benefit by the improvement in their condition. The trials which had been caused by the siege had now reached their term, but it was not long before even darker troubles came upon them.

On the 19th of March the inmates of St. Michel became aware that all around their quiet home the wildest agitation was raging; drums rolling, bugles preceding the tramp of armed men,—women and children dragging cannon through the streets, singing the Marseillaise,—over all the ceaseless cry "Aux armes! aux armes!" and mingling with those ominous sounds the loud pealing of church bells. It was on this day that the murder of the Generals Lecomte and Clement Thomas was accomplished, but of this they knew nothing, and listened bewildered and trembling to the tumult. At last, late at night, the *Sœur Tourière*, who alone, according to their rules, could leave the cloister, stole out to obtain information as to the state of the town, and returned with the news that the reign of the Commune had been proclaimed.

The sisters were very soon made painfully aware of the significance this fact was to have for themselves. On the following Sunday, twenty armed guards presented themselves with a mandate from the Communist Prefect of Police, ordering them to deliver up Citoyenne A—— to the bearer of the paper. She was one of their children, and previous to her admission amongst them, there had been some question of a marriage between her and the man who had obtained the order. Resistance was useless. The Supérieure implored them to allow her to send for the girl's mother.

"Her mother has no power over her in presence of judicial authority," was the answer. The poor child was dragged out of the arms of the sorrowing sisters, and they saw her no more.

A little later, a loud volley of cannon shook their walls, in honour of the fact that the cross on the Pantheon had been replaced by the red flag. "That emblem *sanglant*," said the Supérieure, "is for ever associated in our minds with the days of horror that followed."

They heard next morning that the house

of the Jesuits near them had been sacked, and the priests carried off to prison, and that their own abode was to be visited in the same manner within a few hours.

They occupied themselves, therefore, during the interval, in concealing as much of their property as they could, and in preparing for the possibility of their being torn away finally from their beloved home. In the evening, being told that the dreaded visit was certainly to take place that night, the whole community assembled in their largest *salle*, each with a little packet of clothes, such as they could carry with them. They hoped, if they were not allowed to return after the perquisition, that those of the numerous household who were not imprisoned might find a shelter in some neighbour's dwelling. "God would provide," they said, and they spent the hours of waiting in prayer.

It was nearly midnight when the *Sœur Tourière* suddenly heard the tread of armed men drawing up at the outer gate, and in all haste she flew to tell the Supérieure that their dreaded visitors had arrived. "It is a troop of the National Guards," she exclaimed.

"Well, my sister," said the Supérieure calmly, "that does not surprise me, as we expect them. Have they asked admittance?"

"No," she replied, "and that is what I do not understand. They shouted through the gate that we were to have no fear; they were there to defend us."

"To defend us!" exclaimed the Supérieure, "it must be a *ruse*. Do you not think so, my sister?"

"I will go and find out what they mean somehow," she answered, running off as if on an errand of pleasure. This *Sœur Tourière*, from whose own lips I heard many of the details I am now giving, was a fragile-looking dark-eyed little woman, who had not the slightest appearance of strength, either mental or physical, yet I question if the bravest soldier who fought for France in those dark days, ever displayed such indomitable courage and resolution as this gentle lay sister, coming out of her secluded life to act for the community whom she alone could represent in the world, confronting for them the fiercest authorities of the Commune, to whom the sight of a religieuse was specially hateful, and braving night and day the manifold terrors which bristled in the streets of Paris through all the weary months.

On the night of which we are speaking, however, a delightful surprise awaited her when she reached the gate, and boldly faced the armed soldiers. She found that they were a body of National Guards, who respected the sisters and their noble work, and had come of their own accord to defend them against the impending attack of the Communists. Till two in the morning they remained at their self-elected post in the bitter cold of the winter night, and at that hour, hearing by some means that they had effectually tired out the patience of the officers of the Commune, who had no desire for a conflict with them, and that the attack was in consequence postponed, they took leave of the *Sœur Tourière*, assuring her the household might sleep in peace for that night at least, and quietly marched home to their quarters.

On the following Saturday, Easter Eve, a party of soldiers, sent by the Communist Mayor, demanded admittance, to take possession of St. Michel in the name of the Commune. The sisters made no opposition, but as they passed through the ambulance, the invalid soldiers muttered anathemas on the wounds which prevented them from flinging back the intruders by main force. It seemed, however, that the object of this first party was to reconnoitre the Home in preparation for a more formidable attack; for, beyond the threats and insults which they showered on the whole community, they did no substantial harm, and they went away with ominous hints as to the future, which were soon realised. A day or two later, a Commissionaire from the Commune arrived with a large body of National Guards, and having locked the large street gate and taken the key, he walked straight into the *parloir* with a menacing air. He had come, he said, with an order to make the perquisition, and if there was the least attempt at resistance, he would call in his soldiers to make their way through the house by force. The Supérieure calmly replied, that women had no power of resistance to any abuse of authority, and bowed her head in silence. Pushing suddenly past her, the two men hastened on, and burst into the apartment of the Sœurs Magdalines, by which name they designate the penitents who elect to remain for life in the Home. These poor girls, terrified at this sudden invasion, would have flown to their cells, but the officers prevented them by locking the door. Then they forced open desks, drawers, and armoires with needless violence, searching for anything of value on which they could lay their hands. With much irritation they found that the treasures of these young women who had given themselves up to a life of penitence, consisted in lint and bandages for the

wounded of the ambulance; and, stalking out of the room, they searched with no better result the dormitories in the class-rooms, in each apartment they entered, locking up the persons present till they had completed their inspection. Every paper they could find was read in hopes of obtaining the title-deeds whereby the sisters had possession of their home, but these had been removed for safety to one of the branch houses in the country, along with the church plate, which constituted their only valuables. At last the chief officer turned furiously to the Supérieure, and ordered her to take him to her private apartment. She obeyed in silence, and here, with an exclamation of satisfaction he seized hold of a box containing all the money which the nuns possessed. He at once emptied it of the sum it contained, about 800 francs.

"Mais, Monsieur," said the Supérieure, "if you carry off all that money, how are we to buy provisions to-morrow for our large family?"

"Do as well as you can," he answered, counting up his money with eager haste.

"But pray remember, that besides all our poor children who depend on us for food, we have to provide for the wounded soldiers in the ambulance; we cannot let them starve."

"Just as you please, madame."

"And that is the portion of the poor," she added as he lifted up a separate bag.

"The Commune is poor," he answered with an ironical smile, "and ought to be assisted." Then exclaiming that he was pressed for time, and must leave the perquisition for the present, he went off, carrying away every penny the house had contained.

"But he forgot that God was our protector," said the Supérieure with a gentle smile. "That same evening a present of 700 francs was sent us from an unexpected quarter. So our children and our wounded did not perish from hunger, as we feared."

Nevertheless, the next day was marked by a new scene of violence and terror, when search was made for a treasure dearer to them far than gold or silver. Before the war broke out, a young girl of noble birth had been sent to their care by her own mother, in order to place her out of reach of one who had been her cruellest enemy. In the calm atmosphere of St. Michel her broken heart turned to God, and she had no wish ever again to leave the sheltering walls; but ceaseless efforts and stratagems were used by her persecutor to induce her to do so. The wise nuns rightly guessed that he would take advantage of the lawless power of the Commune to carry her off, and they sent her away for safety to a neighbouring orphanage. They were just in time. She had not long been gone when a large party of soldiers arrived, accompanied by this man, with a warrant for the apprehension of Mademoiselle de X——. In vain the Supérieure assured them she was not there. They persisted in believing she was concealed in the house, and searched it throughout with brutal violence. Of course she was not to be found. Then the soldiers surrounded the Supérieure, and with torrents of abuse ordered her to reveal the girl's retreat. She calmly refused. They assailed her with terrible threats. She told them she was ready to suffer anything rather than do so. With frightful oaths the men exclaimed that she and her assistants should be dragged to prison, the children turned into the street, and the house closed, if she did not at once give them the required information. She crossed her arms calmly on her breast and made no answer; but the girls, falling on their knees around her, implored the soldiers not to hurt their mother. At this moment a paper fell into the hands of one of the men, which contained the address of the girl's place of refuge, and with a shout of triumph they flung the kneeling children aside right and left, and rushed out to attack the orphanage.

We have not space to give in detail the trials endured by the family at St. Michel during the terrible weeks which followed. The Commune dispersed several of the other houses of the Sisters of Charity, driving the poor orphans they sheltered into the streets, and tidings from a sure quarter reached the Supérieure that her household was to be dealt with in like manner. She therefore decided to send away as many of her children as could be received, to a convent at Conflans, where they would be safe. Forty only could be taken, and the girls bitterly lamented their exile, saying they would rather share any suffering with their "mothers" than leave them. Scarcely were they gone when the aspect of affairs became so threatening that she further resolved to remove the greater part of the young nuns to one of their provincial houses, and to remain alone with the older sisters. With great difficulty this was accomplished, and the religieuses, under the care of one of the community who had not been outside the convent walls for thirty-six years previously, departed from St. Michel with little hope of seeing again in

this life the devoted nuns whom they left behind. Their vacant rooms were not long left unoccupied. The bombardment had fallen with such disastrous effect on the Hôpital des Petits Ménages, an asylum for poor old men, that they had been driven out from its crumbling walls, and the Supérieure at once received them into St. Michel, although, in spite of the numbers she had sent away, her household, including the soldiers of the ambulance, still consisted of a hundred and seventy persons. They now underwent again and again what the Commune was pleased to call a "perquisition," but which really meant the forcible entrance of large parties of soldiers, headed by insolent officials, who ransacked every corner of the house, sparing neither the chapel while service was going on, nor the bed-rooms of the sick, and overwhelming the sisters with every kind of threat and insult.

At last came the worst of those visitations, the very remembrance of which made the Supérieure's lips grow white as she described it to me. On the 19th of May a troop of armed guards invaded the house under the command of a Communist leader, who informed the Supérieure that he had come to set at liberty the young women detained in her house. Vainly she assured him that they were and always had been at perfect liberty to leave the Home when they pleased. He merely gave a sinister smile, and ordered the Supérieure and the other nuns to assemble in one of the rooms. He then placed guards at the door to prevent their quitting it, and went on to the apartments of the girls still remaining at St. Michel. The Communists endeavoured, by every inducement and threat they could think of, to induce the young girls to leave the Home, and assailed them with coarse language; but the children, so lawless once, recoiled with horror, and declared that they would rather die than stir an inch from the home which sheltered their repentance for the past, and their hopes for an eternal future. The soldiers were baffled in all their endeavours by the constancy of the children of St. Michel, and only succeeded in filling them with an indescribable terror, which makes them tremble to this day when they recall the hateful scene.

The whole troop of soldiers dashed out of the house at last with many an oath, declaring that they would speedily return with power to drive the religieuses from the convent, and fill it with friends of their own.

These were the days, however, when the reign of the Commune was closing in blood and flames, and it seemed but too likely that the desire of the poor girls to die with their "mothers" would be fatally fulfilled. There came an hour when, as the terrified household was coming out of chapel where they had been praying for France and their enemies, they saw the sky as it were on fire, and volumes of smoke rising up from the devoted city, while the tocsin clanged wildly through the lurid air.

The Luxembourg was distant about five minutes walk from St. Michel, but the Pantheon was just outside their own garden.

"Ah, madame," said the Supérieure, as she came to this point in her history, "you do not know what it is to be every moment as it were under the stroke of death: we did not fear it for ourselves, but our children—our children!"

Yet even as they thus awaited the utter destruction from which they had no hope of escape, some refugees flying from the fire and the massacres in the streets, besieged their gate with entreaties for a shelter. The Supérieure admitted them at once, saying sadly—"You do but come to share our danger, but at least while we live we can relieve your sufferings," and taking them up to the ambulance, the patient sisters dressed their wounds, and fed them as calmly and as gently as in their happiest days. In the midst of these occupations a terrible explosion was heard—the house seemed to rock to and fro, the windows fell in with a crash—flames were bursting from the Luxembourg and appeared about to envelop the whole of St. Michel. Amid indescribable confusion every living soul within the walls fled out into the garden; terror strengthened even the invalid soldiers to rise from their beds and escape from the house, which had been so severely shaken that the very cellars were not safe.

Thirty-seven barrels of powder had been fired in the Luxembourg, and the sisters count it as one of the miraculous instances of the Divine protection over them, that the Communists failed to discover one hundred and fifty more hidden in a subterranean passage, for if these too had exploded they must have been all buried under the ruins of their home.

"In the garden then," continued the Supérieure, "we remained, an assemblage of two hundred and five persons, nuns, penitents, soldiers, and refugees, both men and women, awaiting death every instant, for balls and bomb-shells were falling amongst us as thick as hail, and the Pantheon over-

shadowed us. We had placed our children grouped together on one side, the sisters surrounded them, thus dividing them from the refugees, many of whom had evil countenances; then came the soldiers of the ambulance, whose practised ears could follow the direction of the cannonade, and who made us move from side to side as it seemed most safe. For five mortal hours we stayed there amid the bursting shells, the flashing fire, the rain of balls, but there were no cries, no shrieks of terror amongst us. Kneeling on the ground beneath our lime-trees, we said aloud the prayers appointed for those at the point of death, and even the voices of the lawless refugees could be heard amid the thunders of the cannon joining meekly in our petitions. Ah, chère dame, our feeble prayers had power to pierce the heaven. While the ground all around us was ploughed up, and the trees torn in shreds by the exploding shells, we seemed to be in a charmed circle, and although we received some injuries, not a single life was lost!"

Meantime they knew very well that the worst danger with which they were threatened was growing every moment more imminent. The repeated cries of "Vive la Commune!" from the Pantheon, told that it was still in the hands of those who were preparing to blow it up. Suddenly, while they listened to these ominous shouts, two soldiers, who had scaled the wall, dropped down into the garden, calling out orders to the troops whom they had left on the other side. Were they Versaillists or Communists? It was a question of life or death for St. Michel. The Supérieure advanced towards them, while the party under the lime-trees huddled together in consternation. "Show me the garden of the Dames de St. Michel," said one of the officers, who held a plan of Paris in his hand. The Supérieure said, "You are in it;" to which he replied that they wanted to make a breach in the wall to reach the Pantheon. He told her he belonged to the army of Versailles, pointing to the red stripes he wore; and she then, under a shower of balls, guided them to the private door which leads to the Place du Pantheon, and they darted through. Then from the street was heard an order to open the gates of St. Michel to the army of Versailles. It was done, and the troops poured through the garden on their way to the Pantheon. Suddenly it occurred to the Supérieure that they might not be aware of the intention of the Communists to blow it up. She told her fears to the chaplain, who had with much difficulty made his way to the convent, in dread as to the fate of its inmates. He determined at once to give information to the chiefs of the Versaillists, and went out into the streets to do so at the risk of his life; for in those last hours the Communists killed every priest they came across. He succeeded, however, in giving his warning, which was thankfully received just in time. They instantly searched the vaults, and found thirteen electric wires which were on the point of firing an immense number of powder barrels. These were speedily cut, and thus the sisters of St. Michel were the means of saving thousands of lives.

All through that night the cannon roared like thunder, but with dawn of day this new reign of terror was at an end, and at the same hour, on the very threshold of St. Michel, retribution overtook him who had been throughout their cruel enemy, and at whose order all their worst sufferings had been undergone. Raoul Rigault, the Communist leader, was shot down on their doorstep. It had been fixed that all the religieuses within the walls, like the Dominicans and others who suffered in the Rue Haxo, should be massacred. Yet, when he himself was hunted down by the Versaillists, it was to St. Michel that he fled for refuge. As the sisters opened the gate to let him enter, he fell dead at their feet.

I listened to a few more details of the joyous reassembling of the community when quiet was restored to Paris, and then I rose to take leave, but the Supérieure stopped me, and said in a tremulous voice—

"Madame, we believe that our present calm is only a lull in the terrible storm through which we have passed, and that it will awake again one day perhaps with greater fury than before; if it should be so, could you then help us to gain a refuge in your generous England?"

I felt sadly how little probability there was of any succour being possible, but I could only assure her that if her fears were realised, I would make her wishes known to those who might be more able to help her than I should be; and then the noble little *Sœur Tourière*, as she parted from me, whispered softly that at least I could win for them prayers from the kind English hearts which might avail them more than any human help.

F. M. F. SKENE.

HOURS ON LOCH ETIVE.

PART I.

BENEATH BEN CRUACHAN, WITH NORMAN MACLEOD.

(*August*, 1869.)

ONCE more by mighty Cruachan, and once more
Across fair-isleted Lochowe,
To gaze upon the wood-fringed, precipiced shore,
Up the broad girth of green, the gorges hoar,
To that majestic brow.

Between Lochowe and Etive how that pile
Fills all the interspace, and bars
With his great feet yon river-clov'n defile,
His lonely forehead communing the while
With cloud and sun and stars.

And then thy wealth of waters—here they creep,
Lapping thy feet with loving lave,
There lashing sea-tides round thy basement sweep,
Yonder, from crags high up, great cataracts leap,
Blowing their trumpets brave.

And yet beneath these splintered pinnacles,
Soaring in strength and majesty,
Down thy broad bosom what bright greenness dwells,
The like on Scotland's bens, or English fells,
No otherwhere you see.

O! I could lie and gaze—for ever gaze—
On the still movement and the sway
Of sun and shadow o'er the broad green braes,
Hour after hour these bright autumnal days,
Dreaming themselves away.

And thou dost seem a being self-enwrapt
In thine own thought, great Cruachan!
Whether, as now, from base to summit lapt
In light, or storm-enveloped and cloud-capt,
Taking no note of man.

And yet some buried histories sure thou hast
Of Scotland's old heroic men.
Have not their stalwart strides along thee past?
Have not thy corries to their bugle blast
Startled? O Cruachan Ben!

O! for some ancient Seannachie to come—
Some grey Glenorchy chronicler,
And, naming rock, and pass, and corrie, some
Of the mute histories here lying dumb
From long oblivion stir:

How when the wild kern came, from Erin borne,
At Edward's hest, this land to win,
Will Wallace left his Stirling rock at morn,
And ere night fell, at yonder pass of Lorne
Had shut the caitiff in.

There yawns the gap on Ben-a-vourie's cope,
Through which Sir Neil with morning light
Appearing, closed the flying kern from hope,
And by yon track that grooves the mountain slope—
Still called the track of flight—

Down that dark pass through which the river raves,
Drave him in rout and all his men.
Beyond the stream, in Craig-an-uni's caves,
They sought a shelter, and they found them graves,
'Neath the o'ershadowing Ben.

Anon he'd tell how Bruce in war array,
Secure of Scotland and her crown,
To this same pass marched, thirsting to repay
The despite Lorne had done him in the day,
When fortune held him down;

And how Lorne met him in yon narrow halse,*
And barred the way with targe and spear,
Till (gude Sir James), rounding the Corrie-glass,
From yonder crag came thundering down the pass,
And smote him flank and rear.

Ah me! as through the gorge the battle boiled,
What deathful shrieks went up to heaven!
While forward Bruce through rocks and brushwood toiled,
And backward Lorne with all his host recoiled,
To death and ruin driven.

* Throat or gorge.

See o'er stream through yon green bracken peers
Many a cairn, all weather-worn
And grey with lichens of five hundred years:
There once were coronachs wailed—warm human tears
Shed o'er the slain of Lorne.

About thee many a slogan more hath knelled,—
Thou sawest how many a bloody crime!
When up thy corries Campbell bloodhounds yelled,
Hunting Clan Alpine from the glens they held
From immemorial time.

All these into thy silent self thou hast
Absorbed, and gentler things than these:
The loving looks poets have on thee cast,
Wordsworth and Walter Scott, what time they passed,
With their high melodies.

And year by year have come hearts old and young,
Native and strange, and shed on thee
Affection not less deep, though all unsung,
Till with an air thou seemest overhung
Of mute humanity.

There, till the human story shall fulfil
Itself, O Cruachan! thou shalt stay.
Then shall it be by strong, convulsive thrill
That thou shalt pass? or slow mutation still?
Preluding that blest day,

To which the suffering ages labour on,
When—all the contradiction healed,
All the long travail of the creature done—
Shall come the kingdom of the Righteous One,
To eye and heart revealed.

PART II.

REMEMBRANCE.

(*August*, 1872.)

And thou wert there, all thy great soul unfurled
To nature, that one idle day,
When, loosed from toil wherein thine years were whirled—
Toil for thy church, thy country, and the world—
By Etive shores we lay,

In hearing of the mighty sea-loch's tune,
The while thy heart was free to range,
And share in all the marvellous commune,
The sky and Cruachan held that long, bright noon
In endless interchange.

There, with the play of gleam and shadow blending,
Thy soul, enfranchised, moved abroad
Among the sunlit summits, whence descending
In full stream, many-hued and never-ending,
Thy grand discourse on-flowed.

Ah me! how then thy Celtic spirit, smit
By every mountain sight and sound,
Scattered thy winged words and fancies lit
With humour wild, tenderness infinite,
Drawn from heart-deeps profound.

And then that day, so changed in aspect, when
Up the dim rain-swept loch we steered,
And fitfully before thy raptured ken
Loomed the twin peaks, 'Shepherds of Etive glen,'
As the mists closed or cleared.

When age and childhood met for frolic droll,
And laughter free round evening hearth,
Who then like thee to lead the flow of soul?
So deft to intermingle through the whole
Something of heaven with earth?

O dear days gone, which nothing can restore!
Henceforth where'er of earth we move
To hear, ah ne'er again! that loved voice pour
Gladness around us—feel the thrill no more
Of that large heart of love!

Ay, sweet that voice erewhile, and rich with feeling,
In loving talk at even heard,
Or low in prayer by lonely sick-bed kneeling,
Or when the truth of God, like trumpet, pealing
Our inmost hearts it stirred.

O! might we but attain where he hath found
Him whom his soul desired to meet!
There, from earth's jars and discords all unbound,
In the redeemed new song shall it not sound
More beautiful and complete?

J. C. SHAIRP.

THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON.

By MRS. PARR, Author of "Dorothy Fox."

CHAPTER VII.—"A SCHEME OF HIS."



NEVER had Mrs. Labouchere dressed herself with more care, surveyed herself more critically, nor found more reason to be satisfied with her personal appearance, than on the morning of her long-wished-for visit. Her heavy mourning was particularly becoming to her fair face and slender figure. Excitement gave a pretty flush to her cheeks, and made her eyes brighter than usual. Her chief perplexity arose from her doubts as to the manner in which Stephen would meet her. She had already decided that she would take her tone from him. If he was distant and frigid, she would be silent and grave; if he seemed agitated and embarrassed, she felt certain she should break down, for her nerves seemed strung up to a high pitch.

Finding that Mrs. Prescott was in the morning room, she desired the man not to announce her, but, opening the door herself, she went up to her aunt, around whose neck she threw her arms, and clinging there for an instant, as if to gain courage, she raised her head, and timidly turned her eyes towards Sir Stephen, who, to her great mortification, came most composedly towards her, holding out his hand as he said—

"How do you do, Katherine? Glad to see you looking so much better. Mother tells me you have not been well lately. What an age it is since we met!"

Mrs. Labouchere felt her face grow crimson. Do all she could, she found it impossible to steady her voice to answer as she wished. Her confusion, however, seemed quite lost upon Sir Stephen, who went on—

"I have been half over the world since I saw you. I expect you find this climate rather trying after such a sojourn in Italy. I felt myself shivering in the biting wind of yesterday."

And this was the meeting she had yearned for and looked forward to? Yes; and this, too, was the meeting that he had spent whole days and nights in picturing when, and where, and how it would take place. So devotedly had Stephen Prescott loved Katherine Douglas, so implicitly had he trusted her, so thoroughly had he believed in her, that for years he could not separate the ideal which had called forth his love, from the fair shape with which he had identified it. Now that his eyes were opened he saw that Katherine was no more that sweet creation, than is the player the mimic queen whose name for the hour she bears. Had her love been false to his, he could have made more excuse for her than for the cold calculating nature, which set love aside until death untied the money bags, that had weighed down the scale against plighted troth and passionate devotion. When he read those passages in his mother's letters, speaking of the sacrifice which Katherine had made, and which devotion to him alone had prompted, he laughed bitterly; but when, as she grew bolder, Mrs. Prescott ventured to say, that Katherine could not disguise her anxiety to gain any atom of news about him, and that it was plain, to one who watched her narrowly, that her hope of happiness lay in the thought that some day he might forgive her, renew their shattered ties, and live over again those days of peace and joy, about which she never wearied of talking, Sir Stephen felt all his old feelings of hatred and bitterness come back. So, she was going to try and carry out her scheme, and he was to be lured back and cajoled into a marriage.

He could fancy himself portrayed by the hands of his mother, how she would picture him heartbroken, wandering in a distant land, banished by a grief he could not overcome, reckless, mad;—so he had been once, but not now. "My love is dead," he exclaimed joyfully, "dead for ever!" why then keep away? Ah, why indeed? he would go back at once; he would go home, meet Mrs. Labouchere, and by treating her with the

unceremonious indifference relatives often exercise towards each other, show her that not only was his love for her dead, but that even the memory of it was forgotten. And truly, if he sought revenge in the success of this plan, he secured it. Katherine felt humbled to the dust. Nothing could have so completely overthrown her. Had he refused to meet her, to speak to her, had he poured forth a torrent of reproach against her, she could have met it. But with this present manner how could she act, what fault could she find? She was not a woman to be easily cast down, but her heart sank at the blurred prospect before her.

Between this first meeting and the time when Sir Stephen paid the visit to Garston, which ultimately resulted in his going down to Mallett, nearly a year had elapsed. During this period Mrs. Labouchere had tried many plans, and laid innumerable snares, into which she hoped her cousin would fall. She had remained in town, gone away from town, stayed with his mother, absented herself from the house; had been distant, friendly, sad, lively, all in turns, and all to no purpose. Sir Stephen's manner was unaltered, and he remained indifferent and apparently unconscious.

A complete change seemed to have been effected in their characters. In place of devoted, worshipping Stephen, and calm, calculating Katherine, he now was perfectly self-possessed, while she found herself racked and tossed about, at the mercy of the man who had formerly been her slave; watching for his presence, craving for his love, and guilty on his account of a thousand weaknesses, which she lacked the sense or the strength to conceal.

Money was now valueless in her eyes when compared with Stephen's love;—the past glory or present decay of Pamphillon quite forgotten in straining after the goal she was at present putting forth all her energies to gain; and while the object of her solicitude was enjoying the fresh breezes and briny odours of Mallett, Katherine stayed with her aunt, indulging herself by listening to Mrs. Prescott's assurance that, in spite of his altered manner, Stephen's love was unimpaired.

In his home letters Sir Stephen had not thought fit to enter into much detail about his visit to Mallett. He had merely told his mother, that having found it necessary to give his personal attention to several matters at Combe, he should be detained there longer than he had anticipated. He felt sure, he said, that she would be pleased with Mallett, and, as he should go there again in the summer, he hoped that he should induce her to accompany him. The scenery was wild and picturesque, the people very primitive, and the air delicious and invigorating. A postscript added that he had accepted an invitation to stay while there with his neighbour, Captain Carthew, to whose house she would please to forward his letters.

"Stephen knows that I will not go to Combe unless you will go with me, Katherine," said Mrs. Prescott; "I wonder now, if this is a scheme of his to get us all down to some quiet retired spot." Poor Mrs. Prescott was so anxious for the fulfilment of her heart's desire that she ran every event into that groove.

"I don't suppose Stephen would wish you to ask me, aunt; and if you did, he would not care about my going."

"Now, that is not fair of you, Katie; you seem to expect that Stephen is to suddenly ignore the past, which is utterly impossible. When a great love has been shaken, it takes a long time before it can trust again. Do you think that if he did not like to see you, he would be always telling me to ask you here?"

Mrs. Labouchere restrained herself from giving utterance to the wish that he would object to see her, avoid her, do anything but ignore her.

"I am sure," added Mrs. Prescott, "I hardly ever receive a letter from him without constant mention of you; and that does not look like indifference."

Katherine sighed.

"He must find it very dull at this place," she said; "he does not speak of having met any one there."

"Oh, no! there is no society of any kind; it is a most out-of-the-way place. Your uncle had been there in his boyhood, and he used to speak of it as being most wild and un-get-at-able. The inhabitants in his day were a set of semi-barbarous smugglers and wreckers. Of course things are changed for the better there as elsewhere; but I fancy it is still very far behind the rest of the world."

"Combe is a small estate?" asked Katherine.

"Quite, in comparison to Pamphillon. I hope Stephen will not be induced to lay out a lot of money on the place. It would be very foolish, for he could never live there."

"Ah! how valueless is money when one cannot do the good with it one longs to!" said Katherine sadly.

"I know what you mean, dear;" and Mrs.



"THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON."

Prescott pressed her niece's hand tenderly; "but we must have patience. I fear Stephen's pride is a strong bar to his happiness; perhaps thrown, as he must be now entirely upon himself, he may see things in a very different light. Poor fellow, I wonder how he gets through his evenings?"

Very merrily, she would have said, could she have seen the despondent swain standing up with the Captain and Hero perfecting himself in the mysteries of a reel, which Alice played on the old-fashioned piano.

"A little faster, Alice," Hero would call out, her whole energies bent on her pupil's accomplishment of his task. "The other hand, Sir Stephen; come along, papa—don't stop."

"My wig and feathers, child, I must take breath. You youngsters forget the amount of ballast I carry." Notwithstanding which the old man danced away as merrily as his pretty daughter.

"Alice, look round; he does it capitally; isn't it all right? Now you may sit down, Sir Stephen, and we'll release you. Alice dear, thank you; nobody plays the Fairy dance as you do. I'm longing for to-morrow evening, it will be such fun."

"Remember, you are to be my first partner," said Sir Stephen.

"I am not likely to forget that," returned Hero.

"Oh, I don't know; I daresay I shall have all the beaux of the place looking daggers at me for my presumption. Miss Carthew is sure to be surrounded by admirers, is she not, Miss Joslyn?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Alice, "I'd advise you to secure her beforehand; for she is always engaged for every dance, and there is generally a contention about taking her home."

"Taking her home!"

"Yes," laughed Hero, "you know there is but one fly in all Mallett, so it is our fashion to walk home with our last partner, and . . . ."

"Now you have done for yourself," said Sir Stephen, "for I put in the first claim to the last dance. It is of no use your looking 'No' at me; you will have to give up your pre-arranged tête-à-tête walk with——"

"Tell me his name," he whispered to Alice; but Alice shook her head, and Hero, with a pretty confusion, which betrayed itself in most becoming blushes, said, "I am sure I would rather go home with you than with any one who will be there to-morrow."

CHAPTER VIII.—SORRY TO GO.

"THE doings up to Combe" were over. Both parties had given the greatest satisfaction, and in each cottage and house about Mallett the entire conversation ran on the events which had taken place on the particular evening when those who spoke were present. Nothing could exceed Sir Stephen's popularity. He had been so attentive to everybody that, as Miss Batt truly remarked, each for the time felt the favoured one. Then it was so nice of him to take Mrs. Randall down to supper. Of course, the Captain had told him about her father having been a K.C.B. and the governor at the Cape; for nobody knew better than the Captain what was proper—you might always trust to him.

"My dear," exclaimed Mrs. Jamieson to her deaf sister, Miss Kellow, "did you ever see such a magnificent supper?"

"Splendid, and all from Dockmouth too; it must have cost a pretty penny."

"That's what I like to see—the heart to do it, and the means to pay for it. How nice all the girls looked, to be sure! I don't believe there was one but Sir Stephen danced with. As I said to Captain White, I'd he bound for it, he didn't often see prettier faces than he met here."

Among the second batch opinions were equally favourable. Sir Stephen had led off the Triumph with Mrs. Carne; joined in the reels, and made a most beautiful speech, the best part of which was, that he was coming again in the summer, and that then he should ask them all back again.

"Cap'en took good care nobody was passed over," said Hepzibah Bunce, who, uniting the trades of grocer and tobacconist, was generally sure to have several loungers in her little shop.

"I say," she continued, "didn't Miss Hero look a reg'lar booty, all in white with a red rose in her hair."

The heads were nodded in general assent.

"I reckon," said Ned Wallis, "her'd take the wind out the sails of some o' the taller-faced Londoners he sees. Coast-guardsmen was arsking o' me if he wasn't casting a eye that way."

"The very same struck me," said Hepzibah, "and a pretty pair they'd make too; folks do say, her's gived her company to that young Despard, but I for one hope 't isn't so."

"He's a likely young chap," said one of the younger men admiringly.

"Iss; but you mustn't take people by their looks, nor parsons by their books," and Hep-

zibah gave a knowing laugh, "else I s'pose he wouldn't stand in his own shoes."

"Why, what do'ee mean?" asked the same man, who, not being Mallett born, was but imperfectly up in the domestic history of its inhabitants.

"Mean!" said Hepzibah, "why, nothin' that I know by; only from first to last there's bin a goodish lot o' talk about who this young Despard is. I'm sure he carries his head as high as if he was the Emperor o'Rooshia's son; and so he may be for anything I can gainsay, or anybody else in Mallett, I take it."

"Sir Stephen's still up to Sharrows, I s'pose?" said Wallis.

"Well, the talk was he was goin' a Friday, but he ain't gone yet, for he was in to Joe's this morning."

"Well, I'm glad to see he ain't in no hurry to be off. I'll wager he don't find better quarters." In which opinion perhaps Sir Stephen shared, for the festivities had been over now for four days past, and yet he lingered at Mallett.

He had, however, positively decided upon leaving the next morning—a decision he was somewhat ruefully contemplating, as he stood waiting for Hero to join him in a farewell stroll to Combe Point.

"I feel quite sorry to go," he thought, "I've taken such a fancy to the place, and as to old Carthew, I seem to have known him all my life; I never felt so at home in any house. My mother must like them; that girl has such pretty, unaffected ways, I'd defy any one to see her at home and not be charmed with her. What a nice wife she'll make! I don't see any one about this place for her to marry, though;" and here, giving a rather lugubrious sigh, his meditations seemed to come to an end, and he stood making thrusts in the direction of a clump of old sea-pinks, too sturdy to be easily dislodged. Suddenly a sound above made him look up. It was Hero, running down the steep path with the surefootedness of a goat.

"Take care! take care!" he called out, his admiration of her agility curbed by fear lest she should slip.

"Take care of what?"

"Why, that you don't——" but with the bravado of high spirits and perfect confidence, before he could finish his sentence she had given another run, and with a final jump was at his side.

"You are not tired of waiting, I hope," she said; "papa kept us; Alice and he will be here in a moment, and I ran on in front to tell you."

"And to frighten me out of my life."

"Frighten you! How did I frighten you?"

"Why, by running down the rocks as you did. Suppose that you had fallen, what should I have done then?" Sir Stephen's looks and tone somehow conveyed a great deal more meaning than his words.

"Why, picked me up, of course," said Hero, laughing, and getting a little red; "unless," she added, trying to talk down her slight confusion, "I had tumbled on top of you, as I did before. Oh! dear me! I shall never forget our first meeting; shall you?"

"No, indeed;" and a quickening of his heart, as he looked at her, made him instinctively lower his voice, as he said, not quite knowing why he said it, "And will you promise that you will not forget me before I come again?"

"Forget you, Sir Stephen!" and Hero opened wide her eyes in astonishment, "you don't know what an event your coming has been to us all; we shall do nothing but talk of it until you come back again."

"Then you will think of me sometimes?"

How she wished that her father and Alice would make haste!

"To hear you," she answered, not looking up from the imaginary picture she was drawing with a bit of cast-up stick on the sand, "one would fancy that I had heaps of things to take my attention. Why, I shall think of you fifty times more than you will think of —Mallett."

"Say, of me," and he bent down towards her.

"Mallett and *me* mean the same."

"No, I am afraid not; Mallett is mine already, you know, but——"

"Dear me, what a time they are in coming!" exclaimed Hero, suddenly springing up on the nearest stone; "I think I hear them," she continued hurriedly. "Papa! Alice! come," she called, as Captain Carthew and Alice appeared leisurely strolling down together. "It will be nightfall before we get to the Point."

"I wonder what on earth made her do that!" thought Sir Stephen. "By Jove, I believe my head was gone. What odd beings women are! I wonder if she had any idea what I was going to say."

Hero gave him no further chance for a tête-à-tête. She so managed it, that they all four walked side by side until they reached the Point, where Sir Stephen proposed they should scramble up to the old bullace-tree.

"Yes, do," said the Captain. "I'll stop below, and give the signal of recall; but

remember there's no keeping the tide waiting."

"Come, Miss Carthew," said Sir Stephen, as he jumped upon the flat slippery rocks.

"Come along, Alice," said Hero following him; but Alice shook her head, "No, I am going to stay with the Captain," she answered, "I am too tired to mount that hill."

"We shall only be a few minutes gone," said Sir Stephen, with a great increase of cheerfulness. "Now, you must let me help you, Miss Carthew. Give me your hand." But Hero did not stir.

"Nonsense, Alice," she said, "you are not so tired as all that. Come along, I shall not go unless you go," and she made as if she would step down to the beach again.

"Hero! Miss Carthew," Sir Stephen whispered, "remember it is my last evening. Why cannot you come with me?" She did not answer. "Alice," she repeated, with a look, which made Alice very reluctantly prepare to accompany them.

Sir Stephen of course could say nothing, but he felt unreasonably angry. Until Alice proposed staying behind, the idea of going alone with Hero had not presented itself; but directly it did, and was frustrated, it seemed to him the thing he most desired and cared for. It was in vain he tried to conceal his vexation; a cloud seemed to have settled upon them, and it was not long before they rejoined the Captain. During the walk back Sir Stephen remained unusually silent. He had never felt a more irresistible desire to quarrel with any one, than he did with Hero, in whose direction he never once looked, although she cast several furtive glances towards him. "I almost wish I had gone," she thought. "If he only knew about Leo, I would not mind; but we won't keep it secret any longer, I would rather now that every one knew. I can see that he is vexed with me." By the time they reached the house, even the Captain began to feel the chill which had fallen upon them. "It's turned quite cold," he said, "I hope Betsey has had an eye to the fire while we have been gone."

Hero ran out to the wood-basket, and returned with a couple of fir cones, which she threw on the fire; then turning round, she found Sir Stephen close by her—the others were not in the room.

"It will soon blaze up," she stammered, all her self-consciousness returning; "I'll go and take off my hat, I think," but Sir Stephen did not move, he only stood looking at her reproachfully. "Let me pass," she said, with a little nervous laugh. "No, I won't let you pass," and he laid his hand detainingly upon her arm; "you shall stay here now, and"—but the Captain was already in the room, exclaiming, "Halloo! why we're all one colour here! Come, Hero, let's have a light on the subject." But Hero had flown, and Sir Stephen began stirring the fire so vigorously, that the Captain said, "What, are you cold, too? I thought there was a change, somehow."

CHAPTER IX.—LEO DESPARD.

"I CANNOT bear saying Good-bye," said Hero.

"I am so sorry he is gone," said Alice, as the carriage, which was to convey Sir Stephen to the station, finally turned into Ferry-bridge Lane, and was hidden by Parson's Hill. Captain Carthew had gone to Dockmouth with his friend, so the two girls returned alone to the house, by the gate of which, mounted on the hedge, they found Betsey, whose regard Sir Stephen had completely gained.

"Well, you've seed the last of 'im," she said discontentedly: "I run up here to catch sight of 'em rounding Ferry-bridge, but you might so well look for a needle in a bundle o' hay, as hope to see anything for they Norris's clothes; they'm always washin' when any sight's going on."

"Ain't you sorry he's gone, Betsey?" asked Alice.

"Well, I be; and that's the truth," said Betsey, descending from her post of interrupted observation; "for he's one whose face I'd rather see than his back any day, though I can't say so much for that Jackanapes he brought to tend on 'm," meaning his man, whose contempt of Mallett and its inhabitants had given considerable offence. "Mrs. Tucker 'll shake off the dust as comes from his feet with a light heart, any how," continued Betsey, "poor miserable toad, with his brass and his brag, as if anybody couldn't see the lies runnin' out of 'm like ile."

"Come, Betsey," said Hero, "I didn't notice so very much amiss with him."

"I dessay not; he was mealy-mouthed enuf' before his betters, but his stomachky ways in the kitchen was past bidin'. I only wish I could ha' got'n to chapel with me; wouldn't he ha' had a slap in the face from Mr. Pethewick to the text of 'All flesh is grass.' He did just speak his mind to a few who needed it, and no mistake; but la! no, my lord must go to church like the gentry. 'I don't hold with chapels and meetin's,' he

says. 'No,' says I, 'they tell 'ee the truth there, and that don't suit your complaint, maister.' However, that don't go for nothin' agen Sir Stephen, for he ain't his man, and his man ain't he, or else I shouldn't hope and trust, as I do, that he'll come and live here altogether. This mornin', when he come to wish me Good-bye, he says, 'Betsey,' says he, 'what w'd you say if I was to come to Combe to live?' 'Say! sir,' I says, 'why that you'd cut yer wisdom teeth at last; for I'm sure nobody, unless they was mazed, would live up to London, I reckon.'"

"Why not?" asked Alice.

"Why not?" said Betsey, "well, you just hear what Sarah Jane Mudge says of it; why, there ain't a bit o' butter that's fit to eat; and as for the milk, 'tis chalk and mess made up together; they don't know the meanin' o' wholesome victuals. Why, when Sarah Jane asked for a tough cake, the baker busted out laughin', and told her she was welcome to take her choice from they in the window; as for pilchards and hakes, they'd never heerd tell of 'em. Londoners, indeed! I shan't ever think much o' they after what Sarah Jane's told, and this poor ha'porth o' cheese we've seed. That minds me I'll pot down a hundred or so o' pilchards and some butter, and get maister to send it to Sir Stephen; I'll wager he'll be half starved when he gets back."

"I wish he *would* come and live here altogether," said Alice, as soon as Betsey had left them. "Do you like him, Hero?" she asked.

"Yes, very much. Why do you want to know?"

"Because I am sure he likes you very much indeed. Hero, I believe he has fallen in love with you."

"Alice! you always think that of everybody. Sir Stephen is not likely to give me a thought, and if he did, it would be of no use, *you* know that."

"Then you have quite made up your mind to accept Leo?" said Alice sadly.

"Quite made up my mind!" repeated Hero. "Why, Alice, you surely have forgotten him. I never have seen any one with whom I could compare Leo."

"I know he is very handsome and nice," said Alice, with a sigh; "but oh, Hero! he is not half as nice as you are; everybody says so."

"Then I am very angry with everybody, and, as for you, if you were not so weak, you horrid little thing, I'd shake you until I made you confess that the very handsomest, sweetest, most lovable man you ever saw is Leopold Despard; and when I am his wife, I shall think myself the most fortunate woman in the whole world."

Alice laughed.

"Very well," she said; "but I shall still continue to say, I wish you would marry Sir Stephen. I have thought about it since first I saw you together."

"Don't say so any more," said Hero gravely. "Of course I know the whole thing exists only in your imagination; but, if it did not, and he asked me twenty times, I should say No. Why, Alice, I love Leo with all my heart. There, I declare you have made me blush!" and she put up her hands to cover her face. Withdrawing them the next moment, she added, "Not that I am one bit ashamed if all the world heard me, for I am proud of my love and that he has given his love to me."

And had he given her his love? Yes; for as much as was in him to love any one, Leo Despard loved Hero Carthew. He could not change his nature, which was to care more for himself than for anybody else; but second to the worship of self, came his feeling for Hero. Perhaps combined with this was no small amount of vanity, for he knew himself envied by all the young fellows at Mallett as the fortunate suitor, who, in spite of their constant opportunities, had made the most of a short visit, and secured the prize they were all coveting. In his inward reveries Leo could not but regard Hero as a singularly fortunate being, "for," he would say, "I've had capital opportunities, if I'd chosen to go in for rank or money, and it isn't every man would be constant to a girl without a stiver, as I do. Oh, dear! I wish she had a fortune, or I had, or somebody connected with us had, for she's awfully pretty, and very good style too when I take the country rust off her."

Poor Leo! he was always sighing after money, and envying the fortunate possessors of that, to him, all-powerful talisman. Naturally of a weak character, with strong faults, his home training had been most injudicious. Every one yielded to his wishes, pampered his vanity, and glossed over his imperfections. The world, he found, was not inclined to be so indulgent, therefore, having made up his mind to be a favourite, he set to work to accomplish his desire, and so happily did he succeed, that in a short time he was voted by his brother officers a first-rate fellow, and a capital companion. He spoke of himself as being the nephew and adopted son of the late rector of Mallett; and told the

colonel's wife (who made it her business to find out everything concerning each fresh comer to the regiment) that his father and mother had both died while he was a very young child, and that he knew little or nothing about them, as his uncle, wishing to be regarded with parental affection, was always extremely reticent on the subject.

"So very strange," said his sharp questioner, "for, happening to mention you to some friends of mine, they said they used to know Mr. Despard years ago, but they never heard he had a brother, though they knew of a sister."

"Really!" said Leo, with assumed indifference. "Ah! I expect my poor father was not regarded as much credit to his family. I suppose they looked upon a man, who could in a few years run through a large fortune, as something second only to a criminal."

"Indeed! your mother's money, I presume?"

"Oh, yes; the Despards have not been burdened in that way for years," laughed Leo; "the name is about all we have to boast of; that's pretty good, I believe—at least my poor uncle used to tell me about our past glories—our coming over with the Conqueror, and so on; it pleased him, dear old man, though to me it is but sorry satisfaction to be descended from a line, who have left nothing behind them but the boast of Quixotic deeds, by which they contrived to ruin their family."

Then, having already discovered the lady's weakness, he adroitly turned the conversation to the peerage generally; and, plying her with questions relating to her intimates of exalted rank, he escaped further questioning, and was from that moment regarded by Mrs. Fitzgerald as a very gentlemanly young man. She gave out (embellishing his story with native talent) that he was the son of a man of good family, who married an heiress, ran through her money, and killed himself and her in a few years; that his uncle, old Walter Despard, an excellent man, but very eccentric, had brought him up and adopted him, and of course at his death had left him everything that he possessed.

Nothing could have been more fortunate for Leo than this excellent woman's appropriation of every kind of knowledge. She always spoke of persons by their Christian names, and with an air of such intimate acquaintanceship, that even those who knew her peculiarities best were never sure how much they ought to believe, and what they should give no credit to. There being nothing improbable in this narration, it was allowed to pass, and now was so thoroughly believed in, that even Leo himself accepted it, and answered any questions or allusions, without the slightest qualm of conscience for propagating a story, which he took immense credit for not inventing.

Among the people who for many years were most interested about his origin, the one least concerned was Leo. As a child he had asked now and again about his dead father and mother, and was satisfied with a simple reply to his question. Later on he grew more inquisitive; but it was not until just before he obtained his commission, that the old rector felt obliged to tell him something of the truth; but even then, shrinking from inflicting a wound on the pride of the handsome boy, whom he loved with weak tenderness, he kept back whatever he could, and all Leo learned in this and future conversations was, that he had no right to the name of Despard, nor any legitimate claim on any other name; that his mother's origin was humble; that she had in some way attracted the notice of his father, who had been an early friend and college chum of Mr. Despard's. His father's name was Bernard, he had been of no profession, and had lived on bad terms with his family, who allowed him an income for his support. For some years before and after Leo's birth, Mr. Despard had lost sight of his friend, except that he knew he was living in Wales, and that Leo's mother passed as his wife. Suddenly something happened which caused Mr. Bernard to break this tie, and he came to Mr. Despard, who, with Aunt Lydia, was living in London, and asked him to take charge of the child, whose mother had deserted it. To this he consented, and soon became so attached to him that parting was never spoken of; the father had an aversion to see his son, and no inducement on Mr. Despard's part could overcome this prejudice. He kept away from the house, and, except on rare occasions and by letters, they held no communication. When Leo was about nine years old, his father wrote saying that he had just received intelligence of the mother's death, and that now he intended seeing the boy, and taking an interest in him. He appointed a day to pay them a visit; but before that day arrived, Mr. Despard was informed of his death, which was sudden, and the result of excitement, consequent on the failure of a speculation which had ruined him.

As there was no one to claim him, Mr.

Despard gladly adopted the orphaned boy, who, he said, had been the solace and comfort of his life. Naturally Leo asked many more questions, but this was the sum total of the knowledge he obtained, and with his usual discrimination, he saw that the less he knew the less he had to hide. As, therefore, there was nothing to be gained by being placed *au courant* with his history, his wisest course was to accept the present and ignore the past. Few men were more popular than Leo. He seemed to make fresh friends wherever the regiment happened to be, and these, too, were invariably the best people in the best set.

What wonder then that Mallett seemed dull to him, and its inhabitants, excepting Hero, insupportably uninteresting. Besides,



Page 156.

he knew that much of his history was known there, and this caused him to dislike the place. He felt that his attachment to Hero was the great weakness of his life, still he cared for her more than for any other girl he had ever seen; and he had made up his mind, that as soon as he conveniently could, he would marry her, and, to use his own expression, cut Mallett altogether. "If her old father and Aunt Lydia would only drop off the hooks," he would say, "I could clear myself of these abominable duns. But there's no such luck. In a place like that, they live as long as they like. I wonder how I shall get through the time there!"—for, in consequence of a letter which he had received from Hero, he had applied to get the charge of some forts that were to be

built close to Combe; and if he obtained the appointment, he would probably spend three or four months there, a longer time than he and Hero had yet been together.

CHAPTER X.—"THAT EXTREME SIMPLICITY."

SIR STEPHEN found Mrs. Labouchere still staying with his mother, unable to resist the pleasure of meeting him, although her judgment told her that it would be wiser for them to see less of each other.

She gave some slight excuse for having delayed her intended departure, adding, "I have been trying to persuade aunt to go down to Cumberland with me; I think it might give her strength, for she has not seemed at all well lately. Indeed, that is one reason why I have remained here; I hardly liked leaving her alone."

"Thank you very much," said Sir Stephen. "I always feel she is perfectly safe when you are with her; I do not know what she would do without you now."

"I do not know what I should do without her," replied Katherine, without looking up; "she is the same to me that she ever was. Most other things have so changed."

"Yes, that's true," said Sir Stephen complacently; "it's wonderful how things alter."

"And people too, I think."

"Well, I suppose they do; as they get older they get wiser and——"

"Colder."

"No, I do not know that that is always the case; less demonstrative, perhaps, but I should be sorry to think I had less power of feeling now than I possessed years ago."

"You have attained the power of keeping it remarkably under control;" and Katherine, whose voice shook with suppressed emotion, and whose pale face had turned crimson, got up quickly and went out of the room.

"What on earth does she mean now?" exclaimed Sir Stephen as soon as the door had closed upon her; "I have never been favoured with anything of this kind before;" and he sat reflecting for some minutes. Then, resuming his newspaper with a relieved air, he decided that it meant nothing but a desire that he should be more cousinly, and take a greater interest in her property, about which she had often endeavoured to get his advice.

Katherine had a great deal more pride than to affect the rôle of a love-sick girl. She had scrupulously endeavoured that Sir Stephen should see none of her plans, and as, after the first meeting, there had been nothing in her manner towards him which could excite his suspicions, he had come to the conclusion that she was willing to accept matters as they stood. Her annoyance at having, as she conceived, betrayed her feelings, was excessive; and, exaggerating her words and manner to herself, she felt overwhelmed with shame at the thought of meeting him again. He had, however, dismissed the matter from his mind, and was already intent on giving his mother a favourable impression of Mallett.

"I am longing for you to go down there, mother," he said; "I can fancy the sensation your caps and bonnets will produce."

Mrs. Prescott smiled pleasantly. "Poor ladies," she said, "I am sure I should be delighted to gratify them; I had no idea the people were sufficiently cultivated to care about such a thing as fashion."

"Nonsense, mother; why you forget that they are but six miles from Dockmouth, one of our largest naval ports."

"I thought you told me that you had a drive of twenty miles."

"So I did, but that was because I knew nothing of the boat, and drove there."

"Boat! oh! is there a steamboat?"

"No, a sailing boat; a steamer would never do there. You have no idea of the wildness of the place; magnificent rocks running out in all directions, and a surf that dashes against them with tremendous force."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Prescott, not entering at all into her son's enthusiasm; "but of course one never need go by water?"

"No; but I'll take odds you will not have been there a week before you will thoroughly enjoy a sail."

"Stephen!"

"You will, I assure you, mother; not at first, I know, for I hesitated at taking Miss Carthew, it looked so rough, but she assured me that it would be all right outside, and it was—like glass."

"Really!" said Mrs. Prescott. "*Miss* Carthew, did you say?"

"Yes, Captain Carthew lost his wife when his daughter was born."

"Indeed! Rather an elderly Miss, I suppose?"

"No, a very young girl."

"You have not mentioned her before," said Mrs. Prescott after a pause, during which she had eyed her son sharply. Only unconcern, however, was to be seen in his face.

"Did I not? I was very much engrossed while I was there; the place is in a sad condition. It will take far more time than I can give to it in one summer to get it into anything like decent condition."

"I hope you are not thinking of spending money on it, Stephen," said Mrs. Prescott dolefully; "it brings you in next to nothing, and you will never find a tenant for it."

"Perhaps some day I may go and live there myself," Sir Stephen answered, with a laugh. "It is getting high time for me to settle down and marry, if I am ever to do so." Mrs. Prescott's manner brightened. Here was a little opening for the introduction of her favourite scheme, which of late she had thought best to keep in abeyance.

"Nonsense, my dear," she said cheerfully. "I hope when you marry, you will contrive to fix upon some one who will bring grist enough to the mill to set Pamphillon going again. It has been the dream of my life to see you there, Stephen. You have been cruelly dispossessed of your inheritance, but there is no doubt but your uncle was mad, quite mad, and had been so for many years."

Sir Stephen shook his head.

"Whether he was mad or sane, I don't know; but *this* I know, that I wish he had contrived that any one but me should have been saddled with his ruined estate. It has fettered my whole life, and kept me poor, and made me discontented."

Mrs. Prescott's thin, careworn face twitched, her mouth worked nervously, and her eyes filled with tears.

"You take a painfully exaggerated view of things, Stephen," she said, in a voice that threatened an outburst of tears, to avoid which her son got up, and, taking her hand, said, soothingly—

"Now, mother, don't misinterpret my words. You always take anything I say about this as a reproach to yourself, which is so very absurd. *You* could not prevent my uncle gambling away his inheritance; *you* had nothing to do with the law that made me heir to a beggared baronetcy. God knows! you did your duty, if ever any woman did, and you will have your reward, mother; I shall never be able to repay you all you have suffered and borne for me. There, there," he added, kissing her affectionately, "don't think anything more of it, or you'll be getting one of your bad attacks. I only wish we could settle, and have done with the whole thing. I never shall understand your unaccountable opposition to selling the place. That is the only sensible course."

Mrs. Prescott's whole aspect underwent a sudden change. Her weakness vanished, her face altered, as she said, in a passionate voice—

"I will never give my consent to your selling Pamphillon. I would bear anything rather than see you part with the estate."

"The old cry," said Sir Stephen, in a vexed tone. "Now, mother, I ask you, or any one, what possible reason is there in what you say?"

"Every reason," replied Mrs. Prescott, "and any person with a grain of feeling would admit, that the idea of a man selling a place which has belonged for hundreds of years to his family, and keeping another in a wild, out-of-the-way, unheard-of district, is most unnatural and unaccountable."

Sir Stephen tried to control himself by changing his chair and his position.

"As usual in these discussions, you are putting the matter in quite a wrong light, mother. My feelings have nothing to do with a thing about which I have not the slightest choice. If I had a sufficient income to keep up both estates, I should do so; or if by selling Combe I could keep Pamphillon, I should be only too willing to do it. I can tell you that it will be no light matter to see the old place go from me. But how do I stand? The owner of two estates for which I can do nothing—the houses upon them are tumbling down for want of proper repairs, the people are sickly from bad drainage, and brutalised from the way in which they are compelled to herd together."

"I am sure you do all you can for them," said Mrs. Prescott stolidly; "we live in the quietest manner possible; you are constantly straitened, through building for this one, and repairing for that one, and what on earth more can they expect?"

"Why, this, that if I cannot afford to do what as holder of the land it is my duty to do, I should give up my authority to a man who *could* live among them, raise them by his influence, and exercise beneficially the only right by which he should hold mastery—the power to advance the well-being of the fellow-creatures dependent upon us."

"Oh, dear, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Prescott; "these new-fashioned sentiments are quite beyond me. In my day it was enough that a place belonged to a family, and that they did their best for those who lived upon the land. No Quixotic notions then existed about giving up an inheritance because you couldn't afford to build model cottages upon it, and introduce a heap of new inventions, which, though they may be called improvements, tend to nothing so much as making people discontented with their condition of life."

"It is quite useless to attempt to reason with you, my dear mother," said Sir Stephen,

hopelessly; "but, if you would try and remember that the world does not stand still, and that its progress is not entirely confined to one class of society, you will find that all people in the present day are forming a pretty correct notion of what should exist, and what may not be tolerated. Don't think," he added, "that what I contemplate doing is a pleasant task to me. I shrink from putting my plan into practice, but how am I to avoid making the sacrifice?"

"If you are bent upon sacrifice, there are more ways than one of making yourself a martyr."

"Perhaps so," said her son in a despondent tone; "but I see no other way of obtaining a sufficient income for my purpose."

"There is marriage;" and this time Mrs. Prescott felt her voice quiver. "Were I you, rather than part with Pamphillon, I should take a wife with a fortune ample enough to enable me to carry out these plans, which you seem to consider an essential part of a landlord's duty."

"Ah! it is rather difficult to meet such wives nowadays."

Mrs. Prescott's face assumed an expression between a sneer and a smile.

"So I should fancy," she said, "by the way in which a woman known to have money is run after. It is positively offensive to see the way in which some men pursue Katherine, and without ever having received from her a word, or a look of encouragement."

"Indeed! I forgot that she was in the matrimonial market."

"Then you are more obtuse than your friends, my dear;" and Mrs. Prescott, nettled by the tone of his remark, drew herself up as she added, "I assure you, if Katherine felt so disposed, she might wear a coronet."

"And why is she not so disposed? Does grief for the late Mr. Labouchere preclude even that consolation? What a striking illustration of conjugal fidelity!"

"You adopt anything but a nice tone in speaking of Katherine," said Mrs. Prescott, assuming her most injured air. "You seem to forget, Stephen, that she is my niece."

"I beg your pardon, mother. I never think of her as anything else."

"We all know," added Mrs. Prescott, "that she was guilty of great apparent inconsistency, and, no doubt, she committed a very grave mistake—but, gracious me, is Katherine the only one who has fallen into error? Are we not all open to temptation? and, if contrition and sorrow cannot induce forgiveness, I fear it is but empty mockery, Stephen, to ask that our trespasses may be forgiven as we forgive those who trespass against us."

"I really don't see the application, mother, and we have wandered entirely away from the original discussion. Mrs. Labouchere, can have nothing to do with my keeping or parting with Pamphillon, and still less with my marrying, or being given in marriage."

Mrs. Prescott did not answer. She was thinking over what her son had said. Had he really made up his mind to set about this business? or could she avert the trouble, as she had done before?

"Stephen," she said earnestly, "will you give me a promise?"

"Certainly, if it is in my power to keep it, and if it is within reason."

"Will you promise me not to take any steps in this plan of getting rid of Pamphillon, until you have been to Combe again, and seen, by the experience of living there for a time, whether it would be possible for you to live there all your life?"

Sir Stephen seemed to hesitate.

"I will promise to go down with you," continued his mother.

"In that case, decidedly, I say, Yes."

"And I have your promise that you will not speak a word about selling to Simpson or to your agent?"

"Yes, I give you my word to remain perfectly passive until we have been to Mallett."

"Thank you."

And, with a feeling of respite, Mrs. Prescott went to her own room, locked the door, and sitting down, drew a sigh of relief.

"What shall I do?" she murmured after a few minutes of silent meditation. "Am I never to know rest? Ah! if my life could be written, what a warning it would be to those who are prone to give way to impulse! It seems to me now, as if in five minutes I destroyed my entire peace of mind. Not that I did it for my own sake, nor to secure anything for myself. God knows that I should have been contented. But I could not see my fatherless boy defrauded, robbed by a man who acknowledged that he was mad. Ah! truly he has much to answer for! What right had he to remain silent about the state of his affairs? He must have known that he left nothing for his successor but beggary. If I had but known *that*, only known it, oh, how different my life would have been!"

"Who is that knocking?" she asked nervously, hearing some one tapping at the door.

"It is only I, aunt. Never mind if you are engaged, I will go down-stairs."

"No, dear, wait a moment—come in. I was wishing to speak to you."

Mrs. Labouchere looked at her aunt for a moment; then, putting her hand on her shoulder, she said—

"You have been crying, aunt. Nothing has happened to trouble you?"

"Only the old trouble, Katey;" and her tears began to fall afresh. "Stephen has been talking about Pamphillon. He says, that unless he gets an addition to his income, he must and will sell it."

Katherine sat down, clasped her hands, and looked the very picture of despondency.

"I have feared for a long time past," she said in a low tone, "that things would never be altered."

But Mrs. Prescott had a forlorn hope in view, and it would never do for Katherine to give in. Away from society, thrown upon the constant companionship of his beautiful cousin, much might still be accomplished; and Mrs. Prescott determined that no stone should be left unturned, while they were at Combe, to bring these two together.

"Katherine," she said, "although Stephen is my son, I cannot be blind to his faults, nor shut my eyes to his overweening pride. I believe he would rather die than let you imagine that he cared one pin's point for you."

"I do not believe that he does," said Katherine, the memory of the morning's conversation still strong within her.

"My dear," replied Mrs. Prescott, "Stephen is far less careful to hide his feelings from me now, than he was at first. He knows the many admirers you have, that it rests with you whether you will be Lady Fareham; he asked me why you did not marry again. Indeed, I am perfectly convinced that it is nothing but your fortune that keeps him silent; if you had returned to us penniless, Katherine, Stephen would long since have been at your feet."

"Oh, aunt!" exclaimed Katherine suddenly. "How bent he is upon misunderstanding me! He little thinks what I would give to be poor dependent Katherine Douglas again."

Mrs. Prescott looked at her niece, and she could not help that look being one of admiration.

"What a strange thing life is!" she said gravely; "almost every one we meet envies you, Katherine. Only a few days since, when Mrs. Constable was telling me of their loss, she said that you were the one person who, it seemed to her, could have nothing left to wish for."

Katherine gave an impatient movement.

"That is what is being dinned into my ears from morning until night, as if wealth was the talisman of happiness. I am ready to admit," she added bitterly, "that its possession has made me wonderfully witty and charming in the eyes of many, who used to be blind to the attractions I believe I did once possess."

"My dear child, you are quite as attractive as you ever were. I often think that I never saw you looking better than you do now. It was only yesterday, when you and Flora Hardwick were standing together, that I was comparing you critically, and you are as young and fresh-looking as she is."

Mrs. Labouchere put her arms round her aunt's neck, and kissing her, as in the old days she had seldom done, she said—

"What should I do without you?"

This new feeling of love, combined with the experience of her married life, had greatly softened Katherine's nature; for, as in the case of many another woman, sorrow sat better on her than prosperity. Careless observers would have said, that she was far more vain now, than, when confident in her beauty, she seemed to lay little store by it. The truth was, her opinion of herself was not quite so high as formerly. She was filled with anxious dread lest her beauty was on the wane; she set down the compliments paid to her as so much homage to her money; she envied women to whom Sir Stephen was paying any particular attention, or whom he said he admired. Fears which were groundless; for Sir Stephen seldom met her without acknowledging what a beautiful face she had—very superior, he was obliged to own, in feature and contour to Hero's. The one face seemed to appeal entirely to the eye, the other went straight to the heart. Few people with love in their composition could resist the charm of Hero's winning sweetness. She inspired you with the desire to caress her—to take her soft-rounded cheeks between your hands, and look into eyes that were by unexpected turns tender and mischievous. Since his visit to Mallett, Sir Stephen had often, when looking at Katherine, conjured up a vision of Hero to place by her side; and he congratulated himself that even in absence Hero's witchery carried off the palm; and then he would smile at the odd way in which things had come about. To think that he should have been a wanderer all these years, without seeing any one to awaken the slightest feeling of love within him; and then that, down in this out-of-the-way place, whither he had gone from a sense of duty sorely at

variance with inclination, he should meet this "gem of purest ray serene," who in a week had turned his head, and taken possession of his heart. Once again at Mallett, he determined to have no delay about this wooing, the success of which he felt pretty confident of. The principal person he had to consider was his mother. He wanted the two to care for each other, "and," thought he, "as that dear old mother of mine will need a little management,—perhaps as the time is drawing near for our visit,—it may be as well to say something that will prepare her to take an interest in Hero."

Therefore, soon after, as they sat together one morning at breakfast, he said—

"I think I told you, mother, what a pretty girl Miss Carthew, with whose father I stayed at Mallett, is. I hope you will like her; they were very kind and hospitable to me."

Generally Mrs. Prescott had none of those fancies which torment some mothers, whenever their sons speak in praise or admiration of the girls they meet, but anxiety on Katherine's account rendered her painfully watchful. Since their conversation regarding his selling Pamphillon, she had never seen Sir Stephen bestow more attention, than she considered politeness demanded, without being filled with fears, lest her darling plan should be put an end to.

"How old is she?" she asked.

"I hardly quite know—something, I should say, between eighteen and twenty."

"I cannot fancy how I could have been so misled about her," said Mrs. Prescott, taking an instinctive dislike to this rustic beauty. "At first I understood that she was a middle-aged person, then when you spoke of her it was as of a mere child."

"Well," and Sir Stephen feeling a little guilty, tried to laugh over the false impression he had given. "And really so she is a child, compared with many girls, though I daresay I should offend her dignity very much were I to tell her so."

"Some of these childish young ladies are exceedingly sharp in making good use of their simplicity," said Mrs. Prescott, pursing up her mouth. "I must confess that I am growing rather afraid of that extreme simplicity."

"Come, come, mother, now that is not yourself speaking. Nobody admires a fresh young girl more than you do. Why, I always say I inherit my taste for unaffectedness from my old-young mother."

Mrs. Prescott's eyes beamed with pleasurable emotion.

"Well," she said, "I am glad to think you do. Certainly I greatly enjoy the sight of a pretty young girl; but the world terribly spoils one's heart, Stephen; we meet so many counterfeits, that at last we fail to recognise what is real and true."

"I don't think Miss Carthew will disappoint you; at least I hope not; for I have set my heart upon you two being great friends."

"Indeed! have you?" and all Mrs. Prescott's fears coming back, she added with a nervous little laugh—

"And why, I wonder?"

When, from a sense that he owed it to his mother to say something to her on the matter, Sir Stephen commenced this conversation, he had no idea how diffident and awkward he should find it, to give any hint of the feelings he entertained towards Hero. He began to wish he had said nothing about her. He saw that this would have been his wisest course. The only one now left was to say as little as possible; so he answered Mrs. Prescott's question with—

"Oh! for no particular reason, only that I like her, and we have always contrived somehow to take a fancy to the same people."

"That is true." And Mrs. Prescott gave a sigh, which caused her son to look inquiringly at her. "Don't be vexed with me," she said, putting her hand on his; "but where I once set my heart, there it is for ever. Ah, Stephen, you little know how I centred my hopes upon you and Katherine, nor what it costs me to see you so widely severed."

Sir Stephen drew his hand away.

"It is very strange," he said, "that every now and then you *will* enter upon this subject. You must see how distasteful it is to me. Surely, you do not want me to tell you that I once gave Katherine all my love, which she killed so completely and effectually that, if I desired it, I could no more revive the feeling than I could bring a dead body to life. For years she robbed me of the power of feeling or bestowing love, she took from me every hope of happiness, she made me a wretched, purposeless wanderer; and yet you wonder to see us separated; you say it grieves you to see me utterly indifferent to her—mother!" And he got up, and walked out of the room, leaving Mrs. Prescott overwhelmed by this unusual display of passion. She sat for some time, looking hopelessly at the door by which her son had gone out, then, roused by a noise outside, she arose, saying—

"God help me to endure to the end; it cannot be long if I have much more to bear!"

DEVOTIONAL READINGS FROM MSS. OF THE LATE DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

(NOT ORIGINALLY INTENDED FOR PUBLICATION.)

IV.—THE JOY OF SPOTLESS CHARACTER.

"*WHO shall present us blameless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.*"

I feel how impossible it is for us in this sepulchre in which we live to realise, but in the most imperfect manner, the glory of a faultless character. No doubt it was in Christ, but we are too blind to see that but dimly. It is difficult to believe on the word of God that every true Christian, however weak, will one day be as faultless as Jesus Christ. But when we believe this, it is still more difficult to know what we believe. I can conceive a young child believing on the word of a parent, that he was in after years to be a great poet, a great statesman, a great man of science; that his name would last as long as the world's history. But could any parent assure his child of this, and could the child believe it, yet how little could he comprehend what he yet believed, and what would be realised! So I believe we shall be like Christ, but, oh! how impossible it is to see, except as one sees the sun through a chink in a prison-house, what it will be to stand before the throne of God, as free from guilt as Jesus Christ, to shine in that great sunlight without a speck or flaw; to be searched by the omniscient and holy eye of God, the whole heart to be exposed, with all its convictions, all its longings, all its hopes, and that He should say, "I find no fault with this man!"—and to have that perfection secured for eternity, until sin is but a memory of a long past never more to return.

This does seem to be a hope so vast as to put us to shame. But it is as certain as that God's purpose will be realised, as that Christ's life and death were not in vain, as that Christ's promises are sure, and that the Holy Ghost will glorify the Son by bringing many sons unto glory! But connected with this hope is the exceeding joy.

Here, again, our faith needs to be strengthened. Judging of that future by our present feelings, it is naturally associated with fear—at least an awe mingled with fear. To leave the old familiar world, and all we have hitherto known since we came into existence; to leave the relations and friends with whom we have mingled from childhood; to part with our trades and occupations, our business and amusements, even those forms with which our religious life has been associated, our Sundays and Bibles, our solitary or social prayers, uttered in our human speech; to pass for ever the grim and inexorable gates of that *to us* new and strange event, death, and then to be at once ushered into the mysteries of the world of living spirits, where all meet, from Adam to the last dead child; to begin a state of things in a place called Heaven, under new conditions, new modes of thought, new memories, new anticipations—all this, and all the thoughts that help to make up our ideas of the future tend rather to confuse, perplex, or appal the mind, so that we are disposed to cling to the present, to clutch at it as a man would grasp the earth when hanging over a precipice.

But instead of this, we are taught as a fact everywhere in Scripture that in whatever circumstances we may be placed, whatever visible glory may meet the eye, whatever scenes of unconceived majesty, made up of redeemed men and holy angels, and light ineffable as from the Shekinah of the Godhead, the believer in Jesus who is presented before the presence of His glory, *will experience exceeding joy*, though he has passed, like Stephen, from a cruel death, like the thief from a cross, or like the poor afflicted and tormented beggar from his cruel sores and unclean dogs. *That* will be experienced. The glory of that meeting, the glory of that presence, the glory of that Royal Palace and its King, will be such that the meekest child of earth will be no more disturbed than John was when leaning on the bosom of the glorious Son of God, nor Mary when pouring oil on His head, nor His mother when she carried Him as a babe in her arms at Nazareth. There will be joy, exceeding joy, for us all; and if it were possible that the memory of all we had been, and all we had done, for a moment and for the last time, could express itself in penitential tears, that, like the dew of Hermon, might glisten in the sunbeams of a Saviour's love, those very tears would yet be tears of exceeding joy.

But I think we can discern some elements in this joy. "Old things have passed away." Will it not be joy to meet Jesus Christ? To have passed all the old stages of unbelief in our moral history from its earliest growth until it has in Christ, by Christ, and with Christ

reached its perfection;—to have passed the period of ignorance when we did not know Him;—to have passed the period of weak faith when to us He was scarcely more than a doctrine or a name;—to have passed the better time, yet the weak and imperfect time, when our love was cold, our obedience wavering, and our wills wayward;—to have passed away for ever from the time when the flesh warred against the spirit, when we could neither live, nor pray, nor obey, nor rejoice, as we knew we might and ought to have done—a time when our spiritual history was like gleams of sunshine shot through a cloud, rather than a steady light;—to have passed away from the time when it seemed impossible for us to love Him with all our hearts, and to serve Him with all our faculties, when we could scarce conceive that we, even by His power, could ever become servants of God; when the future was uncertain, our salvation doubtful, our glory like a dream? To have passed away from all that, and through the death-bed, and out of the grave with perfect safety; to know that we can no more fall again into sin than God descend from His throne; to have the whole soul filled with love, that never more can grow dim; to know and feel that we are on a divine equality with all the saints of God; that however poor our learning, however feeble our intellects, we shall shall grow in knowledge and in power for ever; to know that, however unfit we are to take our part in the society of the great and good, we shall do so for ever; that Abraham and Moses, and David, and Isaiah and Paul, and all the greatest, wisest, noblest of creation will love us,—and that not with any condescension, but as we shall love them, with full and hearty admiration, because made worthy of it by the perfection of our character, and the adornment of our whole being, by the power of Christ and the Holy Ghost; to know that all the universe is ours to study, to understand, to enjoy, and to possess in all its endless vastness of truth and beauty; to know that after endless ages which no arithmetic can number, our life will not be measured, for it is eternal as the life of God.—Oh! I know I am speaking as a child might do of the glory of the starry heavens; that I am speaking of what even saints in glory cannot fully realise, for it is infinite—but if this, or a fraction of this even were possessed, and if, *when* possessed, all was felt to be the result of love and love only, but love manifested in the gift of Christ, love embodied and expressed in the Person of Him to whom and by whom we are set in that surpassing glory,—what other emotion can be possible than that of "*exceeding joy!*"

V.—JOY RESTORED.

"*Restore to me the joy of thy salvation.*"

Joy is the natural state of God's universe. By the natural state, I mean the state for which it has been designed by God. It is thus we say that the natural state of the eye is to see the light clearly, and that when it sees indistinctly, it is in an unnatural state. So we also affirm that the natural state of the body is to feel heat or cold, hunger and thirst, and that it is in an unnatural state, or a state of disease, when these sensations are not experienced. It is in this sense we assert that the natural state of the universe is joy—that God did not construct the eye to rejoice in the light, or the ear in sweet sounds, more than He has designed the whole universe to rejoice with joy unspeakable. And this is but to affirm, in other words, that He made all things very good; that there is a purpose of righteousness, and holiness, and love which He designed all things to fulfil; that no creature ever came from his hand designed and fashioned for evil, but for good, and, consequently, for joy, because joy is the flower which grows from the tree of life—the life of love and holiness. And if all the creatures of God who were made capable of understanding His loving purpose had kept in one mind with Him,—choosing His ways, and cordially accepting his will,—then would the whole universe, from age to age, have exhibited an unbroken scene of blessedness. Not one groan of misery, not one cry of distress or shriek of agony would have marred the universal joy. The harmony of spirits in sympathy with the will of God would have been a harmony of spirits rejoicing with God.

All this is as true as that God Himself is good and happy. Nor can existing misery militate against the fact of God's purpose being joy. The existence of misery cannot be doubted. It is terribly true of this portion of creation in which our experience lies. It is true of living men here, of fallen angels, and of all men who die impenitent. In spite of the happiness which still reigns on earth, and of the drops of comfort which are mingled with the bitterest cup of human woe, yet nowhere do we see the joy which we feel naturally belongs to a kingdom made and governed by God. Joy is too much the exception—and sadness the rule. The azure sky of the purest and happiest spirit

has its clouds and its summer storms, while thousands and millions in the world are like the inhabitants of some underground cavern, living and dying amid darkness, or in a mere glimmer of light, without ever having seen the glory of God's universe, or experiencing one hour of the joy which God's creatures in heaven have had for ages. The very birds seem happier than men. Men groan while they warble notes of gladness. The lark sings like a very angel in the skies, while man bows down in anguish among the clods of the valley. The winds are full of melody, the sun shines brightly, the waters move merrily—the whole earth wears a wedding garment, and breaks forth into singing; the trees clap their hands, and the mountains and hills rejoice. But the dusky lanes and crowded tenements are full of weary and sad hearts, and the prisons are full of wretched criminals, trying to catch a glimpse of light through the bars; and men are borne to the gallows on a morning when the whole material world is crying praise to God; and wounded and sick men fill hospitals, and maniacs rave in their dreary cells.

This seems very strange in a universe designed for joy. Yet it is not all thus. Some hearts on earth sing with the birds, and shine with the sun, are merry with the waters, wear a wedding garment with the earth, and rejoice with God's beautiful creation; and dead men, who once knew sin and misery, are happier than they, and live in joy before God; and with them thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand are glad, and have been glad for ages, and have filled with their melody mansions more numerous and glorious than the stars. If it is asked, whence this joy springs? I answer, these beings have joy because they are good—because they know and love God—because they have been delivered from eager self-will, and from the depths of their spirits have uttered a hearty Amen to God's holy and loving purpose. Their joy is full of glory, in proportion as it comes from hearts that are full of God. On the other hand, the misery that exists is nought else than the righteous curse which rests upon all spirits, who in the exercise of that freedom which belongs to them, seek to counteract God's purposes in creation, and refuse to share that joy of God which is eternally annexed to the sharing of His mind. In departing from God, in seeking a life without holiness, purity, and love, they find, as they cannot but find, *misery;* for "there is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

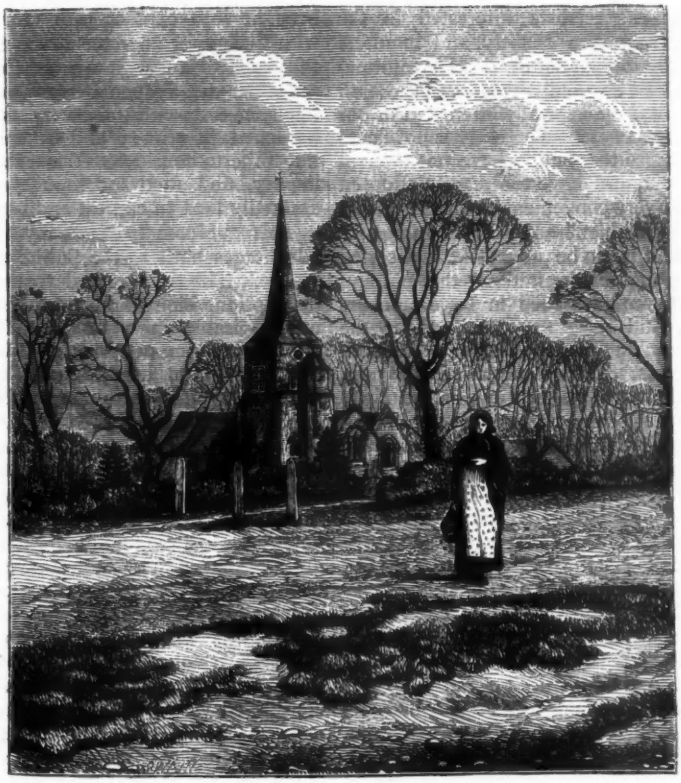
And so it was that after his great sin David prayed, "Restore to me the joy of thy salvation." He had before possessed this joy, and he prays for its restoration. This was not the joy of sin, nor did it belong to that alienated and corrupt nature which he mourned over when he said, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." Nor was this a joy connected with the possession of anything which earth could give. He tells us that it was the joy of salvation. It was this which he once possessed,—the joy of loving God, and of acquiescing in His holy and perfect will. No other joy than this belonged to Adam before he fell. No other joy than this is the portion of angels; for there cannot be two kinds of spiritual joy, because there cannot be two kinds of spiritual good. As all real good consists in love to God, so all real joy must be joy in God springing out of this love. David's joy, and the joy of every believer, is the same kind of joy as that of the angels, with this great difference—that the angels have always had joy, because they have always had holiness and love, while man has had sin, springing from corruption, growing with his growth, darkening his eyes, corroding his affections. When man, therefore, experiences joy, it is connected with a deliverance from evil by the mercy of God, and the bestowal of good through the visitation of his Holy Spirit. When man treads the ground of love on which angels have ever stood, he can rejoice with them in the common light and love of God; but, recalling the deep and dark rivers of sin and death in which he tossed as a drowning person swept onwards to sure destruction, and remembering the arm of love and power which brought him safe to this blessed shore, his joy is "the joy of salvation;" and if in glory it be not more intense than the joy of angels, it is connected, at all events, with the memory of such wonders of redeeming love as awaken a new song in heaven, even the song of Moses and the Lamb! This is a song which the angels hear with admiration, but in which they cannot join, for it can be sung only by the redeemed! That song of the saints is the full anthem in glory of what they sing by snatches here, at best with feeble voices, and often with many sad pauses. It is the full utterance of that joy of salvation to which David desired to be restored.

A WINTER WEDDING.

(AT CHISELHURST CHURCH, JANUARY 9, 1873.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

IT fled away in a clang of bells,
Marriage bells,
On the wings of the blast that sinks and swells,
That bold, weak, fate-struck, suffering soul,
Whom Christ wash clean, and God make whole!
And we stand in the light of two happy faces,
Two happy hearts whom our heart embraces;
And we hear the peaceful organ's sound,
And the angry storm sweeps harmless round;
Blessed is the bridegroom though the heavens are dun:
Blessed is the bride whom no sun shines on.



Mayhap, some wandering angels say,
Stop and say,
As through the gloom they carry away
That bodiless spirit to Him who knows—
He only—whither the spirit goes;
"God give them all that the dead man lacked
(As men dare judge him) in thought, word, act;
Deny them all that to him was given,
Lest earth's doors opened, shut doors of heaven."
Blessed is the bridegroom without crown or land:
Blessed is the bride with the ring on her hand.

Peal, ye joy-bells, peal through the rain,
Blinding rain:
God makes happiness, God makes pain
Summer and winter a good tree grows,
A strong soul strengthens through weal and woes.
"Be not afraid," says the wild sobbing wind;
"Weep," sigh the clouds, "but the blue is behind."
Blessed is the bridegroom under shower or sun,
Blessed is the bride whom Love's light shines on.

FEMALE CRIMINALS—THEIR CHILDREN'S FATE.

By the Right Hon. Sir WALTER CROFTON, C.B.

ATTRACTED by the cathedral, the college, and by several interesting antiquities, there are many visitors to the good old city of Winchester in the course of the year. But how few of these visitors have seen, or even heard of an establishment for female criminals (on the outskirts of the city), which has yet for several years been developing principles in which every Christian community should both feel and take an earnest interest! Other visitors there have been, and many — specialists interested in the question in our own country, and inquirers delegated by foreign states, seeking information for official and philanthropic purposes.

But why are the specially interested in our own country so few? The reply is not far to seek. Because the public have not thought of the subject, and have too readily adopted the old and very convenient saying, "Once a thief, always a thief." Yet this is an age for inquiry, and if it can be proved—as is asserted without the slightest hesitation—that old and habitual thieves have been in large numbers reclaimed, and have for years, under the strictest watchfulness, persistently followed honest courses, what becomes of this proverb, and what should be its substitute in the minds of Christian men and women?

It cannot, I think, be doubted that if this be proven, the subject should no longer be confined to specialists, but is one in which Christianity, and indeed common humanity, invite us to take a deep and a most active interest. It is stated, without fear of contradiction, that in this "Probationary Home" principles have been for years developed, the importance of which cannot be over-estimated, both as regards the individuals themselves, and the community generally.

In the establishment, which is called the "Carlisle Memorial Home," in memory of the late Earl of Carlisle, whose active sympathy in instituting similar refuges in Ireland is so well known, there will be found between fifty and sixty female inmates, very few of whom have less than two former convictions, and many considerably more. They have all been under sentence of penal servitude, and have reached this "Home" on probationary license. To the prisoners, this stage has been the goal placed before them in confinement. Well-tested industry and good conduct in prison have earned them this privilege. To them it has been the bright star of "hope" during many long years of darkness and depression. To the public, it is this protection—that if the period of probation is not satisfactory, the further extension of the license can be stayed.

It is quite true that the material is very unpromising—that the countenances of the majority too strongly illustrate the effects of lives of vice and sin—to which, alas! is added an expression which, difficult to define, can be easily realised by those who have been brought into contact with criminals at war with society for any considerable time. Yet those conversant with this class will find how much has been done by religious and moral influence even with those who may be deemed hardened in crime; and others, who have not hitherto considered this subject, will, on inquiry, find food for thought, which will assuredly lead to earnest and useful action.

This "Home" has many and special advantages both to the public and the prisoners. The training and treatment is of a description which would be neither practicable nor advisable in a prison. There is the almost freedom of everyday life, and there are means of testing the individual character of prisoners not possible in a gaol. Constant opportunities are afforded of exercising self-restraint, and of evincing a consideration for others which it would be impossible, under ordinary imprisonment, to develop.

Without occupying too much time in entering into the minute details of the every-day working of the establishment, I prefer at once pointing to some of the special features which mark the training.

There is what is termed an extra-work class, *i.e.* a volunteer class which, after the ordinary work of the day—which will not be considered very slight work when it is stated that each needlewoman is expected to make two shirts daily—is held in the evening in the Superintendent's room. The proceeds of the industry are devoted to aid in the emigration of some of the inmates whose friends are not in England, and to assist the old and decrepit in their difficulties after liberation.

Now the proceeds of this extra work, after the toil of the day, cannot benefit the individuals concerned in the production. This devotion of time, which would be otherwise allocated to rest or recreation, must be for the benefit of others; and we are bound for a moment to pause, and reflect whether it is

possible that this can be so with habitual criminals whose whole life has been a career of self-indulgence and sin. If this be true, and a visit to the establishment will test its truth, the exhibition of such traits of character should very forcibly illustrate to the community how unjust it has been in past years in closing the door of "hope" against those who upon trial have been found ready to earnestly co-operate in their own amendment. And is not the case for sympathy very materially strengthened when it is further stated that small sums of money from those liberated have been received from time to time in aid of the cause they promoted at the "Home."

The days are fortunately passing by when to employ a person who had been a criminal was considered an act of lunacy. The cessation of transportation forced us into nearer contact with those we formerly sent from our shores. We were constrained to realise that criminals would not starve—that if employment were closed against them they would return to dishonest courses—for they had no alternative. Institutions have been established which have let in more light upon the actual state of darkness of this class. The knowledge of criminals is no longer confined to prison visitors, restricted in obtaining information as they must be by gaol regulations.

The Government of 1865 felt the necessity of facilitating the employment of female convicts, and sanctioned the institution of the "Carlisle Memorial Home." Eight years' experience has indeed shown its value, it has accomplished a work which but a few years since was considered to be too utopian for discussion. Official testimony is borne to its value now; for in the last annual report of the directors of convict prisons it is stated, with reference to the "Carlisle Memorial Home" for Protestants at Winchester, and the "Eagle House Refuge" for Roman Catholics at Hammersmith, "The benevolent work of preparing women for a fresh start in life, and aiding them in procuring employment on discharge is performed by these institutions with great advantage to the public and to the prisoners, and no better proof could be afforded of the degree to which we appreciate the efforts of the managers of these institutions, or our sense of the valuable results they have attained, than by encouraging the development of the system by the establishment of an additional refuge (the Westminster Memorial Refuge at Streatham)."

Hitherto the public has heard but little of the work undertaken by the institutions, for it has been thought wiser to wait the results obtained by many years of practical experience. But there are now special reasons for giving it publicity. It has been the means of bringing to light the existence of an evil of a most painful and distressing character. The work of the "Home" has never been confined to the establishment itself. It has never been considered that the work has been completed without visiting so far as was possible those who have been liberated. From the experience afforded by those visits, it has been ascertained that the children of criminals are, during the incarceration of their parents, as a rule taken possession of by relatives and friends, whose object it is to train them in the footsteps of their parents, utilising them in any manner (however revolting), so as to make them profitable to their self-appointed guardians.

At the earnest request of their parents attempts have been made to recover their children from these dens of infamy, and in some cases these attempts have been successful, and they have been rescued; but the difficulties have been excessive because the children are made a source of profit to their keepers.

It might be assumed that these children are in the unions, or in the Reformatory and Industrial schools. That they are not as a rule destitute, has been shown, and therefore they are, generally speaking, not in the unions. There are, of course, many in the Reformatory Schools, when qualified by crime and by detection; but in the Preventive or Industrial Schools there are but few. This must be so, for in the Inspector's Report for 1870, it appears that out of 1,827 sent to the schools in the year, only 124 were the children of parents either criminal or destitute.

When we realise the vast number of criminals sent to our Gaols in the course of the year, it is submitted that this state of things is truly appalling, for it is certain, humanly speaking, that the children of habitual criminals, at all events, will follow their parents' career. They know of no other calling, and accept it as an inevitable necessity.

Calculations have been made, showing that women sentenced to penal servitude annually would, on an average, leave between seventy and eighty female children behind them. In four years this would amount to from two hundred and eighty to three hundred and twenty, and the fate of the majority cannot very well be doubted.

But, in addition to this number, we have

a vast army of habitual criminals sent to our county and borough gaols, also leaving their children behind them similarly circumstanced. It cannot be denied that, with the exception of those convicted, this class before all others imperatively calls for the active intervention of the State, for crime cannot be materially reduced if such seed-plots are allowed to fructify; and private individuals cannot alone deal with so gigantic an evil.

Under the Prevention of Crime Act, 1871, the Legislature has in the fourteenth clause provided that "Where any woman is convicted of crime, and a previous conviction of crime is proved against her, any children of such woman under the age of fourteen years who may be under her care and control at the time of her conviction for the last of such crimes, and have no visible means of subsistence, or *are without proper guardianship*, shall be deemed to be children to whom the 'Industrial Schools Act, 1866,' applies, and the court by whom such woman is convicted, or two justices, or a magistrate shall have the same power of ordering such children to be sent to a certified industrial school as is vested in two justices or a magistrate, by the fourteenth section of the Industrial Schools Act, 1866, in respect of the children in the said sections described."

It will therefore be seen that we have the law, but we require most energetic measures to put it in force, for as these children are a source of profit to their keepers, every possible device is used to mislead inquirers.

The police will, no doubt, act when it is made plain to them that industrial schools will receive the children; but this is not yet clear. In the last report of the Directors of Convict Prisons, they say with reference to this subject, "Nobody can doubt that the interests of society would be better served by preventing the growth of crime than by curing the evil after it has established itself, and that it is more economical, as well as more hopeful, to direct the minds of children towards habits of industry and honesty than to try by punishment to bring them back into those habits after they have become men and women, and have adopted the reverse. Considerations of this kind have led to the formation of Reformatory and Industrial Schools all over the country, and the institution of Ragged Schools in the metropolis, and laws have been passed encouraging the formation of the institution, and empowering magistrates to send children to them who are appropriate subjects for their care. One law in particular, contained in clause 14 of the Prevention of Crime Act, gives power to magistrates to commit to Industrial Schools the children of female convicts under certain conditions. This law, however, has not had the effect it might have had—in some instances, because the magistrates have not thought proper to enforce it; in others, because there has been a difficulty in finding schools willing to take children in question. Moreover, from dealing only with the children of female convicts, it leaves the larger number of the children who should be subjected to it unprovided for. It is to be hoped that an amendment of the law in this respect may be effected, and that means for providing the necessary amount of accommodation in industrial schools may be found."

The directors very properly call attention to this matter, and point out an amendment of the fourteenth clause which is obviously necessary, and which no doubt will take place in the next session of Parliament.

But our first business is to provide for the necessity which has been proved to exist if the present law is carried out. We must have more "Industrial Schools," the managers of which will not object to receive this class of children, and we must take some very active measures to locate in some schools, which must be almost infant schools, those children who are under six years of age.

At present children under this age are almost ignored, and the Government do not, as yet, pay the managers of schools for them. It may be assumed that the ground for non-payment is the impression that under this age no mischief can happen, or bad training operate injuriously. But this is not so in the case of the children of criminals. The constant visits made by those connected with the "Home" to the localities in which these children are found, have revealed many instances in which they are utilised for profit at even four years of age.

The following extracts from the journal of the Rev. Ashton Wells (the manager of the Carlisle Home) will illustrate the difficulties attending the rescue of criminal children, and will show the necessity of putting in force the fourteenth clause of the Prevention of Crime Act, 1871, and securing them, however young, on the conviction of their parents.

"J. M., one of the London Irish, and a housebreaker by trade (there is generally one woman at least belonging to a gang), had resolved while in our Refuge to turn over a new leaf, go to service, and do well for the future. But she had two girls, aged eight and ten respectively, left under the care, if it could be so called, of her mother, a wicked old woman who had

made some money by keeping a house of ill fame and lodgings for thieves. J. M., having heard from an old acquaintance that the little girls were shamefully neglected, begged me to go and see after them. The old woman lived in P—— Court, a locality at that time unknown to me, but which I have since ascertained to be one of the worst slums in the east of London. Making my way through the motley crowd of dock labourers, seamen, low women, and others who frequent Ratcliff Highway, I inquired of a policeman if he knew P—— Court. Looking me over, 'Yes; do you mean to go there?' he asked; 'I did,' I said; 'is there any reason why I should not?' 'Well, I hardly think you will keep your clothes on your back if you do,' was his cool reply. Rather startled by this, I went to the nearest police station and inquired of the superintendent whether P—— Court was really so unsafe a place to go into. 'Well, you see, sir,' he explained, 'if you were going to take any one up it would be different, but as it is a charitable errand you are going upon, I do not think it likely you will be interfered with, but you can have a constable if you please.' As it was not my object to make a sensation in the neighbourhood, I declined the civil offer, and, having been shown the entrance to the court, made straight to the house to which I had been directed by J. M. There, in a miserable room, dark and dirty, I found an old hag in bed, being rheumatic, as she said, and three or four young women of the lowest stamp sitting about. Having explained to the old woman that I came from her daughter, I asked after the children, but obtained only surly growls by way of reply, until she was assured that I had not come to take them away. They were well enough, she said, but, as usual, were just then out somewhere. As I could not get to see the children, I left, meeting with no further molestation than such a pleasantry as being invited by a cluster of dirty, half-dressed sluts, sitting on the pavement, to prove that I had a good heart by treating them to a pot of beer. Not seeing, as they did, the connection between these two things, I declined and passed out of the court. But, I am glad to be able to add that, it having been ascertained that these children were under decidedly improper guardianship, they were shortly after rescued from this den of iniquity by that most useful agent, the Boys' Beadle, and were placed in an industrial school."

"To take another instance. M. A. B., a professional thief, had two little girls when convicted. While she was with us a young woman who called herself her sister corresponded with her about them, but M. A. B. owned to me that the woman was a perfect stranger to her, and that she had never seen her. The mother fretted about these children so much that she made herself ill, and gave me no peace until I promised to do my best to get them into an Industrial School. With some difficulty I found out in London this so-called sister. She seemed fairly well off, but a glance round her room satisfied me as to the means by which she gained her living. From her I gathered this account of the children. M. A. B. on her conviction left them under the care of a woman who kept a disreputable lodging-house. She getting into some scrape, ran away to avoid the police, leaving the children to shift for themselves. Seeing them destitute, the 'sister,' out of mere good nature, as I believe, took charge of them. The scrape forgotten, the lodging-house keeper returned and claimed the two children, but was content to take the younger, and I could get no clue as to where she had gone with it. The elder remains with the 'sister.' On my return to Winchester I told M. A. B. that, when discharged from prison, she must herself find the missing child (knowing that a thief can generally trace a thief), and that then I would assist her in having them committed to an Industrial School. About a fortnight after her discharge, she wrote to say that she had found the younger child at Brighton, and was prepared to go before a magistrate with them. On visiting her lodgings I saw two pretty little girls asleep in bed. She said she had got them only for a time as a loan, and that if their former 'guardians' thought that she intended putting them into a school, they would never have parted with them. I made inquiries as to when a certain magistrate would be sitting, whom I knew to be favourable to the cause of Industrial Schools (for it is not all who have as yet realised that in the matter of crime prevention is cheaper as well as better than cure), and I fixed a day on which to go with the woman and her children to the police court.

"Having in the meantime secured the assistance of Mr. King, the Boys' Beadle, I met them on the day appointed, but was greatly vexed to find that the 'sister' had got wind of our proceedings and uninvited she joined our party. She insisted on coming to the police court with us in order to state to the magistrate that she was able and willing to maintain the elder child. All remonstrances were useless, and she was got rid of at last only by my threatening to inquire before the Court into her manner of living. It was a touching sight—the two infants playing with their dolls among the rough crowd which usually fills a police court. At the end of the day's business the mother was brought forward, and, having stated on her oath that she was a widow, and had been twice convicted of felony, and had consequently no means of supporting the children, they were without any hesitation committed by the magistrate to an Industrial School. It will scarcely be believed that this woman after taking so much trouble about her little girls has never once inquired after them, nor have we heard from her since I parted from her at the police court two years ago. If I have been correctly informed, she married a skittle-sharper well known to the police, and if she is not in prison again, is no doubt following her old trade of shoplifting.

"Another case, and that a failure. M. R., convicted of uttering base coin, had one boy for whom she did not seem much to care; but, going to service and becoming respectable, her conscience pricked her about the child. She had left it with 'friends.' I went to a lodging-house in Lambeth, and was encountered by an old woman, who declared that she did not even know such a person as the mother. However a small fee, and the mention of my name, seemed to refresh her memory. Well, the child was kept there; but, of course, on that particular day he was at the other end of London (I afterwards learned that the young woman who kept him was hiding under the bed with the child at the time), and that being the case we parted on friendly terms; but I had not gone more than a few yards from the house when the young woman ran after me to assure me that the boy was very well cared for. I believe he is so far as his body is concerned, but not otherwise. He is taken about the country to dance on stilts, and though only six years old can swear as emphatically as any man, and has already learned to pick pockets. The child is also used as a bait to tempt the mother back to her old courses, and we have had great difficulty in keeping her in service. Her 'friends' have even been down to Winchester to look for her, and could only be shaken off by suggestions of police intervention. The mother herself has tried but failed to get possession of her child; she has been doing well for nearly three years, but is, of course, unhappy about the fate of her boy."

It is submitted that the experience obtained with nearly seven hundred inmates, from time to time, in the Institution, gives considerable weight to an opinion upon this subject; and the value of this experience is much enhanced by visits to the inmates after their liberation, for it is through these visits, very frequently made, that the actual position of the children of criminals has been ascertained. The work of the Home itself had at the commencement but few supporters, and even now much scepticism as to its value prevails, but it is a scepticism proceeding from want of information, which inquiry would at once remove.

It is but a few years since it was deemed impossible to obtain employment for persons in the position of the inmates, and if this opinion had been true they would have been assuredly doomed to a life of crime. But what are the facts? During 1871, in addition to other employments, thirty-two places were obtained in domestic service, and in 1872 similar situations were obtained for thirty-four. Several persons after the experience of three or four years have again taken servants from the Home, and many have stated that they are willing to record their satisfaction. There are, of course, failures; but, considering the class of persons, the failures have been few.

The records of the Institution contain brief histories of the career of the inmates, which, sad enough at the commencement, very amply illustrate the advantages of special training, and timely aid. During life, although amendment may be clearly shown, it is difficult to positively assert the thorough reformation of any person. But in several cases death has removed some of the former inmates of the Home, and accounts received from hospitals and other places testify that with many reformation of the highest character had taken place.

If these efforts have been so blessed with regard to "adult criminals," we may very reasonably anticipate the best results through the rescue of their children from the vicious bondage in which they are now very generally held. It is impossible to hesitate as to the course which should be pursued, and those connected with the "Carlisle Memorial Home" do not for one moment hesitate. Knowing what they know, seeing what they have seen, their work, valuable as it is, would be incompletely performed with such a plague-spot in immediate contact with it, if they did not endeavour to provide a remedy. It is therefore proposed at once to open a school for male and female children under six years of age in connection with the "Home," and to forward, from time to time, to other Industrial Schools, which should be increased in number, those attaining the age of seven years.

It has been shown that the children of women twice convicted of crime, if not proved to be under proper guardianship, can be committed to Industrial Schools; there is, therefore, no legal difficulty in sending children under six years of age to such schools as are now proposed. But as the Government have not as yet made payments for such young children, the difficulty is at present obviously of a financial character.

It cannot be doubted, however, that in this country funds will be forthcoming for so desirable a work. In time, it is to be hoped, the Government will, with the facts brought before them, realise that these children have a special claim for the guardianship of the State, and will co-operate with the public with regard to the expenditure; but the matter presses, and should no longer be delayed.

LIFE AT THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

UPON arriving at Pniel, the first thought which naturally enters the traveller's head, is "Where to put up?" Jardine's Hotel, at Pniel, enjoys perhaps the most custom, because all the passenger carts for the dry diggings start from the door; but if the new arrival will wend his way amongst the débris of rocks and half-filled claims to the river-side, and, having been ferried across, will ascend the hill at Klipdrift, Sanger's Masonic Hotel will be before him; where one can generally obtain a bed, or at all events the privilege of sleeping on the billiard-table, a luxury not to be enjoyed at Pniel.

Klipdrift is now almost a permanent town, with stores, dwelling-houses, a church, court-house, and post-office; but the diggings there are all abandoned, and one can wander over the heaps of boulders and sifted soil without discovering a single individual at work. There are but few parties working at Pniel, and in fact, since the discovery of the dry diggings, at Du Toit's Pan and De Beer's Farm, the river has been almost deserted; being now

only visited by the lucky diggers, who come down to enjoy the unwonted pleasure of a bathe, and by invalids who wish to recruit their health, shattered by the fever. The Vaal River is enclosed on all sides by ironstone *kopjes* (hills), destitute of herbage, and quite innocent of trees; although a few of the latter on the river-bank struggle to enliven the dreary aspect of the red hills. A few hundred yards above the ferry at Klipdrift is the drift, the whole bed of the river being covered with loose boulders of rock, and the water itself is only a few inches in depth; but both above and below this point, the river deepens to about eight or ten feet; where there is excellent fishing, diverted occasionally by a tussel with one of the large lizards which are so common in these waters. They are about three feet in length, and are more like juvenile crocodiles than anything else.

Klipdrift, being surrounded by hills, is excluded from anything so refreshing as a breath of air; though in the spring and autumn the climate is not unpleasant. The thunderstorms in the summer are terrific, and men who have had an opportunity of comparing them with those encountered in other climes, universally agree that the diamond-field storms carry off the palm. The lightning is continuous, and in every direction one can see the zig-zag forks darting into the earth; but yet, as these storms occur almost daily in the summer, the loss of life and damage done is comparatively trifling. Bell-shaped tents are the most dangerous, as they offer one prominent point to the electric fluid; and on one occasion four Kaffirs who were sleeping in one of these tents, with their heads to the tent-post, were simultaneously struck dead. The sandstorms which sometimes occur here are very peculiar; the writer of this article was once sitting on a boulder in the drift, sketching, when suddenly there arose a noise like hundreds of artillery cars dashing along a road, and looking up he perceived advancing towards Klipdrift what appeared to be immense columns of smoke. They came on with terrific rapidity, whirling up leaves, twigs, and sand; tearing the roofs off houses and prostrating the tents; then an immense quantity of sand enveloped everything, almost choking those who were unfortunate enough to be without shelter; and the next minute all was again quiet, and in the distance the giant-like pillars of sand were disappearing from sight.

Digging at the river is much less expensive than at De Beer's; claims may be had for little or nothing beyond the 5*s*. per month for a license, and Kaffir labour is cheap; but on the other hand the diamonds found are few and far between, and are very seldom obtained in sufficient quantities to make the work a paying concern. If the digger be an industrious man, he rises generally about five A.M., and proceeds to his claim with his Kaffirs; if otherwise, he merely sends his men, and indulges himself with a longer nap; thus giving his "niggers," as all Kaffirs are called at the diggings, an opportunity of "jumping," *i.e.* appropriating any diamonds they may chance to turn up.

The soil, which consists of red sand, interspersed with ironstone boulders and river pebbles, passes through various sieves; the rocks being put on one side, and the fine earth carried to the river-side, where it is washed in the cradle to get rid of all the sand; the remainder being then looked over at the sorting-table, which generally consists of two boards nailed upon four upright posts. The work at the table is usually done by the proprietor of the claim, who sits on a bucket and scrapes the sifted soil over with a piece of slate or zinc, throwing it on the ground when he is satisfied that there are no diamonds in it. The large gems are principally found in the claim itself where the Kaffirs are at work, thus leaving the digger quite at their mercy, unless he have a partner to watch them, as to whether they will give them up or not; but a wholesome dread of Judge Lynch and the *sjambok*, generally has the desired effect.

About thirteen miles down the river are the diggings of Cawood's Hope, Gong-gong, Good Hope, and Bad Hope, where a few parties are still at work. Gong-gong is decidedly the prettiest spot on the river, the banks being dotted with trees and clumps of mimosa bushes; but provisions are scarce.

Upon leaving Pniel for the New Rush, De Beer's, a distance of about twenty-three miles, having taken a seat in one of the passenger carts which leave Jardine's Hotel twice a day, we ascend the hill, and leave the river on the left hand. The road here is abominable, the track being covered with loose stones and rocks, which jolt the cart in a most unpleasant manner. After about five miles of hilly country, we strike upon a bend of the river at the Quarter-way House, a canteen tent on the road-side. Here we stop for a few minutes, for the diggers are thirsty souls, and hear anecdotes of marvellous quantities of wild duck being bagged up the river, for this is a rendezvous for sportsmen.

Starting again across a more level country, we pass the Prussian mission-station to the left on a hill near the river, with its thatched houses and cluster of Kaffir huts. It was these missionaries, who upon the discovery of diamonds in South Africa, immediately claimed all the diamondiferous territory as their own property; but in vain attempted to get their claim acknowledged. At this part of the road are the ruins of some Portuguese buildings, with arched vaults and the remains of a tower; dating back to a period anterior to the Dutch occupation of the Cape. About twelve miles from Pniel we come to the Half-way House, which affords better entertainment than any other hotel on the "fields;" being fitted up with stabling, baths, and every accommodation for visitors. Leaving the Half-way House after the usual "liquor," we become sensible of our approach to the New Rush, from the numerous carcases along the road, each striving to give out a more unpalatable odour than another; and after a journey of about ten miles we come in sight of the camp, with its thousands of white tents encircling the central kopje, and the latter itself black with the swarm of human beings, like ants on an ant-hill; while the din of the multitude is heard like a faint humming in the distance. We now enter the camp, and, driving along a long street of tents and stores of every description, finally pull up at the Kaffrarian Home Hotel.

The New Rush is situated about four miles from Du Toit's Pan, and has a population of about 30,000; the greater number of which are Griquas, Basutos, Corannas, Zulus, and other Kaffirs. The whole kopje was originally marked out into claims thirty feet square, which were about six hundred in number; but now there are very few men who hold more than a half claim, and the generality of diggers only possess quarter claims; these latter being sold at prices varying from £300 to £500, according to their position. The level ground which surrounds the kopje, and on which the tents are pitched, consists of red earth, and beneath that horizontal layers of black shale. At the beginning of the slope of the hill, the shale takes an upward slant, then suddenly ends, and leaves the kopje itself entirely free; where, in its place, is found the diamondiferous soil. The established theory at the "fields" with regard to the formation of these kopjes is, that they are caused by volcanic agency; when by some subterranean explosion the stratum of shale was thrown up, and the soil, which largely consists of lime, carbon, and garnets, forced into its place; this would cause the upward slope of the shale all round the base of the kopje. Some of the claims near the reef, *i.e.* the beginning of the hill, are worked through a slanting bed of shale about six feet in thickness, after which the diamondiferous matter is struck upon.

The kopje is traversed by twelve or fourteen roads, by means of which the soil is carted away to be sifted, each claim-holder being obliged to devote part of his ground for this purpose, and to keep his part of the road in good order. The depth of the claims averages from twenty to thirty feet, and the roads stand out like walls, with a perpendicular descent of about twenty-five feet on either side; and, as the sides are unprotected, it is to be wondered that accidents do not occur more frequently, as the crush of men and carts on the narrow roads is almost inconceivable. But, as it is, there are seldom less than one or two mishaps every day.

The soil is removed from the claims by buckets, which are drawn up and let down by means of *reims*, *i.e.* strips of hide knotted together, by which the diggers and Kaffirs also descend to work. These reims are fastened at the top to posts fixed at the road-side, and as most of them are very slightly secured, many persons while leaning upon them to look over have been precipitated head first to the bottom through their giving way. The earth, after being drawn up, is placed at the road-side till sufficient has accumulated to fill a cart, when it is taken to the digger's sorting-table, which is generally situated near his tent on the plain. The charge for carting is about 2*s.* per load; and as the majority of diggers remove about twelve loads per diem, carts are in constant demand, and a man who possesses one or two stands a very good chance of making his fortune.

The soil here goes through the same process as at the river diggings, with the exception of the washing, and the finds are very numerous, hardly a day passing without a man finding two or three stones, and sometimes as many as eight or ten are turned up; but these are generally splints or boart, and consequently not so valuable as perfect gems, and the larger stones are usually "off-coloured," either yellow or lemon colour. In the claims are often found hardened lumps of soil, which the generality of diggers do not take the trouble to break, although diamonds have been very frequently found in them, and they are thrown aside as useless. Many men who have not the good fortune to possess a claim take advantage of this, and

removing the lumps crush them up, and, generally speaking, make a good thing out of it. The expenses of working are very heavy, costing about £50 per month, including food, carting, and the keep and wages of four Kaffirs. The sanitary arrangements of the camp are very bad. We were taking a stroll one day in the rear of the camp, when we suddenly lighted upon the bodies of two Kaffirs and the carcasses of several oxen, all in a highly *gamey* state, and the wind blowing the perfume full upon the tents at the distance of twenty or thirty yards.

Low fever is very prevalent, and is in many instances fatal, the bad living and want of comforts, combined with the continual dust, lessening the chances of recovery. The dry diggings are fatal to infants. The impalpable lime powder which rises from the many thousand sieves which are constantly at work has a most injurious effect upon the eyes, almost one man out of every three being afflicted with sore eyes. In some cases this is followed by blindness.

The camps are most marvellously quiet, considering, and "rows" are very rare; and, although every man carries either a revolver or a bowie-knife, the cases in which they are drawn in a conflict are few and far between. The scene of the canteen burning was the only real riot which has taken place. The facts are as follows:—A certain canteen keeper at the foot of the kopje had purchased a diamond of a Kaffir for some ridiculously small sum, well knowing it to have been stolen; but murder will out, and the offender was fined £5 at the magistrate's court. This fine was not considered sufficient by the diggers, as the value of the stone was some £20 or £30; so a meeting was held near the tent of the *baas* of the offending Kaffir. The gathering at first was small, but increased gradually, swelling into a mob of several thousands. Witnesses were called, the case was laid open, and resulted in an unanimous verdict of "Burn the canteen." The mob moved along, collecting stragglers on the way, till it arrived at the canteen in question; then, with the rapidity of lightning, a dozen hands grasped the tent-ropes, a dozen bowies flashed in the air, the thongs were cut, and the whole edifice immediately collapsed. Then commenced the work of destruction: bottles of wines and spirits, tins of preserved meats, casks of brandy, and boxes of pipes, were indiscriminately smashed; while the unfortunate proprietor precipitately retired in the rear with his cash-box, his head being gashed across by coming into too close contact with a wine-bottle. In a few seconds the whole pile of débris was in a blaze, not a single article being allowed to be taken away; while streams of burning spirits ran around, the Kaffirs on their hands and knees endeavouring to lap it up. The shouting was deafening, and when a particularly obstinate keg of brandy burst the noise was indescribable. All work for the day on the kopje was at an end, and having tasted the sweets of destruction, the multitude moved on, and speedily four other canteens met with a similar fate. It was amusing to see the various diamond merchants and brokers making off from their tents with their valuables in every direction; for though not menaced themselves, probably many of them felt in their consciences that they deserved a similar fate.

Du Toit's Pan is situated about four miles from the New Rush, to which carts run every half hour. The diggings here are on the low hills which surround the Pan, or basin of water, and though far superior to those at the river, are inferior to those at the New Rush, the latter being the only place at which one can be certain that the digging will be lucrative.

Before one sets out for the Diamond Fields it is well to consider the hardships to which one has to submit—namely, to be broiled in summer, drenched in rain without a prospect of a dry change, frozen in winter—a bucket of water being known to have become a mass of ice in a single night—with a continual dust penetrating everywhere, and a plague of flies, rivalling those of Egypt. Add to this sickness, bad living—vegetables being so scarce, that a single cabbage fetches 7*s.* 6*d.*—sleeping in sand, and sometimes being unable to wash for weeks, with lively companions in the shape of scorpions, beetles, and fleas, the latter giving everybody the appearance of having had a severe attack of measles, and after undergoing all this, to find yourself frequently worse off, in a pecuniary point of view, than you were when you started—and I think the reader will agree with me, that the prospect is not a pleasant one.

A. B. ELLIS.

GUTTER CHILDREN.



WE have often wondered, when we have heard our "Gutter Children" spoken of as Arabs, whether there really could be any Arabs so hopelessly situated as to justify the comparison, and we came to the conclusion that there could not; that if there had been any such tribe of misery, travellers would have found them, and made known their hapless story. We have sometimes thought that the name of Arabs must have been bestowed upon gutter children under the impression that they were a wandering class. Such an idea might easily occur to a chance observer of them; but it is erroneous. Gutter children, generally speaking, are not of a wandering habit. Many of them—a majority of them, probably—stick exclusively to their own especial gutter—the gutter, that is, of the street or court in which their homes are situated, and will be found there in wild, dirty groups, at all hours of the day, and very often at all hours of the night. Those of them—mostly the elder ones—who do take their walks abroad, take them methodically, and have their regular beats, or "lurks."

But by whatever name we may call them, our gutter children present surely one of the saddest sights that can offer itself to the contemplation of Englishmen. If you have the heart of a man in you, you must pity them, if for even a passing moment you consider their case; but, to our thinking—and we speak from a painfully extensive knowledge—they are most to be pitied, not for what they are, but for what they are likely to be. With them, as with others, the child is father of the man; and the manhood to which such a childhood as theirs but too generally leads is the manhood of the "habitual criminal," or "no-visible-means-of-support" class; the manhood of the thief, the swindler, the loafer, the pauper, the sturdy beggar—in a word, the preyer upon society. Those most competent to judge will tell you that the bulk of our criminals are "bred;" and in our gutter children you may see their spawn. If we could but raise these unhappy children, could but manage to give them a childhood calculated to lead to a better manhood, we should, looking at the costliness of our criminal classes, be effecting a great national saving, even if we viewed the matter in no higher light. But it has been looked at in higher lights. Those who have sought to grapple with it have generally been actuated by higher motives, and have wrought with all the earnestness and energy that high motives impart; and yet, alas, to the question, "How to raise our gutter children?" no effective answer has hitherto been given. Statesmen, philosophers, and philanthropists, have alike tried to solve, and have failed to solve the problem. Many individual children have been rescued; but the class increases rather than diminishes, is to be numbered by hundreds of thousands. None the less is the good fight continued, bravely and hopefully. All kindly and Christian men must indeed hope that a time will come when gutter children, as a class, will have become a thing of the past. The life of such children is terribly sad. Only those who, like the present writer, have had to go among them at all times and seasons can fully realise *how* sad, how full of suffering, their life is. Just let us look at that life, attempting to illustrate it by examples rather than by any general description of our own.

We will recall one morning when we acted as guide, philosopher, and friend to a kindly curious acquaintance of ours, who was desirous of seeing something of gutter children as they actually were, as they appeared in their home gutters, peeping into their habitations, observing what manner of people their parents might be.

Having, in answer to his questions, assured our friend that, in the day-time, in company

with us, and with watch-guard and anything else that was specially calculated to tempt a person of predatory proclivities to "do a snatch," left behind, it was a perfectly safe undertaking to visit Badgers Court, we took our way to that quarter.

The place was well known by reputation. Its name was frequently mentioned in the local papers—mostly in the "Police Intelligence," where it figured as the residence of persons charged with being "drunk and incapable," "drunk and disorderly," faction fighters, wife beaters, and petty thieves. On the rarer occasions, when the name figured in the "General News" column, it was in connection with intimations that small-pox or fever was raging in it, or that its division had taken their departure for "The Hopping," or had returned from it. This latter announcement was usually the preliminary to extensive notice in the "Police Intelligence;" for it was the pleasant custom of the Badgers Court division to celebrate their return from the hopping, and squander whatever money they had gained there in high carousal, which invariably "eventuated" in work for the police. Most people in the locality knew, in a general way, whereabout it lay—knew that it lay down K—— Street way, K—— Street being the leading street of the low quarter. But very few indeed, save its inhabitants, and those having business in it, knew *exactly* where the alley was. Our friend, for instance, though an old inhabitant of the parish, would have failed to find it on this morning had he been by himself. It was not visible from any main street, and the entry leading to it *seemed*, from the main street, to be a "blind" one. It appeared to lead no whither, to be closed in by the rear wall of a large boiler yard. But close under this wall, and at a little distance overshadowed by it, was a narrow opening into the court.

"What line should I take?" whispered our friend as we led him through this defile.

"Appear as if you had authority, and *don't* appear as if you had anything to give away; don't mind their crowding round you, and don't mind a bit of chaff."

The next moment we were in the court. It formed three sides of a square, the fourth side of which was made up by another wall of the boiler yard. It consisted of about thirty four-roomed houses, each of which was let out to at least two families,—families which, though wretchedly poor in all else, were for the most part rich in children. As we entered the court children were swarming in all parts of it. Many of them were without shoes or stockings, and all were wretchedly ill-clad and dirty; and while some few among them were robust, the majority had the sickly appearance that comes of habitual hard living, foul dwellings, and uncleanly habits. They were of all ages, from fourteen or fifteen years down to infants of scarcely as many months, who were to be seen *crawling* unheeded in the gutter. Still younger babies were being carried about much as though they were bundles of rags, by girls, some of whom were little more than infants themselves. The older ones, more particularly the boys, already acquiring loafing habits, were standing about in groups. The younger ones were running about, wildly yelling and shouting; and amid the general noise could be heard language of which it is sufficient to say that it was doubly horrible coming from such young lips. It was not a pretty picture that presented itself to the gaze of our inquiring friend. As we stood watching the scene, a boy of nine or ten left one of the groups, and began to come towards us, evidently with the intention of passing out of the court. He was bare-footed, ragged, dirty, and hungry-looking, and yet with all these disadvantages was a rather good-looking boy, of the gipsy style. His features were regular; his dirt-matted hair jet black and curly, his dark eyes bright and flashing, though already their expression had become restless and furtive. He was an acquaintance of ours; we knew him to be not only a gutter child, but, like many other gutter children, a nobody's child also. He had never known his father, and his mother after several temporary desertions had finally left him about a year before, since which time he had been "on his own hook." Any change in his circumstances brought about by the final disappearance of the mother, however, had been rather nominal than real; and so far as it was material, had probably been to his advantage. She was of the wicked, and her tender mercies to him had indeed been cruel. When in good humour she had taken him about public houses with her, and as her idea of motherly kindness had let him sip out of her glass. When in bad humour, or drunk—which was very often—she had kicked and cuffed him; and at all times she had been wont to leave him pretty much to his own devices for food and clothing. He was known as "Kiddy" Miller. On our friend whispering that he would like to have a little talk with him we addressed him—

"Where are you off to now, Kiddy?"

"Nowheres particular; just for a turn round," he answered.

"Where are you living now?"

"Mrs. Price lets me doss along o' her Larry; they has a room all to their two selves, and Larry and me is chums in the day-time."

"But does she keep you as well as let you sleep in her room?" we asked in surprise, for we knew Mrs. Price was wretchedly poor.

"Lor' no!" exclaimed the boy. "It takes her and Larry all their time to keep theirselves; in course I has to grub myself, and find my own togs."

"And how do you grub yourself?"

At this question he began to fidget about uneasily, and seeing, as he would have said "how he was held," we hastened to explain.

"Oh, it isn't about anything particular, Kiddy," we said; "there's no harm meant; it's the other way about, if anything; this gentleman only wants to know how a youngster like you *can* grub yourself."

"Oh, well," said Kiddy, reassured, and now speaking with somewhat of a philosophical air; "if yer *must*, yer can. Leastwise yer can *some*; sometimes yer can't, and then yer 'as to do without it till yer can; yer tries to be hard, and not to think about yer stummuck."

"But how do you get it when you *do* get it?" asked our friend; "do you beg?"

"No, I doesn't," answered Kiddy sharply; "sometimes people — mostly women — *has* chucked me a brown, and sometimes they've gived me some apples or cherries, or summat o' that sort, but I never as't for 'em; I never cadged in my life."

"Do you work then?"

"Well, not as you may say reg'lar work, but I does a odd job when I can get it. I tries 'carry yer parcel, sir?' sometimes, but that ain't up to much; yer may wait at a station all day without getting a chance,—they mostly cabs or out-door-porters now. Other times I push behind for the costers, or any of the other barrer-men as 'as got a extra load on, and sometimes if I got two or three browns to buy 'em, I tries the cigar lights. That's the best racket for them as isn't on their own hooks, and as is pretty sure of a mouthful of grub, whether they've made a good day or a bad un. But when yer on yer own hook, yer can't stick to it. Cos why? Yer cant all'us keep yer stock money; if yer stummuck is gnaw-gnawin' at yer, and yer've got the browns in yer pocket, they're bound to go for grub, and then it's all up with the lights till yer can get the ha'pence together again."

"But how do you manage when neither the lights nor the odd-jobbing bring in anything?" we asked, as Kiddy paused, with the air of one who had done with a subject.

He coloured, and again hesitated; and it was necessary to reassure him.

"Come, Kiddy," we said, "that's a good boy. We know you must often be very hard put to it. How do you manage now, when you can't pick up a copper at all?"

"Well," he said hurriedly, the flush on his cheek deepening as he spoke, "when I gets that hungry I can't bear it no longer, I grabs a bit o' toke; I feels as I can't help it."

"What! Do you take bread out of the bakers' shops?" we said; for we had never heard of anything of that kind against him.

"Oh no," he answered promptly, "or you'd soon a heer'd o' *me* bein' grabbed. I don't grab from shops; from school kids. I hides somewheres near one of the big schools; and when I see one of the late un's a-comin' along with a good slice of toke in their hand, I jumps out, grabs it, and bolts. And there's another way I sometimes gets a bit of grub," he hurried on, naturally anxious to get away from this part of the subject; "I turns over the sweepings from the greengrocers' shops, and often finds a carrot or turnip, or some apples or pears among them."

"That's dangerous stuff to eat," said our friend. "They only sweep out what has gone bad. Don't such things make you ill?"

"Well," answered Kiddy, once more assuming a philosophical air, "sometimes they does give yer the gripes; but I don't know as that's much worse than the gnawin' when yer hasn't had nothin' for ever so long; and at any rate you has the blow-out first."

This concluded the subject of the "grubbing," and our friend's next question was—

"How old are you?"

"I dun'no," answered Kiddy.

"What! not know your own age!" exclaimed our friend, looking astonished.

"Well, not ezactly," replied Kiddy. "I b'lieve I was either nine or ten last hoppin'."

"Right he is!" This exclamation came from a slatternly-looking woman, who lolling half way out of the up-stairs window of the nearest house, had been coolly listening to the conversation. "Right he is," she repeated, on our looking up. "He was ten last hoppin'. I was down in the same gang as his mother. He was born'd at the hoppin'; as the sayen is, he's got no come-from; he was born'd under a hay-stack, and the cows eat his parish."

"Oh, you knew his mother, then?" said our friend. "How——"

"Knew her!" cut in the woman, "which

I should think I did; rather. Didn't she pull the hair out of my head by handfuls, just because I said a word to her about letting Kiddy go cripplin' with a dreadful bad foot, and never so much as lookin' at it; and which he got it through her a settin' of the rags a-fire as he was a-sleepin' on. I likes my glass myself, and at times, perhaps, when they've happened to come cheap, I've took my drops more'n was good for me; and I won't even go for to say I've never got drunk, though that ain't a thing as happens more'n once or twice in a year; but for all that, I could stand to tell her about her drinkin', I wouldn't be such a drunken beast as she was for a trifle. Why," she concluded, pointing to Kiddy, "she weaned him on gin, and the best day's work she ever did for him was when she took herself off."

She withdrew from the window as she finished speaking, and we were rather glad that she did, as we could see that Kiddy had been about to make some retort, and an altercation might have had the effect of putting an end to our excursion for the day, for rows in the court were wont to become general and violent.

"Never mind her," we said, leading the boy away from the spot. "You can't help what your mother has been."

"She could wollop her, anyway," said Kiddy, with a triumphant air.

"I've no doubt," said our friend, smiling; "but let us see, now; can you read or write?"

"Why, no," replied Kiddy, as if surprised that any one should be so ignorant as to suppose that he could.

"What, not a little?" persisted our friend.

"No, not a bit. I once did know some A B C, but I forgot it when I left off a-goin' to the school."

"Did you ever go to school, then?" we asked, for this was news.

"Yes, for a little while, off and on," he answered. "It was the winter afore last, you know, when they gived breakfasts at the ragged-school. I went for sake o' the grub; but when they seed as how it was for that, and as I come on'y o' mornin's, they told me I mustn't come at all."

"Didn't you like school, then, that you stayed away in the afternoon?" our companion asked.

"Oh, I liked it well enough, as far as that goes: it was the grub what did it. The breakfast wasn't a filler, as you may say. It was on'y a middlin' slice o' bread, and a tin o' coffee, and didn't do yer for the day. If there had been a tea as well o' breakfast, I'd have gone reg'lar; but if yer grubs yerself, and they don't find yer in grub in school, yer must stop out of school to look for it."

Our friend was an ardent advocate for education, but he was scarcely prepared to combat the proposition thus laid down; and therefore deftly shifted his ground.

"Well, but, you know, it is a very bad thing not to be able to read or write," he observed. "There is no getting on nowadays without it. What do you think you will be when you are a man?"

"Oh, I dun'no," answered Kiddy, rather cheerfully than otherwise. Then, after a pause, he added, "A coster, or summat o' that kind, if I'm lucky."

"And if you are not lucky?" we put in.

"If I ain't lucky," he repeated hesitatingly. "Well, if I ain't lucky, I must take my chance; I'll have to live somehow, same as others."

We knew the meaning of his hesitating manner. Poor Kiddy, child though he was, his daily battle with the world in the process of "grubbing himself," had made him prematurely wise in some things. Unconsciously he had grasped the ultimatum of the gutter child problem as the conditions of it stood. He felt that for him the outlook for life was either hard, precarious, ill-paid labour, or criminality—with the chances inclining more to the latter than the former. It is a hard thing to say, but that *is* the prospect before gutter children generally. The majority of them go in time to swell the ranks of the criminal or pauper, or semi-criminal, or semi-pauper classes. Nine-tenths probably of our ordinary criminal class have come from the gutter; and, to rescue a gutter child, is, more likely than not, to nip a criminal in the bud.

Taking it that the conversation had come to an end, Kiddy was moving away, when our companion, noticing his bare feet, exclaimed—

"Where are your shoes, boy?"

"Ain't got none," promptly returned the boy, turning round.

"Well, but surely you know some one who would give you a pair of old boots."

"I don't know as I do," replied Kiddy; "beside, I shouldn't care for old shoes—on'y to sell."

"Do you mean to say you wouldn't wear them, then?"

"Not if I knowed it," said Kiddy, with a knowing shake of the head.

"Why not?"

"'Cos I knows what's good for my 'ealth," was the answer, given with an air of superior

knowledge. "None o' yer old shoes for me."

"Old ones would be better than none."

"Oh, would they just!" exclaimed Kiddy, evidently pitying our friend's ignorance. "If you'd a try 'em, you wouldn't think so; you'd soon want to go buff-footed agen. I tried 'em once when I was green, and didn't they warm me, that's all. If the second-handers 'as 'ad 'em, and done 'em up and stretched the knubbles out on 'em, they're pretty well; but if yer 'as 'em just as they've been wored, won't the knubbly parts rawr yer poor feet—that's all!"

Our friend felt that *he* was being patronised and schooled, and thought it wise to retire while he could so with dignity.

We proceeded on our way into the court, and Kiddy went on his way rejoicing—made happy for the time being by a few "browns."

In his pursuit of knowledge, our friend, as we slowly progressed through the court, conversed with, and questioned other children, but with little further result. Broadly, Kiddy Miller was typical of his class. None of the other children that we spoke with were so entirely upon their "own hook;" but the majority of them had in some greater or lesser degree to "grub themselves." Kiddy was not the only one who rooted among the garbage swept from greengrocers' shops, nor was he alone in the practice of "snacking" bread from school-children, while in one respect he was better off than some of those who had parents. Any few coppers that he could manage to earn, he could spend in food; while others, who were sent out cigar-light selling, hearth-stone hawking, and the like, were rigorously compelled to hand over their scanty gains to worthless fathers or mothers, whose parental practice was to appropriate the half-pence for themselves, spend them in drink, and bestow kicks upon the children. In some of the cases in which the children had to help to "grub themselves," the parents could have found them food, but neglected to do so; in other cases the parents, though having the will, had really not the means, and lived half-starved in common with their children.

Most of the adults living in Badgers Court were either hawkers or workers in some neighbouring market gardens, and were from home during the day; so that the children had the place pretty well to themselves—a circumstance that accounted for a thing that struck our companion as somewhat noticeable; namely, that the children raced in and out the houses as freely as they did about the court. In ordinary households this would of course have been a grievous thing from the housewife point of view, would have led to dirt and damage; in the court, however, it was a matter of no consequence. "Those who are down need fear no fall." The houses in Badgers Court, in common with what little in the shape of furniture was to be found in them, were about as broken and battered and dirty as they well could be. A bedstead of even the poorest sort was an exceptional feature in the furnishing of the apartments. The bedding for the most part consisted of a pile of rags and shavings, bundled into a corner in the day-time, and spread upon the floor at night. The children as a rule slept in their clothes and their dirt—it being a popular belief, alike with parents and children, that dirt helped to keep them warm; a belief that chimed in very conveniently with negligent habits upon the part of parents, and an aversion to cold water upon the part of the children, who were frequently allowed to go for days together without having even their hands or faces washed.

One girl of ten, to whom our friend spoke, was so far exceptional, that she could read with tolerable fluency. "Do you go to school then?" we asked, on making this discovery.

"No, I don't go," she answered; but she had been. Two years in succession her mother had "wintered in the House," and she had been sent to the school for pauper children. This we found was all the schooling she had ever had, and seeing what progress she had made, the idea naturally occurred to us what might she not have been, had she had better opportunities.

In one room we found a girl of eleven in charge of four other children; her mother, a widow, being out working in the gardens. The youngest child, a baby of fifteen months, lay sick nigh unto death. It was unconscious, and lay weakly moaning, and rolling its head restlessly from side to side. "It's orfle bad," the girl said, and she didn't think as how it would get over it; "it had got wuss and wuss, and weaker and weaker, and now it can't take nothink, the medicine nor nothink."

"Do you know where it will go to if it dies?" asked our companion, looking from the little sufferer to the girl.

"To the cemetry," she answered, opening her eyes wide with surprise. "There's the parish as 'ill be obliged to bury it."

"I don't mean that," said our friend; "do you know where its spirit will go to?"

"Its spirit!" she repeated, a vacant look coming over her face. "Its spirit! I dun'no."

"You know where good children go to when they die, surely?"

"I dun'no as I do perticlar," she replied after a pause; "there ain't none on 'em lives here about, it's o'ny us sort."

"But surely you know that the good people and the bad people go to different places!" exclaimed our friend, a touch of impatience mingling with his astonishment. "Don't you know where wicked people—people who lie or swear, or steal, or the like—go to—"

"Well, if they gets dropped on, I spose they 'as to go before the beak."

Our companion not being up in the slang, we explained to him that by the "beak," was meant the magistrate. Thus enlightened, our friend, who seemed unable to realise the possibility of such utter ignorance, continued—

"I'm afraid you don't understand me, my dear," he said. "Haven't you heard of a good place, a beautiful place, where little children and good people go to when they die—a place called 'heaven?'"

She a'most thought she had, she answered, after a pause, but she wasn't quite sure.

Our readers also may, perhaps, scarcely be able to credit the possibility of such terrible ignorance as this, but in all sorrowfulness of spirit we can assure them that it is anything but uncommon among gutter children. Many of those unhappy children know not that there is an hereafter, have never been told that they have a soul to be saved. Badly fed as they are, it may with a too literal truthfulness be said, that they are better fed than taught. They are allowed "to hang as they grow," and the soil and atmosphere in which they do grow is morally rank and deadly. Untaught and ignorant as they are, in respect to all that is good, they have yet much of the wisdom of the serpent in them, and that wisdom—as the shopkeepers of the neighbourhoods in which the children most abound can ruefully testify—is bent towards petty pilfering. The seemingly innocent sports of the children are often a means to an end. A tip-cat, or other instrument of play, knocked into a shop in an apparently accidental manner, is often designed as a cover for the sneaking entrance of a single child, or a foraging rush upon the part of a number, on predatory purpose bent. For Carroty Johnson to throw Dick Bates's ragged cap on to the second-floor window-ledge of a house the first-floor front of which is a huckster's shop, may look very like a simple piece of boyish mischief, but with them and their gutter companions it is something more—is part of the plan of a "snatching" attempt upon the shop. If the proprietor is on the alert, the performance is carried off as a piece of boyish mischief; they are o'ny a-trying to get the cap down; but if she—for it is mostly women who keep this class of shop—is not on the alert, or is known to be out of the way at the moment, the window will be deftly opened, and some part of the humble stock "snatched." Their pilfering is for the most part confined to food, and is, as we have said, so petty, generally speaking, as not to induce tradesmen to give them into custody for it, even if they take them red-handed. But very often when they do catch them in the act, shopkeepers take the law into their own hands, and thrash them unmercifully; while policemen have a habit of "giving them a clout and starting them off," when they come across them "on the prowl;" so that what with their rough treatment from outsiders, and the kicking and cuffing to which they are often subjected at home, they fare sufficiently hard in this respect.

During the day-time, as we have seen, gutter children are left pretty much to their own devices. It is at night that home influences are brought to bear upon them, and those influences are, in their case—speaking broadly—evil ones. They see drunkenness and brutality; hear and see ribaldry and profanity in word and deed, and but too often are practically initiated into one great evil—the love of strong drink. They are allowed, in some instances made, to partake of the drink that is passing about, and we have *known* cases in which they have been intentionally intoxicated, in order to make sport for the Philistines. We do not say that all parents of gutter children are of this stamp. Many of them are, we know, only wretchedly poor, are neither vicious, drunken, nor depraved, and these are, perhaps, the most to be pitied of all their class.

In speaking of gutter children being mostly to be found in their *home* gutters, we have not forgotten that there is a class of gutter children who have no homes; who, like Kiddy Miller, are nobody's children, and less fortunate than him have no kind friend to allow them to "doss" in a corner of their room; who when they wake in the morning know not where they may be able to lay their heads at night; who when night comes upon them, creep, tired, cold, and hungry, into any hole or corner that they find available, and with their heads in their arms, and the fear of the policeman weighing upon their spirits, snatch such broken rest

and sleep as they can; but even these have their regular haunts in the day-time.

To the undisciplined minds of gutter children the "run of the streets" is a valuable and joyous privilege, and their immunity from soap and water, regular hours, regular habits, and attendance at school, are things on which they hug themselves. Amid all their dirt and misery, they are often boisterously happy in a certain wild-colt fashion. The childish capacity for enjoyment and forgetfulness is in their nature, and will assert itself, causing them at times to be oblivious of the miseries of their lot, and happy in their dirt and freedom from restraint; and this is why we say that it is less the sight of them as they are—harrowing as that sight undoubtedly is—than the thought of what they are growing up to be, that makes them objects for saddest contemplation and sympathy.

How to deal with our gutter children, how to elevate, civilise, Christianize them, how to take them from the gutter, and make them as other children are—this is one of the most difficult problems of the day. That a first step will have to be to educate them is evident to all who consider the subject, and therefore the passing of the Elementary Act, and formation of School Boards under it, is a movement in the right direction. We have seen them in the schools—wretchedly clad, some of them, and even barefoot—and have heard the opinions of the teachers concerning them. In some the old Adam has been very strong; they have played truant, have come to school with faces unwashed, hair uncombed, shoes muddy, have been inattentive to lessons, and "cheeky" to teachers. Others, however, have been all that could be desired, more than could reasonably have been expected. They have been obedient, punctual, attentive, and cleanly, and have soon come to like school. The experience of teachers is, too, that the less tractable improve as time goes on. The first time or two that they are sent back to wash their faces, and otherwise make themselves presentable, they generally take advantage of the circumstance to play truant; but a little judicious perseverance in this course usually results in their beginning to come to school clean and tidy, and gradually falling into the habits of ordinary school children. We are decidedly of opinion that the gutter child is a very reclaimable subject. Those, however, who have as yet been got into schools through the action of the School Board are but stragglers, and the duty of the Board is to get them in as a class, to transform gutter children into school children. To throw them into ordinary schools in large numbers would, however, be impolitic, even if it were practicable. This is seen to be the case, and the position faces the School Board as a difficulty. Various solutions have been suggested. To us it seems that the plan proposed by Mr. Macgregor (Rob Roy), and with some modifications on the original proposal carried in the School Board, is the one that most fully, practically, and economically meets the difficulty. His idea is to establish small free schools in the poor neighbourhoods in which gutter children chiefly reside—where such children "may be educated till they can with advantage be received into ordinary schools." The schools being free, takes away from parents the plea of poverty. Such schools will also serve as breaking-in grounds, from which such children as it was thought desirable might, after sufficient preliminary training, be drafted into ordinary schools; while, as a permanent institution, they will probably prove the most efficient means of educating children of the class who are now mostly educated in ragged schools—children, namely, whose parents are more or less willing to avail themselves of free education, but have not the means to pay school fees, and clothe their children in a style that the managers of other schools consider becoming.

To simply tell the poorest classes of parents that they *must* educate their children, and pay for their education, or that they will be sent to prison, is not only harsh dealing, but a mistake, and a waste of precious time. When such things as constancy of employment for labourers, and higher payment for female labour, can be secured by Act of Parliament, then also can the law of *must* in respect to the payment of school fees be enforced in every instance—but not till then.

With all our nineteenth century enlightenment and progress, the task of elevating our gutter children, of rescuing them *from* the gutters still remains a most difficult one. It is a task scarcely yet begun; when it will be completed who can tell? It will be a noble work—a work to fully accomplish which many wise heads will have to be laid together, and many kind hearts act in unison.

LADY BELL.

CHAPTER IX.—LADY BELL TREVOR.



ACCORDING to the fashion of the time, though it was only two or three days' journey to Trevor Court, Squire Trevor and his young wife made it a progress from one friend's house to another, where the Squire in person announced his marriage, presented his bride, was roasted and toasted, and regaled with the first instalment of his wedding rejoicings by the good-will of his neighbours.

The practice was so far lucky in Lady Bell's case, it gave her no time to reflect on what had happened in all its importance, so that the re-action which had already set in after the over-strained resignation and meekness of her last moments at St. Bevis's was only a silent rebellion.

Lady Bell, even at fifteen, had too much spirit and sense to feel inclined to exhibit to strangers her wrongs and misery, and the extent of the sacrifice which she had just celebrated. She did not dissolve in floods of tears—she controlled herself, and was only thought very pale (but she was a pale, dark-eyed beauty at any time), proud, and shy,—a grand, but not very attractive, young madam for old Squire Trevor.

Nevertheless, it was in a state of chronic rebellion that Lady Bell reached Trevor Court. What good was the rebellion to do them? She never asked herself. Fifteen does not often ask such questions when it but writhes under a sense of betrayal and wretchedness.

Trevor Court was not like St. Bevis's. It was a fine, well-preserved old place, with noble stacks of warm red-brick chimneys, seen first from amidst coeval dark green yews on a broad green terrace.

It had a stone-seated porch and an oak-lined chimney corner, with great delf platters hanging by strings on each side of the richly-carved wood chimney-piece.

It had a best parlour answering to a drawing-room, where the spindle-legged chairs were made of cane, the hangings and chair covers were lemon colour, and there were Indian ornaments and egg-shell china—altogether so cold, fantastic, and fragile in its details, that nobody would have dreamt of occupying it, except for the reception of company.

There were blue, red, and green bedrooms, each with its enormous bed like a coloured hearse, its square of Persian carpet in the middle of the floor, its ebony escritoire. Everything was in keeping and in order, and was, next to his sovereign self, the pride of Squire Trevor's heart and the delight of his eyes.

"Look up, and look out, here is my place, my lady;" so Squire Trevor introduced Trevor Court, its venerable beauties fresh with the perennial freshness of early summer, to Lady Bell.

"Is this Trevor Court?" sighed Lady Bell, scarcely stirring herself in her corner of the chariot.

It was with intense mortification, almost exceeding that with which he had found her first address him as a man who might be her father, and afterwards repel with disgust his clumsy blandishments, that Mr. Trevor discovered Trevor Court was lost on Lady Bell.

She saw in it only a better sort of prison-house. She was not grateful for the change from the wreck at St. Bevis's. At St. Bevis's there had still been something like freedom and hope. Trevor Court signified slavery and despair.

Lady Bell was not nearly old enough, or mercenary enough, to weigh with appreciation the substantial evidences of respectability and comfort. Her burdened heart and soul were not free to admit a sense of beauty.

Lady Bell looked round her with lack-lustre eyes. No comment of satisfaction or word of praise dropped from her tightly-locked lips.

"Welcome, your honour! Welcome, madam, and long life and prosperity!

Many happy returns of the day! Hoorah! hoorah!" broke the stiff, oppressive silence. The greeting burst in set form, and simultaneously, from the pliant dependants and consequential old servants in quilted gowns like Mrs. Kitty's, in worsted stockings, and worsted lace setting off their livery, in gardeners' green aprons and countrymen's round hats, which were at that moment waved lustily in the air.

The worst was to come; for resentment and regret at fifteen are very liable to merge into petulence, alternating with heaviness. Lady Bell received the demonstration haughtily and cavalierly. She was the mistress of these folks, in spite of herself, and against her will. Their making merry provoked her when she did not desire their service.

It had been right that she should put the best face upon matters while she was in other people's houses; but since she had come home, if home meant anything, and as Squire Trevor's marriage had been too unpremeditated to admit of the assistance of strangers in the "home-coming," she need make no further pretence.

She declined to drink her own health, not to say Squire Trevor's, in the ale which had been broached, and the claret which had been drawn. She was forced to pledge her household in return; but she only touched the flagon with her lips. She was compelled, too, to take the Squire's arm, and walk, accommodating her steps to his pursy gait; but she walked like a naughty child, with as few smiles and curtseys as she could bestow between the rows of retainers. She clutched her skirt and riding-gloves, to prevent any willing hand freeing her from the incumbrances.

There was something pathetic as well as ludicrous in the forlornness of the unmagnanimous behaviour that showed both singleness of heart and extreme youthful folly in the friendless girl; but it incensed Squire Trevor beyond measure.

Without the indiscretion, he might have felt inclined, as he had carried his point and gained his end, to be in good humour with his bride and the rest of the world.

True, he had married on a mere impulse, and in a spirit of contradiction. His fancy for Lady Bell, who was showing herself intractable and exasperating, hardly deserved the name even of passion. The accidents of her situation, and of the opportune manner in which she had crossed his path, together with her rank, had as much to do with his fancy as any gust of passion, though the girl, in her right mind, was attractive enough. He was but slightly acquainted with her. He had no familiarity with girls, not much with women of any age. He would, under any circumstances, have been shy and awkward, would not have known what to do with Lady Bell after he had got her, and would soon have found her in his way, even if she had conducted herself with amazing self-restraint and tact.

But he might not have betrayed speedy symptoms of moroseness and violence had he not felt deeply injured.

As it was, Lady Bell, who had been used, in her experience of mankind as masters, simply to Squire Godwin's supercilious scorn, had cause within her very first day at Trevor Court to dread Squire Trevor's awfully furious temper. She had married the worst-conditioned John Trot in Gloucestershire, and she had set his teeth on edge in crossing his threshold.

She saw him fretting and fidgeting—

"Lazy tykes, not to have finished with the hay crop. Who set them to hoist flags and busk arches? I'll let them know I'll marry every day in the year, without freeing them from their tasks. Zounds! one of the young horses broke her neck in the quarry. I'll break more necks before I've done, the fiends take them!"

She witnessed the storm gathering and rising, while he stamped here and clattered there, till it reached a roar, which, for shame's sake, was not directed against her as yet, but which sullenly took her into the general offence.

The entire household cowered in the middle of their holiday-keeping before the untimely blast. Lady Bell cowered too, secretly.

From that moment's height of startled dismay she was in fear of her life whenever the Squire rampaged, swore, and (especially after his dinner and bottle of port) flung about the furniture, dashed down his pipe, kicked the very live coals from the grate over the room, and drove the dogs, with their tails between their heels, flying from the house.

But, notwithstanding, the girl was not tamed or cured of her sauciness; her spirit might be broken in time, but it was not broken at once, though it had recoiled before Squire Godwin's irony. There was that in her which rose naturally against the physical terror of brute force, though it might overwhelm her ultimately.

Lady Bell kept as far as she could out of

sight and sound of the Squire's "rages;" but when they were over, leaving him in a condition of stupid exhaustion and dogged affront, she went her own way again, as if the rages had never been. Her way was very much the same way that she had pursued at St. Bevis's, of carrying on always more listlessly her slender studies, and of working out her manifold minute devices.

"Hadn't you better take a sensible piece of work into your hands in place of reading fools' verses and French books—no good comes from France—or wasting your time with trumpery drawing and flowering?" Thus Mr. Trevor had sought to lay the ungentle yoke on her in the first lustre of the honeymoon. "I thought all proper brought-up young women, whether they were Lady Bells or not, without a penny to bring to their husbands"—he illustrated the position candidly—"were taught to keep accounts, and help to make their own clothes, like my cousin at the parsonage, even if they could not raise paste and feed poultry."

"Let me tell you, sir," retorted Lady Bell with considerable courage, "that, though I am Lady Bell who never pretended to bring a penny to a husband—as it is not my fault that I have one—I can keep accounts, and help to make my clothes when it is needful. But I choose to have other occupations when those that you have been so good as to point out to me, fail me. I suppose you do not wish me to make accounts, that I may add them up, or to cut out and stitch together more clothes than I can wear? As for raising paste, I confess I have seen that left to the cook; and for poultry—we had only sparrows in town."

"A fig for town—a sink of corruption," protested Mr. Trevor, reddening like a turkey-cock at the insulting idea, that town could be held superior to Trevor Court. "I'm of the mind of Lord Mulcaster, who had it put into the articles of his marriage contract, that my lady was neither to go to town, nor to wear diamonds."

"I did not know that the question was of going to town or wearing diamonds," cried Lady Bell with a grimace. "I thought you were speaking of raising paste and feeding poultry."

"Can't you bide in your own house, Bell?" the Squire would bully his wife another time, because he himself seldom indulged in exercise beyond stumping to his offices, riding round a field or two on his cob, playing a game of bowls or skittles with his servants. He was disturbed by the young girl's girlish restlessness. He hated to have her doing what he did not care to do—without him too.

"No, I can't, Mr. Trevor. I must have breath and motion, if I can have nothing else," Lady Bell asserted plainly.

Lady Bell remained a stranger in her husband's house, in the plenty and snugness of Trevor Court, as in the barrenness and exposure of St. Bevis's. She was in greater isolation than ever; for there was no Mr. Greenwood, and no Sneyd—friendly scamps at Trevor Court.

In place of attaching any of her husband's servants, Lady Bell had contrived to repel them from the beginning; for was not their idol, their own born and bred Squire, the reflection but slightly refined of their doltish and dour natures? And did not the young madam start by committing sacrilege against the idol, who, if you spoke him fair, and took a few fierce words—it might be blows—was not so bad an idol as times went.

Squire Trevor had his good points, which his own people knew best. He was ready to make up, by a sort of crabbed justice, when the passion was off him, for his surliness of manners. He could take his bottle like the rest of the world, and even sit and soak himself into blind madness when he was brooding on any real or fancied wrong. But he did not squander his means on vain show or riotous living. He did not gamble away his paternal acres, and consign his dependants to wreck and ruin with himself, like many of his generation.

Squire Trevor was considered somewhat of a model of squirearchical excellence down at Trevor Court, and Lady Bell by contrast a very naughty young lady indeed,—a discontented, good-for-nothing Londoner, who took it upon her to be sullen or peevish, and did not at once set herself to please her husband by implicit obedience, and by all wifely arts as well as wifely virtues.

Trevor Court was not, like St. Bevis's, out of count in its neighbourhood, but, except in doing his duty to society by keeping up rounds of visits on special occasions, Mr. Trevor did not care for going into or receiving company. He liked to know himself monarch of all he surveyed, and to be deferred to in like manner, heights of regard which he could hardly attain off his own land.

Above all, Mr. Trevor objected to presenting an open door to the country, or to availing himself of other open doors, so soon as he had discovered that Lady Bell, after long abstinence from the society of young people

like herself, could, when restored to it, abate her exclusiveness, and even relax into faint dimpling smiles. "By George!" he swore, "if she can't smile on me and my honest household, she shan't on a parcel of idle young rakes and impudent hussies in their questionable surroundings."

It was not unlikely that Squire Trevor had some reason in his decision. The standard of morals was low everywhere a century ago.

But Lady Bell was innocent of comprehending such justification. She regarded the deprivation enforced on her as an additional injury and insult. And she was determined that if Mr. Trevor kept her a prisoner at Trevor Court, he should look on her face as that of a prisoner directed to her jailer.

CHAPTER X.—THE SUNDONS AND THE WALSHES.

CHURCH was nearly the only place where Lady Bell saw the world, if seeing the world it could be called, when she was shut securely into a high, moth-eaten brown pew, with Squire Trevor seated by her side, and his servants ranged in rows behind her. However, Lady Bell's wandering eyes contrived to peep over the board, to seek out and rest on a lady and gentleman in the only other pew which was on an equality with Squire Trevor's, in the little parish church.

The lady was only a few years older than Lady Bell, who thought the stranger very handsome. She had one of those striking profiles which readily catch the eye. Her face was long and oval, with clearly cut, distinguished nose and chin, the under part of the face projecting very slightly. The fine face belonged to a fine figure. The white cardinal cape and little chip hat and plume of feathers had more of an air of fashion than Lady Bell had noticed in such articles since her happy days with the best society at Lady Lucie Penruddock's.

The lady's companion was young like herself, as Lady Bell remarked wistfully, though, after the fashion of most of the young Englishmen of rank whom she had seen, his face lacked the freshness of youth. Still it was a pleasant, prepossessing face in its suspicion of haggardness and exhaustion, and was in conjunction with a good person and the easy manner of a cultivated man of the world.

The couple used the same Prayer-Book,—that is, he looked on hers when he used a book at all. She admonished him with a reproachful smile and shake of the head, when he yawned and closed his eyes during the service. He led her out of church when the congregation were dismissed, and handing her into a landau, drove off talking and laughing with her. They were a very pretty couple, surely near and intimate relations, and they quite took Lady Bell's fancy.

"Who are the handsome lady and gentleman?" she inquired on the first opportunity of the vicar's wife.

"I am sure I cannot tell," answered the lady indifferently; "I desire to keep my eyes better employed than in staring round on the skin-deep beauty or fine feathers of my fellow-worms. I daresay you mean young Sundon, of Chevely, who has taken a wife like the rest of us, and brought her down on a visit to these parts. They say he has been a wild liver, and that the friends of madam, who was a great fortune, opposed the marriage. If so, they did not need to wish her ill, in order to keep her from thriving."

"She looks more like thriving than I who obeyed my friends," thought Lady Bell.

"Madam Sundon will want all her wits," continued the speaker, "to make her man pick up, that he may not squander what is left of his means and her fortune. But I neither know nor care, for it is long since I have shaken hands with the world and its gossip."

"Young Sundon, of Chevely," echoed Squire Trevor irritably, "the spark who stood up against his betters at Peasmarsh? I forbid you, Lady Bell, to have a word to say to one of his pack."

"Who speaks of having a word to say?"—she resented the prohibition nevertheless; "mayn't a cat look at a king?" And Lady Bell did take a poor consolation in looking her fill at the comely, light-hearted young couple. In return the couple looked hard at Lady Bell, and as she convinced herself with a swelling heart, repressed a smile at her associations and pitied her.

At last, meeting the Sundons, when she had broken away from Mr. Trevor, and was riding with the vicar's daughter or with a servant, the beautiful, assured-looking lady made an advance to Lady Bell. Mrs. Sundon's was one of those faces which are full of character and latent strength. This was more true with regard to her face than to that of her bland but languid companion. Therefore she took the invitation, smiled in a friendly way, and nodded neighbour fashion, while Mr. Sundon lifted his hat, and held it till the parties had passed each other.

As for Lady Bell, she smiled, flushed, and nodded slightly in return, with a girl's shy, inconsiderate triumph in evading the

Squire's tyrannical mandate, for smiling and nodding were not speaking to the Sundons—husband and wife.

There was one person close to Lady Bell who was ready to give her a different version of a wife's duty to a husband than a flighty, very human subterfuge implied. That person had been regularly commissioned to lecture Lady Bell and keep an eye on her.

In introducing Lady Bell to his cousin, the vicar's wife, the Squire had said, half in homely jocoseness, which might have been very well had there been a good understanding between the ill-matched couple, and half in tart earnest, "I give my wife into your charge, Ann; you'll look after her, and see that she minds her duty, and does not get into scrapes."

"I accept the charge, cousin," responded Mrs. Walsh promptly and with the utmost gravity; "I'll do my best for the young lady," and she did not even add, "if she'll allow me;" while, poor touchy, aristocratic Lady Bell, drew up her dainty figure and tossed her head in vain at the bargain made, like her marriage itself, will-he nill-he.

Mrs. Walsh was the wife of a hard-working clergyman, who left to her a share of his public duties and the entire management of his private concerns, including the intercourse between the parsonage and the mansion of the Squire, Mrs. Walsh's cousin. When Mr. Walsh was not in his church or school, he was in his study; and when he was neither in church, school, nor study, he was reading or praying by some cottage bedside.

Mrs. Walsh in her own person laboured from morning till night, not only without complaint, but with a high sense of the privilege and dignity of her vocation. She brought up a large family honourably on a marvellously small income. She strengthened her husband's hands in other respects by employing every spare moment in teaching the ignorant, reclaiming the bad, and nursing the sick.

Mrs. Walsh had received a solid masculine education, classical, mathematical, theological, which enabled her to act as tutor to her sons, and assistant to her husband, in their studies. She despised all mere shallow, graceful, feminine accomplishments, and condemned them as waste of time. In like manner she had both a natural and acquired antipathy to fine ladies. She was well matched, and in cordial sympathy with her husband, therefore she magnified the marriage tie and enforced it in the highest measure on all less happy wives, and was amazed to find they could dream of setting it at nought, in all its length and breadth.

Mrs. Walsh wore a steeple-crowned hat and cloth spencer when she went abroad, in all weathers and on all occasions. Within doors she wore an equally high-crowned cap and voluminous frills, which were in correct keeping with her massive, aggressive face and towering, portly figure. She was a more formidable presence than that of a beadle or bailiff to all weak and froward recusants who were not utter reprobates, in the middle of the sluggishness of the country parish.

Mrs. Walsh was an additional and a tremendous thorn in Lady Bell's delicate flesh, in strict fulfilment of what the parson's wife considered her pledge to the Squire.

Mrs. Walsh had a little leisure at this time. The chronic ague and the frequent putrid fever were not so widely spread and virulent as usual, thanks, as Mrs. Walsh judged rightly, to the Lord's blessing; (but whether the exemption was to be attributed further to her sovereign sage and ground ivy-tea is a debatable question.) The recent visit of a recruiting sergeant had enticed within the reach of the iron horse and the cat o' nine tails some of the more troublesome young ne'er-do-wells within the bounds.

Mrs. Walsh set herself to spend her holiday in taking Lady Bell Trevor to task. Mrs. Walsh would impress on Lady Bell a new code of morals, bring her to a better frame of mind, render her a useful member of society, and a reformed young woman and wife. In what Mrs. Walsh called dealing faithfully with Lady Bell, the reformer did not hesitate on the plainest speaking, the most direct home thrusts.

To do Mrs. Walsh justice, she dealt as faithfully with her cousin, the Squire, when her mission lay in that direction. She called him roundly a profane swearer, a man of strife, a vain and puffed-up man of the world, and coolly stood her ground in the teeth of his wrath, bidding him, "Turn me out of your doors, cousin; I don't mind;—I shall suffer in a good cause, but it will be the worse for you, I promise you."

The Squire did not turn her and her "overbearing conceit and Methodist cant" out of doors, though he threatened it many a time, and it was certain that she browbeat his violence in bearding it, and had more influence over him than most people.

The excellent woman rather relished the tug of war, and the coming off victoriously from the autocratic kinsman out of whose way she was careful to keep her husband, and to whom the rest of the parish cringed subserviently.

It was not of the smallest use for Lady Bell to be haughty, to be flippant, and to try every effort to evade her persecutor. Mrs. Walsh only found fresh food for her homilies in the girl's struggles.

"I must tell you, Lady Bell, it is senseless and unbecoming of you to take a huff at good advice;" and Mrs. Walsh proceeded to state her views and issue her censures deliberately and elaborately: "It is not the work of a rational creature to thread beads and flourish on catgut. If Squire Trevor has the gout, it is not your part to leave him alone the whole morning while you make a play of gathering rose-leaves. It would set you better to be gaining a knowledge of simples, so that you might distil a remedy for his pain. But I, or any one with open eyes, can see how little you mind him,—your own husband, who is one flesh and blood with you,—if so be you can please and divert yourself. I should be sorry to see my Sally, who is half a year younger than you, and has no goodman of her own to study and serve, as yet, of such a light and heedless turn of mind."

"You may give your advice, ma'am, when I ask for it," panted Lady Bell.

"I shall not wait for such an opening—folk would have to wait long enough, if they stayed till they were bidden call in question wrong-doing." Mrs. Walsh rose and took to walking up and down the room, like a peripatetic philosopher, delivering his dogmas.

"What call have you—what title have you to speak so to me, Mrs. Walsh?" insisted Lady Bell, her cheeks a-blaze.

"I have the call of my conscience and the title of one who, by God's blessing, at least knows right from wrong, however imperfectly I may put it in practice," announced Mrs. Walsh without a moment's hesitation, standing still and looking down from her vantage on the culprit.

"If I were not an unhappy young creature," Lady Bell broke down at last, and wrung her hands in futile youthful pain and rage, "if Mr. Trevor, cruel old tyrant as he is, were even like other husbands——"

"Have a care, Lady Bell, have a care," interrupted Mrs. Walsh, in extreme disdain and disgust, "if you are so far left to yourself as openly to speak evil of the man whom you have vowed—ay, madam, vowed, solemnly, so that you are a foresworn and lost woman if you break your vow—to honour and obey, then I shall not know what fine-lady depravity we may look for next, or in what strict keeping, for your own unhappy sake, we ought to hold you."

"You may heap insult on insult; you may report what I have said to your cousin, Mrs. Walsh,"—Lady Bell gave her foe free leave, as she nervously twirled the lace of her boddice,—"that will be fair and kind, like the rest of your conduct."

"Indeed, my lady, I shall not stick to report this, or whatever I think necessary, to my cousin Trevor at any time," Mrs. Walsh accepted the permission undauntedly. "Worldly honour and I have shaken hands long ago. To do my duty to God and my neighbour is all my care."

But Mrs. Walsh did not on this or any other occasion appeal to Squire Trevor. She was too stout-hearted a woman to call in, without reluctance, foreign aid in her battles. She might have shaken hands with worldly honours, but she had an honour of her own—she contented herself with confiding to her own husband that she "mistrusted" that young Lady Bell Trevor was either clean crazy, or on the high road to ruin.

Perhaps it came to the same thing in the end, for, acting on her convictions, Mrs. Walsh took it upon herself, in what she believed the interest of religion, virtue, and family regard, to watch and guard the unfortunate young woman, and in this Mrs. Walsh was warmly abetted by Squire Trevor, who was growing every day more jealous of his wife.

When Mrs. Walsh could not discharge her office in person, she did it in deputy through her eldest daughter. Young Sally Walsh, brought up under the hardest discipline, in her home-spun linen and woollen and barn-door buxomness, had been considerably dazzled to begin with, by the elegant apparition of Lady Bell; but, having been smartly chidden by her mother for her short-sighted worldliness, she fell straightway into the opposite error

Sally was not only forward and intrusive in her bearing towards Lady Bell, whom Sally's mother had in such small esteem, but, from learning to entertain a poor opinion of the foolish young fine lady, and her distempered state of mind, Sally proceeded, without meaning much harm, on the whole meaning good, to despise Lady Bell and to trample upon her figuratively.

Lady Bell had spirit to keep her own ground and repel affronts, but it was a proud, delicate spirit, and was at a discount in a contest with ruder, stronger spirits.

"I'll go up to the Court and sit with Lady Bell," Sally Walsh would propose, dangling her hat by its ribbons, and squaring the

mottled elbows which her mits left exposed. "I don't mind though she is as mum as a mouse and as glum as an owl, I'll keep her from going melancholy mad;" and then the young girl would say, not for a moment concealing that she looked for some benefit to herself in the benefit conferred on another, "Lady Bell may let me take the shape of a habit shirt," or "the peaches are prime ripe in the Court gardens."

Mrs. Walsh bade her daughter not hanker after the follies of dress, or the flesh-pots of Egypt, but she did not think the hankering in this case very unnatural or unreasonable.

"What do you think I found my lady doing?" Sally would report faithfully to her mother on her return; "Carving cherry-stones! I told her she would blind herself; but, of course, she whittled away. The Squire's list shoes were worn out, and I said I should make him a new pair, and he said, there was a wench of some use in the world!"

"Then be thankful, child, and don't learn bragging from poor silly Lady Bell."

"She didn't know how to make list shoes, mother, but she looked at me after I had the list from Tofts; she is quick, Lady Bell, for, as dandilly as she is, she picked up the making in no time. 'There,' she said,—you can hear her, mother, in her low mincing tones,—'now I can show Tofts how to supply Mr. Trevor with list shoes; in future you need not trouble to make any more, Miss Walsh;' these were all the thanks I had."

"You taught the fine lady one useful lesson," Mrs. Walsh encouraged her daughter.

But though Lady Bell might try and might sometimes succeed in asserting her supremacy in distancing her foes, she could not fight with their weapons. When they invaded her privacy, invited themselves to be her companions, spied upon her, if that could be called spying which was open and bold, and all to do her good, they drove her nearly frantic.

CHAPTER XI.—THE ELECTION AT PEASMARSH.

GOADED as Lady Bell was, and with the summer sunshine on the wane, and the autumn gloom approaching, she was ready to welcome any change. She heard with satisfaction, one afternoon, a surly announcement from her husband that she was to accompany him to Peasmarsh, and that she had better make preparations for remaining several weeks in the county town.

Lady Bell took such slight notice of what was passing around her, and had so little knowledge of the world, that she did not connect the announcement with the circumstance that there had been a great deal of whipping and spurring of gentlemen lately to Trevor Court, where they were shut up with the Squire of a morning, or drinking with him after dinner. They were visitors to whom Lady Bell was indifferent, in addition to the Squire's not caring for her having intercourse with them.

Lady Bell had no idea what the family were going into Peasmarsh for, till Sally Walsh insulted her by the incredulous demand—

"You don't mean to say, Lady Bell, that you don't know the elections are coming on, and that the Squire is to stand as member? My ears, what do you hear? Father and mother and I knew this a fortnight ago."

The Squire, who doted on Trevor Court and hated town, who was for his day a lukewarm politician—seeing that politics concerned more men than Dick Trevor, and more places than Trevor Court—what should he do in Parliament? But Lady Bell hardly stopped to ask, and to put two and two together, to argue that there must be an opponent in the field, for the Squire, like a mad bull, would run blindly at an opponent.

Here was deliverance, here was a lightening of her load. With the giddiness by no means rooted out of her, and without considering that she had made the same reflection not greatly to her profit once before, she now reflected, It is an ill wind which blows nobody good.

To escape from Trevor Court, to leave the Walshes behind her, even for a season, to have a chance of being restored to her beloved town and the countenance of her old friends, for such a gain it was almost worth while to have married Squire Trevor.

The occasion of Lady Bell's leaving was the first time that she had contemplated her world with complacence since she came to Trevor Court. Sitting in the travelling chariot by her husband's side, Lady Bell was faintly conscious that the fine old place, which he leant out to regard so fondly, deserved the love and honour which had not been hers to give. The clustering stacks of chimneys, with their hospitable spirals of blue smoke, the yew terrace, with its deep shade and broad light, were very fair to see.

Lady Bell actually looked round her with interest on the road, and as the travellers, at nine miles distance from home, approached the first straggling buildings of Peasmarsh.

These were humble enough, but the market-place presented an imposing array of country gentry's winter houses, an old square-towered Norman church, and a curious town-hall and steeple. There were also, dropped down within its bounds, a thatch-roofed tavern, a dark, cavernous shop, having its gable to the street, with a hanging sign, and a door divided in the middle, a row of coopers', cobblers', and booksellers' stalls, and the jail, with its pair of stocks, yawning for rascally limbs, fixed into the wall.

The market-place of Peasmarsh was gay to the young student of human nature, after Trevor Court in the company of Squire Trevor.

To Lady Bell's juvenile satisfaction, the Trevors' lodgings were in the market-place, so that she could hope to see all that was going on, and hear constantly the social patter of clogs and pattens on the flags beneath her windows.

She was so full of the novelty of the expected gaiety, that as soon as she had thrown off her travelling equipments, and swallowed her two o'clock dinner, she sat down at the window to lose nothing of the sight. She even began to convey the impressions which she received to Mr. Trevor, in a freedom of intercourse which had hardly existed between them before, in the course of their three months' wedlock. In the



Page 188.

meantime he sat swallowing his wine and smoking his pipe, in an interval of repose, ere he sallied forth to meet his supporters.

"They are posting up bills at the corner; a gentleman from the tavern is taking care of the operation. I see in at the open door—there is the company sitting round the table, covered with glasses. Now I am sure they are drinking a toast—one of them has leapt on the table before the door is shut. What a trade they are driving in blue ribands in that shop! Do all the women in Peasmarsh wear knots of blue ribands? Here comes a chair. I vow the lady is going to be set down at the tavern door; no, she has only made one of her chairmen beckon to a person within, and a billet is flung to her from the window. Why, Mr. Trevor, the street lads must know that one of the candidates is arrived in the town, for they are beginning to gather materials for a bonfire."

"You are easily tickled, my lady, for one who has seen so many fine sights; the town air, even of a hole like Peasmarsh, seems to agree mightily with you, when it sets your tongue a-wagging," sneered the Squire; yet the man was not unamused with the girl's amusement, and was not unwilling that his young wife should be a little happier than she had been; only she had despised him and Trevor Court, and she should not immediately cease to suffer for it.



"LADY BELL."

Page 193.

Lady Bell drew back into her shell, stiffened not stung; she did not care enough for the man who had made himself her husband to be stung by him.

She had nothing to do with the innumerable meetings of influential gentlemen, the speeches, including the bawling of speakers till they were hoarse, the rows, extending to the raising of walking canes and unsheathing of rapiers. All this was echoed by the clamour, the fisticuffing, the brick-batting, the cutlass-wielding of the populace. And the whole was but a small by-play preceding the close canvassing, the show on the hustings, the polling, the proclaiming, the chairing.

But Lady Bell had her own part to play. She was ordered to drive out all day, and every day, in the streets and lanes of Peasmarsh. At first when she did so, her relish for the town was impaired. Excited tradesmen and their apprentices, mechanics, drawers from the tavern taps, street-criers came round her, cheering or hooting. They cried the party cries which were then rending the nation, "Down with Wilkes," or "Wilkes for ever," according as they were tory or whig (Squire Trevor was a tory), as if she were Wilkes, or Wilkes's wife at least.

The mob pressed up to the chariot, and would either have had out the horses and harnessed themselves instead, dragging their future member's wife with wild jolts and wilder hurrahs, or would have pelted "the machine which held Trevor's wife" with mingled opprobrium and filth; and Lady Bell quailed before the ordeal.

But her courage only wanted steeling—she belonged to a class of rulers. Soon she could smile—a pale, handsome, child-like young woman as she was—and look around her unmoved, save by the necessity of graciously acknowledging greetings, whether she were applauded or abused, bowed before, or bemired. It came naturally to her, and stimulated her to sit aloft there in her born element of leadership amidst historic feuds.

Then Lady Bell was commanded to go into every shop in the town to make abundant purchases, of the most diverse description, from satin to moleskin, from buttons to carriage-wheels, from sheep's tar to *eau-de-luce*. She was next directed to "go into" every householder's dwelling, with her "fellows" bearing after her, from the stuffed and piled carriage, any article that was portable, that Lady Bell might give gifts and bestow largesses like an eastern princess on her progress.

"And see that you show none of your confounded insolence, Lady Bell," was roared after her by her husband, as she departed on her mission, for, between bating and fuddling, in the extreme exigences of an election, Squire Trevor was fast being driven beside himself.

It was a misconception and an untruth that Lady Bell's airs took the form of insolence to her inferiors in rank, when they did not trespass against her notions of decorum and the respect which she believed was due to her. On the contrary, she was gracious and affable in these circumstances.

Lady Bell loved to confer favours; she was in a state of crass ignorance in many respects, knew nothing whatever of the merits of political questions, and had little to say when the people were strangers to her. But her simple smile, her youth and its charms, her rank, went a far way to insure her popularity and promote her cause. It was hers, she was eager for it, she had worked herself up into eagerness even apart from the selfish consideration that Mr. Trevor's being returned member for Peasmarsh, was the sole chance of Lady Bell's being restored to her Elysian fields.

There had been a little mystery about the candidate on the whig side, some uncertain bringing forward and withdrawal of suitable men, and Lady Bell had been ten days at Peasmarsh before she was aware of who was her husband's opponent.

The enlightenment broke upon Lady Bell suddenly, and with a little shock. Her course in driving one day was interrupted by the rival course of another chariot, with a similar train of friends and foes. In the chariot sat the handsome young lady whom Lady Bell had first seen in church, but the lady's young husband had not yet left her to brave a street mob alone: he was seated beside her.

Mrs. Sundon's fine face was pointed keenly for contest. Mr. Sundon looked almost animated and alive—as people seldom saw him look—not beside the real prize of his life, the beautiful, witty, wealthy woman who had elected him, against all hostile representations, her husband, but only in a tavern over the last bottle, where brawls were impending and blood was ready to flow, over cards and dice, in a dog-fight or a cock-pit, on a race-ground.

One need not condemn that man alone—there were hundreds and thousands of men like him, desperately jaded, mind and body, with the springs of life poisoned early, who might have been capable of higher and better things.

The couple were swift to recognise Lady Bell's position, as she recognised theirs, and to show her what had become the courtesy of foes. It touched her all the more when she recalled it, after she had happened to see from her window Mr. Trevor's encounter with Mr. Sundon in the market-place. In return for the grace of Mr. Sundon's punctilious bow, Squire Trevor had vouchsafed only a savage scowl.

Into the house of one of the voters Lady Bell walked on the heels of Mrs. Sundon, going her rounds on a similar errand, so that the two ladies had nearly jostled each other in the doorway.

But the elder lady gave way to the younger, before Lady Bell, in her agitation, could think of what she ought to do. "The place is yours, Lady Bell Trevor," said a sweet, sonorous voice, with a shade of emphasis on the Lady Bell. Then, as if regretting even that slightly ungracious inference, Mrs. Sundon added, "I am happy to yield it to you; ladies need not quarrel though gentlemen contest seats in Parliament;" finally, she remarked with a still franker, more winning cordiality, "I think that you and I should not quarrel, Lady Bell."

"I think not, madam," sighed Lady Bell, in a troubled fashion, conscious, with no ignoble envy, that Mrs. Sundon was her superior in manners as well as years.

"If I don't have a care," reflected Lady Bell in alarm, and with the crude, unmincing expression of opinion which belonged to her years and her generation, "I'll soon be as great a brute as Trevor."

The heat of the election grew intense and consuming, overthrowing all barriers, swallowing up all scruples, till it was not without call that the sheriff, and a company of soldiers were looked for, at the last moment, to keep the peace.

Lady Bell's room in the Trevors' lodgings had come to be invaded with the Squire's supporters, agents, whippers-in, as they sought privacy in which to make up their lists, yell the sum total, wrangle, start new and more audacious schemes, and openly discuss infamous and scoundrelly plans.

In spite of the weight of Mr. Trevor's character and stake in the county, there arose a horrible suspicion that the whig interest had gained ground in Peasmarsh, and that the tories might be defeated.

Forbid it, all ye powers of moral orthodox landowners, since Gregory Sundon, of Chevely, in addition to having been a gamester of the first water, a hard drinker, a frequenter of riotous company, after the pattern of his worthy master in statesmanship, was also a renegade to Charles James Fox's revolutionary American creed. Let all the powers of torydom be fitly called in to circumvent such vile traitors!

"Egad! I would rather call Greg. Sundon out, and wing him before the nomination day," suggested a fire-eater.

"Sooner be winged yourself, Ted," mocked a listener; "Sundon is the best shot and swordsman between this and Lon'on."

"Had large practice, you see," a third took up the tale briskly, "has us at a shameful disadvantage. Why not steal a march upon him—not wing him, but deal him a stray blow with a cudgel, or the flight of a stone, to crack his conceited pate or smash a limb? That would keep him out of our way for a week or two; teach him better manners,—be for his good in the long-run;" the speaker looked round triumphantly.

Squire Trevor was sitting, leaning back, in an arm-chair, a member of his tumultuous council, but preserving a grim silence. At the proposal his florid face darkened to purple, his red-brown eyes glared, he smote the table with his fist, and swore, with a ghastly grin, that he should like to be there to see when the barbarous stroke was dealt to his rival.

No one looking on the Squire's inflamed, distorted face could doubt that if he took vengeance into his own hand, there might be grievous danger of rattening—the word might not exist then, but the thing was there, and in higher walks of life, passing swiftly into murder.

"Gentlemen, let me warn you," interposed an anxious attorney, "that kidnapping on the occasion of an election is set down as a grave crime in the calendar, and is punished accordingly."

"Who talked of kidnapping, Torney, unless it were your long-nosed, pettifogging self?" the nervous hint was angrily put down.

"Said and done, Bennet, what you wot of. But Sundon parades the town, backed by a ragged regiment of democratic dogs."

"Not always," was rejoined significantly. "He goes privately every time the London mail comes in to meet and receive his duns' letters, *billet-doux*, and what not into his own hands, rather than his fellow of a servant should bring them to him before his stuck-up madam of a wife. I warrant there are plenty of scores to settle unknown to her. I can see him myself walking up and down, wearing

a muffler, which don't disguise him from me, for as good as half-an-hour sometimes, in front of the inn-yard, before the coach comes in."

"Is the mail extraordinary true to its hour?" investigated one of the conclave curiously.

"Lord! no; how should it be, when it has to run the risk of being stopped by highwaymen at any one of the half-dozen of lone bits between this and London?" replied the last speaker, in some surprise.

"Suppose it to be stopped on Toosday," insinuated the satisfied inquirer, with an accent of the utmost cheerfulness, as he lolled against the wainscot, and kept his hands in his pockets, "when there may be more than Master Sundon on the out-look, a score of our fellows, armed with a hazel twig or two, in case their neighbour townsmen be up also, and a little too warm; hey, Mister Torney?"

"Excuse me, Sir John," stammered the man of law and peace; "I cannot be a party to any sort of outrage, however provoked, or pardonable, or mitigated."

"Nobody's asking you, man," was the contemptuous dismissal; "hold your tongue and shut your ears, that's all, or worse may come of it."

There was another pair of ears inquisitive, bewildered, appalled, which, whatever came of it, were not shut, though sometimes they had grown weary within the last few days of the incessant gabble.

Farmer Huggins was down with rheumatism, and must be wrapped in blankets and brought to the booth in a chair, at the peril of his life.

Butcher Green was trimming, the low rogue; standing out on a presentation to the grammar school for his clever son. What business had butchers with clever sons? or having them, couldn't the butchers keep their lads to the slaughter-house and the scales, as a better trade, after all, than the beggarly professions without patrons?

Dame Mellish had all the odd voters at her finger ends, in return for her vintner's custom, bought up in the first place, to be lavished gratis in the second.

Lady Bell had little to do with these unattractive details. Her part in the business of the election was well past, till Mr. Trevor was member, if he should be member. She was overlooked by the gentlemen, because they had no time to spend upon her, and because they had found out for themselves that it did not chime in with Squire Trevor's humour to have his aristocratic young wife noticed, and it was not for them to thwart the Squire at the present moment.

But there was a fascination to Lady Bell in the very name of Sundon, conjuring up, as it did, the beautiful young woman of that rank and fashion to which Lady Bell was born and bred, more fortunate than she was, inasmuch as Mrs. Sundon's sun had not been eclipsed before noon. She had not been sentenced to be the desolate young wife of an old bear of a country Squire, who would tie her down to his bear-garden, and bait her with his cousins—parsons' wives and daughters. Mrs. Sundon had hope and heart in her youth and beauty, as she shared and enjoyed life with her comely and elegant young husband, whose listlessness and haggardness even had a charm, by force of contrast, in Lady Bell's eyes.

Lady Bell sat with her knotting in the far window, her hand with its shuttle arrested, her scared eyes and ears watching furtively and greedily the club of men by whom her presence was forgotten.

In the absorbing, horrified speculation on the broken words and dark hints which reached her, Lady Bell forgot the market-place and the country-town sights which had occupied her when she had arrived in Peasmarsh, and on which the declining September sun was now brooding peacefully.

With her woman's faculty of leaping at a conclusion, and anticipating every result—painting it in extreme and exaggerated colours, she saw the couple whom she had wistfully admired and envied in a new light.

She saw the slim, refined gentleman suddenly set upon in the dusk, by a band of hired and armed ruffians, and brutally mauled and beaten.

She saw his battered, disfigured body carried home to his wife.

She saw the high-spirited, dignified woman flinging herself down, in the abandonment of grief, by the wreck, apostrophizing it under fond names, lifting the unconscious head on her knees, wiping the blood-stains from the face, to leave it white and blank, and tearing her hair at the shame and anguish of the sight.

WILLIAM ALLAN.

By WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

ONE begins, at times, to fear that "the working man" has been made rather too much of lately; and as with other pets of philanthropy, it may be doubted whether it has done him any good. He has been very much pitied for his hard work and scanty fare and poor dwelling, and it was quite right that these things should be seen to, and that he should get his fair share in the growing prosperity of the country. But he has learnt to pity himself a good deal, which is not a desirable lesson to teach any one; and too many of his class think far more of getting a good wage than of doing good work for it. We do not say that this is a general characteristic of our workman. No doubt, there are very many still who take a pride in the thoroughness of their handwork, and do not pity themselves at all so long as they have plenty to do, and can live honestly by it. Such a working man was William Allan; one who was first of all a man, and who was careful to maintain the truth and sincerity of his manhood, and who strove hard to make others of his class as genuine as he was himself. It is cheering to know that there are such men among us, living quite obscure lives, unknown even to those who take a lively interest in their "order," and doing, in the fear of God, a work which none who are outside could do half so well. Philanthropic societies and Trades' Unions, each with its contributions, secretaries, agents, and speech-makers, leave, on the whole, rather a desponding feeling in our minds, and a very decided conviction that the world's evils are not to be cured by them. But men of the type of William Allan are the real leaven lying in the heart of the lump; and if there be only enough of them, we will wait in good hope for "the good time coming." The various machineries, social and benevolent, are all good in their own way; but nothing will elevate the workman's character so much as the influence of clear intelligence and high-toned morality acting from within his own circle. The help of his brothers does far more for a man than the patronage of his superiors.

It is now some seven-and-twenty years since William Allan came to Glasgow, a young miller, skilled in his craft and in all connected with it, full also of the spirit and aspiration of his class, yet feeling the man to be always more than the workman. Bred on the north-east coast, the keen sea-breezes had blown about his boyhood, and given him a fresh, even florid complexion, and the elastic step of a man braced by the east wind to face all sorts of weather, and think little about it. Standing about six feet high, his broad chest well thrown out, and his head so set on his shoulders that he seemed always looking over other people's heads, altogether he was a grand lion-like man to whom you would have instinctively given way, only that he was generally beforehand with you, and turned aside to let you pass. For with that powerful form and bold bearing, he had a singularly gentle and unassuming spirit, which was seldom roused except by injustice or cruelty, and then his wrath was terrible. A forehead broad and high, clear, frank-looking eyes, not without a twinkle of hearty humour in them, a mouth large and sensitive, with the full lips of the artist, and a massive square jaw united to form a countenance which, whether brooding in quiet thought, or lit up with high emotion as he poured forth a stream of genuine eloquence, will ever be associated in the memories of those who knew him, with the pictures of those great ones who have been kings and leaders of men.

He came out of a humble home, yet of a right good stock, his father having held the mill of Kinnaber, on the bank of the north Esk, some three or four miles from Montrose. The miller in such a neighbourhood used generally to be a shrewd man, rather above the average of rural intelligence, and "full of dealings with the world." William got only the common Burgh school education given to every Scottish boy, which, however, with the love of books and habits of studious thought, was enough to form the groundwork of a remarkable culture in after years. He was early set to work in the mill, to acquire a knowledge of that business. There he received from his old father one of the foremost lessons of a true life, viz., to do honest conscientious work, and to abhor *scamping*, whether he was grinding meal or sorting sacks, reading poetry or thinking out a problem. Old Allan would seem to have been a God-fearing man, thorough in all he did, and holding that without thoroughness there could be no real service either of God or man. Consequently, his lads had to put

their minds into their work, and do in a sufficient way whatever they were set to do. For it matters little what a man's trade is, but it is of infinite moment that he shall make conscience of it, and do it as well as he can.

Thus William Allan had grown up, with the clack of the mill, and the rush of the mill-race always in his ears, in a home pervaded by a devout and dutiful spirit, and loving truth whether in word or act. And now at one-and-twenty, he had come to Glasgow in search of employment and further insight, which that busy town soon found him in more ways than one. Hitherto he had seen no large city, his life having been entirely rural and domestic. Now he found himself amidst the seething population of one of the chief centres of modern enterprise, and looked about him with some wonder perhaps, but with more of anxiety and even sadness the longer he looked. In those years our Scottish life still gathered chiefly around the Church which was the dominant force in the country—greatly more so, at any rate, than it is now. The young workman's first thought, therefore, was not about "the Union," but as to what congregation he should unite himself with both for divine worship, and for intellectual fellowship with men like-minded. At that time Dr. Robert Buchanan was minister of Free St. Mary's, Tron—a man of mark and growing eminence, around whom a quite unusual number of able and thoughtful young men had assembled, and organized themselves in various ways both for self-culture and for Christian service. To St. Mary's, then, young Allan soon found himself strongly drawn by the excellence of its pulpit ministrations, and also by the attraction of congenial spirits who speedily felt his power and the singular charm of his companionship, and indeed, by their intense admiration of him, did their best by-and-by to spoil his career.

Like many other young men at that period, he had hailed the exodus of the Free Church as a singular act of faith, from which other great results might be expected in the future. It was this more than any very strong convictions as to the Church-question itself that swept so many of the young along with that movement. Of course, they had also pretty decided views on the matter at issue, especially on the question of lay-patronage which the country had always liked ill, and liked worse than ever now since the patrons had generally forsaken the National Church, and had no spiritual interest in presenting a sufficient clergyman. But that which chiefly seized on the imaginations of those generous youths, was the grand act of faith done by those brave and true men who, for conscience' sake, gave up their all. It was fondly hoped that those who could do so noble a thing would lead on the Church to yet fuller enlargement, and would satisfy the deeper cravings and religious wants of the age, as fearless guides loving the light, and following it withersoever it led. In this hope they were, many of them, a good deal disappointed, and I know that Allan felt it keenly when he was forced to see, in the Church he loved so well, only another sect as narrow and intolerant as the rest. Meanwhile, in those early years, the enthusiasm was in its full glow and fervour, and gloried in self-denial, for as yet the fossilizing agencies were kept pretty much in the background.

Chalmers had no sooner established the machinery of the Free Church than, weary of mere organizing, though no one had such practical sagacity on that kind of work, he plunged into the old Burke and Hare regions in Edinburgh to try conclusions there between the powers of light and darkness. Shortly afterwards, Dr. Buchanan also led a band of faithful followers on a like expedition into the wynds of Glasgow, their aim being, not merely to do city mission work, but to organize strictly mission churches there. Among those who flung themselves heartily into this labour, Dr. Buchanan had not an abler, or more zealous follower than William Allan, whose evenings were now chiefly spent in the wynds, visiting, teaching, helping the poor, and doubtless laying up for himself many a fruitful experience. Ere long he had so identified himself with the work that shortly after the retiring of Mr. Hogg, who had been pioneer missionary there—a rough, homely, genuine man, admirably fitted for such work—Mr. Allan was appointed missionary in the wynds. He accepted the office with reluctance and self-distrust. It had ever been in his mind to remain a working man, serving his fellows as he had opportunity. And he had rightly judged his own vocation. He was not fitted for the kind of work he was now expected to do. Sermons might be called addresses, but they were still sermons, and they sadly cramped his freedom. The revival style of preaching also had come into vogue, and he had no gift that way. By-and-by, therefore, he turned to his handicraft again, and in 1855 accepted the charge of a mill in the north of Ireland. The lessee, however, was not successful, and soon again Allan was adrift. How he came to be reporter and sub-editor of the *Newry Herald* for

a while, we do not exactly know. Very likely, much as he became missionary in the wynds, his clear, manly speech giving people an impression that he was able for anything that turned up. But his Scotch fervour was too cold for Irish Orangemen. He could not hate any one enough to satisfy them—was too liberal for the one party, and not revolutionary enough for the other. It soon appeared, therefore, that Allan was not to be the saviour of Ireland, at least, not by means of sub-editing the *Newry Herald*. Indeed, literary work was no more in his line than preaching—even less. For as an orator, in his natural sphere, he was a real power—clear, fluent, forcible, never pausing for a word, and always choosing the right one. But the pen seemed to clog those winged words, and therefore, in after years, he seldom wrote more than an introduction, and a skeleton which was to be clothed and vitalised as he spoke. Nature meant him for a speaker, and in due time he found it out.

Most men of any power have their temporary oscillations and uncertainties before they discover and fairly settle down to the real task of their lives. Such were these home-mission days and sub-editor days in the career of William Allan. Friends, struck with his remarkable faculty, both of thought and of speech, fancied it were a pity these should be wasted in the narrow sphere of an artisan's life. A common mistake; and though Allan, for a season, yielded to their opinion, by-and-by he began to see that the force which was in him could not have its full effect unless he remained among the men of his own order. The workman of to-day is not much influenced by those outside of his own sphere. He is slow to believe that any one can understand his position who does not look at it from his own point of view. Therefore the man at the next bench will have more weight with him than a clergyman, or even a lord. His class sympathies are strong, and if our artisans are to become all that we would like them to be, the power must be found mainly among themselves. Allan partook largely of these class feelings, while rising high above class prejudices. Thus I find him writing to a friend in 1857 about the death of Hugh Miller:—"Like you, I have never experienced anything like the same sense of personal bereavement on the death of a public man before. We knew Hugh so well, and all his peculiarities of thought and expression. We sympathized so broadly with him, for although a transcendental specimen, he was clearly *of our order*—an intelligent, religious, Scottish working man. The most gifted man, I suppose, we have ever produced, with the single exception of Burns; and then he was not, like him, both our glory and our shame. We could regard Hugh with such unqualified admiration and love; he had, through his whole life, so thoroughly *played the man*." Thus lovingly the Forfarshire miller looked up to the Cromarty mason, and one with these feelings was exactly the man to tell powerfully on those of his own "order." On his return, therefore, to Glasgow, it was clearly with a fixed purpose to abide among his own people, and to do what he could as a working man for working men.

Appointed manager-foreman at the Tradeston Mills, he enjoyed an income that, with thrift, maintained his family in modest independence—very modest, but emphatically independent. Far more to him, however, than any wage was the position it gave him as still clearly a working man, yet naturally having some weight among working men. Those who were directly under his authority soon learnt to know him as a thorough workman, and also a kind and wise friend. But his influence was by no means limited to them. One must remember, however, the conditions under which he now laboured in order to understand what he really accomplished. There were few busier men in busy Glasgow than he. Never less than ten or twelve hours a day were spent in the mill, and often very many more. He had no "stent" or "darg," but worked under a conscience trained to let no bad work out of his hand, cost what it might of labour or time. The very pride he had in his "order" urged him to uphold its credit by thoroughness and sufficiency. He would not soil his fingers by doing the "cheap and nasty." Any sham work filled him with shame and indignation, because it disgraced his "order." The lion-head would be tossed back, and the heavy stick come rattling on the pavement, and a torrent of eloquent wrath would pour forth, when he happened to hear of such dishonest work.

All his days, then, he was a busy, hard-working man, getting few summer holidays, getting only the Saturday afternoons, which were generally spent in long walks with a friend, who was, like himself, a man of unwearying industry, and keen, active intellect. Yet how much, not only of personal culture, but of high service, he managed to accomplish for all that! For one thing, he had always

a class of young men on Sunday evenings, in which his religious life found a fitting sphere of action, for he spared no pains to make it such as thoughtful lads could profit by; and we have reason to believe that more than one young clergyman learnt there not a little of the better, because more vital, part of his theology. But his week nights were equally occupied as often as he had opportunity. I have before me a large bundle of papers, most of them, I confess, unfinished—some mere notes, for he rarely completed anything, except in his own mind. That, however, was always done with conscience and thoroughness, as his nature was. Whatever subject he took up, all the literature of it within his reach, was carefully read, talked over, turned this way and that to a hundred uses in daily life, and then, when he was brimful of the matter, it gradually took shape, and came forth clear as a bell. Thus the very last theme which occupied him was the influence of John Ruskin on English art. Having naturally a fine sense of beauty, which also he had cultivated as well as circumstances permitted, he had an immense reverence for the great art-critic of our age, and a boundless sympathy with the high moral tone of his writings. He had thought, therefore, to interpret Ruskin to the working man with whom he came in contact, and for this purpose began a diligent reperusal of all his books, having just finished the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," when death arrested his work. But as he went on with this reading all his conversation became saturated with Ruskin. His wonderful memory would present whole pages for quotation on all fit occasions. Workmen at the mill would be astounded with apt and telling illustrations of their business from the book on Sheep-folds, or from "Sesame and Lilies." Ruskin pervaded the atmosphere like the fine meal dust, and after quoting, adapting, and living on Ruskin for some months, he would have finally poured out to some obscure society of artisans and shopkeepers a speech that—we say it deliberately—might have been delivered to the Royal Institution. But none of his written discourses give any sufficient idea of his brilliant oratory. Some of the papers we have examined, indeed, if they were finished, would do no discredit to men of reputation for learning and scholarship; but they fail to express what the man was to those who heard him. They embrace a great variety of subjects, the earlier ones being chiefly churchy, as was natural from his ecclesiastical relations, but latterly they expatiate in broader regions of literature and abstract thought. There are essays on the English Reformation and the Scotch disruption; then two pretty complete essays on "Early Scottish Poetry," beginning with Barbour's Bruce and Blind Harry's Wallace, books which were familiar to his boyhood and ours, but containing also a careful investigation of the poems of James I., which lay more out of the common path; an elaborate paper on typical forms in nature, suggested, no doubt, by the work of Dr. McCosh; a survey of Isaac Taylor's influence on theological thought, and the notes of a thorough investigation of Butler's "Analogy." To Isaac Taylor he seems to have devoted an unusual amount of careful study, reading everything he had written, and saturating his mind with it till he had thoroughly mastered the whole of Taylor's works, when they would be quoted by the yard, and applied in the most unexpected quarters, and would furnish matter for endless discussions, until the full period of gestation was reached. In all these papers we can trace the growth of his mind—how it cast off, one by one, mere trammels of tradition, until it reached finally a wonderful freedom, chastened and sobered by experience—the freedom not of wanton youth, but of ripe age and wisdom. Of his letters few remain; and the more is the pity, for they are, what we have seen of them, genuine, unstudied outpourings to the men he knew, who were of like minds; but among them there are frequent references to the books he was reading, the books he wanted, the books he was able to buy, and those he must needs borrow; abundant allusions to Wordsworth, Tennyson, Burns, to Whately, Butler, McCosh, to Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, to Carlyle, Ruskin, and Mill—to nearly all our English classics, and to many French and German writers whose works had been translated into the only tongue he knew. Nor is there anything crude or undigested in his papers. One reads them, and feels himself clearly in the presence of a cultivated intellect; criticizing and entitled to criticize, in virtue of competent knowledge generally, and vigorous thought always. Nothing is quite finished, but everywhere there is fresh and suggestive idea. And all this was done by a working man for working men—by the dusty miller to his dusty fellows, on the principle, as he says in one of his letters, that "the limits of legislation are soon reached, while those of moral and spiritual influence no man can tell." On the whole he took little part in

Trades' Unions, thought the combination of benefit societies with them a dangerous means of restricting the workman's freedom, besides being wasteful of their substance, and altogether had not much interest in them, because they aimed to raise the workman's status rather than himself. But he freely admitted that they were fair expedients, and probably necessary, since the artizan seldom or ever got his wages raised without the pressure they alone brought to bear on the capitalist. On the whole, however, he took no part in their operations. But wherever the workman sought culture, education, religion, a larger and a nobler life, there he was ready to play his part; and if he ever blamed the Unions at all, it was that they engrossed men's thoughts exclusively with questions about work and wage, and led them to take little or no interest in those higher matters which concerned the whole well-being of the nation.



WILLIAM ALLAN.
(From a photograph.)

Thus the years went by, contented, cheerful, for he had good health, and was happy in his work, and in his home, and in his friends. Never man was less of a grumbler. In general his face beamed with thankful gladness, though no one knew better the burden of this life. A brave, good man, looking for a good time to come by the

social and moral elevation of his order, and meanwhile making the best of things with a good temper that smoothed away many asperities. In political affairs he took a lively interest, as an "advanced liberal," and welcomed the enlarged suffrage, believing that, on the whole, the new element would be, at least, quite as healthy as the old shopkeeping class; but especially he welcomed the prospect of a complete system of national education. Still from the first shaping of character being essentially religious, that element remained, as it ought to do, supreme. The Church, however, became less with him, but Christ became more and ever more. He was often impatient with our narrow theologies, reckoning that God's thoughts were bigger than ours, which were at best only approximations to the truth. At all repression of religious thought he was indignant, holding its freeness and diversity necessary for religious life. But though latterly not much of a Churchman, he was only more profoundly and entirely a Christian. Worship was essential to his very life, and was possible to him only through Christ. He felt that in order to look around or down on human beings as he should do, he must look up also with human reverence to God. Goethe's three religions were blended in his idea of Christianity, and all requisite for its completeness.

Thus, with unflagging cheerfulness and hope, he toiled on at his daily tasks, seeing diligently to the grinding of good meal, and working diligently for the making of good men. A good many years ago, he had lost an arm, torn out of its socket by the cruel machinery, and he bore the pain and the loss with a bright joyous spirit that was a marvel to surgeons and nurses. As the bearers carried him, with the bleeding stump to the Infirmary, we believe he gave them the direction, in a hearty voice, when they were at a loss which way to go. We know that his minister when he came to cheer him got rather good cheer from him; and as he still retained the same bold, manly bearing afterwards, looking at the empty sleeve, you would set him down for a soldier who had lost an arm in the wars. But latterly this spirit was greatly bowed by the terrible explosion in Tradeston mills last summer. He had been unwillingly detained for a few minutes in the counting-house, when the mysterious accident happened, it is said, through the ignition of the fine dust, or pollen floating in the air. On seeing the nature of the disaster, he could hardly be restrained from plunging into the flaming building in the hope of saving some of his poor men. Indeed he was only kept back by a brave German fellow-workman, who seized him on the threshold, saying, "Nay, you are the father of a family; this work is for me;" a noble act, which Allan never forgot, though in reality neither of them could have been of any service. From that day forth he seemed to walk for the first time sad and burdened; "I feel as if I ought to apologize for being here at all," he said to a friend some time after; nor was he long in following his fellow-workers who perished in that catastrophe. On the 10th of December last, he took up some meal as it was being ground, and after handling it a little said, "surely the stones are not working properly." To put them right, he went into the wheel room, and there some four hours after was found terribly mangled and dead. Various guesses have been given as to how he came by his end. But no eye saw it, save His who seeth all. On the 14th December, he was followed to his grave by some three hundred working men, besides relatives and friends, and probably no man in Glasgow, except Norman Macleod, left more or more sincere mourners than the humble working man. It is strange that Norman Macleod and he never happened to meet. They were such congenial spirits, they would have so loved and appreciated each other, and the noble, eloquent preacher would have got so much to cheer him from the equally noble and eloquent miller, that we cannot but regret they were not somehow brought together. It would not have been at all difficult, for the Barony minister was the most accessible of human beings, and the chief difficulty would have been to overcome the deep humility of the working man. I know not how it never struck me to make them acquainted with each other, as I might easily have done. But God has reserved the introduction for himself. They know each other now, and understand well that they were fellow-workers and congenial spirits, with a kindred humour and eloquence and Christian faith, kept apart by social and ecclesiastical divisions until at length they met there where all are one in Christ.

ST. VINCENT;

OR, FIRE *VERSUS* WATER.

(See the account of the Volcano of St. Vincent at p. 52 of Rev. Charles Kingsley's "At Last.")

BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF "CHILD-WORLD."

THE beautiful blue water
Cried out, "It shall not be!
This mountain with its fiery flood
Is horrible to see!
'Tis I must seize the crater,
And bend it to my rule,
It dare not touch me with its flames,
I am so calm and cool!"

And so within the crater
Where erst the flames burned high,
There lies a little water-lake,
Blue as the heaven-sky;
The mountain grows quite tranquil,
The breeze is full of balm;
Fire dare not touch the water-lake,
It is so cool and calm.

A wild complaining murmur
Beneath its depths may sound,
Like an imprisoned thunder-clap
Chafing against the ground;
The flames are discontented,
And strive to find a vent—
But while the water is their king,
What matters discontent?

Peace to the lonely island,
Where sight so strange we see;
Peace to the earthly Paradise,
Where only peace should be;
Peace to the happy mountain,
It rules without a frown,
As Christians by a quiet will
Keep sin and passion down.

What once in dark confusion
Spread death and danger far,
Is now as grand and beautiful
As other mountains are;
And while the shining water
Retains its steadfast throne,
Children may play upon the sward,
Where death has reigned alone.

A boy upon the mountain
One summer eve serene,
Finds little pebbles fall about,
Flung by a hand unseen.
"Come forth, my hidden foeman!"
He cries in laughing strain;
And, picking up whate'er he can,
Just flings it back again.

His careless feet are shaken
By rude and sudden shocks,
The little pebbles turn to stones,
The stones to giant rocks.
"No human hand could fling them,"
He cries with bated breath;
"The dreadful mountain is alive
With life that scatters death!"

He knew the awful legend
His aged grandsire told,
The triumph of the fiends of fire
In days that now are old,

And how the bright blue water
Came like a shining crown,
And, resting on the mountain-top,
Kept the fire-demons down.

He fled—all life was flying
Upon that dreadful day,—
For death had burst his prison-bars,
To hold his terror-sway,
Nor Sodom nor Gomorrah
Endured a worse despair
Than the lovely little island
That nature formed so fair.

But when the cruel mountain
Had lashed itself to rest,
Oh still that bright blue water lay
Within its crater crest:
Steadfast and strong and faithful,
Keeping its promise true;
And the wicked flames fled from it,
It was so cool and blue.

In their exceeding fury
Their prison bars to break,
They burst forth in a flood of fire
Beside that water-lake;
And so another crater,
With rocks between, they made,
A narrow narrow ridge of rocks,
Sharp as a sabre-blade.

Oh foolish mountain demons,
What has your fury done?
To-day there are two water-lakes,
Last night there was but one!
For to the second crater
(Will wonders never cease?)
The beautiful blue waters came
With their sweet gift of peace.

One water-lake for ages
Did conquer and subdue,
And can you hope a second raid,
O fiends! now there are two?
Two beautiful blue lakelets,
That on the mountain lie,
Reflecting in their shining depths
The heaven in the sky.

The mountain of St. Vincent,
In that far-western clime,
May bear its sister-seas aloft
Through all successive time:
But only true repentance,
If Heaven's laws we break,
Will bring a blessing to our hearts
Like that sweet water-lake.

It is a wondrous story,
As strange as it is true,
I'd give a year of life to see
Those waters bright and blue:
I see them when I'm sleeping,
They charm me in the night:
God speed the happy traveller
In those far isles of light.

WINTER IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

EDITED BY CANON KINGSLEY.

NO. II.—LIFE IN A NEW TOWN.

"THERE'S the City," said M., pointing eastward; and I will confess that a feeling something like dismay crept over me when I followed his hand with my eyes. All that I could see were a dozen wooden houses of various shapes and sizes, and a large unfinished hotel, standing along the top of a sandy rise. But that was only the first of many surprises.

As I said in last paper, the train pulled up at a log cabin, and out of the doorway close to the cars appeared a man, ringing a bell, and shouting, "Dinner's on table."

Out we all got, and I thought, "Well, we cannot surely be going into this place;" but in we did go, and there, in a clean dining-room, with French waiters, and white table-cloths, was a first-rate dinner. I was in a state of complete bewilderment; but hunger soon got the better of surprise, and we did ample justice to oyster soup, roast antelope, &c., and then set out to inspect our home.

You may imagine Colorado Springs, as I did, to be in a sequestered valley, with bubbling fountains, green grass, and shady trees; but not a bit of it. Picture to yourself a level, elevated plateau of greenish brown, without a single tree, sloping down about a quarter of a mile to the railroad track and Monument Creek (the Soda Springs being six miles off), and you have a pretty good idea of the town-site as it appeared in November, 1871.

The streets and blocks were only marked out by a furrow turned with the plough, and indicated faintly by a wooden house, finished, or in process of building, here and there, scattered over half a mile of prairie.

On the corner of Tejon and Huerfano Streets stood the office of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, a small wooden building of three rooms, in which all the colony work was done till the new office should be finished: and next to it was my home. It was a wooden shanty, sixteen feet by twelve, with a small window of four panes on each side, and a door in front. Over the door M. put up his tent, with a rough board floor, which served for our sitting-room by day, and he slept in it at night. The shanty was lined with thick brown paper, so that it was quite air tight: and though it had only been ordered on Thursday, and finished on Saturday, was really quite comfortable. In one corner we put my little camp bed; in the other my trunks. Our furniture had not arrived from Denver; so M. found an old wooden stool, which had been used for mixing paints upon, tacked a bit of coloured calico over it, and deposited upon it a tin basin; and there was an impromptu washhand-stand. A few feet of half-inch board were soon converted into corner shelves; and, with warm red and yellow Californian blankets on the bed, and a buffalo robe on the floor, my room looked quite habitable.

In the tent we put the stove, a couple of wooden kitchen chairs from the office, and a deal table, while M.'s bed by day made a comfortable sofa, and over the door into the shanty hung two bright curtains which Dr. B. brought me, as a contribution to our housekeeping. Our household arrangements took up all the first day till evening, when we went out to pay some visits, and I made acquaintance with the lady inhabitants of the town. There were not more than four or five at that time, but, in kindness and hospitality, they were equal to four times their number.

Our days went on this wise. Up at seven A.M. in the cold frosty air, with thick ice on the bucket of water, a walk of nearly half a mile took us down to the restaurant at eight, with a fine appetite for breakfast. Our food at that important meal was good and plentiful. Beafsteak or venison, biscuit (the American name for hot rolls), hot buckwheat cakes, eaten with butter and molasses, and the whole washed down with bad tea or excellent rich milk.

After breakfast, if we had time, we took a stroll along the Monument, hunting for seeds and stones. We found agates and crystals of every kind, mixed with bits of fossil wood, and débris of sandstone, limestone, red granite with large crystals of hornblende, washed down from the mountains, besides many traces of iron and coal. One lump of clear rock crystal, as large as a man's fist, was picked up outside our tent, and served me for a paper weight.

At nine office work began, and I attended to my household duties, sweeping out the room, &c. I soon found that washing, done very badly at 2 dols. 50 cents a dozen, would not suit me; so my kind friend, Mrs. C., offered me the weekly use of her washtubs and

irons; and, after scorching a few collars, and getting into a state of black despair with the starch, and rubbing the skin off my knuckles against the rubber, and burning my hands with the irons, I turned into quite a good laundress. Many were the pleasant mornings we spent over our washtubs, while she told me stories of her life in beautiful California and Oregon, which she had left two years before.

When our house was "fixed up," *i.e.* put neat, my work was by no means over, as for two or three weeks M. and Dr. B. made me their private secretary, and I was initiated into the mysteries of bonds, stocks, lots, locations, agreements, and memberships.

At 12.30 daily the train came in, and we went down to dinner, and saw all the new arrivals, some coming to stay at the Springs, others only stopping for an hour before taking the stage for Pueblo, Maxwells, or Santa Fé, in New Mexico.

It was pretty to see the coach start with its four splendid bays. The Western stage driver, on his box with the "lines," as they call the reins, in his hand, is inferior to no one in the Republic. Even the President, were he on board, must submit to his higher authority. Day after day I watched the coach standing in front of the office, the horses held by two men, a third with the reins ready, the messenger stowing his mail-bags safely away, the passengers bundling in for a period of misery of varying length. When all is ready, and not till then, out walks the great man, in yellow blanket coat, and hat securely tied down with a woollen comforter. He mounts the box, arranges himself leisurely—the messenger is beside him, wrapped in buffalo robes—then the reins are put into his hand, and, as he tightens them, off go the horses with a rush that takes one's breath away.

The day after I came, M. and I went with Colonel S. to "locate" the new stage office.

"You may come as far as this," said M., gravely pointing to a stake in the ground; "the side-walk begins here." I could not keep my countenance. Talking of side-walks and buildings where nothing was to be seen but bare prairie, seemed inexpressibly ludicrous. But in a fortnight the stage office was up; and by this time, I doubt not, the side-walk is there too.

The first few days passed quickly in learning the ways of the country, and settling down in our new life. Up to that time I had seen nothing at all alarming in the way of Indians or wild beasts; but there came a day when M. was obliged to go up to Denver on business, leaving me under Mr. N.'s care. The day was busy enough. I had to manufacture a cage for some snow-birds which the French nursery-gardener had caught for me; and when one has nothing handy to make a cage of, it naturally takes some time. Leroy caught the cock first, late one evening; and I kept it all night in a little pen on the top of my trunk, made of Martin Chuzzlewit, a candy box, my travelling bag, and two blocks of firewood; the whole covered with a bit of flannel. But next day came the hen; and, of course, the two must have a cage, and the cage required much thought. First I begged an old candle-box from the grocery store, and over the front of it I twisted some wire which the darky from the office got for me off an old broom-handle. As there was not enough to finish it, and none was to be bought for love or money nearer than Denver, I had to put a board over the rest of the opening. In the evening, however, when I secured the tent flap, and set to work to make up my fire, I began to feel rather creepy, though I was but half-a-dozen feet from the office, with plenty of protectors there. My only living companion was a very dirty black-and-white kitten called "Tucker;" but M. had left me his revolver, so that I felt pretty secure, and when I was well warmed I locked myself in my room, and with the pistol close to my side, and the kitten on my feet, was fast asleep in a minute. How long I had slept I knew not; but I was awoke by a sound I had never heard before. Peal upon peal of demoniac laughter, mingled with shrieks and screams, seemed sweeping past the shanty—now loud, now softer, till they died away in the distance. I flew up, and with the revolver across my knee, listened in a perfect agony of terror; but the sound, whatever it was, had gone by, and by the time I had struck a match, and found it was four A.M., I knew what it must be—a band of Coyotes (prairie wolves) had come through town on a raid after stray sheep. And small blame to me if I was frightened; for many a stout Westerner has told me how, camping out on the plains in hourly expectation of an Indian attack, a band of Coyotes have made every man spring to his feet with rifle or revolver cocked, thinking the wolfish chorus was an Indian war-whoop.

After M.'s return, we determined to give a house warming. Our preparations were great fun. We got from the store a bag of "crackers" (biscuits) and some sardines;

and though the tea was like boiled hay, and the cups were but tin mugs, and we had not enough chairs, and no white table-cloth, yet it would have been difficult to find a merrier party than we and our two English friends made as we sat round our deal table.

Next day we agreed to pay a visit to the Soda Springs at Manitou, six miles off, where there was a temporary hotel, kept by English people; so we set off about five P.M., in a good carriage, with rather a wild pair of horses. It was dark, except for the light from four inches of snow, against which the road showed quite black: while an icy north wind blew down from the Divide, and whistled round and through us.

The road up to Colorado City, a gambling and drinking den two miles from the railroad, seemed to me decidedly bad, especially as that night it was two or three inches deep in stiff mud; but it was beautiful, compared to the one beyond the city up to Manitou. We had to cross the Colony Irrigating ditch two or three times, besides Camp Creek, and various other creeks, on bridges made of planks, laid loose crosswise over supports without any fastening or any railing at the side. But, worst of all was the ford over the Fountain Creek, close to the Soda Springs. We drove straight down the bank into the river, which boiled and foamed over a rocky bed, and the descent was so steep that when the horses were in the water the hind wheels were as high as their backs. We plunged and struggled through, and up the



Page 208.

other bank, and then breathed freely. Next day, when I abused the road, I was seriously reproved by some stanch Coloradian, who said it was as good as any one could want.

Dinner at Manitou was thoroughly English; good soup, oyster patties, roast beef and mutton, and delicious home-baked bread. And thoroughly we enjoyed it after the American cooking; and very English we felt as we sat round the stove in the evening, singing songs and talking of the "old country."

The night was cool, to say the least of it; and, in spite of five blankets and a bear robe, whose weight almost suffocated me, my face was nearly frost-bitten, as being only built for summer visitors, the boards of the hotel had large spaces between them; and on waking in the morning I was surprised to find how much daylight showed through the outer walls of my room. When I looked out of window I found we were in an exquisite valley, with pine-covered mountains rising five thousand feet from La Fontaine qui Bouille, as it used to be called in old trapping days, now it is merely Fountain Creek. The sun shone bright over the snow; and blue jays, with crests erect and screaming voices, flashed through the scrub oak.

The springs lie in a group along the stream, some on the bank and others in its actual bed. There are four principal ones. The largest, "The Navajoe," has formed a large basin, six or eight feet across, in the centre of which the water boils up ceaselessly, and the overflow runs down to the creek by a tiny channel thickly encrusted with soda deposit. The water seems to maintain nearly the same temperature, about 65°, all the year

round; being pleasantly cool in summer and never freezing in winter. Some of the smaller springs are chalybeate; and the water of the Fountain, the clearest and most delicious I have ever tasted, is strongly impregnated with the mineral waters of the springs in its bed. A road leads out of the upper end of the valley over the famous old "Ute Pass," where the Ute Indians of the mountain lay in wait for the mountain buffalo coming down to feed in winter on the plains, when driven out of South Park by the snows. All this little valley and the town site of Colorado Springs have witnessed terrible fights between the Utes and the Cheyennes. It was a kind of neutral ground; and when one tribe dared to set foot upon it, their enemies were all ready to pounce upon them. So late as 1869 the Cheyennes scalped and killed six white people between the present railroad track and Colorado city.

From the Soda Springs themselves, a trail leads through pine woods and up rocky mountain sides to the summit of Pike's Peak. It may be done in two days by sleeping at the half-way house just below "timber line," and, though rather a rough trip, is quite practicable even for ladies. Following the Pike's Peak trail a little way, and then turning to the left a path along the edge of a little stream leads you about half a mile up a beautiful gorge, Ingleman's Cañon, with *Pinus Douglassii* and Silver Fir springing up between every rock, to the "Iron Ute," the finest of all the springs, the water of which contains, like that of the lower springs, salts of soda and potash, but mixed, as its name denotes, with a very large proportion of iron.

It would be difficult in any part of the world to find such a series of mineral springs in finer scenery; and it seems likely that "the Fountain Colony" will fulfil all the expectations of its promoters and become the summer resort of thousands of invalids and pleasure seekers from the Eastern States, who now go to Europe, or to some of the inland watering-places nearer home.

Even in the past summer (1872) a fine hotel has been built, which since its opening has been thronged with visitors; the grounds are laid out, roads made, and many pretty houses are springing up in what was a year ago an uninhabited wilderness.

While we were at Manitou Dr. B. took me up my first Cañon (pronounced Canyon). I can best describe this most curious feature of the Rocky Mountains by saying what I saw. We turned off the road near the hotel up a track through scrub oak, wild gooseberries, raspberries, and rose bushes. The valley at first was merely a common wooded mountain glen; but suddenly we found ourselves in front of a narrow gateway of rocks one hundred or more feet high, and in a moment we were in the Cañon. The trail led up the bed of a little stream now dry, which had sawn its way through walls of sandstone of every imaginable colour, from rich purple and crimson to salmon-colour and white. The rocks were worn into the most fantastic shapes, battlements, and castles, and pillars, hundreds of feet high. Sometimes they opened out enough to allow the growth of splendid Douglassii, R T, under which we passed. One tree had fallen, and we had to walk up its stem covered with slippery snow; and then came a sudden twist, where the rocks almost met overhead, sandstone on one side, limestone on the other, and I touched both sides of the Cañon without stretching my arms to full length. It was the wildest scene: the towering rocks, black pines, white snow, and no living thing save ourselves and a solitary hawk wheeling round against the streak of blue sky we saw above our prison walls. For a while we went up twisting and turning every twenty yards, so that looking back one could not imagine how one had got in or would get out again. This Cañon at the time I saw it had never been properly explored; but some adventurous spirits had been up it for several miles, and said the scenery grew grander and wilder the further you went.

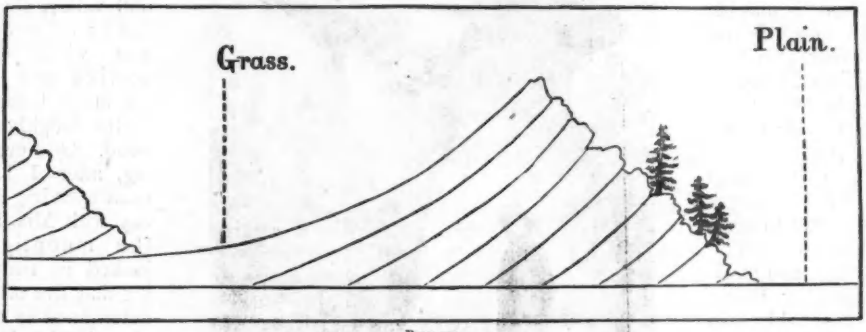
As far as geologists have been able to work out the subject, the Cañons are made simply by the action of streams. Every stream in Colorado, from the tiny mountain rill to the Arkansas and Rio Colorado, has its Cañon in some part of its course; and in the case of the latter river, the "Big Cañon" of the Colorado is two hundred and thirty-eight miles long, and its walls rise up vertically from the river to a height of from two thousand to four thousand feet.

After a while, the new office of the Fountain Colony was finished, and to my real regret I gave up my poor little shanty, and settled in a plastered room behind the office, which was in the upper story of one of the principal dry-goods and grocery stores of the town. But the weather soon made me glad to be in a tolerably well-built house.

On the 18th of November Miss J. had come down from Denver with her brother to pay us a visit; and the evening was so fine and warm, as we walked up from supper, that we all took a long walk down to the Santa

Fé Road. Two hours later, however, a violent snow-storm came on, with wind; and by breakfast- time next morning it was blowing a perfect hurricane right against my door, which opened on to an outside staircase; and the house was rocking so that really sometimes we thought it would go over.

The cold, as we ran down to breakfast, was fearful; and, notwithstanding innumerable wraps, my right ear, which was on the windy side, was in such torture I thought it must be frost-bitten: but I was consoled for the pain by learning that when it hurts you are all safe, and only when a nice comfortable sensation of warmth comes on are you in danger of being "frosted." How good breakfast was after that cold run! but the struggle back against the wind was far less pleasant. Dinner time brought no abatement to the storm. The snow was drifting tremendously, the strong wind lifting the dry, powdery particles right off the ground, and blowing it across the plain in clouds of white dust. The thermometer registered 13° above Zero. The train, we thought, would of course be stopped by drifts on the Divide; but it was only an hour late, and in the middle of dinner the unearthly screech which in America stands for a whistle was heard, and in it steamed. The little narrow-gauge *Cortez* had been through the snow-drifts nearly up to the top of the chimney. The wheels, and every ledge and corner, were a mass of snow, and the icicles hung in a crystal fringe along the boiler. The snow, towards evening, began to disappear, evaporating into the dry air, though the thermometer never rose all day above 29°. And next morning, with one of those extraordinary changes of temperature to which this high plateau is subject, the sun was blazing, and not a breath of air stirring.



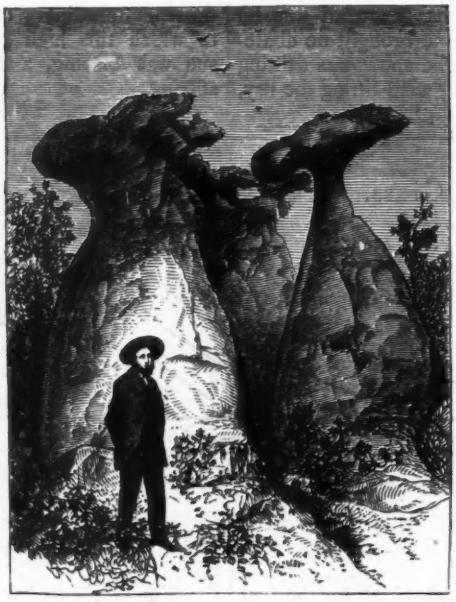
Page 209.

The town grew every day; not a week passing without some three or four new buildings being completed. Mrs. P. had organized a capital school, which for the first three months of its existence she taught herself, and had as many as twenty-five scholars. And as the population increased, it was determined among a few members of the colony to try and set on foot a reading-room where the young men might spend their evenings. So one night they called the colonists together, and we carried over chairs, benches, and lamps to the railroad office, and had a capital meeting. Every one was most unanimous, and M. and Mr. F. were appointed to frame the constitution and bye-laws of the "Fountain Society of Natural Science," which I had the honour of naming. One hundred and forty-three dollars were subscribed on the spot, and in three weeks the reading-room was open, and every fresh person who came into the colony office was immediately attacked for a subscription.

"The Garden of the Gods" is one of the sights which every one must see who comes to Colorado Springs; so as Captain de C. and his wife had just arrived from Philadelphia, we drove them up there one bright day, in the ambulance with Pete and Baby, two brown mules. An ambulance may be best described as a wooden tray, with two seats on springs, and a canvas top. It is a very good conveyance for the rough roads of the West, being very light, and easy to manage —so light, indeed, that in a violent windstorm, one day, M. was turning to go into the stables, and a gust caught him in the act, and blew the ambulance right over.

The road we took turned off to the Garden about four miles up from Colorado Springs, on the way to Manitou, and first led us across a

field, and then to a bridge over the Fountain. It was just wide enough for the waggon (in America all kinds of carriages are called waggons), and was quite rotten. How we got over I know not, for, in the middle, Pete, who had been turned out for some time, and was not on his best behaviour, shied violently. However, we did get over in safety, and drove along what was dignified by the name of a road, but it more resembled newly-dug celery trenches, varied by gravel-pits, and a deep ditch right across every few hundred feet. At last we got to the outer garden, a great open space of grass, with scattered pines, and here and there fantastic sandstone rocks; and further on, to our right, lay the great rocks, the real wonder of the Garden. First, we passed a number like weird figures praying, with their heads all bent towards Cheyenne Mountain; then a red sandstone nun, with a white cowl over her head, was trying not to see a seal who stood on his tail, and made faces at her. There, I was told, two cherubs were fondly kissing, though to my eyes they looked more like a pair of sheep's heads; and so, finding new absurdities every moment, we came to the Great Gateway, and driving between the rocks, two hundred and fifty feet high, we turned to see the view.



The great rocks were a warm salmon-colour, with black pines growing in their crevices, and bringing out the richness of their colouring, and between them, as if set in a glowing frame, shone Pike's Peak covered with snow, and Cameron's Cone and the foot hills, all blue, white, and pink, three or four miles off.

We had come into the Garden the back way; but the best plan is to go first through the Great Gateway, and drive out at the other end. Driving back the way we came, we got along without misfortune till we reached that horrid bridge; and this time Pete positively refused to cross. Twice M. got him to the middle, and Pete tried to push poor Baby over the side, and then backed sideways. At last we got out, and M. took them at it four times; but a mule's mind, when once made up, is not to be moved, and we had in the end to drive round another way; and on the whole, perhaps, Pete was right, for he had twice been through a bridge—the last time having been lame for a month; and the chances were considerably in favour of his going through this one.

To the north of the Garden, among the foot hills, lies Glen Eyrie, where General P. has built his house. It is a very beautiful valley, about half-a-mile across, into which debouches one of the finest Cañons in the neighbourhood. One evening, after I had been spending the day with Mrs. P., the moonlight looked so tempting that five of us determined to explore the high ridge which divides Glen Eyrie from the Upper Garden. Passing the Echo Rocks, and making them sing two or three songs a couple of bars behind us, a narrow track led us to the top, with a scramble, and once there the view was superb. To the right, on the crest of the hill, were a group of pines, through which the moon shone so brightly it was like white daylight. Behind us lay the Glen, with its red rocks, and the hills rising up to old Pike, all covered with snow; and in front of us another deep valley, shut in with a high rock wall, widening out above into a park, and below narrowing into a Cañon which apparently had no exit. None of us had ever been there before: but we plunged down the hillside through deep snow, with here and there a Spanish bayonet (*Yucca*) sticking up

to prick the unwary, down to the bed of the Cañon. It was so narrow that only one person could squeeze along between the rocks at a time; and I began seriously to fear it would soon get too narrow for us to turn round and escape, and that we should have to stay there for the rest of our days. Suddenly, however, out of the intense black shade, we came into a streak of brilliant moonlight, which streamed through a cleft in the rocks before us, not more than three feet wide: and we saw we were at the gate of the Cañon, with the outer valley in dazzling light beyond.

We were well repaid for our scramble, and tnere certainly is a great charm in a new country in feeling that one is looking upon places which probably none have ever seen before, save some stray trapper or savage Indian.



Street in Denver.

At the end of November we had what is called a "cold snap," and for a day or two the thermometer got as low as 9° above Zero. It soon passed off, bright sun and warm days following it; and its only effect was to drive large herds of antelopes in from the plains to the shelter of the bluffs.

One day, hearing they were near town, we had out the ambulance, and drove off, M. armed with his revolver. We saw plenty, but they are the shyest creatures possible; and as the Darky at the office had loaded the revolver, and only put in half the proper charge, every shot fell short. But we were determined to try again. So next morning we started at six, and I tried to cure an uncontrollable dislike of firearms by keeping one of the guns on my knee. Our luck was almost as bad as the day before, as a few rabbits were all the spoil: but we got a magnificent view of the mountains to the south, which at the town are hidden by Cheyenne Mountain. Across long stretches of plain we saw the Greenhorn jutting out from the main chain, with the Spanish Peaks sticking up blue and golden beyond it, and in the furthest distance the Raton Mountains, over Maxwell's, two hundred miles away.

Another of the "sights" of Colorado is Monument Park. About twelve miles north of the town lie a set of bluffs, the beginning of the Divide, running out from the Mountains some twenty miles into the plains, and forming a series of grass valleys or "parks," as they are called in the West. The largest of these has all along its northern side innumerable groups of sandstone rocks, worn by water and weather into the strangest forms, and not inappropriately called monuments. The lower part of the monuments is of light yellow sandstone conglomerate, capped with a harder sandstone, coloured dark brown by the presence of a good deal of iron.

They are of every height and size, from the great giant, thirty feet high, to the pigmy of twelve inches; sometimes standing alone, sometimes in groups of twenty or more. The drawing will explain their appearance better than words. No two are alike, and each year they change their shape, as wind, snow, and rain go on with the work of destruction, with which for ages they have been moulding this group, as if over some set of Titan graves.

A wave of upheaval seems to have run from south to north, and cracked the hard sandstone pan, letting in the influences of weather to the softer conglomerate below, till the whole has been eaten away, save these isolated pillars. A similar wave seems to have formed the bluffs among which they lie. The northern sides slope smoothly down, covered with grass, into the Parks; while the southern sides are rocky, with pines growing on them; and the strata seem turned back, as in the section, p. 207.

ST. PAUL'S END OF CONTROVERSY.

A Biblical Study.*

"God forbid."—Rom. iii. 4.

THERE are moments in most men's lives —most of all in the lives of those who are brought into contact with the currents of speculative thought—in which they recoil, as with a burning indignation, from reasoning in which they find it hard to find a flaw, but which is leading to what they feel to be a false conclusion. Some actual opponent entangles them in the meshes of his subtle sophistry, or their own hot thoughts are harder to grapple with and control than the arguments of any disputant. They find themselves drifting they know not whither. It is well for them if they can stay their course, and ere the torrent sweep them on, regain their firm footing on the shore. They would fain grasp at some short and easy method of so extricating themselves.

The emphatic, oft-repeated exclamation, which stands at the head of this paper, tells us in what way St. Paul extricated himself from like entanglements—what was his "end of controversy." I need hardly remind you, that it is all but absolutely peculiar to him among the writers of the New Testament Epistles.† And in him it is found in one stage only of his work as an apostle—one may add, perhaps, without being overbold, in one stage only of his own spiritual life. Not one instance of it meets us in the earlier or the later groups of his Epistles; not in the two letters to the Thessalonians, nor in those of the first imprisonment, nor again, in the pastoral Epistles. With one solitary exception, it meets us only in the Epistle to the Romans and in that to the Galatians. Its presence is one of the many points which the two have in common, and which show, so as to leave hardly the shadow of a doubt, that they were written about the same time.

Of that time we may venture to state that, so far as the evidence of the case enable us to judge, it was one in which the mind of St. Paul was, as it were, in conflict with the mysteries of man's life, of the divine government of the world, of the relation between Israel and mankind at large, between the Gospel and the Law. In the earlier Epistles—those to the Thessalonians—the one absorbing thought is the nearness of the coming of the Lord. In the later he looks as with a calm eye over the mystery of godliness which he sees now in all its brightness, and his utterance of the truths thus revealed to him takes the full-orbed completeness which we find in the Epistle to the Ephesians. But it was not so when he wrote to the Galatians and the Romans. The local controversy in the former Church had forced him to re-consider that Gospel which he had received, not from flesh and blood, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ, and which he had preached as with an axiomatic simplicity and boldness. When he wrote to the latter the questions which opened out before him were yet wider and deeper. He could not write to the great representative Church of the Gentile world without meeting the questions which presented themselves as to the relative position of Jew and Gentile in the sight of God. The strange failure of each to work out the end to which it seemed to have been called; the fall of each into a startling depth of shame; the mystery of permitted evil;—all this pressed upon his thoughts. He could not rest satisfied till he had worked out something like a solution of the great problem. The Epistle to the Romans assumed the character of a Theodikæa. In it, as in an *apologia* for the righteousness of the divine government, he seeks to "the height of his great argument," to "vindicate the ways of God to man."

What I wish to call attention to, is the way in which, in every stage of that argument, he bursts away with this cry of horror from conclusions which were urged upon him (as commentators tell us) by some imaginary opponent, or, as one may say with more likelihood, by that opponent, not imaginary, whom a man may always find in the depths of his own soul. To trace those stages and the meaning of the cry in each instance, would lead me into a wider field of exegesis than we have now time for. It may be enough to note some of them briefly. You remember then, how in the opening of his discourse, his first step was to show that both Jew and Gentile stood on the same level of sin and condemnation,—how then the question met him, What advantage then hath the Jew?—how the thought crossed his mind that he was gliding unawares to the conclusion that their unbelief had made the faith of God without effect. His answer is

* A sermon preached before the University of Oxford, Nov. 3, 1872.

† It is found once, and once only, in the Gospels,—Luke xx. 16.

simply, "God forbid!"* He, at least, is true, though every man be false. But then there came the suggestion (how often has it not forced itself, like some subtle poison, upon the mind of every thinker?) that if we vindicate this permitted existence of evil on the ground that it brings out ultimately a greater good than its forcible repression, God is unrighteous when He taketh vengeance for acts that in the end manifest his glory. He has still the same answer, "God forbid! for then how shall God judge the world?"† He clings to the belief that that judgment will be entirely just and true according to the deeds done in the body. He rejects everything that is inconsistent with it. He cannot part with what is the basis of his life, whatever speculative difficulties may gather round it, however irrefragable may be the logic of which those difficulties are the product. That difficulty is scarcely overleapt when he comes across another. Did not the new doctrine which he preached imply the inferiority of the old, or seem, indeed, to set it aside altogether? If both circumcision and uncircumcision were alike justified by faith, was he not, through that faith, making void the law? From that thought, too, he turns with his "God forbid; yea, we establish the law."‡ The deeper he goes into the mystery of reconciliation, the more keenly does he feel how side by side with the truth which is so divine and precious, there is its distorted likeness—the caricature and counterfeit of Truth, which calls good evil, and evil good, which puts darkness for light and light for darkness. "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?"§ "Shall we sin because we are not under the law, but under grace?"‖ "Is the law sin?"¶ "Was then that which is good—the commandment, that was holy and just—made sin to the individual soul?"** For all these he has the self-same answer. He does not so much disentangle himself from the meshes of argumentation, as overleap them by one high bound. When the snare is broken and his soul delivered, he can look back and see, as by a kind of afterthought, what intellectual process, more or less conclusive, ratified the more intuitive convictions which he thus utters.

Not with less persistence does that cry come from his lips, as he turns from the region in which the righteousness of God and the soul of man are brought face to face with each other, to the wider question of God's dealings with races and with nations. In spite of all the largeness of heart which God has given him, in spite of his desire to break down every barrier which divides the Gentile from the Jew, he cannot divest himself of the feeling that he too is an Israelite. His heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they may be saved. He cannot look on the unbelief, hardness, hypocrisy into which they are sinking without horror—cannot bear the thought that their future is altogether hopeless. "Hath God cast away his people? God forbid;"* and yet again, "I say then, have they stumbled that they should fall? God forbid."†

Nor is he less ready to fall back upon this appeal as to a *horror naturalis*,—the shudder which passes through the soul at the thought of anything which is at variance with truth, and purity, and love,—when he has to deal with ethical questions in which men were allowing the sophistry of corrupted intellect to narcotise the activity of conscience. How easy it might seem to argue that the spirit, in its transcendent purity and fellowship with truth, could not be contaminated by the acts of the body which was its dwelling-place; that the justified man need not fear condemnation, though, in Luther's terrible language, the sin of lust were a thousand times repeated; that the elect could not fall finally, irretrievably, whatever seeming backslidings might make their offences grievous in the eyes of men; that habits of life which had prevailed everywhere and in every age, and been tolerated by the wise as a safeguard against greater evils, need not be unsparingly condemned by the teachers of the new faith. Again, the Apostle takes refuge in the *reductio ad horribile* from which his own nature, and the better nature of those to whom he writes, instinctively revolted. "Shall I then take the members of Christ, and make them the members of a harlot? God forbid."‡

The facts which have thus come before us are not, I think, without interest in their bearing on St. Paul's life, and the method by which, under the guidance of that Eternal Spirit, who uses natural characteristics as instruments for perfecting the character, he was led on to apprehend the Truth of God in its completeness. But it was not for that reason wholly or chiefly that I have now dwelt on them. They point, if I mistake not, to a method of theological reasoning, or, at least, to an element in that method, of which theologians have sometimes been too un-

* Rom. iii. 4. † Rom. iii. 6. ‡ Rom. iii. 31.
§ Rom. vi. 1, 2. ‖ Rom. vi. 15. ¶ Rom. vii. 7.
** Rom. vii. 13.

* Rom. xi. 1. † Rom. xi. 11. ‡ 1 Cor. vi. 15.

mindful. They tell us that in the wide, interminable labyrinth of questions which present themselves to the speculative intellect as it attempts, with or without revealed truth, to solve the problems of the universe; in the great systems of dogma, manifold and far-reaching, which men have constructed on the assumption that the solution has been found, something more is wanted than the processes of a deductive reasoning. However keen and subtle may be the mind that wields it, however irrefragable the logical coherence of the whole system, it needs at every turn to be checked and balanced by an appeal to a higher tribunal. Over and above the salutary caution (in itself a modification of the same principle) that "the Church may not so expound one place of Scripture, that it be repugnant to another,"* there is that in us which, if we trust its guidance, will help us to see our way clearly when the subtleties and unconscious sophistries of controversialists seem entangling us in inextricable difficulties. Call it what you will—the moral sense, intuitive judgment, the voice of conscience, the verifying faculty—we do ill to disregard its protests. Just in proportion as those protests have been listened to in the long course of the Church's history, has her theology assumed a purer character, and been freer from dark dreams and morbid superstitions. Take, for example, the conclusions to which men were led in the great system which we identify with the name of Calvin. How closely the links of the chain are riveted together; how naturally does the truth that the electing purpose of God has any part in the salvation of mankind, lead on, in a relentless logic, to the thought of arbitrary limits to that salvation, of the sentence of eternal condemnation passed on the countless millions who, from their cradle to the grave, were under conditions which made escape impossible, even if there had not been the *horribile decretum* itself to shut out all hope. How heartily may we rejoice and give thanks that that dark imagination lingers only in a few distempered minds, and that the spell is broken which kept even the master-thinkers of the Church, and those of saintliest lives, under so terrible a thraldom! Here and elsewhere, in our own Church, and in well-nigh all parts of Christendom, has a loud "God forbid" gone up to heaven like the sound of many waters, and called men back to the axiomatic truth that the righteousness of God must be higher, not lower, than what we recognise as righteousness in man,—that God is Light, and in Him is no darkness at all,—that though the world lay in wickedness, He yet so loved the world that He sent his Son to be the propitiation for its sins.

Or take another victory, won in a like way, in another region of dogma, and over quite other error. Systems of theology, such as we may describe as sacramental and sacerdotal, have traced their boundaries also as limits to God's infinite compassion. Here, too, the logical inference seemed irresistible. If baptism were indeed the appointed entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven,—not only a witness, symbol, means, instrument of the new birth, but the indispensable condition of escape from the inherited guilt of our nature, and the penalty which attaches to it,—did it not follow that, with whatever vain regrets and fruitless pity, we must leave those who have not so entered, as God has left them, to their inevitable doom? So Augustine, even in his milder hours, had for all unbaptized infants nothing but a *levissima damnatio*. So Dante, in this as throughout, embodying that mediæval theology of which Augustine had been the great founder, assigns to all the unbaptized alike (with one solitary exception) their place in the dolorous city where, without hope, they languish in despair.* So, what had well-nigh become one of the authoritative standards of doctrine of the English Reformed Church, not content with proclaiming, as our present Prayer-Book does, in words which have brought comfort to many a mourning mother, that "children which are baptized dying before they commit actual sin are undoubtedly saved," dared to add the awful words, not less terrible than the *horribile decretum* itself, "*and else not*,"† making sad the hearts which God had not made sad, and turning the tears of Rachel weeping for her children into the wailing despair of one who refuses to be comforted. Thanks be to God, however deep may be our conviction as to the working of divine grace through sacramental ordinances, there goes up, I am sure, from all our hearts, because they have listened to the protest of which I speak, the "God forbid" which repudiates that conclusion.

One is glad to note that a witness not less distinct is borne against a statement which,

* Articles of the Church of England, Art. XX.

* Dante, *Inferno*, iv. 35—41.

† So the words stand in the "Institution of a Christian Man," A.D. 1537. "Insomuch as infants and children, dying in their infancy, shall undoubtedly be saved thereby" (*i.e.* by baptism) "*and else not.*" The present rubric, it may be mentioned, did not appear in any Prayer-Book till the revision of 1661, and is obviously due to the wider thoughts which about that time began to prevail among English theologians.

in its literal nakedness, is scarcely less appalling. Even those who are most loth to part with the grand cadences of the Athanasian Creed, who see in its subtly balanced clauses a safeguard against Socinianism which they are unable to discover in the Nicene, and who value the testimony it bears to the importance of truth as truth—even these confess by their explanations, formal or rhetorical, that the language of its damnatory or warning clauses is in itself untenable. They, too, have a voice speaking within them, which constrains them to impose upon the Creed a meaning that, in all likelihood, was not in the writer's mind, and to make allowance, which he would not have made, for "involuntary" ignorance and even "invincible prejudice." We cannot wonder at, and we dare not blame those who cling to what has been precious to their own souls, and guided them aright in the twilight regions, where else they would have gone astray; but one may wish that they would let that voice speak within them, with as much power and distinctness as it has spoken in the hearts of tens of thousands not inferior to them in their zeal for God, and their loyalty to his truth. Here, too, the conclusion which startles and offends so many—not of passionate, or careless, or unbelieving men, but of devout worshippers and the defenders of a true theology—seems to flow as by a stern dread necessity out of premisses which most of us admit. Here, too, we need to be reminded that there is a court of appeal within us which reverses that conclusion, and utters its God forbid! in those who defend, not less than in those who attack, the Creed of which it forms a part.*

Is there no danger on the other side? Are not those whose eyes are opened to discern these perils, open to the risk of drifting on, borne along by the currents of prevailing thought, to an issue even yet more terrible? They have taken in the thought of the majesty of law as governing the whole universe of things, visible and invisible. All moves on in its calm order of invariable sequence. Force acts upon matter, and matter itself is but transformed force. The phenomena of consciousness, no less than those of matter, are subject to the same law of causation, in which alone there is "no variableness, neither shadow of turning." The whole history of the material universe, of all living organisms, of mankind itself in all the countless aspects of their life—physical, intellectual, religious—comes to be thought of as one of orderly and undisturbed evolution. So men find themselves on the brink of conclusions at which they would at first have shuddered. The old belief in the personality of God, as brought face to face with the personality of man—the witness of conscience to that strange, terrible something in our life which we call sin, and which, as soon as we are conscious of it, causes misery unspeakable, and the sense of alienation from God,

* I gladly quote a passage from Dr. Pusey's University Sermon, preached on December 1st, 1872, both on account of the remarkable force with which it utters the truth for which I have contended, and as illustrating, by its verbal, and yet obviously undesigned, coincidence, what I have stated in the text:—

"No! that word of God stands sure, 'In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him.' For the Lover and Father of Mankind, who willeth not that any should perish, has not one way only of bringing home his lost sheep. All who shall be saved, shall be saved for the sake of that Precious Blood, which has redeemed our earth and arrayed it with Divine glory and beauty. Varied and beautiful, each with its special loveliness, will be the choirs of His elect. In those ever-open portals there enter day and night, that countless multitude of every people, nation, and language, they who, in the Church were by his grace faithful to Him, whom the Church below knew not how to win, or, alas! neglected to win them, but whom Jesus looked upon, and the Father drew to himself, whom his inner light enlightened, and who, out of the misery of our fallen state, drawn by his unknown grace, looked up yearningly to Him, their 'unknown God,' yet still *their* God, for He made them for himself. There, out of every religion or irreligion, out of every clime, in whatever ignorance steeped, in whatever hatred or contempt or blasphemy of Christ nurtured, God has his own elect who ignorantly worship Him, whose ignorant fear or longing He who inspired it will accept.

"No! Ask any tolerably instructed Christian person, and his *instinct will respond* what every teacher of the Church everywhere knows to be truth. Ask him, 'Will any soul be lost, heathen, idolater, heretic, or in any form of hereditary unbelief or misbelief, if in good faith he was what he was, living up to the light which he had, whencesoever it came, and repenting him where he did amiss?' *All Christendom would answer you, 'God forbid!'*"

I note, as another coincidence which I welcome with much thankfulness, that Dr. Pusey quotes in a preceding page a passage from St. Augustine's *Epistle against the Manicheans* which I have quoted in my first Boyle Lecture, as illustrating the temper in which the controversy with unbelief should be conducted. Glad as we may be, however, to hear from one who speaks with such authority as Dr. Pusey, such a testimony to the universality, not only potentially, but effectually, of the love of God and the redeeming work of Christ, it yet remains true that so far from this being the answer which "all Christendom," or "any tolerably instructed Christian," would return to the question, "Can heathens or heretics be saved without a formal belief in the Church's creed?" there are even now whole regions of Christendom where he who spoke as Dr. Pusey speaks would be condemned as heretical,—that it is comparatively a new element in the thoughts of theologians. His teaching is not that of Augustine, nor that of those in reformed or unreformed Churches, on whom the "dark shadow of Augustine" has fallen. It is not that of the fourth Lateran Council, or of the decrees of Trent. It is not that of the Protestant Confessions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is not that which, as he himself admits, prevailed in the first quarter of this century, when pity for the "perishing heathen" was the one topic urged in support of Christian missions. In the ancient Church, Justin and the Alexandrian teachers stand almost alone (Gregory of Nyssa comes in as a follower of Origen) in their witness to it. In our own there is hardly a single witness till we come to the honoured names of Taylor, Barrow, Butler. It exposed those who contended for it to the censures of divines, and the attacks of religious journals, as dangerously latitudinarian. The utmost reach which was allowed to the larger hope was to commit the heathen to "uncovenanted mercies," which those who used the phrase had ceased to look on as a reality. No! Dr. Pusey's confession of his faith, all the more noteworthy as made towards the close of so long and devoted a life, is but another instance of the victories won by what he rightly calls Christian "instinct," over the formal conclusions of theological systems. A verbal strain has to be put even upon the language of the Articles to bring them into harmony with it. A yet greater strain must be put upon the "monitory" clauses of the Athanasian Creed to reconcile them with his convictions.

till we are reconciled and atoned—this, we are taught, is but the remnant of a past stage of human life which the world is now outgrowing. With that there floats away into the abyss of the Unknown and Unknowable much that had before given brightness, steadfastness, blessedness to the lives of countless thousands, which we see to be fruitful in those blessings even now for those who still hold to the faith of their fathers. Men come to cast away their belief that God has in very deed been manifest in the flesh, and that the Eternal Word, the Light that lighteth every man, has dwelt among us and reconciled us to God. Evidence that once satisfied men that that Incarnate Word had overcome death and him that had the power of death, seems to become but as a rumour that circulates through some vast city's crowd,—

> "With no determined centre or of fact,
> Or authorship exact."*

The Books which were once as the living Oracles of God seem, under the handling of a victorious criticism, to recede from their high position as given for the education of mankind, and to be but fragments of the literature of the most highly gifted section of the Semitic race. The belief that there is a God that heareth prayer, that He is not far from every one of us, so that they who will can ask for light, guidance, and help,—this dies away under the conviction that prayer has no assignable dynamic value in the natural order of things, and that there is no supernatural order; that if it has any worth, it is but that which belongs to any conscious effort to bring our minds into harmony with the drift and current of things, instead of wasting energy in swimming against the stream.

Here too, then, we need, and I cannot doubt that we shall find, the old safeguard. From many a heart, in many different accents—righteous indignation, burning zeal, profoundest sorrow, tenderest sympathy—there rises on your lips and mine the Apostle's "God forbid!" The protest of that religious sense which is not the fantastic product of individual thought, or peculiar to one time or country, is as clear and loud against the negations of unbelief as it is against the conclusions of an over-dogmatizing theology. Whatever the subtle sophistry of others may tell us, we feel, when we are truest to ourselves, that the burden of sin is a pressing evil. We fall back on the consent of mankind at large—on the witness of our own experience—on the wide, broad fact, that men have been noble, true, and pure in proportion as they have lived in the belief which the questioning intellect now calls on us to discard. God forbid, we may well say, that that darkness of the shadow of death should fall on us or those for whom we care! God grant that the spiritual life that is in us may assert its true supremacy! Well will it be for us, if it can rise out of the darkness into the light of God, and enter once more into the joy of that communion with God which it is told is impossible. But if that should be denied us; if past habits of sin, or the weakness that follows upon cherished doubt, or the fevered thoughts that haunt us like vexing dreams, put that mode of escape, swift and sure, out of our reach,—if doubts still oppress, so that we can but say, as one said of old, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief,"—even then there is a path of safety through the darkness, and a voice which bids us walk in it when we are turning to the right hand or the left.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

* Clough's Poems, "Easter Day at Naples."

MATTHIAS TO ALBERTUS.

MY best Albertus, when your master's dead,
Let no one praise him; Death would be no friend,
If he should set my scholars all agog
In vindication of my claim to fame.
I wish to live in your fond hearts awhile,
To have your children learn to love me too.
Beyond this, being dead, I fain would die;
And vex not straying spirits any more,
By finger-posts that only miss the way,
Whilst Matthias shall take his fill of rest—
Shall sleep the sleep that dreads no troubled dawn,
And wake or wake not—as seems best to God.
What have I done, projected, or achieved,
Worthy to live outside the hearts I love?
Nothing! and ere you weep and tear your hair,
Crying—'A madman, lo, our master's mad!
Oh! what a noble light is here snuffed out!'
Hear me unto the end. Then, if you will,
That I am mad,—better be fool than knave,
I'll take your verdict, if your love comes too.—

Albertus, you were with me yesterday,
That day of gold and purple, tears and shame.
You witnessed how the thousands gathered there,
Wept with delight, the while glad music filled
Those halls majestic with bewildering sound;
And how they wreathed my brows with laurel leaves,
None doubting that a genius was praised
But I.
—Amid that peerless scene,

The ladies, brilliant as a bed of flowers,
The crimson banners waving in the sun,
The walls with bright exotics garlanded,
The myriad rapturous faces turned to mine;
Speechless, I stood, too weak to do my will,
To cast aside the crown I had not won,
And speak the truth with bitter tears of shame.
'Oh, friends! oh, world! take back your laurel wreath,
And keep until some poet come indeed,
Worthy to have the nations at his feet.
You see before you a mere charlatan,
One who has so well played a hero's part,
That wise as well as simple have believed.
You know not how this heart has mocked at you,
You know not how this heart has cheated you.
But now I lay it bare. Read and believe.'
This and much more I could have uttered then,
Had I not been a craven child of man,
Prizing my midge-like self beyond the truth—
Bright atmosphere of light around me spread.
But what I dared not say to all the world,
Fearless, I say to you; for perfect love
Bestows its largeness on the thing beloved,
And pitying loves what once it loved with pride.
Of all my scholars you have prized me most,
Prizing not only what I had of soul,
Unblemished and divine—if aught I had—
But the poor human part with all its flaws.
And you, long singled out to be my friend,
Chosen companion of my splendid joys,
And lover of my fame—now lone I lead,
Into the charnel house that they have hid.
Oh! do not leave me when I silent sit
In the chill atmosphere of self-remorse,
A naked, shuddering, and abject thing;
But clasp me close, and let your glad young voice
Persuade me nothing is too mean to love!
You're young, poor child, and like a winged seed,
By sportive breezes borne, your happy soul
Is careless led along life's sunny ways,
To fall and flower wherever Heaven bid:
And once I too had such sweet faith as this,
Taking my life to be a part of God,
That is, of Nature, bound up in all good,
And no hard problem, I must solve alone.
But oh, how long ago! My youth and I,
Parted as friends who find their goals too wide,
One bent upon attaining cloistered Truth,
The other loving flattery and ease.
Alas! too soon I learned to read men's hearts,
And that weird wisdom led my own astray.
I saw a giddy path that climbed to fame,
And throwing off my burdens, one by one,
Conscience and aspiration and remorse,
I trod it lightly, never looking back
To reach the pinnacle whereon I stand:—
Dwelling in palaces, the friend of kings,
With ladies flocking round my harpsichord,
As beauteous birds that know the tamer's voice,
Taking his small enchantments for divine—
A nation, captured, kneeling at my feet,
And all men glad because a poet speaks.
Albertus, like those painters of base soul,
Who gain their bread by foisting on the world
Mock Raphaels and Michael Angelos,
I gave men common coin and called it gold,
And heaven-born poetry was my overthrow.
I who once loved her with a perfect love,
As noble knight some maiden chaste and fair!
Alas, would I had sinned in aught but this!
Slain some one in my cups, robbed, cheated, lied,
To die upon the gallows like a wretch!
Than shame this sweetest mistress of my soul,
Whom, decked out like a dancing-girl at fairs,
I used but to ensnare the minds of men.
For, human fancy, fashioned like a flower,
Hath root and stem, the first and nobler part,
Soars upward in the light and blossoms fair;
The other, nourished darkly underground,
Consorts with things unlovely and unnamed.
And I disdained the airy realms of day
For fleshly darkness. By no strain divine—
I lifted soaring spirits with light wing,
To those empyrean heights where greatness sits,
No life has caught a radiance from mine,
As hill-tops burnished by the neighbouring sun.
Oh! sin most abject and unpardonable,
To prostitute divine intelligence,
The little all we have akin to God!
I weep for envy of those glorious souls,
Who thought no more of fame than God of praise,
And left untarnished lives and thoughts sublime,
To be a heritage for all the world.
Whilst I athirst for honour, wealth, and ease,
Have lied to all except myself—yet live:
I never did what good I might have done,
Perhaps an honest nothing—some men's best,
Gleaning with gladsome heart the golden fields
Of wise men's thoughts—content with common joys,
Spring-tide and flowers and birds and guileless love.
But what have I in common with all these?
The parasite of courts, the servitor
Of sinful beauty, 'mid a thousand more. . . .
Well, let me make an end!
Herein I sinned.
I never once believed in this same self,
Imposed on others as a master-piece.
I never once thrilled with the holy fire
Of inspiration, seeing glorious things,
And lovely shapes, nameless till named by me.
I knew not the unutterable throes
Of genius, in its mighty bringing forth,
Nor the proud bliss akin to mothers' joys,
That poets feel, when from their weary brain
Springs forth some heaven-born child, the pride of time.
All that I did was done with base intent,
And joy can no more come of such behest,
Than miners grow sweet gardens underground.
No biddings sent I to those happy elves,
Who hover round the visionary's soul,
To do his will, bearing from worlds unseen,
What treasure passing gold and pearl, what stores
Of fancies choicely culled, he chance to need.
Nay, rather evil sprites did heap my lap

With gifts that helped me to my deeds of shame,
Keys that unlock dark chambers of men's hearts,
Mirrors in which, by dire translation, seemed
Fair Nature's self, unlovely and impure,
Fetters and gyves to hold back lovely Truth,
Unearthly flowers with subtlest poison charged,
And fruits that never ripened in the sun,
Of which to taste is to be damned past hope,
As I am damned, ah, me!
And when I stand,
(As soon I must, for I am old and worn,)
A stranger shivering on the hearth of Death,
Hearing no more the plash of that sweet sea,
Whose waves are life, what welcome can I hope
But the eternal cradlings of repose?
To converse with the happy things that dwell
In spheres whose essence is of soul, not sense.
To walk with godlike men, nay, God himself,
To live for ever, ever long to live!
This good men's heaven never can be mine.
But calm, though very sorrowful, I go
Unto my portion; it is fit and meet—



Sleep never rippled by a single dream,
Through countless ages, sleep, Time cannot wake.

Weep not, oh! friend, when from your children's hands,
Spring-blossoms drop upon your master's tomb,
If weep you must, tell them my fable, thus:—
'One gift the sons of men obtain from God,
Which to despise, is forfeit evermore
Of that inestimable fatherhood;
A torch to light them through the winding ways
Of doubt and error all must tread alone;
Whose flame being kindled at the source supreme
Of light itself, if wilfully put out,
Is so much added darkness to the world,
And sin and shame, where love and light might be.
And he who lieth here, so sinned . . . oh! pray
For him, he held your father dear!'
Be wise,
Good friend, Albertus; chose a gentle wife,
And love her well. Live nobly first,
Then joyous if you may. Farewell. Farewell.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

LIGHTHOUSES OF THE FUTURE.

By Sir WILLIAM THOMSON, LL.D., F.R.S.

A SHIP sailing from the west, bound for Liverpool, shapes her course for Cape Clear. For four days the weather has been cloudy, and no "sights" of sun or stars have been obtained. From the "dead reckoning," the latitude is estimated at 51° 15′, and the longitude 11° 18′, at four P.M. on the 10th of September, 1873; Cape Clear, 68 miles distant E. by S.¼S. The ship is hove to, and the deep sea-lead cast, and no bottom is found. Again at seven in the evening the lead is cast—no bottom at 90 fathoms. An hour later the captain, a cautious man, and thorough navigator, heaves to, and casts the lead again. This time he finds bottom at 75 fathoms. Knowing that the Irish coast is well lighted, he stands on his course of E.S.E. at an estimated rate of 8½ knots through the water, and looks out anxiously for the Fastnet. It is flood tide, equinoctial springs, and he has a knot or a knot and a half with him eastward, he believes. Three-quarters of an hour later a light, faintly visible, is made out on the port bow, and almost instantly disappears. After three or four minutes it is seen again, and in the course of the next ten minutes it is seen five or six times, each time appearing and disappearing rapidly. This is decidedly the Fastnet, seen just half an hour earlier than was expected from the soundings, and the captain is well pleased. (See chart of Cape Clear, Dingle Bay, &c., p. 219.) Heavy showers come on, and the light is only seen two or three times again until about ten o'clock, when in intervals between the showers it is seen several times on the port beam, shining out, and becoming eclipsed rapidly, as is the way with a revolving light. The captain alters his course by a point and a half to E. half S., and expects to see the Old Head of Kinsale light half an hour after midnight. At a quarter past ten his ship is ashore on the south end of Vickillane Island, on the north side of the entrance to Dingle Bay. The dead reckoning had given about 40 miles south and 24 miles east of the true position at four in the afternoon, a by no means large error on a five days' run without sights. A careful navigator would, of course, be quite prepared for such an error in the dead reckoning; but in this case the captain, after having felt his way cautiously by soundings, was thrown off his guard by making out a revolving light just in the position in which he expected to see the Fastnet. If he had seen a flashing light or a fixed light, he would have known it was the Calf or the Skelligs, and altered his course accordingly; but having made out a revolving light, he did exactly as almost every man would have done in such circumstances. On behalf of the existing system, it may be urged that the Tearaght light which he had taken for the Fastnet revolves in a minute and a half, whereas the Fastnet revolves in two minutes. This defence is utterly invalid. It is scarcely possible for any one, counting time to himself on a gusty, showery night at sea, to distinguish a one-and-a-half minute from a two-minute revolving light. It is never convenient, and it is often impossible, to find the period of a light by noting on a chronometer the times of its appearances and disappearances.

Take another case. A coaster from the Clyde, bound south, takes refuge from a southerly gale in Belfast Lough. After he has been three days at rest in the snug anchorage of Whitehouse Roads, the wind moderates, and draws more from the westward about nightfall. Not wishing to lose more time, he gets under weigh to go to sea the same night, half an hour before high water. He reads in the sailing directions, "The Copeland light in line with Grey Point "E.S.E. ¼ E., clears the foul ground on this "shore" (the south shore of the Lough, west of Grey Point). His position (A) in the anchorage was such, that Grey Point shut out the Copeland light from his view; so as soon as his anchor is up, he sails N.E. till he sees what he believes to be the Copeland light, well open to the north of Grey Point. (See chart of Belfast Lough, p. 221.) His cargo is of pig iron, and he does not trust his compass, so he does not notice, and, in fact he could not discover that the light bore E. by S.¼S. instead of E.S.E. ¼E., when it first became visible open of Grey Point. He steers for the light, knowing that the ebb tide to the northward will keep him clear of the dangers of the Copeland channel, and he is soon ashore a mile and a half west of Grey Point, at the top of high water. He had really never seen the Copeland light, but had taken for it the clear fixed light of an ironclad, (S) anchored in six fathoms water two miles east of Grey Point.

Passing from imaginary cases, take the real one of the steamer "Cambria," lost on

Inistrahul on the 19th of October, 1870. Passengers and crew to the number of 183 perished. One man only, John McGartland, escaped to tell the sad tale. Two days after the event, the keeper of the lighthouse on Inistrahul reports that he and his wife "on Wednesday, about midnight, heard "what appeared to be cries of distress. They "opened the lighthouse door, and every gust "of wind brought with it shrieks as if from "men and women in despair. They also "observed a light in the direction of the Tor "rocks outside of Inistrahul. This light "flickered for a very few minutes, and then "disappeared, and soon all was silent. It "was a wild, stormy night, and to have ven-"tured out would have been certain destruc-"tion." On the testimony of the lighthouse keeper as to the direction in which the light was seen, it has been inferred that the Cambria foundered not on Inistrahul, but on the Tor rocks. "The fishermen in the "locality say that on Wednesday night there "was a strong five-knot tide running east, and "the gale also blew from the west."

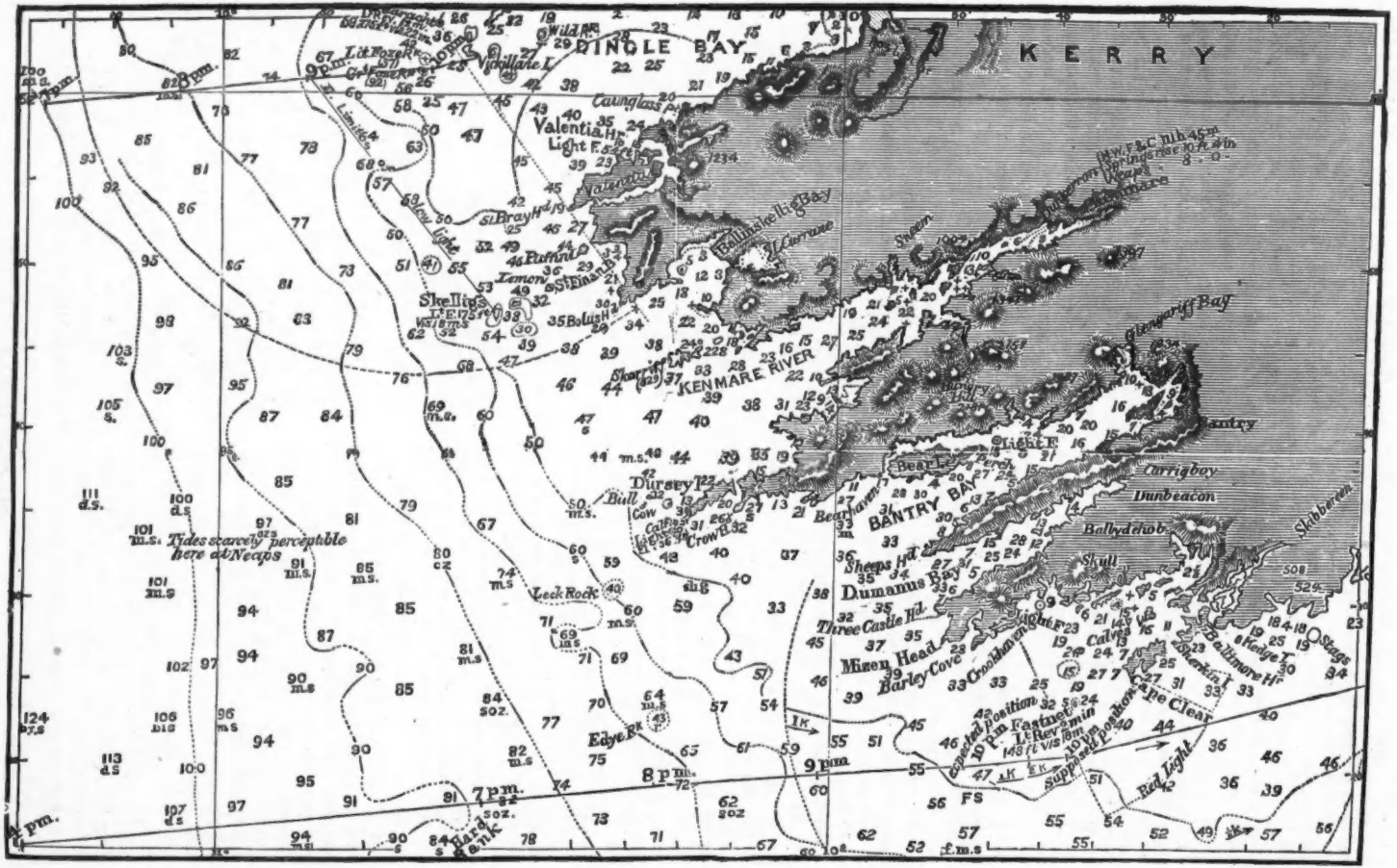
McGartland stated that some time before the ship struck, two lights had been seen, and the most probable inference is that the lighthouse on Tory Island, showing a fixed white light, visible at a distance of sixteen miles, had been duly sighted, and that afterwards the two-minutes revolving light of Inistrahul had been seen, and lost sight of through the bad weather. If the Inistrahul light had been seen at all, it is certain that it must have been lost sight of; but it is quite possible that it may not have been seen at all. In either case, the invisibility of the light during one minute fifty seconds, out of every two minutes, is largely culpable for the disaster. No one without actual experience in unfavourable weather at sea can fully appreciate how vastly more difficult it is to descry a light which is only visible for a few seconds at a time with long intervals of obscuration, than a fixed light, or a light which is never eclipsed for more than a few seconds at a time.

It is most probable that the light on Inistrahul was not seen on board the "Cambria" till it was too late to alter the course and clear the rocks. The long interval of obscuration — one minute fifty seconds—was quite enough to allow a vessel, running as the Cambria was, under steam and probably canvas, before a gale of wind, to pass unwarned, from a position of safety, to one from which escape was impossible.

Take again the stranding of the "Great Britain," in September, 1846, in Dundrum Bay, on the coast of Ireland, an accident which, though happily without loss of life, caused great damage to that magnificent ship. The "Annual Register," under date September 22nd, 1846, says:—

"The ship left Liverpool about eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning; and, after clearing the Bell Buoy, bore away under considerable canvas direct in a course for the Calf of Man and the scene of the disaster; and at from four to five o'clock in the afternoon the island was distinctly visible on the starboard bow. Shortly after, it set in to rain and the wind increased; the ship making excellent progress and the passengers uncommonly delighted with the vessel and her admirable qualities as a sea-boat. Night then closed in, dark and wet, and the wind gradually freshened into a half-gale. The log was repeatedly taken. About half-past nine o'clock the passengers were startled by a cry and active movements upon deck, and a general fear prevailed that the ship was in collision with some other vessel. The ship, however, had stranded. The night was dark and stormy, and the ship beat incessantly upon the sand; and the breakers repeatedly breaking heavily over her, one of the lifeboats was carried from its fastenings on the quarter. . . . . The anxious hours of darkness being passed, preparations were made to land the passengers and their luggage; and then it was discovered that the ship had struck upon the soft sandy beach of Dundrum Bay, near the watch-house of Tyrella, a little to the west of the Cow and Calf rocks. Providentially the vessel cleared these dangerous spots; for had it been otherwise, it is more than probable that few, if any, would have escaped. The landing of the passengers was accomplished between the hours of five and seven o'clock on Wednesday morning, and from the protected position of the ship and the nature of the beach, with perfect safety."

The immediate cause of this very serious accident was the mistaking of the single light on St. John's Point, off Dundrum Bay, revolving once in a minute, for the double light on the Calf of Man, revolving every two minutes. Rain and dense haze had prevented the Calf Light off the south end of the Isle of Man from being seen, on the right-hand side, in passing, and the ship, with want of sufficient prudence, had been kept on her course. When later, through the haze, a single revolving light was seen; if this had been known to be the St. John's Light the ship's course would have been altered to the right, and she would have gone clear in a N.W. direction, along the Irish coast: but the St. John's Light was not marked on the chart used on board the ship, and the light that was seen was taken for one of the two revolving lights on the Calf of Man. So the course was steered to keep clear of the Hen and Chickens rocks, lying to the south-west of the supposed light. *One* good light on the Calf, if distinguishable from every other light as soon as descried, would, even with-


KERRY
DINGLE BAY
Valentia Hr.
Light F.
Valentia
Caunglass
Ballinskellig Bay
Skellig
Skelligs
Lemon
St. Finan B.
Bolus Hd.
KENMARE RIVER
Sneem
Glengariff Bay
Bantry
Light F.
Bear I.
Perch
Carrigboy
Dunbeacon
Ballydehob
Skull
Skibbereen
BANTRY BAY
Bearhaven
Dursey I.
Bull
Cow
Calf
Crow H.
Sheeps Hd.
Dumanus Bay
Three Castle Hd.
Mizen Head
Barley Cove
Crookhaven
Light F.
Calves
Sherkin I.
Ballimore Hr.
Kedge I.
Stags
Cape Clear
Red Light
Fastnet
Lt. Revolvin
Supposed position
Leck Rock
Edye Rk.
Tides scarcely perceptible here at Neaps
Hard Bank
7 p.m.
8 p.m.
9 p.m.
10 p.m.
4 p.m.

out knowledge of the comparatively new St. John's Light, have rendered it instantly certain that what was seen really must be, if a shore light at all, a light on the Irish coast, and that the ship's course must be altered to the right.

The Admiralty charts (from which our two charts are copied) mark the different lighthouses, according to one or other of six different descriptions:—F., Fl., F. and Fl., Rev., Int., Alt., in accordance with the following table of abbreviations and explanations, prefixed to the Admiralty list of lights on the different coasts of the world:—

F. Fixed or steady.

Fl. Flashing, showing five or more flashes and eclipses alternately in a minute.

F. and Fl. Fixed light with a white or red flash in addition (preceded and followed by a short eclipse) at intervals of two, three, or four minutes.

Rev. Revolving. Light gradually increasing to full effect, and gradually decreasing to eclipse, at equal intervals of one, two, or three minutes, but occasionally as often as three times in a minute.

Int. Intermittent. Suddenly appearing in view, remaining visible for a certain time, and then as suddenly eclipsed for a shorter time.

Alt. Red and white light alternately at equal intervals, without any intervening eclipse.

A large majority of the lights on the coast of the British Islands are fixed, a considerable number are revolving; and out of 514, in the list corrected to January, 1871, only 29 belong to any of the other descriptions, Fl., F. and Fl., Int., or Alt. A majority of the revolving lights have a period of one minute; very few less than one minute; some as long as three minutes.

Sailors in general look upon lighthouses as works of nature rather than of art, and would as soon think of asking to have the shape of Knockdolian changed, so that it could never be mistaken for Ailsa Craig, as to have the Copeland light altered so as to be not mistakable for a ship's riding light, or for the fixed light of Larne Lough; or to have the periods of revolving and intermittent lights reduced from minutes to seconds; or to have red lights done away with from lighthouses and light-ships, so that it may no longer be possible to mistake them for sailing ships' red side lights. But the faults of our present system of lighthouses are felt by thousands nightly at sea, and borne by them as uncomplainingly as "winter and rough weather."

To every non-official mind it is clear that lighthouses would be much more useful aids to navigation than they are, if each could, as soon as it is descried, be distinguished from any other lighthouse, from any ships' light, and from any ordinary shore light. Why is it then that a simple method for securing this great object, given by the late Charles Babbage twenty-two years ago, is not yet brought into use, and his "Note respecting Light-"houses (Occulting Lights)," remains to this day in the limbo of Trinity House pigeon-holes, Parliamentary Blue Books, and the archives of the Admiralties of maritime nations? In his "Passages from the Life "of a Philosopher," (Longman, 1864), the following sentence occurs:—

"It may happen, as is now happening to my system of distinguishing lighthouses from each other, and of night telegraphic communication between ships at sea—that although officially communicated to all the great maritime governments, and even publicly exhibited for months during the Exhibition of 1851, it will be allowed to go to sleep for years, until some official person, casually hearing of it, or perhaps re-inventing it, shall have *interest* with the higher powers to get it quietly adopted as his own invention."

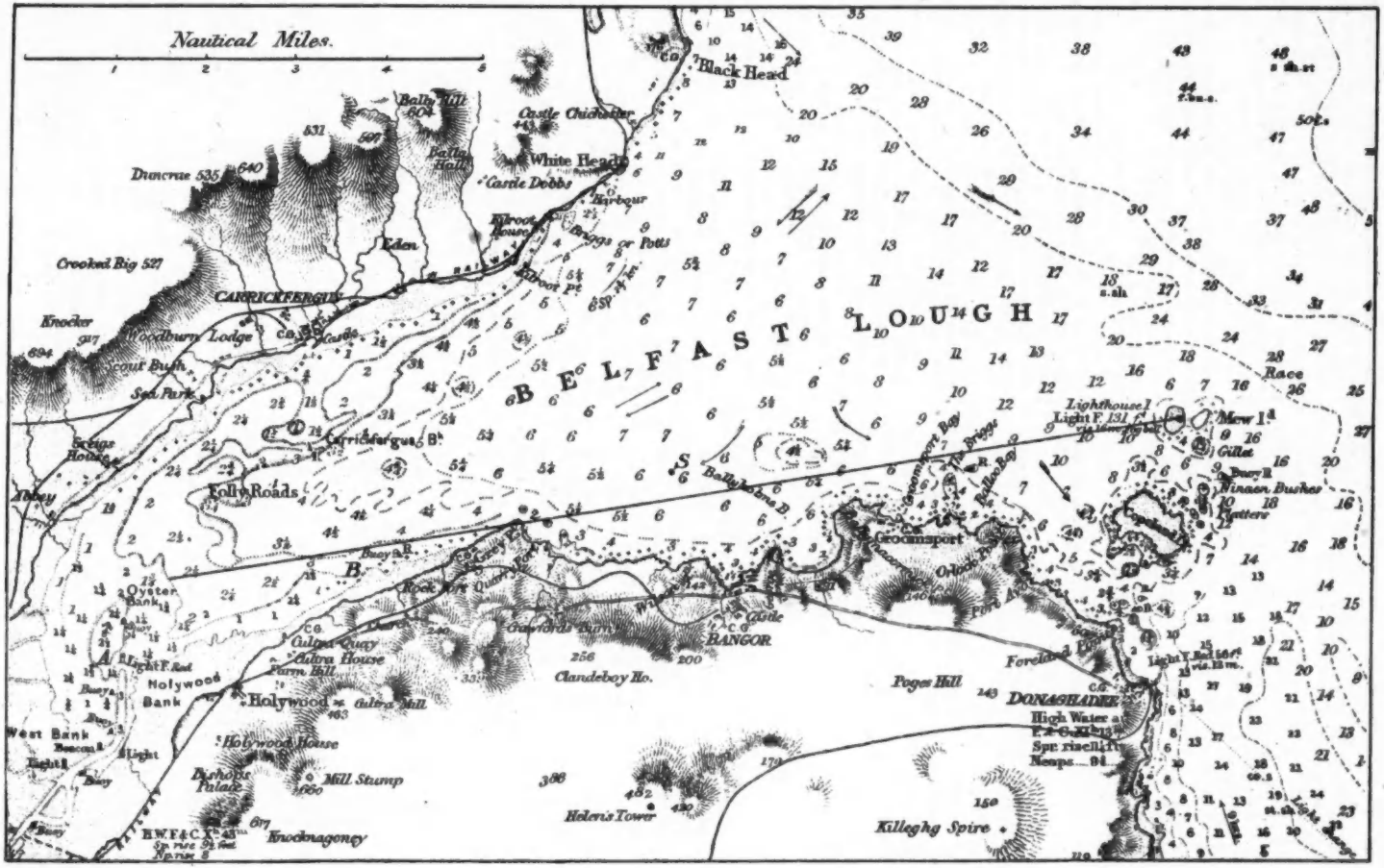
One part of Babbage's invention, the night telegraphic communication between ships at sea, has been adopted with marked success, in the system of signalling by flash lights, introduced practically about ten years ago by Captain Colomb, and now in regular use in our navy, and in submarine cable expeditions. It was found exceedingly valuable in the operations of the Atlantic Telegraph expedition of 1866, by which the cable laid and lost in 1865 was recovered and completed. It seems indeed that the method of signalling by flash lights had been taken advantage of by the Russians very shortly after the time of its publication by Babbage. The following statement is extracted from a letter which appeared in the *Times* of the 16th July, 1855:—

"*To the Editor of the Times.*

SIR,—The failure of the Sebastopol assault on the 18th June, has been ascribed to the mistake of a signal made by the general commanding one of the attacks;—the fuse of a shell was mistaken for a rocket, the signal previously agreed upon. One of the most extraordinary features of the present war is the singular neglect by the allies, of those aids which a highly advanced state of mechanical science places at their disposal.

The Russians, on the contrary, have for years examined and treasured up every invention which could contribute to their success.

It requires no profound military skill to perceive that, under the peculiar features of the localities around Sebastopol, where combined attacks are directed by two commanders-in-chief, it is important that they should possess, if possible, means of instant communication with each other. . . . .


Nautical Miles.
Black Head
White Head
Castle Chichester
Castle Dobbs
Harbour
Eden
CARRICKFERGUS
Woodburn Lodge
Castle
Sea Park
Carrickfergus B.
Folly Roads
Oyster Bank
Holywood Bank
Holywood
Holywood House
Bishops Palace
Mill Stump
Knocknagoney
Culdra Quay
Culdra House
Culdra Mill
Clandeboy Ho.
BANGOR
Castle
Groomsport
Donaghadee
Poges Hill
Helen's Tower
Killeghy Spire
BELFAST LOUGH
Race
Light F. 131
Mew I.
Gillet
Pinnacle Bushes
Scrabo
Scrabo House
Abbey
Crooked Big 527
Knocker
Duncrue 535
Ballyhill
Ballyhalbert
Ballyhalbert B.
Rock Port Quay
Gaybrook Farm
Foreland
High Water
Neaps 9h
Light F. Red
Light
Buoy
Beacon
Pt.
Bk.
Ho.
Mill
Sch.
Q.
Ch.
Fm.
Qy.
Sp.
Stn.
Tr.
Ruins
Cas.
Lt.
Obsn.
Obelisk
Tr. Bridge
Pilot Pt.
Briggs or Potts
Throot Rocks
Ballyhalbert Pt.
Groomsport Bay
Pilot Bay
Ollock Pt.
Pilot Anchorage
Ballyhalbert Bay
Carrickfergus Bay
Belfast Lough
Lighthouse
Light F. 131
Mew I.
Gillet
Pinnacle Bushes
Race
Scrabo
Scrabo House
Abbey
Folly Roads
Oyster Bank
Holywood Bank
Holywood
Holywood House
Bishops Palace
Mill Stump
Knocknagoney
Culdra Quay
Culdra House
Culdra Mill
Clandeboy Ho.
BANGOR
Castle
Groomsport
Donaghadee
Poges Hill
Helen's Tower
Killeghy Spire
Crooked Big 527
Knocker
Duncrue 535
Ballyhill
Ballyhalbert
Ballyhalbert B.
Rock Port Quay
Gaybrook Farm
Foreland
High Water
Neaps 9h
Light F. Red
Light
Buoy
Beacon
Pt.
Bk.
Ho.
Mill
Sch.
Q.
Ch.
Fm.
Qy.
Sp.
Stn.
Tr.
Ruins
Cas.
Lt.
Obsn.
Obelisk
Tr. Bridge
Pilot Pt.
Briggs or Potts
Throot Rocks
Ballyhalbert Pt.
Groomsport Bay
Pilot Bay
Ollock Pt.
Pilot Anchorage
Ballyhalbert Bay
Carrickfergus Bay
Belfast Lough

During a night attack, a very simple form of telegraph might be used, which has already been proposed for enabling ships to communicate with lighthouses or with other vessels; it is called the 'occulting telegraph.' Its principle is equally valuable for enabling the seaman to read the number of any given lighthouse as soon as it appears above the horizon, or for communicating his own necessity for assistance, or the news he brings.

The best lighthouses consist of one argand lamp, surrounded by glasses which concentrate the greater part of the light in a direction parallel to the surface of the sea. Now it is well known that if an opaque cylinder is lowered over the glass of an argand burner, the light will be entirely hidden. If the shade be lowered, and then quickly raised, the light will suffer a temporary extinction, which is called an 'occultation.' At whatever distance the lamp can be seen, this occultation will be perceived. It has been found by experiment that if these occultations succeed each other at about the interval of one second, they can not only be seen, but be easily counted.

Here then is a ready means of expressing small numbers. To express large numbers, as, for example, 374, it is only necessary to make three successive occultations, and allow a pause of five seconds; make seven successive occultations, and allow a pause of five seconds; make four successive occultations, and allow a pause of twelve seconds. After this the series may be repeated.

Thus the number 374 can be communicated to all within sight of the lamp in little more than half a minute. One great advantage of this system of signals is that the number can be repeated by mechanism until it is acknowledged to have been observed.

In the case of a lighthouse, the same number must be repeated from sunset to sunrise. Another advantage is that this kind of telegraph is adapted for all existing numerical codes of signals. During the day the light of the sun itself might be used for an occulting telegraph. The distance at which sunlight could be employed might, under favourable circumstances, extend to about a hundred miles.

In 1851 an occulting light was publicly exhibited in London. The plan was at that time communicated to the Trinity House.

Occulting lights were subsequently approved by the Lighthouse Board of the United States, and Congress appropriated 5,000 dollars to make experiments upon them.

I have also evidence that the occulting system of lights was known at St. Petersburg in 1853, and I infer that it has been practically applied at Sebastopol, from the following extract from a letter of your correspondent at Balaklava (*Times*, July 11th):—

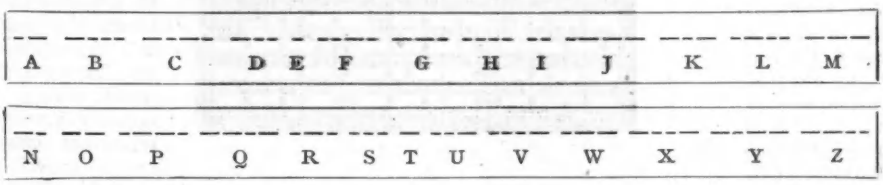
'A long train of provisions came into Sebastopol 'to-day, and the mirror telegraph, which works by 'flashes from a mound over the Belbeck, was ex-'ceedingly busy all the forenoon.'

This can scarcely apply to any other than an occulting telegraph.

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
CHARLES BABBAGE.

Dorset Street, Manchester Square, *July* 13."

The plan described in the preceding letter for signalling numbers by flashing lights is not the best in detail. Captain Colomb made a great improvement by adopting, instead of it, the ordinary Morse telegraph alphabet (described in GOOD WORDS for January, 1867), which consists of short signals and longer signals following one another with proper longer and shorter intervals to form groups to designate numbers, letters, or words. In the Morse system of electric telegraph a long ribbon of paper, kept running at a uniform rate by wheelwork, is used to receive longer or shorter marks, exhibiting to the eye a permanent record of the durations of the signals, and of the intervals between them. Originally the marks were made by a stile pressed against the paper, so as to emboss it; now they are universally made by an ink-marker, of which many different forms have been devised and used. The short signal draws a very short line, the long signal a longer line. The alphabet printed on a telegraph ribbon is as follows:—

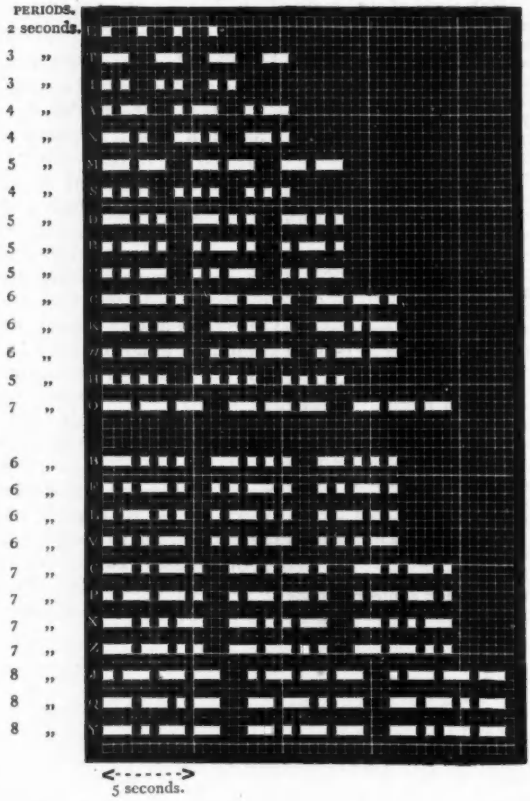


The short line was called a dot, and the longer line a dash; and now by universal usage the short signal of the Morse alphabet is called a dot, and the long signal a dash, whether they are recorded on paper or not, and whether they are conveyed by electricity, or by sound, or by light, or by any other physical agency. In Colomb's nautical night telegraph short flashes constitute the dots, and longer flashes the dashes. The exceeding simplicity, ease, and certainty of this system of telegraphing may be easily tested by any reader of GOOD WORDS with no other apparatus than a candle or lamp, and a screen held in the hand. With a Morse alphabet on paper before him, he can in a first trial make signals at a slow speed with perfect accuracy, expressing any letters, words, or sentences he pleases, which can be read as far as the light can be seen by any one knowing the Morse alphabet. Young persons after two or three trials

learn both to make and to read with great ease and quickness signals of this kind, and can thus speak to one another easily at night between two houses a mile or two apart. Flash signal lamps are now regularly made for ships at sea, and are already in very general use. A screen lifted up and let down by hand suffices to make the signals: and I believe the signalmen prefer making them thus to using a mechanism which is sometimes attached to the lamp.

The annexed diagram exhibits the system and the proportions of the intervals of light and darkness by which the different letters of the alphabet, each repeated indefinitely, are shown by an "occulting light." The application to lighthouses is exceedingly simple. Each lighthouse must in general, as Babbage says, keep repeating its number (or letter, as I should prefer) from sunset till sunrise. It is easy to produce mechanism by which this will be done automatically with the greatest certainty. In the first place, we have to choose the mode of making the occultations. This may be by a cylindrical screen enclosing the glass shade of the argand burner, and lifted up and let down to let the light be seen, and to eclipse it, as proposed by Babbage. Or it may be by a cylindrical or hollow spherical screen with vertical slits cut in it, of different breadths for the dots and dashes, and with proper spaces of screen between them to produce the eclipses of the required duration. Either method may be adopted to give the eclipses and reappearances of the light with any degree of suddenness required; but the mechanism necessary for the first is much less simple and needs considerably greater driving power than the mere uniform revolution of the second method, which is exactly the same movement as that of the ordinary revolving lights at present in use. The second method has another great advantage, in admitting of the introduction of optical appliances to avoid the total loss of the eclipsed light which is inevitable when the first method is used. It seems, indeed, that in all respects the second method is preferable to the first.

Dot, half a second; short interval, the same. Dash, a second and a half; long interval, the same.



But another method, already partially tried with marked success in Ireland in consequence of a suggestion of Dr. Tyndall's, is much preferable in every respect to either of those in all cases in which gas can be used as a substitute for oil in lighthouses. It is simply to almost extinguish the gas instead of eclipsing it during the intervals of darkness between the dots and dashes. I have been much struck with seeing a regularly intermittent lamp in a crowded street in London, and remarking how certainly and how quickly I could distinguish it from hundreds of others, some of them fixed street lamps, and house and shop lights; others carriage and cab lights, flitting about and eclipsing one another incessantly. From the far end of the street there was no difficulty whatever in distinguishing it from all the other lights, even although it was continually being eclipsed irregularly, for a few seconds at a time, by intervening carriages. Its own regular intermittence was

of course due to a little water which had lodged in its supply gas pipe; and this suggested to me a frictionless water stop-cock, which may be readily worked by a very light and simple mechanism, to give the desired dot and dash signals. A second channel or "bye pass" is to be added to prevent the gas from being completely extinguished during the intervals of obscuration, when the water stop-cock is shut. Thus, without any waste whatever of the illuminating material, and with no complication of optical contrivance beyond that of the ordinary fixed Lighthouse, the desired system of signalling Lighthouses may be realised, wherever gas is used as the illuminating material.

The Lighthouse of the future is to be illuminated by gas, except when the situation is an isolated rock at sea, or where for any reason the price of coal is prohibitory. This I judge from a series of able reports by Dr. Tyndall, contained in "Further papers "relative to a proposal to substitute gas for "oil as an illuminating power in Lighthouses. "Presented to both Houses of Parliament by "command of Her Majesty. 1871."*

A paper (Nov. 8th, 1869,) by John R. Wigham, Gas Engineer, London and Dublin, included in this collection, contains the following statement:—

"The value of using gas in Lighthouses has been fully recognised by the Board of Irish Lights, after a trial of more than four years, and the whole system has been most carefully investigated by Dr. Tyndall, who is, perhaps, the greatest living authority on such subjects, and as his opinion confirms the experience of the Board of Irish Lights, I feel that, supported by such authorities, I may safely leave the decision to the judgment of the Board of Trade."

One of Dr. Tyndall's reports (Oct. 8th, 1870,) contains the following:—

"Now the point to be noted here is, that were gas employed instead of oil, the periods of occultation produced by the screen might, by a simple mechanical contrivance, be produced *by the extinction of the gas.* In the dark interval no gas would be expended; hence it is certain that the Rockabill Lighthouse† might be effectually lighted by half the amount of gas necessary in the case of a fixed light."

"But it has been already demonstrated that by the substitution of gas for oil at Howth Baily,* a saving is effected in the case of that fixed light. Much more, then, would there be a saving at Rockabill, which is as easily accessible as Howth Baily. From the data before me I should infer that the diminution of expense consequent on the change indicated would amount annually to £60. In this estimate I include the interest on the sum expended in the construction of gas-works."

Again Dr. Tyndall writes on the 7th Feb., 1871:—

"The flexibility, if I may use the term, with which gas lends itself to lighthouse purposes was still further demonstrated, and what appears to be an important modification of an intermittent light hit upon. In a letter addressed to me, on the 27th of January, Mr. Wigham writes thus:—

'While carefully looking into this part of 'the subject, it occurred to me that we might 'avail ourselves of this peculiarity of gaslight, 'to enable us to receive, while the lens was 'passing the eye,† three or four bright flashes 'instead of only one. I tried it, and found 'that we had hit upon one of the most striking 'and distinguishing lights. I asked Captain 'Hawes to meet me last night, when he told 'me that he had been thinking of something 'of the same kind. We then jointly looked 'at the light, and Captain Hawes is perfectly 'charmed with the effect. The impression 'that you receive when you first look at it 'is that there is life in it, and that it is actively 'exerting itself to warn the mariner of some 'danger.'

"The observations of this new form of intermittent light have been assiduously continued. The result is described in the following letter, which has been addressed to me by Captain Hawes:—

'Office of Irish Lights, Dublin, *1st Feb.*, 1870.

'DEAR SIR,—Since writing to you last I have gone 'a good deal more into the matter of the use of gas 'for annular lenses, and have requested Mr. Wigham 'to make many experiments on the subject. We had 'just succeeded in reducing the small secondary 'flash‡ to which your last note alluded, to an 'exceeding trifling twinkling light, when we de-'vised an improvement upon the method of saving 'gas, which we showed to you when you were here, 'and have succeeded in producing an exceedingly 'beautiful and distinguishing light; it consists in 'causing the gas to produce, while each lens passes

* To be purchased for 4½*d.*, and to be read, I hope, by many readers of GOOD WORDS.

† A flashing light on an isolated rock some miles north of Dublin.

* A lighthouse in Dublin Bay.

† The experiment here described was complicated by the light on which it was tried being a revolving one. Gas, of course, supersedes all necessity for revolving screens or lenses.

‡ This, again, is a complication depending on the unnecessary revolving apparatus of the lighthouse.

'the eye, three or four rapid flashes caused by the extinction and re-ignition of the gas. We first had 'this light fixed on the roof of Messrs. Edmundson's 'factory, and I observed it from the upper windows 'of this house, and confess I was very much delighted 'with its performance, and I think I never saw any 'light that seemed to me more suitable for catching 'the eye of the mariner. Wishing to ascertain 'whether the same appearance would be seen by a 'person at a greater distance, I had the lens removed 'to the experimental house at Howth Baily, and for 'the last two evenings have been witnessing the effect 'at Kingstown.

'My previous favourable impressions are more 'than confirmed by these observations. There are, as 'you know, a great many lights about Kingstown 'harbour, &c., but whenever the flashes of this new 'light were displayed, they caught the eye as a flash 'of a gun would, even although not exactly turned in 'the direction of the lighthouse.

'I look upon this matter as one of exceeding im-'portance, and would be glad to hear from you on 'the subject. You will observe from the foregoing 'that, while the saving of the gas by its extinction is 'not accomplished exactly in the same mode as you 'described in your last report to the Board of Trade, 'yet that the main gist of your report, viz., the saving 'of the gas, is effected to the same extent as you stated. . . . . I should very much like to see gas 'introduced for Rockabill lighthouse, and am per-'suaded by this new system of rapid flashes, many 'most desirable things, for example connected with 'signalling, which we now hardly think of, might be 'accomplished.

'I am, &c.,

'E. H. HAWES, Inspector of Lights.

'Dr. John Tyndall, F.R.S., &c.,
'Royal Institution of Great Britain.'"

Dr. Tyndall concludes his report, from which the foregoing passages are extracted, with the following important statement:—

"The Board may, I think, feel confident that, before finally recommending any change in our system of lighthouse illumination, I shall assure myself by suitable experiments that the change would be an improvement optically or economically. That gas is capable of manifold application in lighthouses is even now evident. We have to deal in fact with two elements, the quantity of the light and its distribution. On the former score, gas in Ireland competes successfully with oil; but it is to the ease and promptness with which gas lends itself to various modes of distribution that the chief manifestations of its superiority are to be looked for. I anticipate great ameliorations and advances from its future use."

The only practical objection I have ever heard made to the universal adoption of the automatic signalling system for lighthouses ignores the use of gas, with the perfectly economical obscurations which it allows; and is that the "occultations" involve a loss of light. I answer unqualifiedly that they will *never* involve a loss of *useful light*. Of all the best lighthouses on the present system, the fixed lights are practically the most sure to be descried in unfavourable circumstances. One of these lights, converted into a self-signalling light by simply an opaque unsilvered screen, either on Babbage's plan, or revolving as I have proposed, would certainly be not less easily seen at a distance than it is at present, provided the eclipse be never longer than two seconds, and the time of full brightness never less than half a second. It is probable, indeed, that the rapid contrasts presented to the eye would render the intermittent light *more easily descried than a fixed light of equal intensity*. But whether more easily descried, or only as easily descried, it is certain that the non-eclipsed part of the light would do much better service to navigation than the whole light does as a "fixed light" of our present system. Let Hesiod then answer those who object to the conversion of fixed lights into self-signalling lights:—Νήπιοι οὐδ' ἴασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ παντός—foolish persons, they don't know how much better is half than the whole.

Why, I repeat, have not automatic signalling lights been already adopted by all the lighthouse boards of the world? Many truthful replies may no doubt be given to this question; but there is only one answer:—The authorities were not sufficiently impressed with the importance of the object proposed. Had they been so, they would never have accepted the reports of their engineers and other scientific advisers, condemning Babbage's proposal. If they were told the thing could not be done, they would have sent back orders to their engineers to do it. If they were told it would involve waste of oil, they would have directed their engineers and opticians to find how to do it without wasting oil. But they were told it was not of much use, or were not sufficiently told that it *is* of enormous importance; and the proposal was shelved. I have absolute confidence in asserting that, if the British Parliament resolves that the object is of importance, and votes a moderate sum for putting Babbage's suggestion into practice, in three or four lighthouses representing different classes of its application, at first without waiting for economy of gas or oil, the most obstructive of anti-reformers and the most apathetic of boards will be thoroughly converted; and before many years we shall have an economy of oil and gas, of property at sea, and of life, superior to any hitherto attained in our lighthouse system.

LADY BELL.

By the AUTHOR of "Citoyenne Jacqueline."

CHAPTER XII.—BETRAYAL.



LADY BELL could no more remain quiet under the knowledge she had acquired, than she could help to commit the contemplated deed. She was wildly at a loss how to proceed, but whatever plans crossed her mind, the idea never entered it, to interfere by remonstrating with Squire Trevor. She knew by experience how bitterly hard it would be to turn him from any project. She seemed to know, as well, of how little moment she was to him, so that her opinion would not weigh a feather's weight in the scale with regard to what he should do or leave undone; nay, that any overture on her part to defend Mr. Sundon, would most probably only accelerate his fate.

Lady Bell had very hazy notions of the prerogatives and powers of the Sheriff, who was not to arrive till the last moment, and of the Mayor, whose house, among others, she had invaded. There was the clergyman, another authority on the side of order and humanity, but she had already ascertained that he was canon of the nearest cathedral, and was then in residence.

She was in dreadful uncertainty as to her course of action, but she held one impression which was not uncertain. She had the persuasion rooted in her from the first, that if she lodged information of the intended assult on Mr. Sundon, and so prevented the wicked stratagem and endangered the Tories' success in the election, she dared never return to Squire Trevor. Her own guilty face would bear evidence against her; she would be condemned to flee for her life before the brutal wrath of her husband.

The alternative would not have been so awful if she had possessed the faintest shadow of a city of refuge. But the circumstances were very much the same as when her uncle, Mr. Godwin, had taunted her with her dependence,—she had no place to turn to, no friend to espouse her cause or to afford her shelter.

She would never go back to her uncle Godwin and her aunt Die in the lurid light of their wasted fortunes.

She would die rather than have recourse to Mrs. Walsh and Sally, even if that had been to any purpose so far as escaping from the Squire was concerned. On the contrary, they would be certain to hand her over immediately to justice and her husband, with no farther plea for mercy than might be contained in the extorted pledge, that in place of killing her outright and being hung for it, as Earl Ferrars killed his servant and was hung in the last generation, he should be contented with sentencing her to perpetual imprisonment, with his kinswomen to be her jailers.

However, there was a difference between Lady Bell's past and present trouble. When Squire Trevor had paid her his detested addresses, and it was not in her power to reject them with contumely, there had only been herself to think of, her single interest to consider, and that had not been enough to dissolve the numbing spell of conventionality.

Now her invention was quickened into the liveliest exercise by the urgent necessity of others besides herself. The Sundons—wife and husband—and not Lady Bell alone, were at stake; and, if she aided them, there was no choice of evils left her, no deadly dulness of dutiful respectability as opposed to mad defiance and destitution. In her youthful simplicity, she honestly believed that she must flee for her life from the aroused fury of Squire Trevor. If there existed a purpose of sacrificing Mr. Sundon, ten times more would she be sacrificed.

When the thought occurred to her that she might write to warn the Sundons, she rejected it as being a step unworthy of the situation, for she was wound up to a tragic pitch. The letter might miscarry; if it were anonymous it had a great chance of being

passed over; if it had the name and style of the writer the danger was as great, while the success was less certain than if the communication were made in a personal interview.

Lady Bell seemed driven to a decisive step, the shortness of the time pricking her on. It was on a Sunday evening that the plot of disabling Mr. Sundon was loosely framed at Mr. Trevor's lodgings, and the mail from London came in on Tuesday.

On Monday morning Lady Bell took the opportunity of a messenger's going to Trevor Court to send her maid on the pad behind him, to do an errand for her mistress.

Lady Bell then told the woman of the lodging that her head ached, which was true enough, and that she should not come down to Mr. Trevor's mid-day dinner. But in place of lying down on her bed, as she was understood to do, she put on her least conspicuous walking dress, which happened, oddly, to be a scarlet cloth riding-habit. But this military costume was largely worn by squires' and clergymen's wives and daughters of the period; a dozen ladies, similarly attired, might be looked for doing their shopping and showing themselves in Peasmarsh, under the pressure of the brisk hospitalities of the election weeks.

To the scarlet riding-habit Lady Bell added a hat with a thick veil appended to it, and a neckcloth which, in order to protect the under half of the face, was in use by ladies as well as by gentlemen.

The girl, possessed by one idea, had, girl-like, a certain exultation in the swift ingenuity and dramatic correctness of her arrangements.

Thus dressed for the occasion she stole out of the house, and when she was no longer within sight of the windows, she took a note ready written from her pocket, and hired a boy to carry it back to the landlady. In this note Lady Bell Trevor stated that she had gone out to take the air for her bad headache, when she found that she must pay a visit to a friend whom she had discovered in Peasmarsh, and who might detain her till late.

This note she trusted would arrive after her husband was deeply engaged for the afternoon, and would serve to satisfy the landlady and prevent her raising any alarm, should she miss Lady Bell. There was little danger to be feared from Squire Trevor after the afternoon was well spent, for politics were thirsty work.

Lady Bell had achieved the first part of her slender programme without misadventure. She turned her steps to the High Street, in which were the Sundons' lodgings, and reached them without being recognised.

She entered without much difficulty, and still unrecognised, in the perpetual levée held inside and overflowing to the door. When she inquired of a busy maid-servant if she could speak with Madam Sundon, she was pretty sure of a gracious answer, for Madam Sundon could not afford to dismiss any petitioner unheard during these days.

But the house was so full, and the rooms so much engaged, that she was detained for a time in the passage, and then told that she must be taken to wait in Madam Sundon's bedroom, till madam could spare a moment.

In making her way through the throng, Lady Bell found much the same noisy flushed supporters whom she had left behind. One man was vociferating fierce abuse; but not of Sundon—of Trevor. "The ruffianly old tyrant," the orator called her husband, and she heard the sentence with a thrill of antagonism which she had never expected to feel.

Just so; no doubt she had railed at her husband in set phrase, but she seemed first to realise vividly, at this moment, that he was her husband; his credit was her credit, and with him, as a result beyond recall, whatever her personal feelings, she must rise or fall.

Mrs. Sundon's room was in disorder, like the rest of the house, but it had, as it appeared to Lady Bell's wide-open eyes, many pleasant tokens. There were strewn about little knick-knacks of a toilet-service, hand mirrors in ivory, silver pouncet boxes, either for a man or woman's use, which Lady Bell had not cast eyes on since the sale of Lady Lucie Penruddock's effects.

A gentleman's set of cobweb lace ruffles and frills—of which it was fine ladies' work, particularly when it was a work of love, to do the exquisite mending—lay, with the needle and thread, hanging from the rent, and the gold thimble in an open work-box.

A gentleman's miniature, in which the powdered hair was represented in a queue, tied with a blue ribband—the last suiting the effeminate fairness of the complexion, was half drawn from its case. Lady Bell saw at a glance that it was a likeness of Mr. Sundon, which had the place of honour on the table.

She had not done glancing at these details, and starting nervously at every movement, when Mrs. Sundon, in the most charming of white morning gowns and close white

caps, like a baby's cap, came into the room. She stopped short in amazement when she saw who was her visitor.

Mrs. Sundon had supposed it was some humble solicitor of her patronage, some enterprising daughter of a townsman, catching at a straw's pretence to enable her to boast that she had seen and spoken privately with the wife of the future member.

"Lady Bell Trevor," exclaimed Mrs. Sundon; "to what have I the honour"—and then her courtesy and her compassionate liking for the young girl came in full force to qualify the stateliness of the address. "Pray be seated, Lady Bell, I am happy to see you—but have you walked through the streets to-day—walked alone? My dear Lady Bell, excuse me, but I think I am a little older than you, and have seen rather more of the world. Squire Trevor must be extraordinary careless of the charge he has undertaken," finished Mrs. Sundon, in an unmistakable accent of frank disapprobation. "I am sure I am a great deal better able to look after myself than you are, but my husband would not suffer me to go across the door-step alone, in an electioneering town."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Sundon," objected Lady Bell shyly, "Mr. Trevor does not know that I am here, or abroad at all."

"What! you have ventured out without his knowledge?" questioned Mrs. Sundon, still with large-hearted openness, and an integrity equal to her generosity. "But that's not right, Lady Bell, indeed I must tell you. You are very young, and I am young, too, but I know this much, that it is very hazardous, and treading on unsafe ground, for you to steal a march on your husband, whatever he may be—I mean however he may provoke you. The younger and more unfriended you are, and the more ill-matched you are—forgive me again—but one sees that written on your face—you ought to be more careful not to give your husband ground of offence, or the bad world—I am frightened it is bad and cruel—cause to talk."

"At least you ought not to blame me, Mrs. Sundon," said Lady Bell, turning away her head to hide the tears of mortification running down her cheeks, "for I came to serve you and yours!"

"You came to serve me, poor little angel," protested Mrs. Sundon, speaking with as indescribable a softness now as she had spoken severely in her youthful righteousness a moment before, and hovering round Lady Bell, attracted by her with the strong, tender attraction which these young women had for each other. "What good deed did you think to do me? I know it was good, for you have an artless, gracious face."

"It was to bid you to have a care of Mr. Sundon," Lady Bell hurried to deliver her warning, "and to impress upon him to be mindful, and not venture about the town alone, as you have chid me for doing. Believe me, madam, there is greater risk for a gentleman who has many enemies in the place than for a foolish creature—not an angel—with regard to whom you have spoken truly when you called her unfriended."

So soon as Mrs. Sundon guessed who was threatened, her whole bearing changed.

Mrs. Sundon was no longer occupied with Lady Bell. An infinitely nearer and dearer interest engrossed the listener; she never rested till she had drawn the particulars from Lady Bell, and then she declared, with paling cheeks and widening eyes, "Gregory Sundon must hear this; it warrants me in interrupting him, however engaged. What might have been the consequences, if this wicked plot had not been discovered in time! I owe you an everlasting debt of gratitude, Lady Bell, and so does he. Wait till I come back."

But after Mrs. Sundon had run to the door, she turned round, as if, in the middle of her alarm on her husband's account, she had found room for another's strait, and pledged herself solemnly, "You shall be protected, Lady Bell; your noble amends for the inhuman project will not be let rebound on your head"—and was gone.

The pledge was of no avail. The moment that Lady Bell was alone again, the shame of her position, which had struck her while she was making her way through Squire Sundon's people, returned to her with greater force than ever. A horror of what she had done seized upon her, and rendered her incapable of any other consideration.

What! remain and encounter her husband's opponent, in order to denounce her husband to him, perhaps be taken before the Mayor, and compelled to repeat her words publicly, have the officers of justice sent, on her information, against Mr. Trevor and his associates, be regarded with loathing, as a traitor in their camp, as well as pursued by their vengeance to her dying day!

No; she could not bear that. She had said enough to put Mr. Sundon and his wife on their guard; she had meant, in a vague way, to appeal to Mrs. Sundon for advice

and assistance—she was so ignorant that she did not know that their bestowal might lead the bestower into a serious difficulty—in making her escape farther from Squire Trevor. But every other trouble was merged in her present recoil from an interview with Mr. Sundon. This imminent danger seemed to involve greater and sorer evils than that of a desperate solitary flight.

With her head in a whirl, at the height of her panic, Lady Bell did not wait a moment after Mrs. Sundon had quitted her. She went out as she had come in, through the swarming concourse, undetected.

CHAPTER XIII.—FLIGHT.

In the street Lady Bell set out walking rapidly—she dared not run—straight on in the opposite direction from her lodgings. She had a conviction that she would get out of the town presently, and on the great road, where she might overtake a conveyance.

She had an instinctive perception that Mrs. Sundon, however grateful and concerned that she should not suffer by her magnanimity, would be too much taken up with her husband, with enlarging to him on the risk he had run, and the necessity of prudence in his future movements, to enter at once into a searching investigation of what had become of Lady Bell, and an eager tracking of her footsteps.

After Mrs. Sundon had discovered that Lady Bell had not waited, but had gone with as little ceremony as she had come, Mrs. Sundon would naturally conclude that she had returned immediately to her husband, to prevent all suspicion, and to carry out her programme. For Lady Bell's own sake, Mrs. Sundon would resolve to be quiet on the incident of her visit.

Lady Bell reckoned herself secure of not being missed by her husband for hours; and so soon as she was beyond the town the probability of her being recognised was lessened. She could venture to walk more slowly, and not wear out her strength at starting, to raise her veil, to push down the neckcloth wound about her chin and mouth, and allow herself a breath of the cool autumn air, in the fever heat of her progress, and the agitation which had attended on her adventure.

It was in the latter end of the month of September, but the season and weather were fine, and there were still hours of daylight.

Lady Bell was furnished with money; she had got an ample sum to spend at Peasmarsh. The idea which had been in her head when she had still thought of confiding her case to Mrs. Sundon, and bespeaking her support, was to be put in the way of reaching London as speedily as possible.

When in London she might apply to any survivor of Lady Lucie's friends to hide her from Squire Trevor and his vengeance, to procure for her a separation from him, to help her to get her own livelihood. This would no longer be by the poorest place at Court—Lady Bell had resigned that aristocratic resource—Queen Charlotte was too good and happy a wife herself to pardon readily the errors of another miserable young wife.

But her vision had enlarged so that she conceived, Lady Bell though she was, she might be *dame de compagnie* to some old lady of quality, on the model of Lady Lucy Penruddock. Or she might turn her little talents and accomplishments, the frivolousness of which had been so scouted, to use, after all, by imparting them to the children of some great house.

Her imagination had grown, like everything else about her (she was half an inch taller since her marriage), though even her imagination could not persuade her that the bread of service would taste anything save bitter to a woman of her degree, but it would be less bitter than what she had eaten at Trevor Court and St. Bevis's. Bitter as it might be, it was all the bread that remained to her, unless she were willing to go back and be killed by Squire Trevor.

On the contrary, she could not help rejoicing that she had left him and bondage behind, and that the world was before her. The sense of freedom and of a new life sent a certain glow and throb of elasticity through her veins.

Lady Bell trudged on alongside of the ragged hedges, and keeping by the posts which marked the king's highway, in the broken, deeply-rutted road. She ceased to see any trace of the election, beyond a spurring messenger now and again. The few travellers were of an honest though homely description. The electioneering had done good for the moment, scoured the neighbouring country, and collected the stoutest beggars, the most rampageous tramps, into their dens in Peasmarsh.

There was a rustic yeoman, mounted on his best cart-horse, with his sister behind him, clasping him round the capacious waist, trotting away to spend the evening in hunting the slipper and roasting hot cockles with some neighbours. There were farm-servants



"LADY BELL."

Page 229.

and labourers hieing home from their day's work ere night-fall.

These wayfarers glanced with a little wonder at Lady Bell, even in her ordinary scarlet habit, and her neckcloth, as a lady who ought to be on her horse, with her servant behind her, and who might be on foot and by herself as the result of an accident, or in consequence of keeping an appointment. But these were worthy people, who took their neighbours' adventures coolly, and did not, when they were not accosted and asked to interfere, see themselves called on to forsake their proper business and pleasure for the sake of a third party, in an adventure which might be sorry enough.

The country folks were much the same as those whom Lady Bell had stared at in the light of a novelty on the occasion of her journey from London to St. Bevis's. It was not quite a year since then; Lady Bell was still only between fifteen and sixteen, an age indeed, not very practical, alternating between rashness and timidity.

She walked on in the lengthening shadows and growing chilliness, not knowing whither she walked, only feeling that she was getting tired and footsore. She resisted, for a wonderful length of time, the perplexity and downcastness which stole over her, and took the place of her foolish satisfaction.

But fatigue and uncertainty increased until they well-nigh overpowered her, and she was in danger of sinking down at any moment in utter exhaustion and consternation, weeping at the prospect of having to stay there all night, and of dying of cold, if she were not murdered by foot-pads.

At last a country cart, on which a number of pieces of furniture, chests of drawers, and bookcases were piled, indicating the removal from one dwelling to another of some household of condition, drew up just after it had passed Lady Bell.

She was too inexperienced a traveller, and had been too dispirited, to call to the driver and ask him to give her a cast in his cart. When he stopped, her strained nerves caused her heart to beat fast, while she urged her trembling steps to carry her on, as she pretended not to notice the stoppage.

The driver was occupied with a commission and a puzzle of his own. He first peered through the sinking sunbeams, and next shouted after her, leaping from his cart, flinging down his reins, confident in the discretion of his team of horses, running heavily in pursuit, and finally laying a powerful hand on Lady Bell's shoulder to arrest his object. Happily, he spoke in the same breath, before she shrieked out, with no Squire Trevor near at this time to come to the rescue.

"Holloa! madam, be you parson's new wife as I was to overtake and pick up, if so be she hadn't met and ridden on with parson? We ha' mounted and wedged in the feather bed, ready, where yo'll sit soft and steady, and I ha' been told to take you to the town."

Lady Bell recovered her wits immediately. "No, my good man," she said; "I think the lady must have met her husband since it is getting late; but, will you let me take her place till we come up with her?"

The man in the smock had pulled his forelock, had looked and spoken simply and kindly, and she believed she could see that she might trust him, while her circumstances could hardly be rendered more wretched though he failed her.

The driver consented without any difficulty, and hoisted her carefully to her seat, where as the horses jogged on, she could think of nothing for a time but the welcome rest and comparative ease which had succeeded her sore weariness and flagging exertions.

But as the sun set, and the evening fell, the horses floundered in and out of the holes in the road; the countryman shouted to the horses in language which Lady Bell could not understand, with a violence which seemed to contradict her impression of his kindliness, and he took it upon him to beguile his way with a lusty stave, fit to split her ears; while the September night air blew chill and cold.

Lady Bell began to think that she knew of no house to shelter her, no bed to lie down upon, except that on which she sat by a countryman's charity. Her deed might have got wind, her husband might be following her; and what countryman, for the very reason that he was simple and honest, would keep a runaway wife from her husband? Then she commenced to shiver as with an ague fit, till even her unobservant companion noticed it.

"Dang it!" he cried in loud but not unfriendly surprise, "you are not so afeard as that for the foot-pads? Why, none of 'em has been heard on for weeks in these parts. And if they did turn up, I lay it, they would not be the rogues to put hands on a cart with sticks of furniture, and the loike of a parson's wife, with a husswife, and a groat or two in her pocket, i'stead o' king's gold. My Liz wouldn't be so bad at the ghosteses, but mappen it is the night air gotten into your bones—you beant cold, now, be you? There ought to be a bed-cover here-a-ways."

Lady Bell took heart again, and observed to herself that if he roared to his horses, he did not strike them; and he spoke of his Liz, though poor little Lady Bell herself had not much experience of the home charities which soften a man, be he fine gentleman or clown. But she was capable of distinguishing that her companion pulled out the woollen bed-cover, and wrapped it round her feet with thorough good-will.

After that, the stars shone out in the sky; and she could read in them—with her childish, ignorant eyes, so much accustomed to look at artificial ceilings, whether painted in fresco, or moulded in stucco, or simply left oaken beams, and so little used to look at the blue vault of heaven—what David read on the walls of a Babylonish palace, the handwriting of a divine presence, the same which still finds the mighty monarch wanting, and watches over the desolate and oppressed.

Back at Peasmarsh, Squire Trevor had been engaged in a deeper carouse than usual; had been carried home dead drunk to his lodgings, and had slept off the fumes which had mounted to his brain, before he heard of the absence of Lady Bell.

In the meantime, the partially informed landlady had been quite unconcerned since she had learnt by Lady Bell Trevor's own hand that she had gone to a friend's where she might stay late.

The landlady was not surprised that the young madam had stretched her tether and lain at her friends; nay, was she not better out of the way, the worthy woman calculated, though she herself was not at all sensitive with regard to the state in which her lodgers were brought home to her house. Moreover, she had known many a madam not much older than Lady Bell, make no bones about it, but take it as a matter of course, that their gentleman should be lifted out of their chairs like so many logs on their return from the tavern, and not be fit to bite a finger when they were set down.

But the woman was thrown into the utmost dismay by the effect of her words, and by the changeful gusts of passion, each more terrible than another, which her announcement roused in Mr. Trevor.

Lady Bell had no friend in Peasmarsh, or out of it. She had played him false. She should rue it to the last day of her life. He should never let her put foot within his door again.

Zounds! had a girl like Lady Bell been exposed in a place like Peasmarsh at a time like this, all night? She must have been decoyed, made away with. He would give Trevor Court—his life—to see her in honour and safety again. He would cause this woman, who had suffered Lady Bell to be lost, to pay for it with her miserable means, her vile body. He should have her before a magistrate, lay her in prison, and leave her to rot there among the demireps and felons, who were fit company for her.

"Oh, gracious sir! have mercy on me!" implored the woman, "listen to reason! I never knowed there was any harm in my lady going abroad, when she had been flourishing up and down, here and there, and everywhere, for the last ten days, by your own orders, Squire. I'll take my Bible oath on that; and you too up to the ears with the 'lection to bear her company. How could I know that she were to go wrong all at oncet, and be lost, and bring this trouble on my poor innocent head?"

An unexpected arrival came to the landlady's aid. Mrs. Walsh, the Squire's cousin, came in, walked up to the Squire, and spoke to the point of his misery and his conscience.

"I have ridden over, cousin, because I have heard word that, in your arrogance and lust to win this canvass, you have been exposing Lady Bell, like a bird with its wings unclipped, to the snare of the fowler. Now, by the first word I hear from you, the bird has flown, or been stricken down, and its blood is on your head."

The difficulty of the situation in which Squire Trevor was placed, could not have been surpassed; even if Lady Bell had deliberately selected the occasion of her quitting him for the purpose of baffling and discomfitting him, she could not have succeeded better. He could not throw up the chances of his election, and abandon his party and his supporters in order to seek her. Political feeling ran too high then, to admit of such a course, even in a more devoted husband than Mr. Trevor. His very vanity and obstinacy which, without knowing that she had divulged his secret and provided for the safety of his enemy, were enlisted in recovering his marital rights, and humbling and punishing Lady Bell, were equally enlisted in his standing to his colours, not showing the white feather, going through with, and, if possible, winning the election.

It became a matter of peevish policy even, and of rage repressed, that it might be more scathing in the end, to be gloomily silent on the domestic misfortune which had befallen him. He was constrained to seek in the dark to discover what could have become of Lady

Bell. He had to let rumour give out that she was gone, while the person most concerned concealed the inexplicable nature of her absence.

Thus it happened, that Lady Bell Trevor's disappearance was whispered as a mystery in Peasmarsh, and that all sorts of astounding and contradictory accounts prevailed.

It was said that Lady Bell had gone up secretly to London, to see about getting a King's patent for conferring a peerage on Squire Trevor, because she, a peer's daughter, could not brook the descent of being married to a simple commoner.

On the other hand, it was whispered that Squire Trevor was so displeased with his wife, because she had lost him Goodman Rickards's vote, which Madam Sundon had beguiled from Rickards, by presenting all the women of the Rickardses with feather tippets, while Lady Bell had only gone the length of bestowing cloth spencers, that Squire Trevor had determined, without delay, on parting from Lady Bell. As she had no private fortune, or even pin-money, he had whipped her off to France, with the view of confining her in a convent for the rest of her life.

There were other individuals besides Mr. Trevor in Peasmarsh, who were behind the curtain, but who, however anxious and full of pity, were reduced to listening to these absurd stories, and to doing nothing beyond contributing one of two opposite and enigmatical advertisements which were inserted, at this date, in the Peasmarsh *Chronicle*.

The first was a bounce, and ran as follows: "Information is demanded immediately by the lawful guardian, with respect to the minor who has broken bounds and is in hiding, whose hiding-place will be tracked without fail, and to whom it will be worse in the end if present satisfaction is not granted."

The second entreated thus: "The deeply indebted friends of an innocent sufferer, beseech that sufferer to afford them the opportunity which is ardently desired to relieve undeserved misfortunes."

CHAPTER XIV.—ROYALTY AGAIN.

ARRIVED at the next market town to Peasmarsh, Lady Bell's driver took her into the lamp-lit inn yard; and, when she pressed a recompense upon him, looked doubtfully at it, and then, as if he would do more to deserve it, hailed a sleepy chambermaid.

"Here, Dolly, here be a poor madam who has missed the coach, or summat, and I ha' given her a lift. She be skeared and knocked up. Do you put her up at a reasonable charge, and see her on her way in the morning."

The woman undertook to lead the stranger to a bedroom immediately, and good-naturedly promised to bring her bread and cheese, and what was left of the hot cider, before she herself retired for the night.

In passing across the never dark or quiet yard, which was surrounded by an old-fashioned brown gallery, forming an outside passage from room to room on the second floor of the inn, Lady Bell could see the landlord standing, candlestick in hand, exchanging a parting word with one of his guests. She could hear the words—"There is no lady or gentleman wanting to go to Thorpe, who will pay for the spare seat in the chaise with you and your wife. There is no help for it, since you say you must get on; but, as you complain, sir, it will come plaguey expensive."

Lady Bell had been rendering her steps slower—she stood still altogether. She was, when she was not fit to sink and die, ready to see wonders and miracles in every step of this journey, and the sight of miracles braced her for the moment, and lent her genius, and a faculty of seizing every little incident and turning it to her purpose.

"There is help for it, landlord," she found courage and voice to call up, in contradiction of the man. "I, too, must get on to Thorpe. I shall take the vacant seat in the chaise."

The landlord and the gentleman thus suddenly interrupted, leapt asunder like two detected conspirators on the stage. The landlord held down his candle, and threw its light on the slender little figure in the ordinary lady's travelling-dress, standing in the court below, while the gentleman cried, "By Jove! this smacks of magic!"

But the conclusion was arrived at by a third person. A lady, with her head enveloped in a night-cap, put it out of a door opening into the gallery, and declared promptly, "It is a piece of uncommon good luck. We cannot afford, for our child's sake, to spend a shilling that we can spare—make the bargain," and withdrew with as little loss of time as she had taken to present herself, and throw the weight of her authority into the scale.

"Ahem, you understand, madam, that the single seat in the post-chaise, with the advantage of our protection and society, is dirt cheap at a sovereign," called down the gentleman from his gallery with an air of importance, and also with an evident eagerness to turn a penny, which savoured of possible impecuniosity in time past, and probable opulence,

by dint of similar bargain-driving, in time to come.

"I understand, and I agree," answered Lady Bell, still standing on the step below, awaiting the termination of the affair.

"Then you hold yourself in readiness to be called at six o'clock in the morning," concluded the gentleman with a flourishing bow, to which Lady Bell forced her stiffening knees to respond with a curtsey.

The little transaction was complete—even to witnesses provided in the chambermaid and the landlord, not over well-pleased to find his departing and arriving guests in league thus to free him of their company.

The second best bed at the Blue Bear, Dartwich, was not more comfortless than Lady Bell's old closet at St. Bevis's, or more devoid of domestic happiness and sympathy than her room at Trevor Court. Her flight had prospered so far, alike beyond her expectations and her deserts; its farther progress was secured, and Lady Bell, with the strain on her forces relaxed, found herself more



fairly and fully tired than she had ever been before in the whole course of her fifteen years of life. She said her prayers, dropping asleep between every sentence, but without the least sense of mockery in the act; on the contrary, with a pathetically delusive conviction at once of the rectitude and the inevitableness of her course. The moment she had finished, she sank into thorough insensibility, and was with difficulty aroused to keep her appointment in the hodden grey of the autumn morning.

When Lady Bell descended to the public room, which, at that hour, was the kitchen of the inn, she found the party to which she had attached herself already assembled in travelling gear, and engaged without ceremony at breakfast.

"Be quick, madam!" the lady in the mantle, with the baby in her lap, addressed her, in a tone of command, hardly looking at the person to whom she spoke, she was so full of her own affairs; "I must be at Thorpe before two o'clock, which, with the stoppage to bait, will take all our time. Besides, my child is ready to fall into his morning sleep, when he will travel with less hurt to him."

Lady Bell stared and submitted, not only because of the exigencies of the case, but as submission must be natural to all who came in contact with this lady.

There was a natural, ineffaceable power, amounting to majesty, which did not suit ill with the woman, even at an anti-climax like this, when she was sitting on a wooden stool, in a common inn-kitchen, herself wrapped in a faded duffle mantle, and occupied, between the intervals of feeding the child, in supping heartily from a basin of bread and milk for her own breakfast.

Lady Bell had seen royalty in fitting trappings, before a chair of state, on a state occasion, surrounded by the highest ceremonial, and waited upon by the utmost homage. The girl had been loyally impressed, not only by the pomp and show, but by the genuine queenliness which asserted itself in the plain, little, aggressively virtuous German lady who was then Queen-Consort of Great Britain.

But she was now struck by the perception of another sort of queenliness, which is no less a birthright, and does not belong to circumstances and situations, being born in the very nature, and pervading its every fibre.

This lady's full, frank tones, though they were sharper, bore a certain resemblance to Mrs. Sundon's tones, so did her beauty to Mrs. Sundon's beauty, for the stranger was also a beautiful woman, even more remarkably beautiful than Mrs. Sundon, with a yet more distinguished cast of face.

Lady Bell, in her fresh heroine worship, where Mrs. Sundon was concerned, could not have conceived that there might be a second Mrs. Sundon in the world, and that the second would be a successful rival of the first.

But here she was, and under the greatest disadvantages of dress, without Mrs. Sundon's high-bred graciousness of manner to Lady Bell, and with the natural fulness of the magnificent proportions of her figure and features, attenuated apparently by recent ill-health, and dragged by work and care.

Lady Bell was actually nettled and mortified at having to own a successful rival with these odds against her, to the idol of Lady Bell's imagination; for whom, in a fit of enthusiasm, she had been willing to sacrifice faithfully the little good she had in the world. Notwithstanding, she was compelled to admit the truth, and, with all her youthful, rampant, quality prejudices, to yield to the coolly asserted supremacy of the rival.

The stranger lady's companion was much more ordinary in appearance, though far better dressed than his partner. He was one of those fair-complexioned, regular-featured, well-grown men, in whose looks there is an inveterate commonplaceness that stamps them with vulgarity, more odious to some minds than the extreme of bizarre ugliness.

The gentleman showed a strong disposition to take the lead, including an irritating charge of the lady, who was the moving spirit of the party, and who could clearly not merely care for herself, but mould the inclinations of others to her convenience.

She moulded this man's turn for management, which she could not altogether control, into a saving of trouble in minor matters. She allowed him to settle the bill which she had looked over, and to establish her and her baby in the very corner of the carriage she had selected for herself. She granted this license with a discreet kindliness of manner, as of a woman who made the best of her friend's good qualities to the extent of setting store on them.

Lady Bell detected in a moment, with regard to the gentleman, that, though he wore a superfine riding-coat, he was not a man of quality; while she did no more than suspect for a time that the noble-looking woman, in the duffle mantle, who was acting as her own nursery-maid, had not been bred in Lady Bell's rank of life.

For some time after starting, the lady was engrossed with her child. When she had hushed it to rest, she took out a book, which she had carried in a reticule, and set herself to study it.

The study was a matter of lively interest to the gentleman, as he bent forward and asked at intervals, "Have you got it yet? Ain't you mistress of it?" His insignificance did not flow forth in chatter otherwise, happily for Lady Bell, who found him as taciturnly indifferent to her as the lady was, and much less of an involuntary interruption to her troubled thoughts.

Excited by the change of scene, even by the mild motion of the postchaise, such as exhilarated Dr. Johnson, and by her strange fellow-travellers, Lady Bell was continually drawn from her cogitations.

She would wonder if Squire Trevor had discovered her escape, and whether all Peasmarsh were up after her. She would ask herself what she should do next—what would become of her after she reached London.

But absorbing as such considerations must have been to an older, more experienced woman, Lady Bell continually broke off in

them to be amused and interested like a child in the novelty of her present position, above all, to be fascinated with the lady who was more grandly beautiful than Mrs. Sundon.

The lady was holding her baby asleep on one arm; with the other she held up the book, on which her fine dark eyes, their loveliest fringe of eyelashes drooping over them as she read, were riveted. Her lips were moving, as if repeating the sound of the characters in the intentness of the perusal. Once or twice Lady Bell was caught, and was held, as it were, spell-bound, by a look of sweetness or scorn or anguish, in apparent sympathy with the text.

What author could find such a reader, who was never turned from him by the September sunshine, or its cloud-shadows on the sombre green, or the red and brown of leaves and fields, by the jolting of the carriage, by the presence of a stranger—only by the clenching of the baby's little fist, or its drowsy whimper, as it stirred and went to sleep again!

What reader could be thus book-struck, and utterly inaccessible to what were to Lady Bell the irresistible influences of a journey?

At last the reader, announcing to her companion that she had done her task, closed her book, replaced it in the reticule, sat up, looked round her, and seemed preparing to be social.

Her eye glanced inquisitively at Lady Bell. "You missed a coach last night, madam; coaches are often unpunctual, either one way or t'other. It is a shame, and should be seen to." She began the conversation as if the party had just started.

"I was indebted to a chance ride," answered Lady Bell evasively, with the tell-tale colour mounting to her cheeks, and a little air as if she were above being questioned.

Her questioner took in these details keenly, and looked half-sharply, half-commiseratingly, at her companion.

The gentleman bent over, and whispered impressively to the lady, "Have nothing to do with the girl. It is very odd that she should be travelling, and staying over the night alone at an inn. You know that you cannot be too particular."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the lady aloud, with a little impatience. Then she gazed out of the chaise window, and observed incidentally, "I am sure I once travelled this road before, and by myself. It must have been on my way to Guy's Cliff, for in all my journeyings, as one of a large family, I never went alone, save then."

"I ought to remember the occasion, my dear," declared the gentleman, with a smirk of self-satisfaction and congratulation.

"So ought I," responded the lady with a little sigh, passing into a smile. "I don't believe that I was older than this young lady," she added suddenly.

Lady Bell started slightly. She had been disturbed in a thought of the woman before her, five or six and twenty, who had only once gone on a solitary journey, and who had now her baby nestling in her arms, and her husband, only too attentive, sitting opposite her.

"I am nearly sixteen years of age," Lady Bell replied, for she had been schooling herself to make friends in that world on which she was launched; and she had been reflecting upon what account she should give of herself. The manners of this lady, a little impulsive and unfinished, as they were, did not repel Lady Bell, so she proceeded naïvely, "I have already been in service," she brought herself to describe it thus; "unfortunately for me, madam, it was a hard service; therefore I am looking out for another —I am bound for London on that errand."

The woman to whom she spoke, if not a woman of quality, but something infinitely greater, knew the ring of quality as she knew the heart of human nature.

She gave her husband a look to silence him, a telegraphic look, which said as plainly as look could say, "This is a girl of position masquerading in broad day. Let her make what statement she will, can't I see through disguises? Ah! set a thief to catch a thief. Don't I know her kind, having counted women of quality among my friends since I was a poor little waif? If she be a runaway, as I strongly suspect, she is tolerably sure to be sought after, and there will be no loss to those who have taken care of her. In the meantime her company will be a gain to me, for you know that I aim at refined thoughts and high-bred dignity in the fullest swing of my profession. The worst is, that I am afraid she has done something amiss, poor child! and I am not one of your lax people, who are all for wrong-doers, but surely it cannot be anything purely bad and unpardonable, and she so young."

"Looking out for service, are you, madam?" the lady inquired aloud, with no failure of respect in her tone, though she assumed a confidential manner, in defiance of her stolid partner's coughs and winks.

"Why, I think if you are not too difficult, and like to rest a little on your way to London, I might accommodate you for a week or two. I am Mrs. Siddons, late of Drury Lane, now of the Bath Theatre, but I am on a tour, at present, in the midland counties, and I should be the better of a genteel, modest, young female to accompany me, to help me at my lodgings with my wardrobe, and my little charmer, Henry."

CHAPTER XV.—LIFE WITH THE PLAYERS.

THE prospect was not alluring to Lady Bell. It sounded like a horrible descent and social fall. She had not even heard of Mrs. Siddons; for Mrs. Abingdon had been the first lady in the theatrical world when Lady Bell had been in a box at the play. But the girl was taken with the actress, as well as tempted to close with the first offer of shelter and support, and there was a spice of adventure in the offer dear to the girlish heart.

"If you will let me stay with you over your first halt," Lady Bell suggested a compromise hesitatingly, "I shall indeed be glad of the rest, and we could see how we—how I shall suit."

"Exactly," agreed the actress cordially; "and what am I to call my young friend?"

"Arabella Barlowe," replied Lady Bell, hastily supplying only her first and middle names.

"Very well, Miss Barlowe, then will you be so obliging as to take little Henry from me, till I stretch my arms."

Lady Bell complied with the request; but, unaccustomed to the office she had undertaken, she held the child in a constrained position, and he immediately set up a cry.

Mr. Siddons shook his head meaningly, as if to signify his consciousness of the failure of the scheme, and to add the reproachful reminder, "I told you to have nothing to do with her, yet here you've gone and engaged her as a companion, without a character from her former mistress, on the shortest acquaintance, and that in very doubtful circumstances where the girl is concerned. Was there ever such rashness, or wrong-headedness heard of? What would become of you, with all your talents, if I were not here to direct them and look after you? You know how much success depends nowadays on respectability, and how an undesirable connection may do irreparable harm. Yet here you go, and will take no telling. And the white-faced, stuck-up thing is going to be useless into the bargain."

But Mrs. Siddons showed no annoyance or regret while she resumed her charge, turning aside Lady Bell's discomfiture with a well-bred, good-tempered observation, "When you have little ones of your own, Miss Barlowe, you will know better how to guide them. I see that you have no little brothers or sisters."

"Neither big nor little," admitted Lady Bell; "I was the only child in the house of a grand-aunt."

"Poor child! poor, old-fashioned, solitary little one," lamented the older woman, with sincere pity, thinking of her own homely, much-interested father and mother, and the many-childed sociality which had belonged to the strolling players' troop.

At the same time Mrs. Siddons was disposed to proceed to something more profitable than the indulgence of sensibility. She started a question of costume, and there she found Lady Bell capable and alert, Mrs. Siddons did not doubt in practice as well as theory, for every well-brought-up young lady was then fairly versed in the mysteries, not merely of clothes, but of their making.

As Lady Bell conversed with animation and skill on the difficulties of sack-backs, girdles, *negligées*, Mrs. Siddons took her little revenge, and nodded triumphantly to her husband. Perhaps she had a sense of one of her weak points as an actress, that she dressed often badly, though in some degree artistically. She might have a consciousness that it would be better if she could always command the correct judgment, delicate taste, and clever fingers of "a real lady."

The last stage in the journey of the little party brought them to the town of Thorpe, where Mrs. Siddons was to attend a rehearsal and act the same night, and where private lodgings, apart from the theatrical properties—daggers, smeared with red paint, sheet-tin for thunder—were secured, as the first lady's engagement was to last for a week.

Miss Barlowe was not wanted at the rehearsal, nor, as Mrs. Siddons decided, after a moment's thought, to attend at the theatre at all.

But, as a resident in the actress's family, the girl had a pass to see the play, in her travelling dress, from a private box. She accepted the privilege reluctantly, out of compliment to her patroness (how proprieties were reversed!), and under the somewhat pompous escort of Mr. Siddons. The great object which she proposed to herself was to be as little seen as possible, in her shady nook of the dark little theatre, and to get away from its crowd as quickly as she could. It was not that she feared detection much,

for she had never been within many miles (stronger words in those days) of the town of Thorpe, and was not acquainted with anybody in its neighbourhood, but she was ashamed of her situation.

Lady Bell began by admiring Mrs. Siddons's wonderful beauty, and by idly following the story behind the footlights. Before long Lady Bell had forgotten who she was and where she was. She had forgotten Mrs. Siddons as the lady whom she had first seen sitting in a duffle cloak, breakfasting in an inn kitchen, whose likeness to Mrs. Sundon had something to do with the readiness with which she had agreed to serve for a time as a waiting gentle-woman. She had forgotten her fellow-auditors, with whom, in the utmost community of feeling, she was straining her eyes, clasping her hands, weeping her heart out.

The girl was transported by the magic of genius into a world of which she had never heard or dreamt—a world which penetrated through, and reached far beyond her world of high life—the only world she had known.

Lady Bell left the theatre entranced, fascinated. She was resigned, content to be handmaid to a goddess, to spend her mornings helping to pull up and down, re-fashion and re-arrange Mrs. Siddons's trappings, since in the evenings she was brought in thrilling, shuddering contact with the love, rage, grief, despair of Isabella, Zara, Mrs. Beverley, and Jane Shore, nay, caused to experience their struggles and despair, and to make them her own. Such was the wonderful effect upon Lady Bell of Mrs. Siddons's seizure of every character, its rich, varied utterance, its very looks, attitudes, and gestures, to which the beautiful face, with its speaking eyes, the fine figure, with its rounded, supple arms, alike lent themselves, willing slaves to the soul's catholicism.

The sight was an education worth a state of servitude to the young girl. The very range of characters which Mrs. Siddons at that time played, brought them within Lady Bell's comprehension, whereas the higher range of the Shakespearean characters could only have struck such a girl blind and dumb with amazement and awe.

There could not have been a broader contrast between the sad monotony and brooding, almost inane hostility of Lady Bell's life at St. Bevis's and Trevor Court, and this introduction to the lava flow of human passion.

When Lady Bell recalled the former passages in her life, and put them side by side with this, she felt tempted to hug herself on the change, and to wonder with girlish levity and malice what Mrs. Kitty, Squire Trevor, and Mrs. Walsh would say, if they saw her thus full of interest and joy in life.

From the theatre Lady Bell was wont to return home with Mrs. Siddons; and, while she was still in an ecstasy, to witness what was a greater trial to the preservation of an illusion than any proximity to spangles and lacquer could have proved.

The great actress refreshed herself after her exertions, by eating a hearty supper of beefsteak-pie and porter, which she enlivened with some rather heavy, if feminine enough humour; for the tragic muse had a tendency to be ponderous—call it grandiose, even in her womanly fun.

Mr. Siddons criticized the performance, to which he could only hold the candle, and cumbered with small directions for her next part, the wife whose gifts he believed he could measure, in proportion as he could reckon their commercial value.

It is saying something for young Lady Bell that she came triumphantly through the ordeal. Youth is irreverent, and "quality" is supercilious, yet Lady Bell was able to reverse the proverb of the hero and his valet. She was so much of the heroine herself in playing the waiting-maid, that she still saw a heroine in her mistress.

Lady Bell was selling her birthright, and considering it well sold in return for beholding the creation of a woman of genius.

But the woman of genius, herself a compound of glorious imagination and shrewd calculation, of truth of heart and some worldly-mindedness, was not so sure of her share of the bargain.

Let it be remembered that these days were before her great success, rather after her sore defeat, when she had been driven from the London boards in artistic disgrace, and was drudging unremittingly to retrieve her mistake and maintain her little family by playing at provincial theatres.

Mrs. Siddons found that any pursuit (having over-leapt such towns as Thorpe, to grope wildly for Lady Bell in London) which Miss Barlowe's flight might have occasioned, was not likely to reach the fugitive soon, while the self-constituted guardian did not see, or seeing, could not understand the guarded advertisements in the newspapers.

Mrs. Siddons began to think her young companion a serious source of responsibility, for which there was not sufficient recompense in Lady Bell's conscious assistance in dress, and unconscious lessons in style. And this, in spite of what happened one day, when

Lady Bell being present as Mrs. Siddons was trying on a crown of pasteboard and gold-beater's leaf, to wear in the character of Roxalana, the girl startled the actress by objecting inadvertently, "the Queen wore a coronet at her Birthday, not a high-peaked thing like that."

It was true that as Mrs. Siddons, when she was not on the stage, held herself aloof from her theatrical companions, and was the most domestic of public women, she could keep "a genteel, modest young female" in her household from much doubtful and dangerous associations. But, since this young lady had no view of going on the stage, Mrs. Siddons judged rightly that, in the interests of all parties, there was no reason why Miss Barlowe should continue to undergo any exposure to the evils attendant on a theatrical connection. The supervision necessary to ward off such evils became irksome when prolonged, and the game was not worth the candle.

The scruples were brought to a crisis by an accident. Lady Bell had foolishly carried her note-book in her pocket, and got the pocket picked when she was returning one night from the representation of *Venice Preserved*, believing that she was walking and talking with Venetian and princely conspirators in halls painted by Bellini and Titian, instead of among the rabble of a little bill-stuck lane in an English country town.

Mrs. Siddons did not relish this proof of the power of her art; she looked a little indignant and disgusted. It might be her note-book which Miss Barlowe would lose next, only Mrs. Siddons always kept that safe in her own pocket, or her husband's.

Mrs. Siddons's gravity at the casualty outlasted Lady Bell's mercurial dismay, for the young lady soon proceeded to comfort herself more frankly than cunningly, with the consideration, "It was but two five-pound notes after all, and as I have lately provided myself with two suits, and you pay my travelling expenses, I shan't want it at present."

The next day Mrs. Siddons set about trying among the acquaintances who gathered round her at every stoppage in her tour, whether she could not procure another situation for Miss Barlowe. The agreeable and obliging young lady was only Mrs. Siddons's *compagnon de voyage*, and would be no longer wanted by the actress when she should settle down for the winter in her home at Bath.

Mrs. Siddons was fortunate in hearing at once of something moderately suitable, and directly communicated her doings and their success to Lady Bell.

"My dear Miss Barlowe, you know I should like to have you always," she broke the matter, "but what can I do? I am a poor woman, working hard for my family, and I must think of their interest before my own inclinations, or even those of my friends."

Lady Bell, in her brief season of security (for after the first few days, she had confided absolutely in Mrs. Siddons), and of mental enlargement and delight, had not looked farther than the day. She was so astounded and heart-stricken by the tidings of her dismissal, that her pride was in abeyance for a moment, "Are you going to send me away from you, madam?" she asked, her eyes widening, her pouting lips drooping with distress and affright. "Oh! is not this too great a punishment for letting my money be stole?"

"My dear Miss Barlowe," repeated Mrs. Siddons in remonstrance, "you make a great mistake. I have no right to punish your carelessness in letting your money go. I am planning for your good. Even if it were not so," she added immediately, with the candour which was always in excess of her conciliatory qualities, "I have no room for you, or any call for a companion at Bath. I own, with pleasure, that I have already got fond of you, but you must see, unhappily, it is a fondness which I cannot afford to indulge, when I have my children to think of, in the first place," and she turned and caressed her little Henry.

Mrs. Siddons urged the plea as if it admitted of no contradiction. She urged the same plea many a time from youth to age, in trampling down generosity, and even justice, till the very world that worshipped her genius was outraged by her family selfishness. In like manner, women urge it still, without doubt or stay, as if family selfishness becomes a divine right in the breasts of mothers.

By this time Lady Bell had recovered herself. "Very well, madam, it is a question for you to decide," she said steadying her mobile face and trembling voice, by a force put upon them, which obtained Mrs. Siddons's approbation. She could almost have wished that Miss Barlowe had gone on the boards, but then, though she had emitted no other spark of histrionic ability, she might have grown, what with her fresher, more tender, youth, the mystery of her concealed rank, and her unmistakable air of distinction, a dangerous rival. The woman who knew her own genius was too great to be morbidly vain and jealous, but she had extortionate children.

DEVOTIONAL READINGS FROM MSS. OF THE LATE DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

(NOT ORIGINALLY INTENDED FOR PUBLICATION.)

VI.—THOUGHTS ON THE SECOND ADVENT OF OUR LORD.

1. *The First and Second Advent.*

THE first and the second coming of our Lord are events which at once close and open great eras in the history of His kingdom. The one divides its earthly history, closing the epoch which dawned at creation, and ushering in the brighter day which is now shining. The other will divide time from eternity, and while ending the long day of the world's existence, will inaugurate the eternal day whose sun will have no setting nor any shadow of turning. Both events will be similar in fulfilling hopes cherished by the Church of God, through faith in His word, during ages trying to their patience. Both will alike be occasions of joy to the Church and of judgment to the impenitent; and both will prove revelations of God's glory and of His character and ways—each brighter than any which preceded it. Yet these events must in several respects differ, as the seed from the fruit, or preparatory work from its completion. At His first coming Jesus obtained eternal redemption for His Church; at His second coming that redemption will be conferred in all its completeness. He came at first as the servant to suffer and obey; He will come again as the King to triumph and reward. The crown of thorns, the rod of mockery, and the cross, will be changed into the crown of glory, the sceptre and the throne of universal dominion. But without the former the latter could not be. His first coming obtained the charter of our eternal inheritance; at His second coming the inheritance will be bestowed to the praise of His glory on all who being "sons," are "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ." So is it said, "*Because* He humbled Himself, God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name that is above every name."

2. *Outward Glory of the Second Advent.*

"*Behold, He cometh with clouds.*"

The outward signs or visible accompaniments of our Lord's coming are frequently mentioned in Scripture. It is said, for example, that "He is coming in His own glory, and the glory of the Father, and with the holy angels;" that "He is coming in clouds of glory," that "every eye shall see Him." Now I cannot think that this language is merely metaphorical, and only the expression of spiritual things by material imagery. No material, visible glory can indeed ever be to immortal and spiritual beings what that vision is of the morally sublime, which "no eye hath seen nor ear heard;" yet, why may not such an event as this personal appearance of the Son of Man be accompanied by such manifestations of splendour as shall be adequate symbols of His unseen majesty? There is not, you will observe, one element in this picture of the future which has not already been associated with Him. Angels have come to earth already, and gathered round His lowly cradle; why should they not again appear and gather round His exalted throne? He has himself been revealed to mortal eyes with a visible splendour which beamed as from the glory of the Father, when He appeared above the hoary summits of Sinai to the elders, and when they "saw the God of Israel, and there was under His feet, as it were, a paved work of sapphire stone, and as it were the heaven itself in clearness." And such glory was seen on the mount of transfiguration by His disciples; and in vision also by St. John, when His body glowed like brass in a furnace, and His face shone like the noon-day sun. Why, therefore, may not the same personal splendour be again visible? Nor should it seem strange that clouds of beauty should surround Him. For where can the eye behold more loveliness and grandeur than what the art of God creates at the close of day from the mere vapour, that appears for a short time, and then vanishes? There is no scenery more majestic than that of clouds massy as stupendous mountains, scooped out into yawning caverns or towering in precipices from sea to zenith, yet poised in mid air, pure as the snowflake — now light and transparent as luminous mist, and again solid as granite walls. There is no pageantry more sublime than when, by some subtile ministry, the mountain-shapes slowly and imperceptibly change to bars of gold, or float as purple islands on a purple sea. When clouds gather round the setting sun, the hand of the Almighty seems to be stretched out to adorn the heavens with all the brilliancy of colour which mortal eye can gaze on — ruby, amethyst, and sapphire

—in gems, in floods—gleaming, dawning, fading—and filling us with a breathless sense of splendour and magnificence. Only behold even once such a scene as this—one of the most common presented to the eye—and add to it another feature—that of a silent mountain peak of alabaster snow, tipped with golden fire, resting on the deep ocean of the illimitable sky, and say whether God may not, from even such transitory elements as these, hang such a drapery around the great white throne as shall be fitting symbols of Him who is coming in clouds of glory, and whom every eye shall see!

I do not think it unprofitable to meditate on these material accompaniments of our Lord's advent in glory. God has so made us that we are powerfully impressed through the senses. He educates our faculties by all the sights of grandeur which the world presents to us; while many men, in whom this spiritual vision is almost blind, can in no other way be awed and made conscious of the presence of Omnipotence. And, reason as we may, no man can for a moment think of Jesus, the Son of God, coming back to the world in visible splendour, without feeling that to every beholder that scene must be such as will fill the mind with all the awe which can be possibly inspired by the spectacle of outward magnificence and power. But all the material accompaniments of the Advent will be subordinate to, and almost absorbed in, the one grand Object which will occupy every eye—the living Centre of the picture,—Jesus Christ. Every eye shall see *Him*—Him alone, the all and all. And thus have I seen upon earth imposing sights, yet withal childish toys, which derived their chief interest to me from their being a dim picture, a poor representation of higher things yet to be revealed. When, for example, the capital of a great country has poured forth its multitudes, and other multitudes, gathered from town and village and rural hamlet, had swelled the throng, until,—filling some wide arena,—the eye wandered over what seemed to be a very world of human beings, for each street, and square, and housetop was alive. Then came the distant swell of music and clang of trumpets, and the dazzling procession unfolded itself in the pomp and power of an embattled host, with its flashing arms, its stately tread, its silent and indomitable strength, and led by "the princes, and governors, and high captains, and all the rulers of the provinces." Yet with all this splendour, one thought occupied every heart; the expected coming of one person hushed every lip to silence, and fixed every eye into the eager look of profound interest to see the sovereign or hero whose name and fame were associated with the history of the world. O poor and paltry picture this of the feelings of that great assemblage of men and angels, which at the coming of our Lord will be gathered into one intense gaze of awe, wonder, reverence, and love, as they see Him appear in glory who is the world's Creator, their Redeemer, and their Judge!

VII.—THE INFLUENCE OF THE LOVING.

The coming of the kingdom of God, or, in other words, the reign of God in the hearts of living men, is the grandest work going on in this earth. This kingdom is love, and it is established and advanced chiefly by the influence of the loving. The seed from which the harvest is to be gathered in, is that of hearts which truly love God and man. The light that is to fill the earth is to be diffused from the many men who themselves are the lights of the world,—for love and light are one. If this be so, then the most influential men are loving men. I do not forget nor undervalue those mighty gifts of God which great as well as good men like St. Paul and Luther and many others, have possessed. But such men are rare. It is not chiefly by these that God will convert the earth, and transform the kingdom of the world into the kingdom of Christ. They appear too seldom to effect this. They may give a great movement to society, but thousands and tens of thousands must carry that movement on. They sound the key-note, and give the true ring to the great song, but millions have to repeat its notes, and sing it from age to age in every city, lane, and home, before it swells into a world-song. The work of God is confided not to a few, but to all who love the Lord in sincerity. The loving, I repeat, are the influential. They fill up the void in society. If they are not the great foundation nor the pillars, they are the ten thousand stones which compose the temple. The salt of the earth is made up of these living grains. However lowly their sphere of toil, or unseen by the world, they are the truly great workers. All who thus love are humble before God and man. They are faithful in deed and word, so that they would no more pilfer or lie to master, mistress, or employer, than they would if standing in the presence of Christ. They are

pure and temperate in thought and act, as those who know their bodies are the temple of the Holy Spirit. They are forgiving, because forgiven; and anxious to do good to all, as they have the opportunity. Oh, the blessedness—the unspeakable blessedness to society, if we had such great people among us as servants, clerks, workmen, parents, children, brothers, sisters, and companions! This is the greatness we need; this is the greatness which would prove such a blessing as gold and silver could not purchase. Great thinkers or great epochs affect the world in proportion as they are able to send their influence down to the commonest spheres of life, and touch the hidden springs of daily motive. So have I seen the rain descend in floods on the parched earth, and the floods soon passed away. Yet as each plant and tiny leaf began to do its duty, and act its appointed part in appropriating the moisture; and as the earth distributed it in many streams, and in the gentle ministry of countless refreshments, the face of nature became changed, and the one blessing when thus diffused through the most minute fibre of life, affected the universal aspect of the scene.

THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

A GIANT man was old Christopher,
He was stout of limb and strong of nerve,
And he vowed that the mightiest king on earth
Was the only master whom he would serve.
Great deeds of prowess had Christopher done,
For many a chief he had bravely fought;
But never his master yet had he found,
And still for the mightiest king he sought.

Till there came a day, when he heard one say,
"All earthly might is of little worth,
For the greatest of all the kings there be,
Is Christ who is King both of heaven and earth."
Up rises old Christopher then in haste,
To a holy hermit straight he hies.
"Where can I find King Christ?" he asks;
"Tell me, thou hermit, holy and wise.

"How can I serve Him? for Him will I serve,
Since earthly might is of little worth,
If the greatest of all the kings there be
Is Christ, who is King both of heaven and earth."
"Son," quoth the hermit, "He whom thou seek'st,
Is not to be served in a worldly way;
For the kings of the earth thou may'st battle and fight,
To serve the Lord Christ thou must fast and pray."

"Fast!" laughed old Christopher. "Holy man,
If I fasted, my strength would pass away;
Thou must find some other service for me;
I can fight, good father, I know not to pray."
The hermit gazed on the mighty man,
On his sinewy limbs and massive frame,
And he thought, All gifts must be used for God,
But the service for all is not the same.

"Yea," quoth he, "my son, the Lord of all
Can be served by all—there is yet one way
Thou canst serve Him well with thy giant strength,
Though thou wilt not fast, and thou know'st not to pray,
Who serves his fellows, he serves the Lord;
Go, dwell in the depths of yonder wood,
Where the mountain torrent comes fiercely down,
And rushes along in an angry flood.

"When 'tis swollen high by the wintry rains,
And its waves by the stormy winds are tossed,
O'erwhelmed in its waters, with none to save,
Full oft is the lonely traveller lost.
There, Christopher, make thy dwelling-place,
Use thy great strength not to fight but to save,
And so long as thou dwellest beside the flood,
Let never a soul be lost in its wave.

"Bear rescue to all, but by never a one,
Be he rich or poor, let thine aid be bought;
Take never a guerdon for that which thou dost,
For who serves the Lord Christ must serve Him for nought."
So Christopher went from the holy man;
Forth went the giant into the wood:
He tore him a palm-tree up by the roots,
To make him a staff, and he dwelt by the flood.

He dwelt by the flood, and for many a day
Was never a traveller lost in its wave;
The young and the old, the rich and the poor,
He snatched alike from a watery grave:
The wayside beggar, the mitred priest,
The aged man, and the maiden fair,
From many a warm and grateful heart
There rose for the giant a blessing and prayer,

But never a guerdon he took from one;
"Mine aid," saith he, "is not to be bought;
'Tis the King of heaven and earth that I serve;
And who serves King Christ, he serves Him for nought:"
And the Lord looked forth from heaven and said,—
"Behold this man who has found the way
To serve me well with his giant strength,
Though he will not fast and he knows not to pray."

One dark and stormy winter's night,
When the wind was strong and the waves were high,
There was borne to old Christopher's listening ear
The gentle sound of a child-like cry.
Forth went he in haste. All sitting alone,
By the side of the flood was a beautiful child;
His eyes shone bright through the murky night,
And he spoke in accents deep yet mild:—

"Oh, Christopher, carry me over the flood."
"That will I!" saith he, "right willingly.
'Tis an easy task for old Christopher
To carry a burden light like thee."
He lifted the child on his shoulders broad,
And waded out boldly into the stream;
But scarce had he reached the middle deep,
When the child who at first so light did seem—

Grew heavy and heavier still to bear,
  Till beneath the weight his shoulders bent;
And the waves rose higher and higher around,
  And the strength of the giant was well-nigh spent.
His monstrous limbs they quivered and shook,
  And the palm-tree bent like a reed in his hand;
But he struggled right bravely through the flood,
  And carried his burden safe to land.

And then, as he laid him down on the bank,
  He saw through the night that the childish head
Was crowned with a golden halo of light.
  "Who art thou, oh child?" the giant said,
"That hast pressed on me with a weight as though
  I had borne the whole world on my back to-night?"
The child looked full in the giant's face,
  And his countenance shone divinely bright.

"Thou *hast* borne the world on thy shoulders," he said,
  "And, what than the world is of greater worth,
Thou hast borne its Maker; for I am He,
  I am Christ, the King both of heaven and earth.
Thy work is accepted, thy labour done;
  Oh, Christopher, thou hast found the way
To serve me well with thy giant strength,
  Though thou would'st not fast and thou knew'st not to pray.



"Thou hast long been my servant here on earth;
  My saint henceforth thou shalt follow me;
Plant here, for a token, thy staff by the flood;
  It shall root and blossom for men to see."
He vanished away: when morning broke,
  Nor child nor giant was there to be seen;
The flood had gone down, and a crystal stream
  Flowed gently along where the torrent had been.

And there rose by its side a stately tree;
  Its fruit was rich and its blossoms fair;
And sweetly the birds on its branches sung—
  'Twas the giant's staff that he planted there;—
And men as they sat in its shade would tell,
  How the great St. Christopher found the way
To serve the Lord with his giant strength,
  Though he would not fast and he knew not to pray.

And wherever in humble, childlike faith
  A simple deed is lovingly wrought,
Wherever a strong man uses his strength
  To fight as the great St. Christopher fought,—
Not for self, but for others—for love, not gain,—
  To serve the Lord he has found the way,
Though it may be, like holy St. Christopher,
  He wills not to fast or he knows not to pray.

F. MALCOLM DOHERTY.

PICTURES OF ITALIAN LIFE.

No. I.

ROME, January 30th, 1873.

IT is so easy to reach Italy now, that the old days are quite passing out of one's recollection—the old days, when with slow-trotting horses and jangling bells, we lived in our *vetturino* carriages for weeks, as in a house, and made ourselves thoroughly comfortable there, and halted at midday for luncheon, with pleasant hours for wandering over unknown towns, and gathering flowers, and making discoveries amongst the churches and convents near our resting-place. It was far more romantic, and one learnt a great deal more, for there were so many hours, in which while plodding over the weary surface of a featureless country, we could read the marvellous story of the place we were about to pass through, and then we saw it, and it was graven for ever on the brain. These happy days are part of the past now, and travellers are hurried from Paris to Rome in two nights and two days, giving no time for thought or study by the way. Still the modern journey has its advantages too, and many who could not otherwise visit the south of Italy at all, are enabled to do so.

The journey is absolutely without difficulties, and the redoubted tunnel of the Mont Cenis, which only takes twenty-five minutes to pass, is so like all other tunnels, that all descriptions of "sensations" in going through it must be purely imaginary. The real sensation which people generally may experience is the change from the frost-bitten, snow-laden valleys of Savoie, to a more genial atmosphere, as soon as the mountain is passed—a pleasant feeling of warmth which increases every hour as one goes further south, drinking in more and more of beauty, till the second night is over, and the glorious pale-grey domes of Florence are seen rising against the lemon-coloured morning sky.

Here we should advise even the most hurried travellers to rest for one night, not only because then they are better able to enjoy the beautiful last day's journey, but because even a passing glimpse of the old Tuscan capital is so full of delight. The broad paved streets have such a festal look, and there is so much in feeling that almost everything one looks upon is quite perfect of its kind. The town too is so small, that even half a day can give the external impression and leave a feast of memories behind—in which, perhaps, the most prominent is the group of buildings around the cathedral, which should certainly be visited in the late afternoon, when the brown-red dome and rugged front of the church are bathed in the most brilliant sunshine, against which the yellow-grey baptistery and the old cross of San Zenobio rise in all the repose of their deep shadow.

The journey from Florence to Rome is one of the most beautiful in the world. The railway really skirts all that is loveliest and most interesting in this part of Italy, and there is scarcely a minute of the day in which one can afford to leave the window of the railway carriage, scarcely a place one passes through in which one does not long to linger, and which would not amply repay a careful examination. First, we have the rich Arno valley, with its visions of old convents, and castles with serrated towers, standing on the crests of hillsides covered with a wealth of olives and peach-trees, and themselves shut in by ravines of hoary snow-tipped mountains; —of villages and towns of quaint houses, all arches and balconies, with projecting tiled roofs stained golden with lichen, and with masses of still more golden Indian corn hanging from the railings of their outside staircases. Then, we have a strange volcanic district of umber-coloured uplands, tossed and rent into every possible contortion by some forgotten eruption. Then Arezzo and Cortona rise on their embattled heights, and Thrasymene stretches out its waste of reedy apple-green waters, melting into the softest of blue distances; Perugia watches the valley from its hillside; the convent of Assisi on its mighty tiers of arches strides forward towards the plain; Trevi clambers up a hill so steep, that every house rises just above the roof of its neighbour, with a clear view towards the sky; the tiny temple of the Clitumnus looks down upon its limpid rivulet; the huge castle and cathedral of beautiful Spoleto are backed by the ilex-clothed mountain of San Luca; a fissure in the brown hill behind Terni marks the site of the famous waterfall; and all this beauty comes to a climax at Narni, where the river Nar forces itself through a cleft in the huge rocks beneath the mediæval city, and is spanned by the mighty arches of the bridge of Augustus. Beyond this we enter the Campagna, grim and desolate, with buffaloes feeding amid its withered vegetation, and, as the malaria-bearing vapours of

evening rise, and daylight dies out in a red streak behind an awful solemn dome, the very sight of which must send a thrill through the hearts of all who recognise it, the train passes through a rift in a gigantic wall, hisses under the shadow of a dim temple which we are told is Minerva-Medica, and, on the platform of a shabby, ill-lit station, the porters call out ROME.

They talk of improvements, but as you emerge from the station into a vast quagmire, and sink deep into its slimy depths, you are inclined to wonder where they are. In pitiless rain you are obliged to wade far to your carriage—generally an open-hooded *cittadino*, in which you are jolted over the angular lava pavements of the mean alleys which they here call streets, to the centre of the English quarter, where the Piazza di Spagna opens, by no means a square in the English sense of the word, but a stony space, shapeless in form, and featureless in aspect, except that at one side a vast dreary staircase of weather-beaten steps clambers up to the Trinità de' Monti. We had at once decided that an hotel, such as Roman hotels are now, would never do for us; there the ideal Rome vanishes amid the tourbillon of common-place passenger-life, and the *home* which makes so much to one everywhere is utterly wanting; but high in the Via della Croce, in the house of an old German artist and his wife, we found a small sunny apartment, suited to our needs, and at no higher price than usual, in spite of the threatening accounts of great prices which we had read in the English newspapers.

We are at home here. The difficulty is how we are to be served (we say this from a sympathetic wish to save other pilgrims from being wrecked on the same quicksand), for our landlord has never let his rooms before, and Antonia, the well-meaning, handsome Roman donna, who belongs to them, and is appointed to wait upon us, has not the very faintest notion of our requirements. Two grand battles occurred the first day, in which, however, we gained the ultimate victory, one, because our "Padrona" forbade the water to be put into a bath, saying that it would destroy her carpets, and the other because we insisted upon having a key of the house, which she declared was absolutely unheard of. Our first breakfast was the signal for a huge display of emotions, and the moral atmosphere of the house was shaken to its foundations by our desiring to have an egg boiled; the old artist grandfather was called from his studio, the mother from painting her miniatures, the daughter-in-law from her nursery; it was a matter of moment—*Che fara*—the *signorino* had said that an egg must be boiled. Of course it must be *da bere*, and then it must be *passato da acqua*, and "passato da acqua" it accordingly was, and came up raw. Another egg was procured, but it was still held that the signorino could not possibly wish it *tosto*, and messages continued to be carried between sitting-room and kitchen, till at last, when Antonia came in again to ask which way up our egg was to be brought in in the cup, we felt that our patience was almost exhausted, and that if an equal excitement pervaded everything else we wished to eat, famine was staring us in the face.

The view from our windows is thoroughly Roman. It is not beautiful, but it is very peculiar. We are on the fourth floor, and down below is a deep courtyard, in which is one of the great Roman restaurants, fringed on one side by a cloister surmounted by old moss-grown busts of very ugly emperors; and above it a vast expanse of muddy yellow-washed wall, interspersed with windows at which handsome Roman faces come and go, and balconies where large oleanders flourish as if in the beds of their native torrents, and topped by the brown curved tile-roofs peculiar to Italy, upon which the hens have little improvised dwelling-places, and where pigeons come and perch, and beyond which the dome of a great church, crowned by its cross, rises faint and grey into the clear atmosphere.

The domestic agony over our breakfast has caused us to descend to the restaurant above-mentioned for our dinner, and a gloomy vault enough it is, where very disagreeable-looking viands are served out to hungry customers. These restaurants (*trattorie*) are quite a feature of Roman life, and are much frequented by the art-students, whose joyous, present-enjoying life bubbles up and overflows here to any extent; and as one does not come to Rome to eat, the dismal misery of meal-times (which larger householders do not have to endure), is quite supportable, and when the hated feast is over, and one emerges once more into the clear air and bright sunshine, one forgets all but the joy of existence in a world so beautiful.

Such is our artist-life, which brings us in contact with so much that is delightful, and into which, without the accompaniment of our sketch-books, we could not penetrate. And with them all the mornings of the last week have been passed, seated on the sunny grassy ridge beyond the arch of Titus. In the pale

morning, the air has been almost cold, and the stillness severe, but as the sun has come out, and gilded the worn pillars of the arch, and glinted over the foreground, strewn with vast fragments of ancient columns yet bright with the fresh grass of early spring, leaving the distant Capitol and Forum in their soft violet shadows, human life has come out too, and, while an old eyeless patriarch has tinkled his guitar, crowds of idle young men and boys have danced together in front of the temple of Venus and Rome—strange contrasts of modern life for this temple and for the vast arches of the Coliseum to look down upon!

In the afternoon we keep holiday, and meander to the Pincio, where the band plays, not twice a week now, as in solemn papal days, but almost every day. Here, on the broad terraced space in front of the sun-lit gardens, carriages roll and revolve incessantly towards sunset, while crowds of young men, very smartly dressed as for a London breakfast, think it quite amusement enough to stand in negligent attitudes along the pathway, and simper and bow to the passers-by. It is very absurd, it is a great waste of time, but every one does it, and up here it is so very delightful and beautiful, that one cannot wonder. Only, as evening comes on, and the sun dies behind the great St. Peter's and Vatican, which proudly fill up the distant depth, one must fly from the malaria. The Roman princesses drive here; King Victor Emanuel comes here too, and Prince Humbert, with his gentle and beautiful Margherita. A shadow has lately passed over this pleasant princess; the story is too well known to call for reticence, and is one of those strange fantastic dramas so typical of Italian life, which is so well portrayed by Hawthorne in "Transformation." In the last Carnival, when all was excitement and bustle in the Corso, when bon-bons were falling like hail, and flowers were tossing to and fro, and the royal party were standing on the balcony, receiving compliments, saluting and being saluted by the crowd beneath, a mask appeared—a mask, not like those ordinarily seen at such times, but a ghastly figure with a death's head, which raised a skeleton arm, and ever beckoned and beckoned towards the royal group. At first they were only amused; they thought the mask wanted money, and they sent some down; then they became annoyed. The beloved tutor of the Prince, and devoted friend of the Princess, at this time left the balcony and returned to give some orders at the Quirinal. Shortly after, wearied by the perseverance of the persisting figure, the Princess returned also. The first thing she heard was that her faithful friend had fallen down dead on entering the palace: it has made a great impression upon her too impressionable mind.

The august figures which one now sees in public, are very different to those of a few years ago. Cardinals no longer roll by in their old mediæval coaches; the Borgheses, overwhelmed by the new state of affairs, remain in a perpetual *villeggiatura;* and the great figure of all, the former sovereign, is ever shut up within the precincts of the Vatican, from which he has never consented to emerge since the invasion of Rome, though he still rides up and down the ilex avenues of its vast garden upon his white mule, and is really in better health than when he had to support the cares of a kingdom. He by no means lives there in solitude, such numbers go daily to look upon the beautiful beneficent countenance, which was always loved, even where it was not respected. To-day a great blow has come to him and all the "neri" in the publication of a decree for the confiscation of no less than sixteen of the great convents and monasteries, on the pretext that their space is required by the municipality in its improvements. An annual rent is given by the government as a nominal equivalent, at a value of the property fixed by itself. Great is the misery caused by this decision, and the consternation too, as when the Sardinians entered Rome, it was quite understood that the religious Orders were to be respected. The loss of some of these convents will produce a world-wide feeling of regret, notably so that of the Minerva, which is the centre of the great Dominican Order, and the residence of its General, and which, though especially connected with the cruel annals of the Inquisition, has been famous for the learning of its inmates, for its magnificent church ceremonies, and as containing one of the most valuable libraries in Rome, besides a glorious cloister, full of grand fifteenth-century tombs. Another doomed convent is that of the Cappuccini, so a part of all the picturesque life of the city,—for what Roman visitor is not familiar with the brown monks, who have so long taken possession of funerals, and bawled their dreary chants marching in long files before the coffin; and who when they die themselves are only buried for a few years, and then dug up (the space being needed again) and ejected from the cemetery, as it is considered quite sufficient compensation for a permanent tomb,

that their brief resting-place has been in the sacred soil brought from Jerusalem. These monks have always been the especial friends of the poor, to whom they dole out large quantities of bread and soup daily, and they will be greatly missed. Perhaps even more pitiable is the fate overhanging the vast assemblage of nuns at Santa Susanna, whose numbers have lately been increased by an influx of nuns from other confiscated convents who have taken refuge there. Each of these poor ladies when she "entered into religion" brought her dower with her, and bestowed it upon the convent as if it were a marriage portion, expecting to find a peaceful refuge for the rest of her life within its walls. Now, when the nuns are turned adrift upon the world, they are not only deprived of their home, but the dower which represents their own fortunes from their own parents is unrestored, and forcibly taken from them.

With the convents, much that is quaint and poetical about Rome will naturally vanish. Most of the old pageants of the Church are also over and apparently for ever, and one can see that devout Roman Catholics are clinging to and making the most of the few Church festivals which are still observed here. To-day is the festival of Santa Martina, a Roman virgin martyred under Alexander Severus. Her handsome church stands at the foot of the Capitol, and is remarkable as containing the original model of Thorwaldsen's famous statue of Christ, bequeathed to this church by the sculptor himself. At an earlier age the church was still more richly endowed by a great painter. Pietro da Cortona built the beautiful subterranean chapel of Santa Martina in his lifetime, and on his death bequeathed his whole fortune to his favourite saint. On this 30th of January, the anniversary of the finding of her body, the approaches to this usually quiet church are crowded with throngs of people, the dark staircase lighted and hung with garlands, and the tomb of the martyr, heaped with flowers, is surrounded by blazing lights, while hundreds come and go, kneeling and praying at its foot.

While so many religious institutions are being swept away, many secular buildings are being erected, and wide streets are being constructed, especially in the open district towards Santa Maria Maggiore, with the view of giving a Parisian aspect to Rome! Among the many old places destroyed to make way for new ones, the beautiful Villa Massimo Negroni has fallen, with all its interesting associations of Sixtus V. and his sister Camilla, of the tragedy of Vittoria Accoramboni, and of the life there of the poet Alfieri. Its grand terraced walk under an avenue of huge orange-trees, its fountains, its bosquets of cypresses, are all cut up now, and the site given up to brick and mortar. It is even proposed to cover the whole side of Monte Mario with villas; for a miniature railway, with an iron bridge across the Tiber, is to be constructed to bring the inhabitants into Rome, and free tickets are to be offered to all children coming in for masters, in order to induce families to go out and reside there.

The two facts most significative of a *moral* change in Rome, are, first, the balls which are now given at the Quirinal, so long a residence of the Popes, and so intimately connected with their history; and, secondly, the open air stall of Bibles which stands in the Forum of Trajan, near another stall filled with a very different class of literature, which has also come in with the Sardinian Government, and which was equally unknown here before.

The common people complain even more vehemently of the conscription to which they are now subjected, than of the great additional taxation. And as tacit submission is in ill accordance with the Italian character, it often leads to violent scenes. The other day a young Stoiaro—mat-maker—was engaged to be married to a girl in his own rank of life. The ceremony was to take place in the church of Santa Maria ai Monti. Just before the time fixed for it, the bridegroom was drawn in the conscription, and the marriage became impossible. On the day on which it was to have taken place, he went to Santa Maria ai Monti, knelt in prayer for an hour before one of the altars, seated himself, put a pistol into his mouth, and blew out his brains. Amongst those who have suffered by this event, the curato of Santa Maria is much to be pitied, as he has to have the church new consecrated, which has been the scene of such a catastrophe. One of the new taxes has led to the absence of a very well-known feature of former days here—the Lupetti, the pretty graceful little Spitz dogs, which curled, and curveted, and barked, on the front seats of so many of the street carriages; and many a harrowing scene has taken place as the young Roman drivers have felt compelled to part with the faithful little companions of their day's toil.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

OUR MERCHANT SEAMEN.

"*JOLLY* Jack Tar!" That seems the fit term to characterize the class, and slips to the tongue easily. Who would say "*solemn* Jack Tar!" "*sordid* Jack Tar?" The words somehow will not run smoothly together. The sailor at once suggests fun and lightheartedness, straightforward frankness, rough affection, generous open-handedness. And he claims our good-will accordingly. Even if you see him as "roving Jack ashore," lumbering along the Commercial Road or Ratcliffe Highway, in tow of some of the horrid harpies that hang upon and hug him, serpent-like, in the moment of his delight at landing, do you, can you, look upon the poor fellow sourly? You know that he has been for weeks or months — it may be for eight or nine months, or even a year—far enough from all refining society, battling with winds and waves, and perhaps bearing day by day the bluster of a bad captain as well as the bluster of bad weather; so that, having no friends to meet and cheer him, some social reaction is almost pardonable. You cannot help saying to yourself, "Well, the sea must be a noble monitor, for the uncalculating good-nature and trustfulness of these men is their ruin." And it must have moved in you a thrill of exhilarating admiration if you have ever seen, as it has been our good fortune to see, the steady married sailors, many of them, after having secured their pay, making way with their heavy hammocks and other items of personal estate, through the ranks of the harpies to the nearest 'bus or railway station, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, intent only on being soon, soon at home with wives and children.

And perhaps, if at such a moment you happened to be in a thoughtful mood, you fell into musing on the trials of a sailor's life, and ended by wondering how our mercantile marine is at this time of day so nobly manned. This would be the more probable turn of your thoughts if, beyond the well-known abuses that have lately been in all men's mouths, you should chance to have heard about the sufferings to which sailors are subjected by owners supplying bad provisions to their ships, or only supplying them *as demanded by the scale*, and the score of similar expedients, whereby Jack Tar indubitably suffers in such a way as would speedily make most other classes grave, if not revolutionary.

It is perhaps well for us that his circumstances are unfavourable to class-union. Otherwise perhaps the sailors, and with more ground, had long ere this given us more trouble than colliers and miners are now doing. Considering the perils of their calling, and the good-will which as a class they inspire, we should expect everything would be done that could be done to protect and aid them. But it is clear, even from these most "unvarnished tale"-tellers, the Board of Trade tables, that this is very far from being the case. Mr. Chichester Fortescue, it is true, when doing his best to justify the action of the Board of Trade in his speech on Mr. Plimsoll's motion for a Royal Commission, a few weeks ago, laid great weight on the right the sailor now had to demand a Government survey of any vessel he was engaged to sail in, and on the many inquiries that had been made into disasters at sea. But he forgot to lay equal weight on certain other equally momentous facts, which were implicitly admitted. Sailors for some reason have *not* demanded surveys to any extent, and no inquiries have been held on the many *missing* ships—ships so ominously marked in lists as "never heard of," and in which, of course, the great proportion of the loss of life occurred. It is astonishing how office encourages the spirit of smoothing over ugly things like these.

We are no alarmists, and generally speaking would be in favour of allowing parties to make their own bargains. But there is a justice which may be constantly violated, simply because the weaker one cannot wait to choose, as he would do were Necessity not close at his heels. In this sailors are just like other labourers; and more than most other labourers in perilous callings, they need State protection. We have legislated to protect factory workers; the chimney-climbing brigade has long ago been mercifully made an end of; and we have done something for the miner, and are likely very soon to do more, because of the specially dangerous nature of his calling. "There is a great deal of human nature in man," we are told by a sagacious observer; and the terrible risks which even good men will run for the sake of a double profit is matter of painful everyday experience. Though it is said that more than one-half of all the wrecks on our coasts can be clearly traced to *preventible* causes—unseaworthiness and over

loading mainly, and by under-manning to some extent—it is not here asserted, and need not be inferred, that shipowners as a class are *worse* than any other class into whose adventures speculation enters largely, and in whose business competition runs keen. We all know—or, if we do not know, we have heard—how even their own self-interest, in view of preserving their property, has failed to make many house-builders and house-owners do ordinary justice to their tenants. Men's interests are only true safeguards when the men themselves are broad-minded, and not morally deadened. Low self-interest has no far outlook; it is most often defeated, in the long-run, by the troubles that come of its over-reaching.

Government has not been slow to protect life by ensuring some degree of safety in structures on land. The Metropolitan Buildings' Act, for example, lays down that all houses and warehouses must be constructed of certain materials, and in a certain way; and rigorous systems of inspection have, as we all know, been set afoot for the various industries that are most accompanied with danger. But *carrying* ships—only think of it!—may be built quite as the builders please—of good materials or of bad, and may be sent to sea even after they have been declared utterly unseaworthy, and that without the risk of money loss to the owners, but frequently with assurance of certain profit to them should these rotten ships founder. We have been told by a man who has sailed every sea in the world, that he has found ships which, when carefully measured, gave as much as from eight to ten inches of more space between the tip of the outside rib and the midmast on the one side than on the other; and that "slop" shipbuilding is a recognised branch of industry, just as slop-tailoring is. When ships are thus rattled together, beautifully painted, and sent to sea, what may not be expected of the old and worn-out craft? "It is well known to myself and colleagues," writes a good authority, "that there are some hundreds of ships sailing from the —— —ports which are utterly unfit to be trusted with human life. . . . They insure them as long as they can, and when all dodges fail, even with underwriters, then they form mutual insurance clubs, and go on until the ships fill and go down in some breeze, or strike and go to pieces."

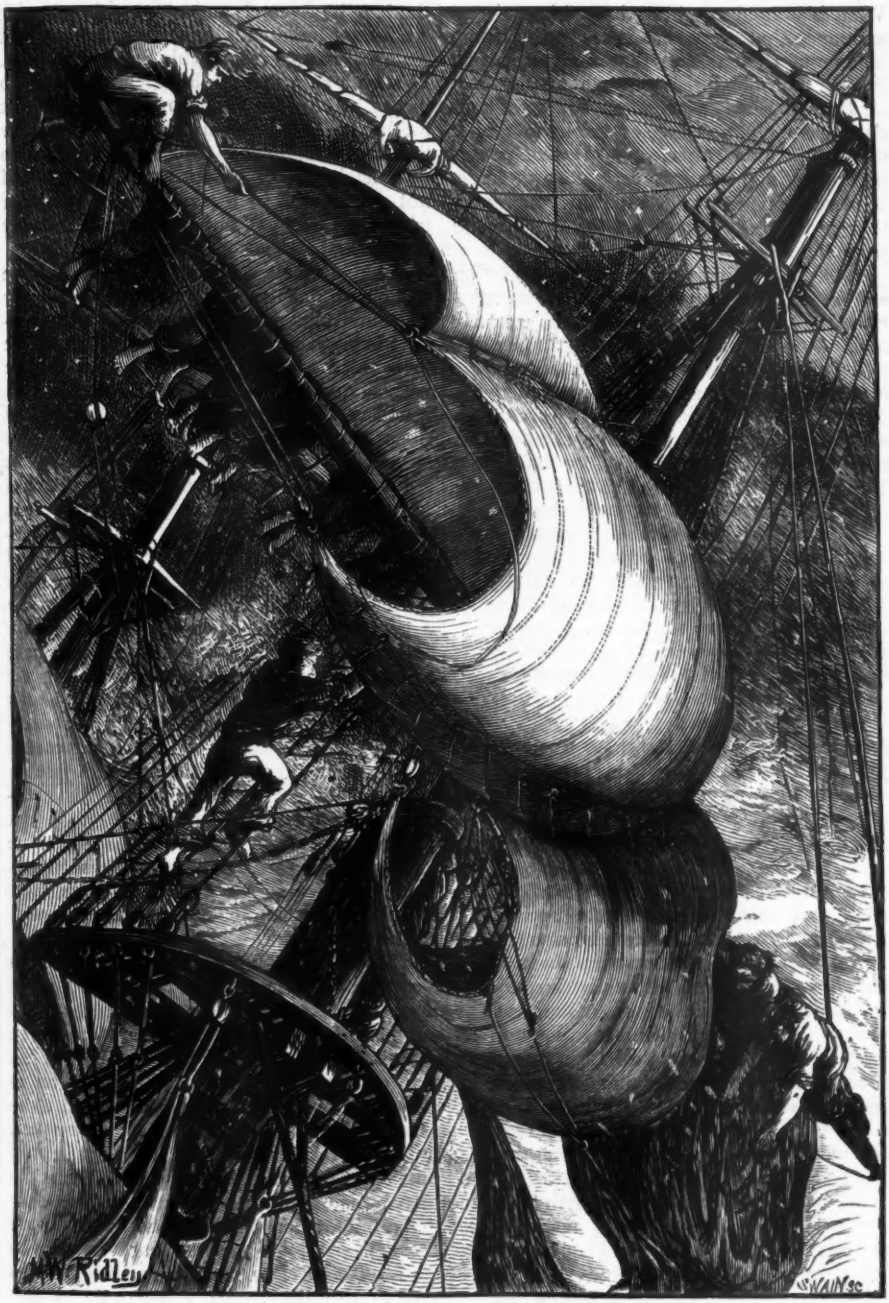
Most often these old craft break up so quickly that there is not even time to get out the boats, and not a soul is left to tell the tale; sufficiently accounting for the extraordinary frequency with which the phrase "never heard of" occurs in shipping lists. So notorious is this that foreign journals, writing on the shipwreck of English vessels on foreign coasts, have said, "In order that a vessel should go to pieces in so short a time on a shore like ours she must be in a most unseaworthy state, and we cannot understand how the English Government, so careful of the lives of its subjects, should allow certain shipowners . . . . . to send vessels to sea with almost a certainty of their being lost. We earnestly wish, for the sake of the brave English crews of the colliers, that their Government would do something for their security, by naming a special commission to inspect their vessels." But as might be expected the greatest loss occurs on our own coasts. In the eleven years before 1872, no fewer than 8,794 sailors have been drowned within ten miles of our shores.

Notwithstanding Mr. Chichester Fortescue's smooth words, in scarce anything has the English Parliament done its duty in a more half-hearted way than in matters relating to our seamen. It has already stepped in to inspect *passenger* ships, and enforces certain rather loose regulations as to boats, and the strength of cables and anchors; but it has forgotten to lay down rules with respect to the condition of trading vessels themselves—except indeed in the case of ships carrying Government stores, from which fact it would almost appear that Government stores are of more value in its eyes than the lives of brave and loyal subjects. Owners of *unclassed* carrying vessels—*i.e.* those which are not registered at Lloyd's, amounting to about 14,000, and those which do not carry passengers—are thus left nearly irresponsible. The law under which any sailor can demand a survey of a vessel in which he is to sail, he having to pay all the expenses if the ship be declared satisfactory, has been found almost a dead letter, and things go on as before. And if it be said that sailors themselves should see to the condition of the ship before they sail in her, the sufficient answer is, that the real state of the ship is not and cannot be seen till after the articles are signed, till, in short, she is loaded—too late for the poor sailor to take action, even supposing that he felt himself strong enough to resist the owners. The argument that owners need guarantees against the men in case of their leaving a ship for a mere pretext, is answered by the fact that they seldom refuse to proceed to sea even now.

The whole system of things, so far as legislation is concerned, is practically in the same condition now that it was before insurance had developed into its present proportions by underwriting, which has superseded the ordinary system of insurance as respects ships. A ship is not insured by a company proper, like a house or a life. By the system of underwriting the risk is reduced to little or nothing through being divided amongst fifty or sixty, or even a greater number of persons who underwrite the policy, noting there the amount of risk they take. No one of them has risk sufficient to induce him to resist a claim in the event of loss, even supposing that the case is suspicious. In former times, before this system had developed itself, the interest in property was sufficient to cause the owner to look after his vessel, and nothing could be more touching than the concern which was often exhibited in her fate, and the joy at the home-coming after a spell of stormy weather.

But all this is changed with the changing times. Else how could it possibly have happened, as it did in the year 1871, that out of the 1,807 wrecks and casualties to vessels in the regular carrying trade on our own coasts, "856 happened when the wind was at force 6 or under; that is to say, *when the force of the wind did not exceed a strong breeze, in which the ship could carry single reefs and topgallant sails;* that 149 happened with the wind at force 7 and 8, or *a moderate fresh gale, when a ship, if properly found, manned, and navigated, can keep the sea with safety.*" In the years immediately preceding the proportion was even more appalling than this. Out of the 2,114 wrecks on the British coasts in 1869 no fewer than 177 occurred *when the weather was calm*, 178 *when the breeze was moderate;* and only 437 took place when the wind blew a gale. Consider this, and then, if you please, set in contrast the cases of Messrs. Elliott and Co., of Newcastle, and Messrs. Anthony Gibbs and Son, of London. The former have had for years a fleet of colliers running continuously between the Tyne and London—one of the most difficult voyages; more difficult and dangerous than any oversea voyage, owing to the immense number of hidden sands and shoals in the course—yet, owing to careful inspection, these vessels "*come and go in such absolute safety that, during all the years from* 1859, *when the Jarrow Dock was first opened, until now, not one of them has been lost, nor even met with a casualty worth naming.*" Then, in the year 1860, Messrs. Anthony Gibbs and Son took a contract from the Peruvian Government at Lima, to charter and load ships at the Chincha Islands with guano, and as many as three or four hundred of these ships yearly left those islands for different parts of the world. At first they were allowed to load as they chose, without inspection of any kind. Many ships foundered; others put back, leaky and disabled—hardly three days passing without some accident or loss. At length a thorough system of inspection before and after loading was inaugurated, with very noticeable results,—Mr. Reid, who was inspector, assuring us that, "soon after the rules were enforced, a sudden and wonderful improvement took place, *and during the four years I was surveyor afterwards, not one ship foundered at sea, and only about one or two per cent. met with accidents.*" As a further illustration, it may be said that not one of the Cunard line of ships has ever been lost, and the accidents to them have been but trifling. These cases are cited merely to show what care can do; and surely what private firms can, with a little additional anxiety, accomplish for the safety of the men in their service, it is the bounden duty of Government to do for the safety of its subjects, when they are unable to do it for themselves.

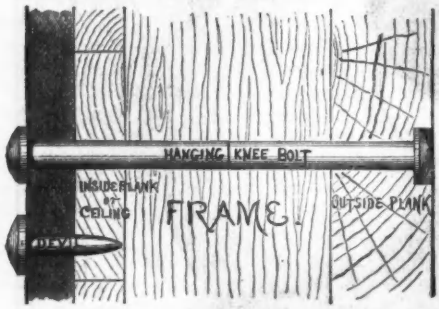
In France no vessel that is considered unseaworthy by the authorities is allowed to leave port. How should it be otherwise with England, which leans upon its marine even more than France does. The liberty of the subject is a great idea, but it is liable to be abused; and the strongest argument which the opponents of inspection have yet urged is that it takes responsibility from the shipowner—a plea which Parliament has certainly not respected in the case of many other owners. But it is the merest fraction of the shipowners who urge this plea. A large section of them are not only in favour of legislation, but actively agitate for it. The Chambers of Commerce of Dundee, Newcastle, West Hartlepool, Middlesboro', Stockton-on-Tees, Goole, Hull, Southampton, Plymouth, Exeter, Falmouth, Bristol, Gloucester, and Cardiff have memorialised warmly in favour of the survey of carrying vessels, as well as the Town Council of Leith; declaring their conviction that thousands of lives would thus be annually saved to the country, not to speak of the preservation of goods; and Mr. Rundell, one of the most influential shipowners of Liverpool, has written very strongly urging change. The



"Battling with wind and waves," p. 246.

insurance offices also are all on the side of reform and many of the underwriters as well. What is wanted are these three things:—(1.) assurance that every ship is seaworthy before being put to sea; (2.) that no vessel shall sail at multiplied risk through overloading, or bad stowage—a pregnant source of mischief as things now are, especially in timber and grain-laden ships; and (3), that vessels be not, as at present is very often the case, so terribly undermanned that in rough weather it is utterly impossible for the crew to work the sails.

1. As to the first: necessity for inspection will at once be apparent when it is mentioned that ships are on system actually built with sham bolts ("devils," they are well called)—bolts with a most respectable looking head, but sadly deficient otherwise, only being a few inches long where they should be as many feet and should pass right through the timbers. Iron bolts, too, are used in place of those made of copper,



which is not nearly so liable to speedy waste through some kinds of chemical action. We have ourselves seen the "Devils;" but in small proportion, comparatively, and surely Mr. Plimsoll *exaggerates*, when he says that he has found bolt-heads without any shafts at all, *and only as many real bolts as sufficed to keep the timbers in their places.* One case is cited where a surveyor of Lloyd's found as many as seventy-three "devils" in one ship! But this suggests such a pandemonium, as surely no *man* could have a hand in sending to sea with a living crew in it! Surveying, one would think, might do something to end this reign of "devils," or at least to assure us that it was but a myth! Then in the building of iron ships, metal plates are often used of such bad quality that, owing to the action of bilge water, they are eaten through in many places, in the course of a year or two, or moulder into mere plumbago or blacklead, if sugar or similar commodities should chance to have formed a cargo. The new system of adding to the length of vessels amidships without giving additional bulkheads or sufficient work and material, is also responsible for many losses. If such a ship strikes, she opens and goes to pieces at once, leaving no time to get out the boats. We know of at least one steamer that was lengthened twice, till she was so completely out of proportion that she would not steer; still, by the aid of tugs and other tricks, she was got out to sea with a heavy cargo.

2. Ships on ships have been seen to leave harbour so deeply overladen, that only a few feet amidships was out of water, and experienced eyes have at once seen that in a breeze there was no hope of such ships making the voyage, and have said so. Still, the owners would persist in their policy, and hundreds of ships have thus gone to swell the wreck register, and to darken decent homes. Sailors are fond of home and family, and will make great sacrifices for the sake of securing short absences from them. This is the great inducement to remain on board a "coaster;" and the finest traits in these poor fellows are thus made lures to their ruin. Deck-loading is also a great evil. The *Nautical Magazine* says that no fewer than two thousand men have been lost in timber-laden ships during the last eleven years, and this almost wholly owing to the pernicious practice of deck-loading, which makes it next to impossible for the seamen to work the ship in a gale!

3. As to undermanning, we have instances of ships having been sent to sea with only a crew of eleven hands where twenty were *necessary* to work the ship in a storm. Ships so undermanned have most frequently succumbed in the first gale they have encountered.

The complaint has been urged that such a system of inspection as is wanted would be a severe tax on our shipowners, and that in competition with other nations they would be worsted. There is little fear of this—far less fear of it than there is if things go on as they are now doing. Hundreds—nay, thousands—of valuable lives are lost year by year, not to speak of hundreds of thousands of pounds of valuable property. And thus the mercantile marine service is being speedily deteriorated; for the best sailors surely are those who choose the sea, not those who take to it as a last resource, as scapegraces take to the army. Mr. Pease tells us that not a few sailors have, during the strike, turned to mining. It is a fact that the best-

behaved sailors do incline to leave the sea, if they do not get speedy promotion, and if they can find any sort of steady employment on land. And it may easily be proved that the present system is likely to be the most expensive one, and the most burdensome; for the result of this immoral procedure on the part of some shipowners is to raise the rates of insurance premium for all; so that the better class suffer for the worse, and a heavy tax is put upon honest enterprise—"the owner who does not overload in the end paying for him who does."

Even on the lowest consideration—ultimate profit—the course is clear, not to speak of infinitely higher considerations, the duty of saving and protecting human life. We have preferred giving facts and results, rather than attempting to move the feelings, by reciting cases of suffering and bereavement brought about by this system. But manifold and striking specimens of these are ready to hand for any one who wants them, in Mr. Plimsoll's volume. It transforms itself into a sufficiently touching record at the end, however hard and matter-of-fact it may seem at the beginning. Out of his crowd of instances we take this one, premising that Mr. Plimsoll tells us he can *produce* each of the persons he refers to:—

"Come with me to 36, C—— Street, and see Mrs. J——s R——e. She is a young woman of superior intelligence, and has a truthful face, very. She may be about twenty-seven. She lost her husband in the same ship, [a ship which was loaded *under the owner's personal superintendence*]. He was thirty years of age, and, to use her own words, 'such a happy creature, full of his jokes.' He was engaged as second engineer, with £4 10*s.* and board. After the ship was loaded 'he was a changed man; he got his tea without saying a word, and then sat looking at the fire, in a deep study like. I asked him what ailed him, and he said—more to himself than me—"She's such a beast!" I thought he meant the men's place was dirty, as he had complained before that there was nowhere for the men to wash. He liked to be clean, my husband, and always had a good wash when he came home from the workshop, when he worked ashore. So I said, "Will you let me come aboard, and clean it out for ye?" and he said, still looking at the fire, "It isn't that." Well, he hadn't signed, only agreed, so I said, "Don't sign, Jem," and he said he wouldn't, and went up and told the engineer he shouldn't go. The engineer spoke so kindly to him, and offered him 10*s.* a month more. He'd had no work for a long time, and the money was tempting,' she said, 'so he signed. When he told me, I said, "Oh, Jem, you won't go, will you?" He said, "Why, hinnie, hinnie, they'll put me in gaol if I don't." I said, "Never mind, ye can come home after that." "But," said he, "they'll call me a coward, and ye wouldn't like to hear me called that?"'

"The poor woman was crying very bitterly, so I said gently, 'I hope you won't think I'm asking all these questions from idle curiosity,' and I shall never forget her quick disclaimer, for she saw that I was troubled with her, 'Oh, no, sir, I am glad to answer you; for so many homes might be spared being made desolate, if it were only looked into.'

"I ascertained that she is now 'getting a bit of winning for a livelihood,' as my informant phrased it (of course I was not so rude as to ask her that), by sewing for a ready-made clothes' shopkeeper. She was in a small garret, with a sloping roof, and the most modest fire-place I ever saw, just three bits of iron laid from side to side of an opening in the brickwork, and two more up the front; no chimney-piece, or jamb, or stone across the top, but just the bricks laid nearer and nearer until the courses united. So I don't fancy she could be earning much. But with the very least money value in the place, it was as beautifully clean as I ever saw a room in my life."

Parliament—and in face of the facts how could it have done other?—has granted the Commission for which Mr. Plimsoll moved; but, even although that Commission should be fortunate enough to accomplish what it has been appointed to do, room will still be left for many much-needed reforms. There is, for one thing, the question of feeding, at which we hinted in the outset. At present the merchant sailor is allowed, by the articles, in rough, cured pork, salt-beef, coffee, tea, sugar, bread, peas, and flour, in moderate quantities. There is no variety, and often the pork is measley, and flour and biscuits go to maggots. Day by day, on a long voyage, recurs the nauseous mess. Parliament, some years ago, laid down rules about lime-juice, &c.; it needs to regulate food more strictly. The better class of owners, it must be said to their honour, supplement this fare by adding potatoes or preserved vegetables, currants, and raisins to help the dough, and an occasional glass of grog; thus bringing the allowance close to what it is in the navy. We do not advocate the grog, by any means, but human nature is strong in man where he has the power, and the compulsory scale does greatly need revisal. And this is the more clear in that liberal owners have confessed that they find their unenforced outlay profitable to them. Across the Atlantic one of the most successful firms have adopted the principle of unlimited food supply, and have found it to pay. And no wonder, when any candid seaman of large experience will tell you that it is no uncommon thing for the men on long voyages to become so depressed and indifferent, simply through unvaried diet, that it is found difficult even to get such work done as is essential to safety. The body gets out of tone through lack of alteratives; and nerve is lost. An experienced seaman the other day told us of the unmanageableness of sailors, and no doubt they have their whims; but better feeding could

only promote better humour and contentment. On all principles of sense and science, the seaman should be at least as well fed as the labouring landsman; but what a meagre supply would most working men deem the sailors' fare, as we have indicated it!

Then, how very powerful agents in the life of the labouring landsman are his amusements? Every evening he seeks out some relief—some delight to the sense in music, the play, or reading, or at the worst in the society of the public-house. Nothing, comparatively, is done for the sailor in this way any more than in respect of fare. But why should not every owner be compelled to supply his vessels, as the ships of the navy are supplied, with at least potatoes or preserved vegetables of some kind, and good currants or raisins, and provide the men with fresh beef, say, twice a week? And why should not every owner be compelled to put on board his vessel, for the sailors' use, at least half a dozen volumes of popular illustrated literature? We have heard a veteran sailor say that the pleasure a crew of rough tars will get out of a few such volumes, on a long voyage, is simply beyond the power of language to express. After a first step has been made to improve the condition of the sailor with regard to the craft he sails in, perhaps these points may receive some attention.

Meanwhile the condition of our merchant sailors is far from enviable; so far, indeed, that, seeing the necessity there is for some degree of thought, and more of combination, amongst them, it were perhaps to be wished that the phrases "solemn" and "sordid" did apply to "Jack Tar" a little more than they do at present. His jollity and light-hearted hopefulness have also something to do with the evils we deplore, though it is surely sad enough that any class of men should suffer so severely for the possession of fine and very rare qualities.

H. A. PAGE.

DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM.

A CERTAIN nobleman who accompanied Charles I., when Prince of Wales, on his romantic journey to Spain, on his return wrote an account of his adventures in that country. Among other marvellous things which there came under his notice was a well-bred cavalier in Madrid, who possessed the extraordinary faculty of hearing through his eyes. He could understand all that was said to him; and every question asked him he answered appropriately, though in a peculiarly slow and measured manner. Moreover, he was able to hear only in the light; in darkness, he was stone deaf. Many parts of the nobleman's narrative received little credence; but the statement most doubted was the one relating to the cavalier. The reader may possibly be also of opinion that the whole statement must have been merely a fabrication of the narrator, and that certainly no such phenomenon is to be witnessed nowadays, at all events. But if he will only visit, as I have done, a certain institution in London, on the Surrey side of the Thames, he will find many similar examples; and I can promise that he will derive such an amount of pleasurable satisfaction as shall fully compensate for loss of time.

The institution I allude to is known as the Asylum for the Support and Education of Indigent Deaf and Dumb Children, in the Old Kent Road. Apart from its vast size, the external appearance of the building has little to recommend it to notice, especially when compared with the ostentatious architectural elevations of the majority of our modern edifices for charitable purposes. The interior is as simple and unpretending as the exterior. But it must not be imagined that because of its simplicity anything is wanting which could contribute to the welfare and comfort of the inmates. Moreover, the most perfect cleanliness and good order appear to be stamped on the whole establishment.

This admirable institution was founded in the latter part of last century by the exertions of two clergymen of the Church of England—the Rev. John Townsend, and the Rev. Henry Cox Mason, M.A., rector of Bermondsey, Surrey. Under their patronage, the first public school for the gratuitous education of the deaf and dumb in Great Britain was opened in the year 1792. But with respect to the extent of its operations, the Asylum then bore no resemblance to the present institution. The first school contained only six pupils, and the committee, from lack of funds, were unable to admit a greater number during the first year. By degrees, however, the institution became better known, and the number of pupils gradually increased, the average admissions during the last ten or twelve years being about eighty. The total number admitted, educated, and

found the means of earning an honest livelihood, since the first opening of the school amounts to no fewer than 3,849. At the present time there are 327 children in the school.

The blind are sympathized with, and justly, by every one; the deaf and dumb are less known, and their numbers greatly underrated. There is another singularity; frequently in the same family several children are deaf and dumb, while it is seldom that more than one in a family is blind. Among those who have been relieved in this institution, several singular cases may be cited in proof of this peculiarity. I will mention a few, taken from a list of twenty-three families, containing one hundred and sixty children, of whom no fewer than one hundred and five were born deaf and dumb.

Names.	Parents' Description.	No. of Children.	No. Deaf and Dumb.
Alice Wright	Father a framework knitter	10	8
Martha Martin	Mother a widow	10	7
James W. Kelly	Father a porter	8	7
Moses Aldum	„ cloth weaver	12	6
Edward Cousins	„ bricklayer's labourer	8	5
Joseph Stephens	„ excise officer	6	4
Ann Smith	„ coachman	6	4
Jane Hickmans	„ labourer	4	*all* 4
Thomas Cole	Both parents dead	3	*all* 3
Susannah Rye	Mother a widow	3	*all* 3
Eliza Fox	Both parents dead	3	*all* 3
Total.		73	54

Both boys and girls in this school receive an education similar to that imparted in our national and better class charity schools. The branches taught are—reading, writing, arithmetic, and the outlines of British history. Those who discover any taste or ability for the art, are also taught drawing. They are not taught any trade while in the asylum, the training of these unfortunate objects being slower than that of ordinary children. The time they remain at school is not longer than sufficient to instruct them in the groundwork of an average fair education. To compensate, however, for this omission, those boys whose friends and relatives are unable to provide them with situations or employment, are placed as apprentices to good and respectable people, with whom they remain till their term is out, or unless, on mutual agreement, the indentures are cancelled. "As an example of the liberality of the committee," the Rev. Mr. Watson, Principal of the Institution, said, "I may mention that occasionally as much as £500 is paid in premiums for apprentices in the course of a year. The amount paid for this object in 1871 was £412 11*s*."

The greatest care is always taken in finding such employers as shall do the children justice, and one test of the habitual good training they receive in the schools may be found in the fact that cases are of very rare occurrence where apprentices have not given full satisfaction to their employers. In addition to the ordinary course of instruction girls are taught plain needlework, knitting, marking, and the common branches of household work, to make and mend their own clothes, and the linen clothes of the boys.

On entering the schoolroom the sight that presented itself to my eyes was of a very singular description. In an immense room separated into two portions, one for boys and the other for girls, were some 320 children, divided into classes, each having its teacher in the midst. But instead of the ordinary quiet behaviour of children in school, they all (with the exception of those writing) appeared to be in a state of violent excitement, or at least were gesticulating in a most extraordinary manner, their features, hands, and arms, all being in movement. Hardly any among them, either boys or girls, were quiet. At first the school seemed to me to be one scene of disorder. A few moments afterwards the illusion was dispelled, and perfect order reigned throughout the place. The gesticulations of the pupils were simply responses to the questions of the teachers, and showed their usual method of saying lessons. The girls, I remarked, as a rule had very clear complexions; some of them were very pretty and with a fair average of cerebral development. The boys also had clear complexions, but not the same amount of intelligence in the formation of the head as the girls. I inquired of Mr. Watson the cause of their complexions being so good, and he told me he attributed the infirmity of dumbness to constitutional weakness, and that the physician who attended the children discovered a strumous tendency more or less developed among the whole of the pupils.

"You must not imagine," continued Mr. Watson, "that those boys with less intellectual development have as close a tendency to idiocy as they appear. I will give you a case in point."

He now brought forward a lad of about ten, or perhaps eleven years of age, with remarkably dull, heavy features, and in appearance approaching closely to the idiot.

"This boy," he said, "has only been in the school four months. He was wandering about the streets, teazed and irritated by other children, and no attempt was made to educate him. He certainly had every appearance of idiocy. So much was this the case indeed, that some benevolent persons

attempted to gain him admission into an Idiot Asylum, but before that could be accomplished, he was sent here for temporary protection, as being eligible for the school, which is open to the deaf and dumb. We found the boy very docile, and in watching him narrowly, saw some sparks of reason in his conduct and manner. These we attempted to develop, though at first with little hope of success. We were in error, however, for the boy learned rapidly. If you will question him yourself, you will find he has good natural intelligence. He has made great progress since he has been with us."

A slate was now given me, and I wrote on it, "Would you object to go to an Idiot Asylum?"

As soon as the boy read the words a flush passed over his countenance, and he wrote in tolerably good letters on the slate, "I will not go to the idiots' place; I am no idiot."

Remembering that one of the tests in questions of the kind, is to try a boy's capabilities for arithmetic, I set him a multiplication sum, a row of six figures to be multiplied by 8. The boy completed his task with great rapidity, having made but one error. It was thus proved to me how easy it would be to mistake a deaf mute for an idiot.

I now asked Mr. Watson some questions relative to the religious instruction of the pupils, and how far those whose education had been entirely neglected prior to their entrance into the school, were innately cognisant of the existence of a Deity.

"Those who have been totally neglected," he replied, "have no real knowledge of the Deity as we understand the word God, though they seem to have an obscure idea of an unseen power which can protect them, and which they reverence. When we find a boy of this kind, and commence his religious instruction, our first step is, morning and evening, to make him kneel, in common with the other children, beside his bed, his hands placed together in the attitude of prayer. In a very short time he becomes curious as to the meaning, and our next step is to make him understand our conventional symbol of the Deity, which is pointing the forefinger of the right hand to heaven. His idea now becomes more defined as to the certainty of an unseen power, and we then place before him some of the numerous coloured pictures we have of animals, trees, and other objects, which he easily recognises, and we endeavour by the symbol of the finger pointing to heaven to explain to him that God made all those objects. In a wonderfully short time he comprehends it. Arrived at this point, we carry on the knowledge of religion in common with general education; and certainly upon all subjects they study, there is none in which they arrive at a quicker or better conclusion. As they grow older they are taught to read the Bible, and attend service in the parish church, some of them knowing perfectly well how to follow the different portions of the service."

I inquired whether the elder and more intelligent of the pupils, or teachers (many of whom were deaf mutes) were able to understand from the expression of the countenance of the preacher any portions of the sermon.

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Watson. "At any rate not to profit by them. Some are are able here and there to catch phrases, but the connection being lost, the lessons taught are almost valueless to them. At the same time they understand those they are intimate with far more readily than others.

"But tell me," I said, "in what manner are they able to follow the service? Do they use a Prayer-Book, and are they able to find out the different prayers in their proper order?"

"They are perfectly capable of doing so," he replied, "that is to say, the more advanced among them. They not only read the prayers, but many are capable of joining aloud in the responses."

"Do I understand that they are taught to pray verbally?"

"Decidedly so. I will give you an instance, if you please."

He then called Miss Vernon, a deaf mute, one of the teachers, a young lady apparently about eighteen years of age, of very intelligent countenance. He explained to her, by the dumb alphabet, that I wished to hear her repeat some prayer. She immediately went through the Lord's prayer, without the slightest mistake. Every word was perfect, although the syllables were somewhat marked, and there was a certain evenness of tone which betokened that she was totally unable to hear the words she uttered. I afterwards asked her to read some portions of the Prayer-Book, which she did without the slightest difficulty.

Mr. Watson then mentioned, that, although unable to sing, there is no doubt that they have a dim perception of musical sounds from vibration in the air. They are occasionally able to appreciate vibration in a very extraordinary manner, and can tell the bass notes from the treble. I reminded Mr. Watson of the case of Laura Bridgeman, quoted by Dickens, and one or two other deaf

mutes, who, it was stated, were able to form a scale of their own. I also mentioned, that in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Bath, I had met with a case of the kind in a young lady, totally deaf, whose greatest pleasure was to sit by the organ when played, the different notes of which she could understand perfectly from the vibratory power, having also her favourite melodies. Mr. Watson informed me that he had no doubt such cases might be found, although they were very rare.

I next inquired what was the system used by the children to communicate their thoughts to others.

"They have three methods," replied Mr. Watson. "The first is by signs, purely conventional, such, for example, as the dumb alphabet on the fingers, which is known to most. The second is by writing, the third by speaking. The pupils are first taught their letters in the following manner: a number of coloured wood engravings of well-known objects are placed before them, and the names (of course commencing with monosyllables) are arranged beneath them, and the difference in the spelling is pointed out. For example, the letter C is pointed out as commencing the words cat and cow, and the same with others, till at last they are able to compare and combine them together, and understand their different meanings. Arithmetic is taught in the same way. It need hardly be said, that intelligent as the child may be, he learns with far greater difficulty than ordinary children, certainly at the commencement. As he proceeds, however, he frequently makes up for the inevitable loss of time. The latter fact may perhaps be attributed to the very retentive memories nature appears to have given to these unfortunate creatures. The third method (speaking), we commence by teaching them the value of the gutturals. This is done by the teacher taking the finger of the pupil, and pressing against his own larynx, making at the same time a guttural noise. The child feeling the vibration, and noticing the formation of the teacher's lips, imitates the sound. In teaching the letter H, the teacher takes the child's hand, and holding it to his own lips, breathes on it as he pronounces the letter, and the pupil then imitating his teacher, forms his lips in the same way, and, although unconsciously to himself, emits the same sound, which, by a little practice, resolves itself into the letter H. The letters M and N are taught by pressing the child's finger on the side of the nose, and the teacher contracting his lip, the child in imitation produces the same sound. Then follow the labials, and so on till the whole alphabet is learnt. Syllables are next formed, and then words, using the letters in explanation, which they had already learnt. So expert are some of the elder pupils, that they will understand almost every question put to them by any individual—a little difficulty, however, arising with those who wear beards covering the mouth. The replies they give in general are as intelligent and apposite as those of individuals endowed with the power of speech."

I was now invited by Mr. Watson to question the children on the difference between the dumb alphabet and pantomimic gest. I selected a pretty, intelligent-looking little girl. The first word given on the fingers was *fish*. This she explained by an undulating horizontal movement of the hands. *Dog*, she answered by simply patting the exterior of her thigh. *Cat*, by drawing her fingers across her mouth, as if to point out the moustaches, and then moving her hand across her lap as if smoothing the animal's back. *Needle*, she imitated the action of sewing. *Thread*, as if drawing out the thread first, and then sewing with the needle afterwards. *Butter*, she explained by simply patting the table. *Book*, by opening out her hands. *Clock*, by making with her finger dots in the air in the form of a circle. *Horse*, by moving with her hands as if trotting. *God*, by raising the forefinger of her right hand to heaven.

I now turned to Miss Vernon, the young lady already alluded to, and the compound word, *diamond-ring*, was explained to her in the dumb alphabet. She immediately pointed to one of her fingers, then moved her hand with a tremulous motion before her eyes to imitate sparkling, and pointed to the window glass to indicate colour, but making at the time a negative gesture to show it was not of that material. Mr. Watson assured me, that explicit as this system seemed to me, it was far more to the deaf mutes themselves, and that the facial expression was almost as valuable to them in a lengthened sentence as vowels in the formation of a word. He then led me to one of the advanced classes to give me an example. The master, pointing to himself, raised his hands up and down, and then made a sign as if he were drinking. Each boy wrote on his slate the meaning—

"Mr. Wilson wishes for some water to drink." (The movement of the arms signifying pumping.)

The master then drew his fingers across the upper lip, and made a movement as if smoothing the back of a cat, as already described. He next made the action of drinking, and placing his hands to his forehead, drew out his arms as far as they would go. The answer was—

"The cat has drank the milk." (The movement of the arms signifying the horns of a cow.)

Several other experiments, equally interesting, were gone through, and I was then invited to test any of the pupils myself as to their capability of understanding this kind of pantomimic conversation. Taking a story-book, I requested Mr. Watson to allow one of the teachers to explain a certain tale I indicated. Before he commenced, I placed three boys at a distance of two yards apart, placing others between them, so that there could be no communication. The teacher, after having been shown the story, advanced in front of the desk where the boys were seated. His first movement was to place his right arm behind him as far as it would go, then bringing it forward, and placing his hand on his mouth and nose, he drew his fingers to a point some six inches forward. He then opened his mouth as if gasping, and placed his hands on his throat. He next held his right hand in the air as high as possible, with the finger and thumb extended, and gently drew it down some eight inches, his fingers, with a tremulous motion, contracting together till they came to a point. He then made a movement with both his hands somewhat similar to a dog leaping, and then a gesture, as if repulsing something, his features working rapidly and expressively during the whole performance. In a few moments the three boys gave me written descriptions of the tale.

1. "A fox parched with thirst, and finds a grape of the vines, but he cannot spring to catches it, and he said he does not want to catch it because it is sour. He lies in his heart."

2. "A thirsty fox wants to get nice fruit which hangs on a tree, to quench its thirst. And it tries to reach it, but cannot, and it gives it up, and it says it does not want it, because it is sour."

3. "A very thirsty fox found some grapes, and tried to reach them, but could not. The sly fox then gave it up, and said, I do not want them because they are sour."

I here drew Mr. Watson's attention to the similarity existing between the pantomimic language of the pupils and that which occasionally may be seen in Italy, and which was formerly highly in vogue, the Italian ballet pantomime. Whole conversations, and sometimes tragedies, were performed by gestures alone, each gest signifying a word or sentence. For example:—To spread the fingers before the eyes represented a person in prison; placing the wrists together, a prisoner; turning the hand round the top of the head, a king; placing two fingers of the right hand together, husband and wife; drawing the first finger and thumb down the face, a pretty girl; hands placed on the heart, affection. There are many others of a similar description, the gest being divided into conventional and natural. And yet this system of pantomime, which was so expressive that ordinary individuals could watch the action, and understand it for two or three hours together, was never applied to the instruction of the deaf and dumb, another proof how frequently a very easy and beneficial conclusion might be arrived at, had a very simple idea occurred to any person with sufficient energy to carry it out.

"We have also in our system," said Mr. Watson, "the conventional as well as natural gests. For example, to clasp the index and second fingers of the left and right hand signifies with, or together, or any combination. To express that a subject had been considered, and a just conclusion arrived at, was signified by drawing small circles on the forehead with the forefinger, and then clasping the hand, to indicate that the subject had been drawn from the brain, and the closed hand, that it had been secured."

Many other subjects, equally curious, he brought under my notice, all tending to prove the wonderful skill and perfection to which the art of teaching the dumb had arrived, and the heavy debt of gratitude we owe to those who have brought it to such a state of perfection. In fact, it seems impossible to discover but one element which renders the deaf mute less able to converse on every subject than those gifted with the power of speech, and yet unable themselves to utter a word. The exception alluded to is, that in the dark all power of expression or comprehension is lost.

WILLIAM GILBERT.

THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON.

By MRS. PARR, Author of "Dorothy Fox."

CHAPTER XI.—A MISUNDERSTANDING.



EARLY in July Leo Despard arrived in Mallett, and took up his abode with Aunt Lydia, whose joy at having him with her was only equalled by Hero's light-hearted happiness. What a summer this promised to be for her!—Leo near, and the prospect of Sir Stephen and Mrs. Prescott's visit to Combe.

"I am so glad you are going to be here, Leo," she said.

"And I am so glad that you told me at once about these forts. I set about getting the appointment that very day."

Hero's face glowed with happiness.

"How good of you! I hope you will not find it very dull. Do you think you will?"

"Well, perhaps away from you, I shall; so you must be very good to me, and let me bother and worry you to my heart's content."

"Only fancy," laughed Hero. "When I told you at first about the forts it was only as news. I never dreamed that you would think of getting charge of them. How long do you say they will take to build?"

"Three or four months at the least; so you see, it would have been very disagreeable to have had one of our fellows poking and prying into everything, and getting to know about everybody's ways and means, which I am not at all anxious should be known. I daresay Staveley Pierrepoint might have got it. His people move in high society. It would have been confoundedly awkward."

"Would it?" said Hero; for Leo's words jarred, as they sometimes did, against her frank nature; "I don't know that. I have not met many grand people, certainly; but I rather fancy they are like ourselves, and take very little notice of how people live, as long as they are nice; it was so with Sir Stephen."

"Sir Stephen!" repeated Leo. "Upon my word, I am sick of hearing that man's name. The way you Mallett people have fallen down and worshipped him amuses me immensely. By all I hear of him, he must be a precious snob."

"Indeed, he is nothing of the kind," said Hero warmly. "Nobody could be more unaffected and simple. I suppose it must be our fault that we have given you such a wrong impression. However," she added cheerfully, "directly you know him it will vanish entirely."

"I am not at all likely to know him. Tuft-hunting is not my forte. If a man needs to be toadied, he had best steer clear of me."

This was one of the sentiments which Leo was in the habit of announcing; for he saw that if a man credits himself with good qualities, but few people ever give themselves the trouble to find out whether or not he really possesses them. In some matters the world is wonderfully credulous, and is seldom opposed to those who carefully contrive that the faults they acknowledge, and the virtues they vaunt shall find no echo in their hearers' natures, and shall bring no blush of accusation to their cheeks.

Rank and wealth had no greater sycophant than Leo Despard, and these two qualities were absolutely necessary in the men whom he intended to make his friends. He was kind and courteous to every one he met; but he seldom took pains to lay himself out to those he was not likely to reap some worldly advantage from. Though, for various small reasons, he had taken a decided dislike to Sir Stephen, and chaied to hear him spoken of in such high terms, he fully intended to make himself agreeable and necessary to a man who, he felt, might in a thousand ways be useful to him. But it would never do to risk his reputation in Mallett by appearing to follow in the general lead. So he affected to laugh over their weakness, their country love of greatness, and their capacity for taking in all that a

man said and did, because he happened to be a baronet.

"Good heavens!" he would say, "what an awful nuisance I should become, if I did nothing else but bore you with all the grand people I meet!" apparently forgetting that he did entertain his friends with a continual succession of stories of Lord This and the Countess of That—only the good, simple Mallett folk lent a friendly ear to what they fancied was told to them out of kindness of heart, and a desire that they should hear something of people whom they had no opportunity of seeing.

Fond as Hero was of Leo, she would not allow him to cast these imputations upon Sir Stephen without standing up for her absent friend. It was a part of her nature to side with the weak, or those who could not do battle for themselves; and so well was this known, that many a transgressor had left some village conclave more cheerfully after Hero appeared among them, thinking, "I know Hero Carthew will stand up for me when I am gone."

Leo, therefore, finding it impossible to bias her opinion, and nettled at what he called her obstinacy, feigned jealousy, and at length accused her of having a more than friendly feeling towards her new acquaintance.

"Remember, you know nothing of such men, Hero," he said severely, "and never dream of the constructions most of them are likely to put on the freedom of manner which, solely from your having lived in an isolated place, you are a little apt at times to give way to."

Hero's face turned scarlet.

"I do not understand you," she stammered. "I am not aware that I make the slightest difference with people."

"That is precisely what I am saying. Of course, here you know every one, and every one knows you. But that is not the case in society. There, if you wish to keep up anything like position, you must draw a line. Why, for example," he added, seeing her look puzzled and unconvinced, "if we were married, you don't suppose I could permit you to go running after and helping every soldier's wife whom you chanced to meet, as I saw you doing yesterday."

"Leo, don't be so absurd. Why, that was old Nanny Triggs carrying home her bread for all those grandchildren of hers. The poor old soul has been dreadfully ill this last winter, and is as weak as she can be. I've known her since I was a baby. She did not see that I was close behind her when she set down her basket to give herself a rest, and it was only fun made me catch it up and run on with it, and when I found it was so heavy, I could not but help her with it up the hill."

"Nonsense; if she could carry it as far as Church Hill she could have carried it home. Suppose she had not met you, what would she have done then?"

Hero shook her head.

"If that is what you mean," she said resolutely, "I am sure I shall never be otherwise, and I do not wish to be, either. I care a great deal more for Mallett and its people than you do, Leo, and I cannot help showing it; so, as we are not likely to agree on that point, it is wisest to make up our minds to differ. But," she added, after a pause, fearing he was a little vexed with her, "you know, I would do anything I could to please you, and I feel sure that there is very much in me that needs mending. So please tell me of whatever you see wrong, and I will try and be exactly what you wish me."

Hero's sweet face and pretty pleading manner were generally irresistible; but Leo was put out, and determined to be annoyed. So he answered coldly—

"Oh! I see nothing that I have any right to find fault with, only it is rather hard, after we have been parted so long, that the whole of our time should be spent in discussing the people of Mallett, or singing the praises of a man who seems to have found a great deal more favour in your eyes than it was ever my good fortune to do."

"Now, Leo, that is unjust, and very unkind."

"Is it?" he said sulkily; "I don't mean it to be. Of course, I have no right to complain. What chance can a poor beggar like me have against a man credited with every good quality under the sun? What fools men are," he exclaimed, "for the sake of one woman giving up everything, longing for a sight of her, thinking of nobody but her, while she is perfectly happy; more particularly if somebody new is paying her sufficient attention!"

This was rather too much for Hero to bear. Good-tempered as she was, she had plenty of spirit, and this being roused, she drew away her hand from his arm, where she had coaxingly laid it, and said—

"Leo, you know perfectly well that the accusations you are making are quite false. I should never have suspected you of the

meanness which gives rise to such charges. I have every right to think and to speak of Sir Stephen Prescott as I do. He was exceedingly kind to me, and to those I am interested in; and I like him, and I always shall like him; but when you speak of such motives, and say that my feelings are more than friendly towards him, you make me very angry with you."

"So it seems; but anger against the accuser does not prove that the accusation is false."

"Leo! you cannot mean seriously to tell me, that you believe I could prefer the attentions of any other man to those I receive from you, or that I could be so engrossed in his society as to make me forget you?" and Hero regarded her lover earnestly.

"I did not say that you could," he answered doggedly. "What I complain of is, your doing nothing but talk about and praise a man whom I don't know, and don't want to know."

"But you often tell me about people you meet while you are away. I don't know Lady Jane Heathcote, or Miss Majoribanks, and yet I like to hear about them."

"Perhaps if I had chosen to tell you the very great interest they both took in *me*, you would not have cared about it quite so much," and Leo gave a little laugh. "There was not a man at York but was dying to know Miss Majoribanks. They manœuvred to meet her, and tried everything they knew to get invited to the house. Whereas I had *carte blanche* to come whenever I felt inclined, and before she accepted anything, she always contrived to find out from somebody if I was likely to be there. As you know, I am the last man in the world to have any vanity about me; but I sometimes think that in this world-forgotten place you do not understand the temptations we have to go through, and when these are resisted, you must own, it is a trifle hard to find the love which made you do it treated as a matter of course, and a thing of no value."

Hero was silent. She would not trust herself to answer—indeed, words were not forthcoming in which she could express her feelings. There was something despicable in a man hinting at any personal weakness a woman had betrayed towards him. She had always felt certain how much Leo must be admired and sought after, and the assurance that, in spite of all the clever, beautiful girls he saw, he still remained true to his little country love, had been a triumph Hero had hugged to her heart a hundred times.

Was it possible that Leo was not all that she pictured him? Hero had not had very great opportunities of personal judgment. Her knowledge of Leo's character was principally formed from his letters, which were always perfect: for letter-writing was an art upon which he prided himself greatly. Since she had been capable of judging, he had never lived for any time in Mallett, and during the occasional weeks he had spent there, when everything had been given up to his amusement and pleasure, Leo had been charming. He was naturally good-tempered, and, so long as nothing interfered with his personal comfort, vanity, and love of rule, he was a perfect companion, always entertaining, obliging, and delightful. Love of self was his grand passion—a passion rooted in his heart and nature, bearing as fruit those captivating qualities which gained him the popularity and adulation upon which he lived.

Putting down Hero's silence to jealousy, he considered he had made a successful hit, and thought he—"It is just as well for her to know that it is not every man who would give up the many chances I have had." Often when dunned to death for debts contracted, that he might look like other fellows, Leo had felt tempted to put an end to the engagement. He knew he could not marry until these debts were paid, though when they would be paid he had no idea. However, as Hero was content to wait, he supposed that wait they must.

This was the first positive quarrel he and Hero had ever had, and Leo determined that he would not afford a precedent by seeking forgiveness, or condoning the matter too easily; so looking at his watch, he said—

"I see it is time I was off." Then, taking his hat in one hand, and holding out the other, he went on in the same measured tone—"I hope the next time I have the pleasure of seeing you we may prove more agreeable companions to each other."

"Don't go yet, Leo," Hero said in a low tone, and without raising her eyes to his. "We have never really quarrelled before, and never parted angrily."

"I had no wish to quarrel, neither am I at all angry;" and Leo assumed a most injured air. "But I must say, that the first time I have ever hinted at a fault in you, you have chosen to receive it in a manner that teaches me I must be more cautious for the future, and not quite so candid and plain-spoken as my stupid disposition leads me to be."

"Oh, Leo! why will you misunderstand me?" and Hero looked at him reproachfully. "If I have misunderstood you—and I am sure I must have done so—forgive me. We love each other, Leo, do we not?" and she clasped his hand tightly between both of hers. "Let us forget it all, and part friends, and never allow anything like this to come between us again."

"My dear Hero, will you please to remember that it is you who have been angry, not I. However, I am quite ready to forget it all, only I have no more time to spare now. I promised Aunt Lydia not to be late, and it is already nearly four o'clock; so I must be off at once. Good-bye."

And he stooped, and bestowed a particularly unloverlike kiss on Hero's upturned face.

Hero let him go as far as the door, then she said—

"Is that your good-bye, Leo?"

"I really have not an idea of what you require of me, Hero. I have told you that I am not angry, agreed to forget our conversation, and already said good-bye. I do not know what more I can do, except I repeat the same all over again, and, as I tell you, I am pressed for time."

"Then pray do not let me detain you;" and, feeling that she had been over-bountiful in her concession, Hero turned to the window, and Leo, after a moment's pause and another "Good-bye," which received no answer, went out of the house, and up the walk, without once turning round or looking in the direction where he had left Hero standing.

She watched him out of sight, then sitting down, she burst into a flood of tears.

"How did we drift into this?" she said, as, her fit over, she began to dry her eyes. "I suppose I was partly to blame; but I wish he had not said what he did. I hope no one will call. Anybody could see that I have been crying; indeed, I should begin again if any one spoke to me. I think I'll go and look for Jim, and get him to take me out for an hour."

Putting on her hat, she walked quickly down by one of the most unfrequented paths to the beach below, and, after a few minutes spent in looking about, found the object of her search busily employed at his usual occupation of sail mending.

"Jim, are you very busy?" Hero asked, hardly liking to take him away from his more profitable labour.

"That all depends on who wants me," answered the old man, with a look that told his readiness to do whatever his questioner might require.

"I want you to take me out in the boat for a little while. I don't feel inclined to go for a walk to-day. Can you come?"

"Surely I can," said Jim, rising with alacrity. "I ain't doin' nothin' that can't wait till to-morrow. You sit down, and I'll be ready for 'ee, Miss Hero, in a brace o' shakes."

And certainly an incredibly short time had elapsed when the little boat was ready and off.

It was a lovely afternoon, and as Hero leaned back, hearing no sound but the ripple made by her own hand in the water, she gave a sigh to think how different all would seem if Leo were with her. Then she began to take herself to task on the subject of their quarrel.

Did she think too much of Sir Stephen? Had she been too open and friendly with him? Something whispered that there had been more than friendliness in his manner.

Never before had she felt the difficulties of her position; for, in spite of the misunderstanding between themselves, and the knowledge all her friends possessed of her preference for Leo, he had not spoken to her father, nor had they entered upon any formal engagement. This was not an unusual state of affairs in Mallett, where mothers and fathers would say they would not hear of anything binding until the promotion was certain. But in this case the objection came, not from Captain Carthew, but from Leo, who said he could not endure long engagements, and therefore theirs should not be called an engagement, to be canvassed and talked over by the Mallett gossips; until he was in a position to marry, he would not ask Captain Carthew's formal consent. Under these circumstances, Hero could hardly tell Sir Stephen that she was engaged.

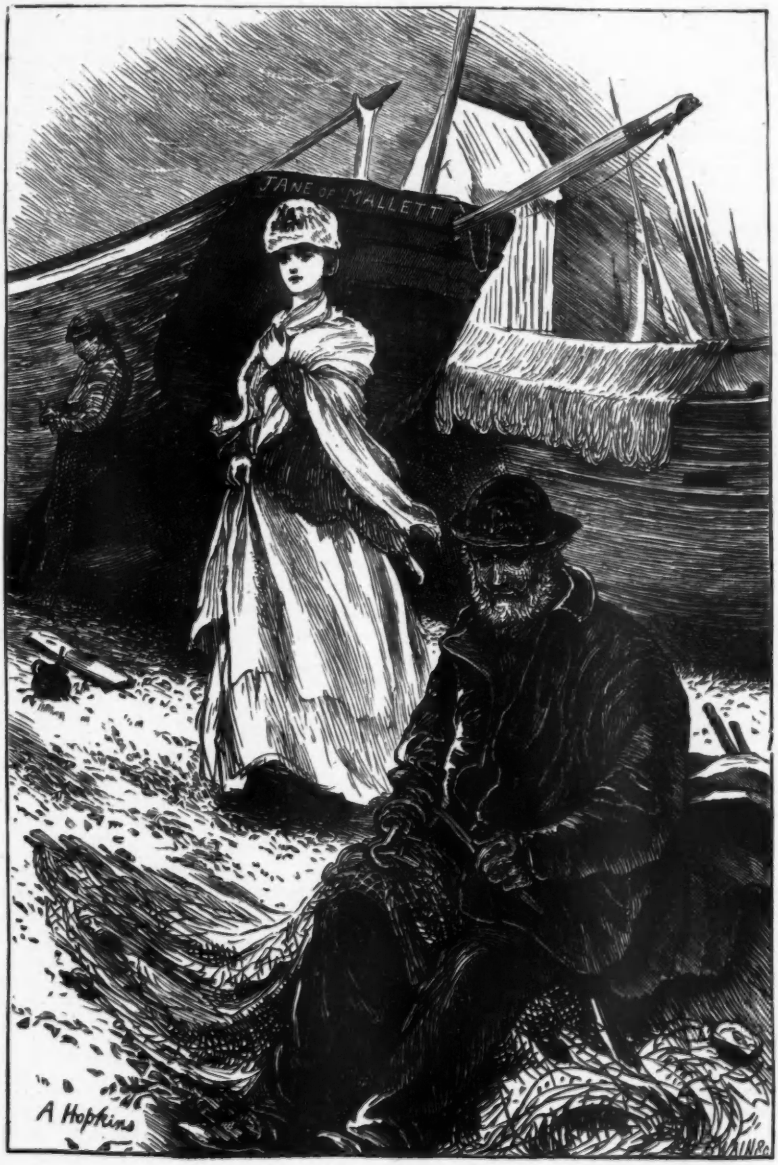
"If he sees us together," she thought, "he will understand, and I feel I can depend upon him afterwards. Suppose there was no Leo?"

After this surmise for a few moments, Hero seemed lost in thought, the chain of which she rudely snapped, and giving a resolute shake of the head, she looked up, to find Jim's scrutinizing gaze fixed upon her.

"You'm moody-hearted, Miss Hero," he said sympathetically.

Hero smiled as she nodded in assent—

"The world—at least, my world—is looking rather dark, Jim."



"THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON."

Page 260.

"Well, don't 'ee be cast down at that. If the sun was niver to hide hisself behind a cloud we shouldn't know how to valley his brightness when he bustes out again. Have 'ee heerd anything from Sir Stephen o' late?" he asked, after a pause, during which it had occurred to him that this might be a reason for her low spirits.

"No; but he is coming here this summer."

"Ah!" said Jim, confidentially, in a tone of satisfaction, as he rested on the oar with which he was assisting the small sail, "he warn't much to look upon—not for a Sir, was he? But, mind you, I reckon his heart is in the right place. The talk here is, that he's mazed about you, Miss Hero; and, by what I've seed, though I don't tell they so, 'tis my belief they baint so far out, neither. Would 'ee hab un, Miss Hero? I wish you would. He's made nearer after your pattern than somebody else I could name."

And he gave a significant glance towards the point where the forts were building.

"It is very odd," thought Hero, "that none of the village people care for Leo; they seem to know that he dislikes them."

"But you must try and like Mr. Despard for my sake, Jim."

Jim shook his head sadly.

"'Tis cos' o' you, Miss Hero, that I turns agin' un. He's no more fitted to be mated with you—why, than I be."

"That is only because he is a soldier, Jim, nothing else."

"No, now that it aint," replied Jim stoutly. "Why, I never said nothin' agin' Cap'n Ellis, and he a marine too; nor neither that young Crozier, from Dockmouth, as used to be allers a busnacking about 'ee; and that time when you comed to chapel with Betsey, and they two foller'd, didn't I change the hymn, and give out, 'Gird thy loins up, Christian soldier,' a purpose to show to 'em—

'The way we preach is free to all,
And happy they who come.'

No, don't 'ee say that, Miss Hero. 'Tis the heart I looks to, not the colour o' the coat that kivers 'im; though, mind you, I niver seed the sodjir yet that, if I was a maid, I'd marry, there now. But you're a young lady, Miss Hero," added Jim apologetically; "and the ways o' simple and gentlefolks, in many respects, is altogether contrarywise."

CHAPTER XII.—RAYS OF HOPE.

THAT same evening Captain Carthew told Hero that he had met Mr. Truscott.

"He came over," said the Captain, "to see what more furniture would be wanted to set the place ship-shape. The rooms that look towards the water are to be fitted up for Sir Stephen's mother, he tells me."

"I hope she will be like him, papa."

"I hope so too, for I took an uncommon fancy to him. He's a straightforward, plain-sailing fellow. I shall be very glad to see him again. Here, I say, Hero, we must crowd on all sail in the way of picnics and tea-fights, so that the time will pass quickly with her ladyship. These fashionable folks are accustomed to plenty of pleasure-taking. Leo will be able to help us there; it is just in his line. I suppose that you and he understand each other, Hero?" he continued, after a little pause; "because Leo has never really asked my consent. He certainly did once say something about expecting his promotion, and then he should have a favour to ask of me; but that is all."

"But you said that he might come here, papa."

"Yes, my dear; and I have no objection to his doing so. Only, as I don't quite know what tack he's upon, I wanted to hear in what light you consider that you two stand towards each other."

"We look upon ourselves as if we were engaged. I thought you understood that, papa."

"Yes, from you, but not from him; and, as he is stationed here, and will want to come philandering about, I thought I'd speak to you, and then to him."

"Not to him, papa."

And Hero went over, and sat on a little stool between her father's knees.

"And why not to him?" asked Captain Carthew, rubbing his hand against his daughter's round, peachy cheek.

"Because I know that Leo thinks that until a man can marry it is best not to enter into an announced engagement."

"In that case, a man is wrong in speaking to the girl herself."

"Well, but he did not—he wouldn't have spoken to me. Oh!" she exclaimed, taking hold of the old man's hands, and hiding her face in them, "I don't know—I can't tell how it all happened; but, in some way or other, I knew that Leo cared for me, and he knew that I cared for him, and that whenever he could afford to marry, he would ask your consent."

"A very pretty state of things!" exclaimed Captain Carthew; "and I'm expected to say yes, am I? Ah, well, I suppose oldsters and

youngsters never see alike in these affairs; for, had I the choosing of a husband for you, Hero, Leo Despard would not be the man I should fix upon."

"No, papa? Why not? He is such a favourite; everybody likes Leo."

"Perhaps so; and I don't say I don't like him—only—I—well—

'I take him for a thief, you see,
I know he'd steal ye, Molly darlint.'"

And the rest of the song was stopped by the tightness of the hug which Hero bestowed upon her father, whose glistening eyes told what it would cost him to part with his treasure.

To the bluff old sailor Hero was the very apple of his eye, the sunlight of his life. It was not a love shown in much outward demonstration, but in the thorough understanding and companionship which existed between them, and had so existed from the time that his little dark-eyed maiden could toddle after him.

Sir Stephen had gradually taken notice of all the small, silent attentions which Hero paid to her father—services which the mind of a man often unconsciously dwells upon more than on the most elaborate display of accomplishments, or the most studied toilettes. Hero Carthew possessed very few accomplishments. Her dress was simple, and, to the initiated eye, old-fashioned; yet Sir Stephen found himself watching her with admiring gaze as she moved about doing all sorts of homely duties.

Since his return he had seen women more beautiful and fascinating, yet not one had touched his heart, and made it feel fresh and young again as she had. He almost smiled at his own impatience to see her again.

"I must remember the lesson I have been taught," he said, "and not be guilty twice in my life of such folly as I then indulged in. Good Heavens! when I recall the misery a few sharp words or a cold look would give me, I wonder can I be the same man. I shall never love again like that; but I shall love her very dearly, and it shall go hard if I do not make her happy, as one so sweet and fresh deserves to be. She will do me all the good in the world, and bring back a heap of things that of late years seem to have been slipping away from me. I was getting into a state of disbelief in everything; but that queer old Mallett and its people took a sight of nonsense out of me. By the way, I may as well find out when we shall be ready to start, so as to give old Dame Tucker plenty of time."

Accordingly, after dinner he said—

"Mother, when do you think it will suit you to go down to Combe? I should like to give the housekeeper fair notice."

"I am going to Horndean on the 8th, and after that I have promised to pay Julia a visit. Would it suit you if I said the 2nd or 3rd of August?"

"Perfectly. I shall have finished my fishing engagement, and be able to meet you here, and take you down."

There was silence for a few minutes, during which Sir Stephen conjured up the vision of Hero, which he most loved to recall, and which was graven most vividly on his memory. He could bring back the sharp rocks, the green sea glittering in the bright April sun, the little boat, and Hero singing her quaint song to the deaf old boatman.

Mrs. Prescott, on her part, was busy thinking how best she could put the question she was bent on asking, and she suddenly broke the spell by saying—

"Of course, Stephen, you have no objection to Katherine coming with us?"

"Indeed, I have—a very great objection."

"Now, my dear, how very inconsistent you are! I told you that I had promised her that we would spend the autumn together."

"Just so. But you added, if it fell in with my plans."

"Most certainly, I put in that proviso, as I always do, which meant, unless you wanted me to go to some place where she could not go, or did not wish to go; but I never supposed for an instant that this applied to Combe, a place of all others where I should need her company."

"I do not see why you should need *her* company. You will have me with you."

"Now, do not be unreasonable, Stephen. There is no occasion for me to tell you that your place can never be filled by anybody else; but, when you are at Combe, you will want to enjoy all this boating and shooting you have so dwelt upon, and you certainly do not for one moment suppose that such things can possess any attraction for an old woman like me. Why, my dear, I would not get into a small boat for all that the world could offer me. I could not do it—my nerves would not stand it. Then, what is to be done? Are you to be deprived of all your enjoyment? If not, I must sit in the house, or wander about the grounds alone."

"But, mother dear, you speak as if I proposed taking you into a wilderness. There

are plenty of people there for you to know. There is Miss Carthew, whom I spoke to you of. You could not have a nicer girl about you than she is."

Mrs. Prescott felt her back stiffen.

"That she may be," she said; "but you forget, Stephen, that I have passed the age for making new friends. It is a thing quite beyond me now. However, I have no wish to force Katherine upon you. She would never forgive me if I did such a thing; so I must tell her that I am very sorry that I should have so misled myself and her, but that I find you prefer going to this place alone. It is putting me in rather an awkward position, for I have left so many things for us to do together down there. I fancied that while you were off on your excursions, we should be left to our own devices; so I arranged our little plans accordingly."

Sir Stephen looked as he felt, thoroughly vexed, and out of temper. It had never once entered his mind that his mother would ask Mrs. Labouchere to accompany them. Certainly, she had said something about being engaged to Katherine, but had added that it could all be arranged; and this mode of arrangement he had most assuredly never counted upon. It was now more than ever his wish that his present relations with Katherine should not be disturbed, as when he married it would be a great comfort to leave his mother with her.

He felt certain, from his mother's tone, that she had set her heart upon having her niece with her, and that if her plans were thwarted, she would go to Mallett determined to dislike it, and everybody connected with it. Besides which, he knew that if she was sighing after Katherine, Hero would find no favour in her eyes. What had he best do? He so much wanted her to like Hero; but let her once imagine that it was for Hero's sake that Katherine was kept away, and, though she were an angel, Mrs. Prescott would do nothing but find out her faults and failings. So, disturbing the perusal of a gloomy tome, in which she was pretending to be engrossed, he said—

"Do not say anything to Katherine for a day or two, mother, and I will think the matter over."

Mrs. Prescott's heart sung again at this ray of hope, though she was too true a woman to say, "So be it." She fancied that she saw a safer way of gaining her point than immediate acquiescence; so she answered lugubriously—

"Thank you, my dear; but I think it is best to let your present decision stand. You know that I always wish to act towards others as I should like them to act towards me; so I feel it would not be fair to permit that Katey should be an unintentional intruder. Never mind what I said," she added, smiling faintly as she took his hand, "I shall get on very well alone. I own that for a moment I felt a little hurt on Katherine's account, as well as my own; for it was very unselfish of her to be ready to give up her tour with the Ingestres to go down to Combe with me. She hesitated at first; but, when I said I should be alone, she wrote, and put them off directly. I fear it is a little late to renew the arrangement now, but still I can try, and I will write to Mrs. Ingestre, and give her a hint that I find it will not be convenient for me to take Katherine. She never need know about it."

Sir Stephen began to wish that he had never proposed taking his mother down to Combe. It had arisen solely out of his love for her, and a desire that she should have an opportunity of seeing and knowing those who had so taken his fancy, and won his good opinion. The expression of his face betrayed his vexation, which, his mother noticing, she said soothingly—

"I see that I have acted foolishly, Stephen; but you must forgive me, my dear, for it is your own thoughtful goodness which has led to it. You have said so frequently, that with regard to Katherine I was only to consult my own pleasure and comfort, that I fear I have got into the habit of so doing, and not studying you sufficiently. I thought you would not care how I settled about her."

"That is just as I have wished you to feel," said Sir Stephen.

"Then, my dear, why this sudden alteration? But there, there, I will not ask. You show too much consideration for me to doubt but you have some sufficient reason for denying me this trifling pleasure. Say no more about it. I will make the best excuse I can to Katherine, and you shall have no reason to complain of the efforts I will make to render myself agreeable to your new friends. I think you said there was a doctor within reach; for that will now be of rather more importance. When I have Katey at hand I feel comparatively easy; for she understands me far better than any strange medical man would. I am always terrified of their experimentalising upon me."

Mrs. Prescott said this as she was going out of the room, in answer to a summons from her maid to look at some travelling-

dresses which had been brought for her inspection, leaving Sir Stephen under the conviction that she was contemplating herself as a positive martyr.

Well, after all, perhaps it was a little inconsistent to want to take her down by herself; if what he hoped really came to pass, she must necessarily be often alone. Then again, supposing she was taken ill—not at all an improbable event—she would declare that no one understood her, and it simply meant returning home with all speed. Katherine would certainly be a great companion to her, and she need not interfere in any way with him. His desire was that they should all be friendly and nice together, and it was his wish that his cousin should like Hero. "There is no littleness about Ka-



Page 261.

therine," he thought; "and I believe that if I was married she would be kind to my wife; and I daresay there are some small niceties that society requires into which she might initiate Hero, not that she lacks anything in my eyes."

So, waiting for no more reflections, he ran up to his mother's room, and, knocking at the door, said—

"Mother, just speak to me for a moment." Then, lowering his voice, and half shutting the door, he continued—"I have thought the matter over, and I have decided that, upon the whole, it is best that Katherine should go with you."

"Now, my dear——" began Mrs. Prescott; but her son interrupted her by giving her a kiss, saying—

"Don't let us argue the point any more, only let everything be as you had arranged."

Mrs. Prescott shook her head, as if protesting against compliance; but when she turned away, it was with a great inward rejoicing that victory had come so easily, so swiftly, and without more battling or diplomacy; for her mind had been made up that nothing should induce her to go to Combe without Mrs. Labouchere.

CHAPTER XIII.—A PICNIC.

Now, about the same time that Mrs. Prescott and her son were holding this conversation in London, at Mallett, Hero Carthew, with a somewhat heavy heart, was preparing for a picnic, given by Mrs. James, in honour of her daughter's approaching marriage. It was three days since Hero and Leo Despard had parted, and during that time, she had neither seen him nor heard from him. Hero felt that all overtures at reconciliation ought to come from him, and therefore she had avoided going into the village, except when she knew that he was at the forts, or had gone to Dockmouth. Her heart beat very fast as she walked up the lane to Stubbing's field, the place of rendezvous. She did not believe he would be there; most likely at the last moment he had sent some excuse; but, if not, how would he meet her? She must school herself not to betray any sign of agitation before people, and not to evince emotion at whatever might take place during the day.

A large elm-tree hid the field from view, but no sooner was that passed, than she saw Leo leaning against the gate, and in an instant he was walking rapidly towards her.

"Hero," he exclaimed hurriedly, taking possession of both her hands, "can you forgive me? I have not dared to come and ask, and I was ashamed to write to you. Say yes before we get up to the others, for I am so miserable!" and his handsome face wore an expression of most becoming despondency.

Forgive him! why, in a moment, she felt she had nothing to forgive. All her anger vanished, and she answered, in a quivering voice, while tears of joy trembled in her eyes—

"You must forgive me too, Leo. We ought, both of us, to have known from the first that neither meant what was said."

"You will be quite afraid of me, now that I have betrayed my horrid temper," he went on dolefully. "You never knew before what a jealous beast I am. I feel that you must despise me, Hero?"

"Oh! I do," she replied, looking laughingly into his face; her sweet brown eyes betraying her love and happy trust.

Of course, a great deal of banter was levelled at them from the party assembled in the field.

"Ah me!" sighed Mrs. Thompson, "what it is to be young. Now, girls, make the most of your time; for, take my word, it won't last for ever. There wasn't a more devoted lover in the world than my Terence. His sighs and groans would have melted an iceberg—and just to look at him now!"

And she turned admiringly round to her little, fat, merry-looking husband, who, in a nankeen costume, much favoured in the West Indies, was standing, breathless from the exertion of stowing the donkey-cart with the necessary baskets and hampers of provisions.

"Sure the women are hard to please now," he got out, after a great effort; "for ain't I still puffing and panting like a grampus, and doesn't that and sighing both come under the same category?"

"Leave room for Betsey, Captain Thompson," called out Hero.

"The Lord preserve me! And will I have to hoist up Betsey. Then it's a fellow-feeling I've got for the donkey, poor animal!"

"No, no; her basket I mean. I fancy I see Betsey mounted up there!" added Hero, laughing.

"Awh, do 'ee?" said Betsey, who, assisted in carrying her burden by her faithful swain, Joe Bunce, had come up at this point, "then you'm keener at pictering than I be. Lor bless the man," she exclaimed suddenly, addressing Joe, "why dont 'ee set the things down, 'stead o' gapin at the dunkey? Folks 'll think you've met with a relation?"

This speech having the desired effect of turning the laugh against Joe, Betsey recovered her good temper, and began to take her place as head and chief of the commissariat department.

A picnic, or merry-making of any kind, which entailed a tolerable amount of preparation and bustle, was a source of much gratification to Betsey, who was never more delighted than when pooh-poohing in a triumphant way the eulogiums which her bill of fare, her cookery, and her general arrangements in the substantial matters of comfort, drew forth. Her presence and surveillance were deemed essential to secure a perfect success; and certainly, she contrived in some mysterious way that everything should be remembered. Although she invariably demanded, "Whatever was the use of having that Joe?" she would have been highly

offended if he had not been asked to assist her; for it was her boast that she and Joe had "bin on and off for the last twenty years," and it was universally understood, that some day, when Joe got a coast-guard, and gave up the flesh and the devil in the shape of a weakness for an occasional over-glass of rum and water, Betsey would condescend to take him in hand, and be the saving of him.

Joe was the mildest of giants, as well as the smartest of sailors; as easily pleased and amused as a child, and quite proud of the state of subjection in which his lady-love kept him. His severest trial was that, during his stay on shore, Betsey insisted on his accompanying her each Sunday evening to chapel. Through the whole service she kept an eagle eye on poor Joe, fearing that his attention should wander, or that he might be tempted to doze. During the sermon, each allusion that was made to the especially wicked, or more than ordinarily miserable sinner, was followed by a significant nod of her head, or a vigorous nudge of her elbow to the unfortunate Joe, who thus became the centre of attraction to both parson and people.

Betsey, in common with most of the Ebenezer brethren, rejoiced in having had a call; one of the privileges of which was, that it enabled her to securely congratulate herself that she was not like other men, "more partickelary they Bunces;" for Joe's family were not shining lights in the village, and it soothed her immensely to listen to the vivid descriptions of the yawning pit, and the gnawing worm—the certain doom of such reprobates as laughed at Mr. Petherwick as a ranter, and called his followers blue lights.

On this especial day the picnic party were bound for the Swallow Sands, which could be reached either by a tolerably good road, along which went the elderly people; or a scrambling rocky path, chosen, of course, by all the younger folk, who soon paired off at a respectable distance apart, so as not to interfere with each other.

The sun shone brightly, the great cliffs afforded shade, the breeze from the sea came cool and pleasant, and Hero Carthew led by Leo Despard, thought what a difference a few hours had made. Instead of feeling sorrowful and downcast, she seemed by contrast to be happier than she had ever been, and certainly Leo had never before been so thoughtful and devoted. He tried by every attention to make amends for his outburst of temper, which he still deplored, although Hero felt she would not mind an occasional quarrel if it entailed such a making up. As for Leo, he was thoroughly disposed to be pleased with himself and everybody around him. He had that morning received an unexpected invitation for the 12th of August; and though he told Hero, with an attempt at dissatisfaction, that it really was too bad of Curzon to accept Lord Shipwith's invitation for him, and so put it out of his power to refuse, in his heart he was jubilant over the distinguished party of which he was to form one, and he repeated for Hero's edification the names of some of the guests.

"Fancy, Leo, his asking you!" exclaimed Hero quite awed by several grand sounding titles.

"And why not, my dear child? I think myself quite as good as they are."

"And I think you are a great deal better," she said, clinging more closely to his arm, and regarding with pretty pride his handsome face; "but still it is very nice of them, and it shows how much they must think of you. Oh, dear me!" she laughed, "what a flustration I should be in, if I was asked to meet a lot of grand ladies and a countess! I should think of nothing else but how I should look, and what on earth I could wear."

Leo smiled upon her condescendingly, as if such small anxieties never troubled him, although the first thing he had done was to consider what would be the most effective shooting costume, and he had already written off proposing an arrangement with his tailor, by which means he hoped to obtain what he had decided upon.

"Will any ladies be there?" asked Hero.

"I believe not; why?"

"Because," and here Hero assumed a little make-believe pout, "if so, I think I should be jealous."

"Ah! no you would not," and Leo gave a little sigh, as if to say she did not care enough for him to be that. "I was going to say," he added, "that if I thought so, nothing should induce me to go; yet I hardly know, I should be terribly tempted to try."

"Why, Leo?" said Hero, looking earnestly at him; "and do you think that when I know you are constantly meeting girls who can sing and play, and do everything beautifully, that I never feel jealous of them? I cannot help it, and when you have been telling me about them, sometimes I have hated them; but only for a minute, you know. Then I have felt quite ashamed, and punished myself by asking you to tell me more."

Leo took her hand, and pressing it in his said, "You never need be jealous of any one, Hero, for I cannot help loving you. In some

way or other you have so completely bewitched me, that I never think of any one else; all I want is to have you and," he added with a hopeless sigh, "money enough to give you all you ought to have."

"That will come in good time, Leo, dear. Why, you are almost certain of your promotion in another year."

Leo shook his head.

"Well, two at the longest."

"No, nor in two; and when it does come, what a beggarly pittance it is, just enough to keep soul and body together."

"Oh, you'll see that we shall manage very well on it," said Hero cheerfully. "Why, look at the Blakes, they have nothing but his pay."

"Yes, I think I see my wife going about like Mrs. Blake. Why, you little goose, you have no idea how proud I should be of you."

Here their conversation was interrupted by a turn in the path which brought them in front of the Swallow Rock, and within sight of the road party already arrived, and busily engaged in unpacking hampers, and spreading out the dinner on the sands below.

"Why, Betsey!" exclaimed Hero, as they suddenly came upon that notable with her gown tucked up, and her bonnet perched hindside before, "how hot you look!"

"Ah! and you'd look hot, too, I reckon, if you'd had the drivin' o' that dunkey."

"You should have let Joe drive him," said Leo, with a knowing look at the giant.

"Joe!" ejaculated Betsey, with the severest contempt, "beyond rattlin' a tin cup with stones he's a fine help, surely. Besides," she added decisively, "I can't abide to see a man a larruping a dumb animal,"—although, as the unfortunate beast could have testified, this aversion did not extend to her own free use of the stick.

"Have you got anything for me to do?" asked Leo languidly.

"You, lor no," retorted Betsey, with a snort; "only for 'ee to get out o' my way, for I'm like a toad under a harrow, I don't know whichee corse to steer. Here, come along, Miss Hero, I'll soon put you to work."

"Then I suppose you intend me to stand by, and admire you as Joe is doing," said Leo.

"I should like to catch'n at it," and Betsey gave another snort and a defiant look towards Joe, which caused him to hastily wipe away a rising smile with the back of his hand.

"Why now, you know that he does admire you, Betsey," Leo continued, bent upon teasing her. "If not, he would be master of the *Prince William Henry;* for Mrs. Burt says, that until she sees Joe marry you, she'll never marry any one else."

Joe's lips involuntarily formed themselves for a whistle, which all but escaped them in his anxiety to see how his *fiancée* would take this banter, which though not true in detail, had a certain amount of foundation in the landlady's acknowledged partiality towards her late husband's first wife's cousin. But Leo had not in the least miscalculated his effect, and though Betsey gave a toss of her head, by which her bonnet completely lost its balance, she could not conceal her inward satisfaction, as, without turning round, she answered—

"Don't you think, now, Mr. Despard, that I don't know, as well as if I'd spoke the words myself, that you'm only smearing at me? though mind," and here she confronted Joe, "her's fool enough to say that, and more a top o' it, but wishin' her no harm, for she's none o' my acquaintance; all I says is, take'un, and a good riddance of bad rummage 'twould be for me any day."

At which speech Joe went into a burst of exultant merriment, in which, after a momentary struggle, Betsey joined, causing the Captain to call out from below—

"Here, what's all that jackacting going on up there?"

"'Tis Maister Despard, sir," Betsey answered, hastily wiping away the tears her laughter had caused her. "There, do 'ee take'n away, for gracious goodness sake, Miss Hero, or nobody 'll have a bit o' dinner. 'Tween he and that Joe, I can't get a minute's peace."

"I thought I should put her into a good temper," laughed Leo, as he followed Hero down to the sands below, where, when the various arrangements were completed, they sat down to dinner, in the middle of which the Captain, who was by this time overflowing with enjoyment, said—

"How much I wish that our good friend Sir Stephen could have been one of us to-day! However, we'll drink his health, and as Truscott tells me that they may be expected now very shortly, we'll put off any more junketings until after they arrive, I think."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Randall, "that we must all offer them some kind of entertainment. For my part, I almost wish Sir Stephen was coming by himself; ladies take so much more notice of make-shifts than gentlemen do; but there, they must take us as we are, we'll do our best, and the best can do no more."

"And you'll see they will not want more," said the Captain.

"Do you think they will trouble themselves much about us?" asked Leo, rather amused at this discussion about people who he felt sure would regard Mallett society with the well-bred contempt he secretly held it in. "Don't you think the Dockmouth great guns and the county people will call upon them?"

"Call! of course they'll call," replied the Captain; "why shouldn't they? The Prescotts are as good a family as any about here. You may depend upon it that every one in the neighbourhood will do what is right, and contrive, I hope, to give them a hearty welcome. Here, Joe," he called out, turning round, "just you pass the word in the village for the place to be kept well holy-stoned, and tell 'em not to be backward with the tar brush. We'll show the Dockmouthers that when we choose we can stand muster with *them* any day."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Joe.

"And, p'raps too, you'll mind that charity begins at home," sarcastically chimed in Betsey, delighted to get a sly hit at "they Bunces," whose neglect of the scrubbing-brush and dislike to soap and water was one of her favourite topics.

"Come, come, Betsey," said Hero, "keep your proverbs to yourself, or I shall let Joe into a secret, and tell him that we are always in danger of breaking our necks over your brooms, and falling over your buckets."

"Oh, well," retorted Betsey, "if he ain't to die till he kicks the bucket in his own home, you'd better get 'un to lease his life upon your houses, Miss Hero, he'll be a Methusalem that way, any how."

"Never mind, Betsey," said Leo, "I'll take your part; what stunning pies you do make!"

"Ah!" laughed the Captain, "Sir Stephen found that out, didn't he, Betsey? Why, he'd never heard of pasties until Betsey made him some; and then, Rule Britannia! didn't he walk into them!"

"Awh, come," said Betsey, modestly refusing to take more than her share of credit, "'twarnt all Betsey there. If I made 'em, Miss Hero filled 'em, and pinched 'em fitty, and he knew that fast enough."

"Nonsense, Betsey," Hero exclaimed, "I'm sure he knew no such thing," and she stole a furtive glance to see if Leo had taken notice of the insinuation. Apparently he had not, or if so, he was evidently not annoyed by it, for leaning across he whispered—

"When you are ready, we'll go for a stroll."

CHAPTER XIV.—AWKWARDLY PLACED.

During the next month, scarcely a day passed without Leo devoting some portion of it to Hero; apparently never happy except he was in her society, and in truth, his love for her had during this time grown so rapidly, that it threatened to overcome the selfishness and false pride which were the predominant evils of his character. Each time he left her, he declared to himself that she was far sweeter, and more lovable, than he had dreamed it possible for woman to be; and he asked himself if, after all, in spite of lack of means, they might not contrive to be supremely happy.

This increase of love made him far more attentive and devoted than he had ever yet been, notwithstanding which Hero was depressed and her spirits variable. As long as they were alone, Leo was perfect; but let them join their friends, and the faults, to which Hero could no longer be blind, would come to the surface, and jar against her generous nature. To sit thinking of the time when she should be Leo's wife, was no longer the unruffled dream of happiness it had once been; and when Alice Joslyn confided to her that Norman Randall had asked her to wait for him, so that perhaps after all she and Hero might both be married about the same time, in the midst of her good wishes, Hero broke suddenly down, and though she declared her tears were tears of joy, there was an unaccountable feeling of sadness respecting her own future.

The torch of hope which had once burnt so brightly seemed now extinguished.

But whence came this change? Perhaps, because she resolutely refused to admit to herself that her depression arose from any other cause than not feeling well, Hero never asked herself a question, the answer to which it would have been difficult to solve.

By hard speeches and little acts of assertion and selfishness, trivial and unnoticed by himself, Leo had gradually betrayed his real disposition; and, though Hero loved him still, the bloom of love was rubbed off and destroyed for ever.

By one of those not unfrequent freaks of fate, it happened that Hero's eyes were opened to these faults at the very time that Leo was making a first effort to overcome them. Never before had he so resolutely determined to seem satisfied with society which inexpressibly bored him; never had he so striven to avoid showing the dislike in which he held Mallett and its people.

"My dear girl," he would say to Hero, "I could live a hermit's life here with you, alone, and always with me; but this set of old fogies, with their long-winded advice and stories about things they know nothing about, is more than I can stand. The world! what do they know about the world? Their idea of having seen the world is being stationed at the Cape, or China, or having a bout of four years or so on the coast, looking after the slave trade; and they set to work to tell me what to do. One thing I can tell them; that after I get the good fortune to call a certain little girl my own, it's very little I shall trouble Mallett or them."

"And yet, Leo, I should be very sorry to leave Mallett. Why, you forget that we have lived here all our lives—ever since we were little children."

"Well, I don't know that it recommends itself much to my regard on that account. I detest that way they have of coming up with, 'Oh, Mr. Despard, I recollect you as a boy, sir, at Mallett.' I could say, 'I'm sorry your memory is so sharp.'"

"But you always help a Mallett man, Leo?"

"Yes, help him on to another regiment as soon as possible," said Leo, laughing. "You know, darling," he added, seeing that Hero was not quite pleased, "it's different if a fellow's a great swell; then he likes the men to know all about him and his people. Oh, Hero! why can't I change places with some I know? Such fools, but heirs to estates as big as all Mallett put together; it's no wonder that I kick against the want of money."

"And yet," said Hero, hesitating whether she should give her authority, "rich people are not always so very happy. Sir Stephen told me that he knew those who, with all they could possibly wish for, were perfectly miserable."

"Ah yes! just the rubbish a man like that *would* talk. Let him try my beggarly pittance, and then see what he'd say."

"But Sir Stephen is not rich. He says himself that he is comparatively a poor man."

"Comparatively!" echoed Leo scornfully, "but who does he draw his comparison with? Some fellow who has as many thousands a year as I have pounds. I would not mind that kind of poverty. Tell him I'll readily change places with him." Then pausing for an instant, he broke out: "Oh! if Fortune would but turn her wheel in my direction, how happy we'd be. Wouldn't I make you dress, Hero; and we'd have such a stunning turn-out, that all the men I know would turn blue, and the women yellow."

Hero laughed at this picture of felicity—one of the many which Leo was always conjuring up—though, as she said, what was the good of sighing after things they should never possess? Better far to think of themselves as they would really be.

But Leo could see no pleasure in contemplating any picture of happiness which was not set in a gilded frame; and so frequently and openly did he give his opinions, that even the Captain, lenient as he was, began to shake his head, saying that he must give Master Leo a hint to draw in his horns a little when Sir Stephen came.

"I know him," he would say, "and know that he doesn't mean half he says. But with those who do not, he lets that red rag of his run at too many knots an hour; and you know Sir Stephen might be able to give him a leg up with his promotion, so I want him to make a good impression—eh, Hero?"

Hero nodded her head in assent, although she felt inwardly certain that the two men would never be friends. Formerly she had looked forward to the time when they would meet, and be mutually pleased with each other; now, she was almost relieved that before the 14th of August, the date fixed for Sir Stephen's arrival, Leo would have left to keep his engagement in the North.

. . . . . .

The 14th of August was a busy day at Mallett; for the village determined, that this time it would not be behindhand in its welcome to Sir Stephen. Accordingly, arches were erected, flags waved, and garlands hung all along the road, from the turnpike gate to the entrance to Combe, giving to the place such a gala aspect, that Mrs. Prescott could not help her motherly heart warming towards a people with such ready appreciation of her dear son, who at Pamphillon was not quite so popular as she knew he deserved to be. Sir Stephen, too, was in high spirits, and had been so during the whole journey, vividly recalling to Mrs. Labouchere's mind the Stephen of days gone by, when he was wont to enter with (what she then contemptuously termed) boyish ardour into very simple pleasures and amusements. But things were changed with Katherine, and now she hailed whatever savoured of the happy past.

At Combe gates stood a knot of Mallett men, who, with Joe Bunce at their head, had just taken the liberty of running up to lend a hand with the traps. Inside they found Captain Carthew waiting to say a few words of welcome, and the old sailor's air of devotion

and courtesy immediately won Mrs. Prescott, who presented him to her niece as their nearest neighbour and Stephen's great friend.

"And upon my veracity," said the Captain, as an hour or so later he retailed the minutiæ of the interview for Hero's benefit, "I don't know that I ever set eyes upon a more lovely woman."

"Is she fair or dark?" asked Hero, interested at once in Mrs. Labouchere, to the exclusion of everything else.

"Fair as the lily, and beauteous as the rose," quoted the Captain; "and I expect, between you and me and the door-post, I'm not far out in taking her to be the future Lady Prescott."

"I am longing to see her. I do hope they will like the place, papa."

"They seemed delighted with it. By the way, Sir Stephen sent his love to you, and said he should run down and see you."

"His love, papa?"

"Well, something of the sort. I'm not so sure that I did not give him yours. I rather fancy he expected that you would have been with me."

"I did not like to go, as I do not know Mrs. Prescott yet. I am sure I wanted to be there. Hark, papa!" she exclaimed, as a sound on the gravel announced some one's approach. "Perhaps that is he;" and she ran out upon the flat in front of the open window. "Yes, it is. Oh, Sir Stephen, how good of you to come so soon! I am so glad to see you."

"Then, why were you not at Combe to meet us?" he asked reproachfully.

Hero did not give her reason.

"I *was* looking out for you," she said; "I went up to Tilly Mound quite an hour before you came to watch for the carriage."

"Then I suppose I must forgive you, but I am very impatient for my mother to know you. Will you walk back with me, and be introduced to her?"

"What, now, do you mean?"

"Yes, if it is not too far. I will bring her back safely," he added, turning to Captain Carthew, who nodded a pleased acquiescence.

"But shall I do as I am?" demanded Hero, looking down at her plain muslin dress.

"Perfectly, I want you to be just as you are."

"Then, wait until I get my hat;" and in a few minutes after the two were on their way towards Combe.

"Papa tells me that you have another lady with you—your cousin, I think. He says she is lovely."

"She is generally considered handsome," said Sir Stephen, almost unconsciously assuming an air of profound indifference.

"Don't you think her so?" asked Hero, beginning to have some doubt as to her father's romantic surmises being correct.

"Yes; but she is not nearly as good-looking now as she was before she married."

"Oh, is she married?"

"She married years ago, and is now a widow."

"Poor thing! how very sad!"

"My mother almost brought her up; she and I were quite children together."

"Then you must be very fond of each other, of course."

"Well, I do not know about the 'of course,'" said Sir Stephen, laughing. "After her marriage she lived entirely abroad, and we saw nothing of each other. Since her widowhood, and while I was out of England, she has been a great companion to my mother, by whose wish she has come here. When I said how much boating I intended having, my mother seemed a little nervous about being dull here, if she was alone; for I do not suppose we shall get her often on the water. I am longing for a sail. I wish we could go this evening, but I suppose that would be high treason to Mrs. Tucker's preparations. Never mind, to-morrow we must have one. You see the result of spoiling. I intend to monopolize you in the old way."

Hero did not answer except by a sign, which pleased Sir Stephen more than words would have done. How could he tell that her blushes arose from a consciousness that he ought to know about Leo?

As Mrs. Prescott afterwards remarked to Mrs. Labouchere—

"How inconsistent men are! Who could have supposed (knowing how fatigued and wholly unprepared to see visitors we both were), that Stephen would have brought a strange young lady to call upon us? At least, Miss Carthew ought to have known better than to come at such an unreasonable time."

No sign, however, of this disapprobation was betrayed in the manner in which Hero was received. On the contrary, Mrs. Prescott said it was very kind of Miss Carthew to give her such an early opportunity of making her acquaintance, and of thanking her for the hospitality she and Captain Carthew had shown to her son during his former visit to Mallett. She hoped she had not found them looking dreadfully untidy, for they had really not felt equal to any dressing, and were trying to rest a little before dinner.

"You must stay and dine with us," said Sir Stephen, to his mother's unutterable dismay.

"Oh no! I thank you," replied Hero; while Mrs. Prescott, feeling bound to say something, faintly murmured about being very pleased, if Miss Carthew did not mind their being in a little confusion.

"Thank you very much," said Hero, who felt that somehow it would have been better had she stayed away, "but I have had my dinner. I dined in the middle of the day."

"Then I know you are quite able to eat another dinner now," said Sir Stephen, nettled into a greater show of cordiality by not being satisfied with his mother's reception of Hero.

"Sir Stephen! indeed, it is too bad to proclaim my country appetite! Thank you, but I am obliged to decline," she added, turning to Mrs. Prescott; "I must return almost immediately. I told papa I should not be away long."

"I hope that both you and your papa will give us the pleasure of your company at dinner very soon," said Mrs. Prescott.

"Why not fix the day now, mother?" put in Sir Stephen. "If Miss Carthew has no engagement for to-morrow, you have none."

Poor Mrs. Prescott tried to smile, and say cordially, "No, I shall be most happy." As for Hero, she had seldom felt more awkwardly placed. She hardly knew how best to act. She feared to appear unwilling to come, and yet it seemed as if Sir Stephen were forcing her upon his mother.

"I am not able to say yes," she said, "because papa may be going to Dockmouth—perhaps it would be better to defer it a little."

"No, no! I'll manage about Captain Carthew; and if he is engaged, then all the more reason why you should not be alone—eh, mother?"

"I can only repeat, my dear, that it will give me great pleasure to see Miss Carthew; after that we must leave her, I think, to consult her own wishes a little."

"Oh, I have every wish to come," said Hero frankly; "but I fear that you may be tired or busy to-morrow, and, unless you don't mind me, I might be in the way."

"In that case I shall expect you, and I hope to see Captain Carthew with you." And Hero having risen to take her departure, Mrs. Prescott bade her good-bye.

"We dine at half-past seven, do we not?" said Sir Stephen. "I shall be back before then."

"I hope so." And the expression of Mrs. Prescott's face made Hero say—

"I beg you will not come with me, Sir Stephen. I know my way perfectly—fifty times better than you do—But really," she added, seeing him still resolute, "I would rather go alone. It is quite light, and I shall run all the way home. Please, don't come."

But a mocking bow was the only answer he would make; and, feeling that outside he would listen to her more forcibly expressed wishes, she made a final adieu to Mrs. Prescott, and received a frigid shake of the hand from Mrs. Labouchere, who had sat silently observing her during the whole of her visit.

As the door closed, Katherine rose from her seat and went to the window, whence she watched the two figures, after a minute's pause outside, pass down the short avenue out of sight. Then she turned round, saying—

"Aunt, had you heard any mention of this girl before we came here?"

DEATH OF CAPTAIN KNOWLES.

HOW many ways there be for men to die!
One goeth weary, having lived so long
That every pulse but times a funeral song;
One, drawn by tender hands, unconsciously;
One, all confused, not knowing Life nor Death;
And one remorseful, having lived in vain;
And one, impatient of night's common chain,
Freed by eternal Morning. So the breath
Is stilled, alike, for all. But here was one
Who went, by steady choice, into the deep,
Leaving his joyful Whole of love yet new,
Because it was the thing he had to do:
Thou trainest such, my country! Shout and weep!
Train such for ever, crown thy faithful son!

M. B. SMEDLEY.

WILLIAM THE SILENT.

PART I.

THE hero who is known to modern European history as "William the Silent" only appears, in the full outlines of his life and character, in the light of recent research. There was something, both in the man himself and in the work which he accomplished, that served for long to hide him from clear and distinct view. His historical name points to this. There was a great power of reserve in him—a shadowy background of principle and motive, which easily exposed him to misrepresentation and calumny. There was, moreover, a growth of character and intention, a mixture and advance of purpose as his work proceeded, which, from different points of view, might indicate an unscrupulous and selfish ambition, or a heroic, magnanimous, and profound confidence. With a broad and genial natural temperament, he united a deep, subtle, and far-reaching intellect, which saw more than one side of any question. He slowly realised the full height of his enterprise, as he slowly attained for himself the full freedom of Protestant conviction. He was hardly conscious of its magnitude when it was arrested in his hands. The enterprise itself was at the time of vague and undiscerned importance. Few recognised its full significance. Narrow in its sphere, and mingled in its impulses, it yet concentrated the fate of Protestantism, and had an influential bearing on the development of free national life in all Protestant countries. It was a struggle, if ever there was one, for life and death,—in which the fiercest passions and the most powerful principles clashed together in an uproar of conflict that confused at times all clear perception of what was going on,—in which no quarter was given and none expected. The power against which William was matched was a malignant power, which, in the name of religion, worked with the weapons of hell, and scrupled at no manner of crime. The triumph he won was the defeat of this power, the recoil, if not the overthrow, of its masked devilry against all the interests of Christian thought and modern liberty.

The hero of such a struggle was naturally in some degree a shrouded figure. It was necessary for him to work so far in the dark—to keep his own counsel, to seem to pursue his own ends, and to lie under the charge of doing so. His adversaries not merely suborned assassins to destroy his life, but writers to kill his reputation. They were able to give for long the direction to European opinion, and it is only within our own time or since the publication of his letters* which began about thirty years ago, and the labours of Mr. Prescott and Mr. Motley, that the full truth as to his character, aims, and achievements has been fully disclosed. Especially in Mr. Motley's well-known history, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," the career and character of William are clearly depicted, and the reader who would study him in all the circumstances of his time, and the complexity of influences surrounding him, must have recourse to Mr. Motley's pages. "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" is at the same time the biography of "William the Silent." In the ample and elaborately unfolding details of this history, William is the great central figure which gives coherence and significance to all the rest. The light falls from him upon all the complicated movements of the wonderful drama. He is the moving spring everywhere—even when his agency can hardly be traced. Results seemingly far remote from his personal guidance, are yet found to take their start from his firm and skilful hand.

Our aim is of a more limited kind—to bring before our readers a picture of the man himself, rather than to draw him in all the surroundings of his time, to trace the clue of his personal history and character as closely as we can, and to indicate the significance of his work as one of the most conspicuous crises in the great Protestant struggle of the sixteenth century.

William's career divides itself into three main epochs or periods—(1), the period of his youth and first marriage (1533—1560), while his father was still living, and he appeared merely as one of the most powerful princes in the Netherlands in the service of the Spanish crown, whose sovereignty the Netherlands then owned; (2), the period of constitutional struggle (1560—68), during which he strove, in concert with others, especially Counts Hoorn and Egmont, to preserve the independence of the Nether-

* "Archives et Correspondance," &c. Edited by M. Groen van Prinsterer. 1844. An elaborate repertory of information as to the whole history of William, and the struggle in which he was engaged.

lands against the usurpations of the Spanish authorities; and finally (3), the period of armed insurrection and revolution, which he inspired and led till his death in 1584, and in the glory of which he first rises to the full height of a great hero.

I.

It is important to understand clearly William's historical position, the family from which he sprang, and the semi-royal dignity which was his natural inheritance. He belonged to the House of Nassau, an ancient and illustrious German race which dated its distinction from the Middle Ages. It had contested pre-eminence for the empire, and given a sovereign to it in the end of the thirteenth century.* At an early period a younger branch of the family had been transplanted to the Netherlands, and there obtained large power and possessions. Long before the advent of the House of Austria the ancestors of William, as Dukes of Gueldres, enjoyed sovereign rights over some of these populous and prosperous provinces. And when this house became predominant in the person of Charles V., the Netherland Nassaus were among its most powerful supporters.

William belonged by birth to the German branch of the family, although it was his destiny to be so closely associated with the Netherlands. His father of the same name had inherited, as the second son, the less wealthy German possessions, and taken up his abode at Dillenburg, where our hero was born, April 16, 1533. There appears to have been nothing remarkable in his father's character. He was called William the *Rich*, but, as Mr. Motley says, he was rich only in children, of whom he had twelve,—five sons and seven daughters. He had embraced Protestantism and became a zealous Lutheran. The mother of our hero, Juliana of Stolberg, is more remarkable. Her letters to her sons prove her to have been a person of rare and beautiful spirit, of the most ardent and lofty courage, and yet of the most humble trust and piety.

It was through the death of his cousin, the son of his father's eldest brother Henry, that William succeeded to the extensive estates in Luxemburg and the Low Countries. Henry had been the governor of Charles V., and one of his most confidential friends and advisers. He was a chief instrument in placing the imperial crown upon his master's head. Through his marriage with Claudie of Chalons, the small but delightful principality of Orange, lying between Provence and Dauphiny, had passed into the family, and given to them what has since been their most characteristic title. Henry's only son, René, having died soon after his father without issue, left this principality with all the rich possessions of the family in the Low Countries, to the subject of our narrative.

William's historical position was therefore naturally a great one. He belonged at once to Germany, France, and the Netherlands. He was a Prince in his own right in both the latter countries. His names of Orange and of Nassau were illustrious in the annals of Europe. At the same time he was the vassal of the House of Austria, which, in virtue of the marriage of Maximilian (Charles V.'s grandfather) with Mary of Burgundy, had extended its sovereign sway over the Netherland provinces.

When our hero succeeded to his important position he was only eleven years of age. It was deemed fitting to his prospects that he should be transferred to Brussels, to the court of the Queen Regent,* to complete his education, and thither accordingly he went a few weeks after the death of Prince René in 1544. It has been thought a reproach to his parents that they parted with him so easily, and allowed him without remonstrance to be trained in the Catholic faith of the Court. But it is to be borne in mind, as pointed out by the editor of his letters,† that at this time the schism between Protestant and Catholic was not completed, and notwithstanding the severity of the edicts against heresy in his hereditary dominions, the Protestants did not entirely despair of Charles V. His relations of hostility with the Papacy compelled him to temporise with the Lutherans, and he even sought for a while the means of approximating the opposing doctrines. Chimerical as were his ideas, they had nearly prevailed in the Ratisbon Conferences of 1541. It is not necessary to suppose, therefore, that William's education at the Court at Brussels involved his immediate abandonment of the paternal faith. There is no evidence certainly that this was the price of his advancement. Still it was a natural consequence of the change that befell him, and the new circumstances into which he was introduced; and there is reason to think that, ardent as may have been his father's

* Adolphus of Nassau elected Emperor 1292.

* Mary, widow of the King of Hungary, Charles V.'s sister.
† M. Groen von Prinsterer, vol. i. p. 195.

Protestantism, he took no special pains to avert the results which so surely followed his son's transference to Brussels.

William very early showed remarkable powers. At the age of fifteen he entered into the Emperor's family as a page, and rapidly became a great favourite with Charles. The Emperor made him his close companion, and allowed him to be present during the most important interviews. In this manner the boy's mind was formed from the first in that cautious and reticent mould which so peculiarly distinguished it. He saw behind the scenes, and learned to read the secret springs of policy and character while he was yet a mere youth. The formal part of his education was entrusted to a younger brother* of Cardinal Granvelle, with whom he was destined to be afterwards so prominently connected.

At the early age of eighteen William was married to Ann of Egmont, only daughter and heiress of Maximilian Count of Buren, one of Charles's military chiefs. His young wife was born in the same year with himself, and the letters which passed betwixt them, forming the first in the long series of the family archives, attest the sincerity and tenderness of their attachment to one another. "I assure you," he says in one of them, "that I breathe no other wish than to be loved as I love you; for after God I think that you are the best beloved, and if it were not that I think firmly that you love me, I should not be so well content as I am at this moment."†

This, with others of the series, is dated from the camp "near Escherenne," in the end of 1555, during the last of Charles's unceasing conflicts with the French monarch. The Emperor had shown his favour to William, not only by promoting him to offices of honour about his person, but by assigning to him important military command. At the age of twenty-two he was placed at the head of the imperial forces engaged in the siege of Marienburg, a Belgian town which the Queen Regent had fortified at great expense, but which had been suddenly captured by the French. If he did not display now nor afterwards any conspicuous military prowess, this was mainly because no fitting opportunity presented itself; but he showed his resources and ability in the management of his troops, and thereby commended himself still more strongly to the favour of his imperial master.

This favour culminated at the great moment of Charles's abdication, which took place in the close of the same year. We hear of the event beforehand in one of William's letters to his wife. He tells her in September, 1555, that he had received a summons from the Emperor to appear in the following month at Brussels to acknowledge Philip as his sovereign. Charles did not wish the solemn act of abdication to take place in his absence. He desired to give all the *éclat* to it he could, by the attendance of the princes and Estates of the Netherlands; and to none of these did he look with more confidence, or design to signalise with more honour, than the young Prince of Orange.

The imposing scene of the abdication occurred in the great hall of the palace at Brussels on the 25th October, 1555. It has often been described, but never with more striking effect than by Mr. Motley. He draws out the contrast betwixt the aged-looking Emperor and the youthful Prince on whose arm he had leaned as he entered the hall, and whom he beckoned from his seat to support him as he rose to reply to the address presented to him by the Estates. Charles, although only fifty-five years of age, was already "decrepit with premature old age." He had been a powerful and vigorous man, "able to match himself with all competitors in the tournay and the ring;" but now he was "crippled in hands, knees, and legs." "In face he had always been extremely ugly, and time had not improved his physiognomy. His hair, once of a light colour, was now white with age, close-clipped and bristling; his beard was grey, coarse, and shaggy. The lower part of his face was famous for its deformity. The under lip, a Burgundian inheritance, was heavy and hanging, and the lower jaw obtruded far beyond the upper." At the same time it is admitted that "his forehead was spacious and commanding," and his eyes "dark blue, with an expression both majestic and benignant." William is described, after a portrait still preserved at the Hague,* as "tall and handsome, with a Spanish rather than a German or Flemish cast of countenance—dark, well-chiselled, and symmetrical. His head was small, and well placed upon his shoulders; his hair was dark-brown, as were also his moustache and peaked beard; his forehead was lofty, spa-

* Jerome Perronet, son of Nicholas Perronet, who rose from the humble position of a country attorney to be Chancellor of the Empire. The name of Granvelle, by which the family are chiefly known, was derived from an estate purchased by the father.

† Correspondence, vol. i. p. 21.

* In the private collection of the late King of Holland.

cious, and already prematurely engraved with the anxious lines of thought; his eyes were full brown, well opened, and expressive of profound reflection. He was dressed in the magnificent apparel for which the Netherlands were celebrated above all other nations, and which the ceremony rendered necessary."

On this great occasion there were present many besides the Prince of Orange soon destined to an unhappy celebrity. Antony Perronet was in attendance as Bishop of Arras, speculating, perhaps, on the cardinalate in store for him, and smiling with smooth subtlety at the prospect of a congenial master in Philip. Prominent were Counts Egmont and Hoorn—the one "tall, magnificent in costume, with dark flowing hair, soft, brown eyes, and delicate cheek;" the other "with bold and sullen face and fan-shaped beard, a brave, honest, discontented, quarrelsome, unpopular man"—both alike unthinking of the tragic doom in store for them. The Marquis Berghen and the Lord of Montigny appeared equally unconscious of their sad destiny. Brederode, the leader of the famous beggars, "with handsome, reckless face and turbulent demeanour;" Noircames, the infamous instrument of Alva's cruelties; the learned Frisian President Viglius, "crafty, plausible, adroit, eloquent—a small, brisk, man, with long yellow hair, glittering green eyes, round-turned, rosy cheeks, and flowing beard."* There were others, soldiers and civilians, whose names, although not so distinguished as these, were soon to come into conspicuous notice in the great struggle before them, and to which the ceremonial then enacted was the unconscious prelude. It must have been a touching thought for some of them to have afterwards looked back to this day, when with ranks unbroken and a unanimous heartiness they hailed their new monarch.

Before tracing the causes which were already working towards a rupture betwixt Philip and the Netherland Provinces, it is necessary to fill in one or two incidents of our hero's life. The chief and most important of these was his connection with the treaty of Cateau-Cambrensis, which followed the short and for France disastrous war into which the restless ambition of the Pope, Paul Caraffa, and his nephews had succeeded in plunging Philip and Henry of France. On Philip's part the war was very reluctantly begun, and when the two brilliant victories of St. Quentin and Gravelines, the glory of both of which was mainly due to Egmont, had vindicated his power and the lustre of his arms, he was only too ready to treat for peace. This war is memorable to us in England as that in which Calais ceased to be an English possession, and passed permanently into the hands of its natural owners. The capture was the result of a sudden diversion of the French troops, determined to do something to retrieve the disasters of a campaign in which the armies of Philip, aided by his English alliance, had inflicted on them such heavy disasters. Our hero does not appear conspicuous during the war: but when the negotiations for peace were set on foot, in the autumn of 1558, he comes upon the scene. He was one of the commissioners employed by Philip to carry on these negotiations, a task in which he was associated once more with his future rival, Granvelle, and in which his still more formidable antagonist, the Duke of Alva, also took a part.

At the close of the negotiations, William remained in France as one of the hostages for the execution of the treaty; and it was then that, for the first time, his mind seems to have received a definite shock in its allegiance to Philip. The French monarch, in the course of their confidential intercourse, imparted to him the secret of a proposed massacre of the Protestants, already agreed upon betwixt himself and Philip. Believing William to have the same cordial relations with Philip as he had had with his father, and to share in all his designs, he did not hesitate to communicate with him on such a topic. William received the disclosure with unmoved countenance, and the taciturnity already characteristic of him, but with an inward thrill of indignation. "I confess," he says in his famous Apology,* "that I was in such sort moved with pity and compassion towards so many good people as were appointed to slaughter, and towards the whole country to which I was so much bound, that from that time forward I did earnestly attempt to clear out of the country that vermin of the Spaniards."

This visit to France, in short, and the experience that came of it, proved a turning-point in William's life. It gave him an insight into the character and designs of Philip, which served as a clue to his future plans, and prevented him being deceived by the fair promises which unhappily prevailed with others. It made him reflect more deeply

* Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," vol. i. p. 100—1.

* "The Apology of the Prince of Orange," first put forth in 1580, in reply to his "Proscription" by the King of Spain.

than he had yet done on the course of events around him, and the meaning of those new religious influences which were so powerful both in Germany and the Low Countries. Hitherto, according to his own confession,* he had paid little attention to religion. Brought up in the Emperor's chamber, he had been engrossed by the amusements befitting his age, and the military charges so early entrusted to him. "Feats of chivalry, hunting, and other exercises which young noblemen use," were more "in my head," he says, "than those things which concerned my salvation." Yet the early impressions of the reformed faith which he had received in his father's household had not entirely passed away. He gives praise to God that "He had not suffered the holy seed to be choked," but in good time to bring forth fruit; while he repudiates emphatically his ever having had any sympathy with the cruel persecutions, by the Spanish authorities, on account of religion. It was, in fact, his sense of humanity and justice that for the time was most outraged by the disclosures made to him by the French king. Not till long afterwards did the spirit of religious enthusiasm and Protestant zeal begin to burn in him.

William's life at first and for a considerable time was in the main the brilliant life of a great noble. Questions of religious doctrine did not trouble him. He was in appearance a Catholic like those around him; and in his own principality of Orange he upheld firmly, yet without any force or bloodshed, the rights of the ancient Church. But his mind, as Mr. Motley says, was bent on other pursuits. "He was disposed for an easy, joyous, luxurious, princely life. Banquets, masquerades, tournaments, the chase, interspersed with the routine of official duties, civil and military, filled out his life. His hospitality, like his fortune, was almost regal. While the king and the foreign envoys were still in the Netherlands, his house, the splendid Nassau Palace of Brussels, was ever open. He entertained for the monarch who was, or who imagined himself to be, too poor to discharge his own duties in this respect; but he entertained at his own expense. Twenty-four noblemen and eighteen pages of gentle birth officiated regularly in his family. There was hardly a princely house in Germany which did not send cooks to learn their business in his magnificent kitchen." Nor was his magnificence dispensed only to distinguished guests and his fellow nobles. "Men of lower degree were welcomed with a cheering hospitality which made them feel themselves at their ease. All parties united in eulogising his winning address and gentle manners. He had the good breeding which comes from the heart, refined into an inexpressible charm from his constant intercourse, almost from his cradle, with men of all ranks." As may be expected from such a profuse manner of living, he had already contracted debts. His falconers especially seem to have been a source of endless expense to him. "We come of a race," he said with careless humour to his brother Louis, "who are are somewhat bad managers in our young days, but when we grow older we do better, like our late father" (sicut erat in principio, et nunc et semper et in secula seculorum). "My greatest difficulty," he adds, "as usual, is on account of the falconers."*

But all this careless and brilliant life was ere long to change with him. Trouble was at hand in diverse forms, and the shadow of approaching danger began to settle on his path.

His first grief was the death of his wife, which seems to have occurred before his journey to France. Following the abdication of Charles, he had been sent into Germany bearing the imperial crown from the self-dethroned monarch to Ferdinand; and on his return the sad event awaited him. He had loved her with all the tenderness of youth, and in a German letter to his father he bewails the loss for himself and his young children, of whom there were two, a boy and a girl."† Philip is found condoling with him under this bereavement." ‡ Then in the next year, 1559, came the death of his father, to whom, notwithstanding his long absence from home, he seems to have been warmly attached.

But time brought alleviation to these private sorrows. The public griefs which began to beset him were not of a nature either to be borne with the same patience or to admit of the same remedy. Slowly but surely they advanced upon him.

No sooner was the French war brought to a termination than Philip was eager to return to Spain. He had many designs, especially those dearest to his heart for the extirpation of heresy, which he felt could be best promoted in the country which he loved most, both for its own sake and for its devotion to that Catholic faith which was the only passion of his life. Accordingly he made his arrange-

* "The Apology of the Prince of Orange."

* Motley, vol. i. p. 244.
† Archives, vol. i. p. 32. ‡ Ibid., p. 33.

ments for his departure from the Netherlands as speedily as possible.

It was a great question who was to be Regent, and the names of both Orange and Egmont were mentioned amongst others. But the office fell to Philip's own sister, Margaret, Duchess of Parma. Margaret was a natural daughter of Charles V., and seems to have shared strongly in the peculiarities of her race. She was masculine in her deportment, with the somewhat harsh but commanding features of her father and aunt, who had preceded her in the regency. The historian compares her to a man disguised in the dress of a woman, and particularly emphasises the traces of a moustache and beard on her upper lip and chin.* She was a mighty huntress; her devotion to the chase and her accomplishments as a horsewoman being only equalled by her religious zeal and her hatred of heretics. Margaret had been brought up in the Netherlands, and her appointment was not unpopular. She arrived in the country in the early summer of 1559, and immediately entered upon her duties. Philip summoned a meeting of the States-General to welcome her at Ghent, and formally to transfer to her the rights of government.

It was at this meeting that the first serious murmurs of discontent may be said to have broken out. Philip having addressed the States, through the Bishop of Arras, informing them of his intention to return to Spain, and the circumstances which led him to this course, made a "request" to them for supplies. Notwithstanding the large sums which they had expended, and the losses which they had suffered in the wars just closed, the Netherlanders were willing still to give freely of their treasures and even their blood for the king's service; but they one and all, in their several provinces, protested at the same time against the continuance of the Spanish troops in the country. The presence of these troops had become intolerable, and their lawlessness a frequent subject of complaint. The States were therefore unanimous in petitioning that they should be withdrawn, and in addition to the petition presented by them, a formal remonstrance was also made by the States-General, signed by the Prince of Orange, and all the leading authorities of the country who occupied any position of independence. Philip smiled graciously at the promise of supplies, but burst forth into uncontrollable displeasure when he found the condition with which it was coupled. A compromise was for the time effected. He agreed to pay the troops from his own exchequer, and to appoint the Prince of Orange and Egmont to their command, and, further, to remove them all in the course of a few months. All this, however, he yielded with a bad grace; and finally took his departure from Flushing, on the 26th August, 1559, hotly indignant, especially with Orange, whom he rightly enough divined to be the guiding spirit amongst the remonstrant nobles. The Prince had accompanied him to the place of embarkation, and as Philip was about to leave he fixed his eyes upon Orange and bitterly reproached him as the cause of all the opposition to his designs. William replied respectfully that the opposition as to the troops had been made by the Estates in a constitutional manner, and on general grounds of policy. "No los Estados, ma vos, vos, vos!" Philip exclaimed with ungovernable passion. ("*Not the Estates; but you, you, you!*")*

This incident sufficiently points to the growth of William's influence and the position of marked power to which he had already attained at the close of this the first stage of his career. In order to render all this more intelligible, and to help the reader to understand the nature of the struggle which now ensued, it is necessary to bring into view the social, political, and religious state of Holland on the one hand, and on the other the character of Philip, so unhappily destined to its sovereignty.

The Netherlands were then, as now, singular alike as to their physical conformation and their intellectual, political, religious, and social condition. Originally little more than a heap of sandbanks, they had been gradually rescued from the sea, and the overflow of the three great rivers which here seek an outlet for their waters—the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt. Upon the delta formed by the alluvial slime which these rivers had deposited at their mouth, a population, partly Celtic and partly Teutonic, had early settled, and by continuous and untiring industry, made not only habitable, but fertile and luxurious homes for themselves. The sea had been dyked out; the rivers had been banked, canals had been everywhere formed, throughout the length and breadth of the land, at once means of carrying off the overflowing water of her rivers, and of fertilising the plains around. The

* "Nec deerat aliqua mento superiorique labello barbula."—Strada i. 42.

* Motley, vol. i. p. 219.

country was studded with populous and beautiful cities, and with the richest and most splendid churches in Christendom. The commerce of the East passed through its ports. Navies rode in its harbours. There was a luxuriant bloom of civilisation through all its borders. Nowhere had the mediæval civilisation reached such a manifold luxuriance. All the higher activities of chivalry, of curious art, of elaborate industry, had reached a high development. There was among the burgher and commercial classes, if they had been let alone, if not amongst the nobles, a ripe content and an apparently inexhaustible prosperity.

Education was extensively diffused even among the lower classes. A love for poetry, painting, architecture, music, and the drama, generally prevailed. One special feature had for centuries distinguished the country. It was a peculiar seat of those brotherhoods or associations which sprang up so numerously in the Middle Ages, and which constitute both religiously and intellectually so very striking and influential an element in mediæval civilisation. Long before, in the twelfth century, numbers of the Waldenses and Albigenses had found a retreat in the Netherlands; in the fourteenth century, the Brethren of the Free Spirit; and later, the Brethren of the Common Lot, extending from Cologne and the upper banks of the Rhine, found a congenial soil there. There also flourished those secret craft societies—the original of Free Masonry—to whose powerful and intelligent influence so many of the splendid Gothic edifices of Germany and the Netherlands itself were due. And more remarkable than all perhaps, were what were called Guilds of Rhetoric, or associations of tradesmen for the cultivation of the drama and belles lettres. These guilds were numerous in the country; and possessed no little social importance. Their songs, lampoons, and squibs formed a kind of periodical press, characterized by the freedom and license which always belong to literature of this kind, and which have suggested a comparison with the Athenian drama.* The popular sentiment found a vent in these societies—the popular love of show and organization, a pleasant indulgence. The "Rhetoricians" had their kings, captains, and princes; their distinguishing mottoes and emblems—the lily, the marigold, the violet; their banners and processions. They celebrated special jubilees or festivals under the name of "land-jewels."

The religious state of the country deserves particular attention. It was a favourite haunt of religious liberalism, and a certain spiritual uneasiness had spread widely below the surface before the fifteenth century. With the outbreak of Protestantism in Germany, the Netherlands became the centre of some of the wildest excesses that so rapidly followed in its wake. The Anabaptist movement which created such consternation everywhere, attained there to grave proportions under the leadership of John of Leyden and his followers. This notorious fanatic having made himself master of the city of Munster, and there set up a kingdom of Sion,—the main feature of which, as in the modern Mormon fanaticism, was polygamy,—tried to seize both Amsterdam and Leyden. He was foiled in his endeavours, but the religious madness which he inspired, carried many away. Naked men and women, who supposed themselves to be under the influence of the Holy Ghost, rushed at midnight through the streets of Amsterdam (1535), exclaiming. "Wo, wo, wo! the wrath of God, the wrath of God!" When arrested and remonstrated with, they declared they were "the naked truth."*

Such disorders unhappily served to strengthen the rigid exclusiveness of the imperial edicts against heresy. Nowhere did the law show a more unrelenting front to every manifestation of religious liberty. The agitations below the surface of society seem only to have evoked a sterner spirit of resistance in the authorities; and edict followed edict each more intolerant and cruel than the former. In 1535, it was decreed that all heretics, even if repentant, should be put to death—men to be executed with the sword, women to be burnt alive. This was followed by the famous edict of 1550, which was again re-enacted on Philip's accession to the sovereignty. According to this, all religious *converse or disputation* by others than those "who had duly studied theology," was punishable with death, and informers were encouraged by the expectation of sharing the property of the accused, and themselves receiving free pardon.† It is hardly possible to conceive a more frightful engine of persecution and oppression than such a law, and the results which it wrought were direful in the extreme. Thousands, according to Grotius tens of thousands, were sacrificed as victims to its atrocity. But withal, the contagion of the new opinions spread; the blood of the martyrs there, as elsewhere, proved the

Motley, vol. i. p. 87.

* Motley, vol. i. p. 80. † Ibid., pp. 262—3.

seed of the Church; and, when the time of deadly conflict came, and the power of absolutism was met face to face by the power of revolution, it was the fervour of religious faith and the indomitable spirit which it inspired, which proved the strongest and most victorious element in the struggle.

There were other influences, no doubt, which entered into the struggle—some good and some evil—the spirit of political liberty which Philip desired to crush, no less strongly than the spirit of religious liberty; the growing intelligence of the cities, and the social unrest of many classes, amongst whom the habits of reckless and extravagant living characteristic of the Flemish nobles had spread. These nobles were in some respect themselves the prime movers of the crisis. They were at once too intelligent, and too disorderly to submit quietly to the designs of the Spanish monarch.

Of all the forces, however, which contributed to precipitate and embitter the struggle, the most potent was Philip himself. A more astonishing character nowhere appears in history. A fanatic of the narrowest type, devoured by zeal for the holy Catholic Church, he was at the same time without any spiritual conviction or loftiness of religious aim. His bigotry was an instinct or passion rather than a conviction. It was the only passion of his meagre and selfish nature. He delighted in religious cruelty. On his return to Spain, an *auto da fé* was provided, as the spectacle most fitted to regale and welcome him. He looked on the tortures of the poor sufferers with a zest which nothing but the gratification of religious vengeance seemed ever to give him. When reproached by one of them with his cruelty, he is reported to have said, "I would carry the wood to burn my own son withal, were he as wicked as you." When he heard of the massacre of thousands, he was impressed with pious gratitude, and he complained bitterly of the indulgence which granted heretics the choice of hanging rather than of burning. Withal he was grossly licentious. Minute to austerity in the discharge of his religious duties, "regular at mass, sermons, and vespers as a monk," he was at the same time abandoned to the most disgraceful excesses. Industrious at his cabinet, like a common clerk, he was without any real capacity for business. He rejoiced in the receipt of elaborate State documents, which he could barely read and understand. Religious without morality and ambitious without power, a tyrant without any majesty or even capacity, he is one of the most odious figures in modern history. Yet (otherwise the portrait would be incredible) he was not without some traits of human kindness, as in his regard for the poor at Brussels; and he is alleged to have had some real traces of culture, as in his taste for painting and architecture.

Such a country and such a master could hardly fail to come into collision. The train had been long prepared. The indignation of popular passion had long slumbered below the surface. It required only such a hand as Philip's, audacious in its very impotence, blind in the dark malignity of its aim, to kindle the hidden fire into a wild conflagration. The flame, however, did not burst forth all at once. As the preparation was long, so the outbreak was gradual, and a period of constitutional struggle preceded the crisis of revolution.

JOHN TULLOCH.

LEFT BEHIND.

I'VE work to do day after day,
  Work for my lowly home and need;
I speak a kind word when I may,
  And when I can, do kindly deed;
But, when the working hours are done,
  I take a walk if skies are fair:
I have a secret with the sun,
  I hear a whisper in the air.

For it's the same old sun that set
  O'er far-off fields ten years ago,
Where two walked side by side, and let
  The happy hours unheeded flow;
And it's the same sweet breeze that stirred
  The trees beside the meadow walk,—
I love it for the words it heard
  When two paused there in earnest talk.

Two then, but now 'tis only one,—
  Those pleasant fields are far away.
O blessed breeze, O golden sun,
  How live I through my lonely day?
You know a face that you used to kiss,
  Which paled and dimmed in your breath and glow;
You know the love that was crossed by this,
  A grave new-made in the Christmas snow.

You know all about it,—as none beside,—
  Folks think I have always been alone,
For there's half the world—and the world is wide—
  'Tween me and that grave with its wee white stone.
And they sometimes wonder at words I speak,
  "As if she knew things herself," they say.
O God, it is hard, with my heart so weak,
  To laugh, and live through my lonely day!

O it was well to be he, and go;
  Our good God led him the easier way,
And I thought in the first of my bitter woe
  It could not be long I should have to stay.

But there's some who break in the soft spring air,
  And there's some who weather the winter wind
There comes a strength to the hearts that bear,
  A blessing for those who are left behind.



"When two paused there in earnest talk."

It's little to love while the love is nigh,
  It's little to serve for approving word,
But it's sweet to live for a love on high,
  And wait a praise that is not yet heard.

For his dear sake I will reach the goal
  Of my lonely life o'er the western sea:
O God, who knoweth a woman's soul,
  Take my love for him in my love for Thee!

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

REMINISCENCES OF DR. GUTHRIE.

By A MOURNER.

ALMOST in the "Queen's Highlands," and within a ride from Glenmark, lies the little loch among the mountains, beside which Dr. Guthrie found his autumn home and resting-place for more than twenty years. "Loch-lee" lies in no tourist route, but in the midst of a great deer forest. It is situated about twenty-four miles from Brechin. A drive for the most part through the wild and romantic scenery of Glenesk, finally passing through the rustic villages of Inchgrundle and Tarfside. At one extremity of the loch, and commanding a splendid view of the surrounding country, stands a ruined castle or keep, once the northern retreat of "the Lindsays." Near at hand is Invermark Lodge, a hunting-box belonging to Earl Dalhousie. And close to the shore of the loch are a few cottages in ruins, and a little old churchyard, wherein lay the remains of an almost forgotten rural poet, Alexander Ross.

Five years ago, it was my privilege to spend some memorable days with the great and good Doctor and his lovely household in this retreat.

Visitors could be seen a long way off, and the Doctor came out of the house to welcome us while we were yet far away on the road by the loch-side. For the cottage where he dwelt was at the farther end from Invermark Lodge and the ruined keep. It was a farm-house of very modest pretensions, and the Doctor's family and hospitality had so far overflowed its bounds, that it had been found necessary to supplement its limited accommodation by a moveable wooden house which stood among the offices, and had been brought up, American fashion, from Brechin. I afterwards made a little sketch of the dwelling, with the mighty crag behind and the silvery loch before. My hand had not much cunning, and I only aspired to fix a pleasant memory out of reach of Time's officious fingers.

But the Doctor was pleased to approve of my sketch, above many more artistic ones, and that for a reason so characteristic that I cannot omit it. "The others had all made the house too big; out of proportion to the hills, they had just been afraid to show that they saw how wee it was!"

I think the Doctor had almost an affection for the great dark crag, which reared its savage head behind and almost over his little dwelling. He planned an early day for me to ascend it, and made every considerate provision for the possible weakness of my London-used feet. He was as delighted as I could be, that the day proved so unusually favourable, that from its summit we caught a glimpse of the distant sea. The crag is truly full of wild beauty, treacherous too, as all savage things are wont to be, for its higher levels are thickly dotted with peat mosses, which in their day have engulfed both man and beast. It is quite easy to lose oneself on the crag, and there are so many dangers on every hand, that the least mist puts one at fault. A bride and bridegroom were crossing it on the evening of their wedding day, when a fog arose, and they were only too thankful to find a refuge for the night in a chilly "cleft of the rock." A wild cotton plant grows on the crag, and many rare and lovely specimens of moss and fern. The etymology of the crag's name is rather doubtful. I have only seen it once or twice in print, and each time it varied. I cannot be far wrong in spelling it Maistkeldie, since local tradition says it derived its name from the following incident. Two men had climbed to its highest point,—a great granite boulder which, I know by experience, catches the wind very fairly. One attempted to lean over the face of the crag, which is perpendicular, or just a little out, in the way of the tower of Pisa. He nearly lost his balance, but was saved by his comrade's grasp, who coolly observed, "Eh, mon, that maist kilt ye" (Maistkeldie). I tell the story as it is told. But I strongly suspect that the unpronounceable name preceded it.

On the right hand of the loch looking from the house lies a long green hill, whose summit comes out against the clear evening sky in a curious likeness to a sleeping man,—a spell-bound giant. It is an Ossianic poem by nature herself.

There, in that homely retreat of a great genius and a sublime orator, life was reduced to its simplest elements only to show how rich they are! It may be that those yearly autumns at Lochlee, when the Doctor shut himself out from the bray of fame, and the ceremonious compliment, and "dwelt among" the humblest and the poorest, had something to do with that perennial flow of sympathy which never failed to enrich with its own beauty the simplest paths of obscure life.

If ever there was a man who kept his eyes open to the truth that what has been, still is, and will be, and that the great army of saints and martyrs has not departed without dropping its mantle on those that remain, that man was Thomas Guthrie. He would point out this one and that one among the scattered neighbours, as circumstances brought them before us, and with just a hint at their history —no betrayal of confidence, but some fact grasped by a strong heart guided by a sharp eye—he would say emphatically, "That man is a hero!" "That woman is a saint!" Yet he encouraged no morbid introspection. He did not lower virtue by teaching her to watch her own reflection. Many and many a one placed in trying paths, only knew his sympathy by the consciousness that after "a word wi' the Doctor," they felt the stronger to struggle on! And yet it might be a very simple word, such as another might speak unheeded.

Dr. Guthrie was no unsocial student, none of those who must be shut up in a solitary tower to consume the midnight oil—whose oracle will not speak unless all else be silent. Whilst I was at Lochlee he wrote not only his correspondence, but also a sermon (which he afterwards preached in the open air by Invermark,) in the midst of his family—a large party in close quarters—with many coming and going. He would look up suddenly, and tell an anecdote *àpropos* to his work, or of his correspondent. The richness of this, his ordinary household talk, was remarkable. He should have had a Boswell. Doubtless the affectionate memory of his children and friends will do much to gather up the fragments. Still many a gem must be lost.

He loved nature with the simplicity of a child, was never weary of sitting outside the door, gazing at the varying aspects of the crags and loch, or using his glass to watch the red deer as they bounded on the far-off hilltop. He loved, too, the old simple Scotch songs, asking for them and never wearying of them. The pathos of the "Land of the Leal" and the humour of the "Laird of Cockpen," alike found echo in his great heart. He had the same innocent delight in literature, reading slowly, and judging of the characters and events of fiction in the full, quiet light in which one would judge of real life. During my visit he was reading "Esmond," and while he repeatedly paused to make admiring comment on passages of wisdom and beauty, he was nevertheless keen to detect the tarnish on Lady Castlewood's story, and to doubt whether such a man as Henry Esmond would have been so long enslaved by such "a Jezebel" as Beatrix.

Dr. Guthrie, of course, conducted his own family worship, his household being always joined on these occasions, not only by the family who were the permanent occupants of the lonely farm, and by any gillie who might be in the vicinity, but also by the tramps who might be earning a few days' shelter by a little field work. For these waifs, the Doctor had ever a kindly word and inquiry, and a special clause in the prayer. It was touching to see the dull faces brighten, and the shuffling forms draw up, as, on their second appearance, they found that their names and any special circumstance about them was duly remembered. I have seen the Doctor standing in brilliant halls with rank and power and beauty hanging spellbound on his words; but, pleasant as all those memories are, I love best to think of the Lochlee evening "worship"—the chapter, the prayer, the psalm—with just his dearest about him, and those few weather-beaten shepherd folk, shut by the awful mountain silence, only broken once and again by the bay of a hound or the shrill pathos of some wandering gillie's bagpipe. The letter-bag once arrived in the moonlight to the sound of that strange, wild music. Had the beginning of a life's romance been in that letter-bag, I think it would have had a fitting accompaniment.

I was privileged to hear the sermon which the Doctor preached in the open-air by Invermark Lodge. There were a hundred and twenty people present, *i.e.* nearly everybody —from peer to pauper—within a long walking distance, and some few beyond it.

Perhaps I may be permitted to quote from a letter written immediately after this occasion.

"It was very thrilling to hear the Hundredth Psalm pealing out among the solemn old hills, and it was such a blessing to hear the Doctor's living soul in his prayer and sermon . . . . . His subject was the blind man receiving his sight, and two or three of his remarks struck me so forcibly that I will do my best to report them from memory. 'Christ says, "As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world." And as He is the light, so must every Christian be a light. He must be a blessing to somebody. Somebody must find a strange darkness fall when his life goes out. Pity the dying man who will be missed by none, neither beast nor body. For this I say, that not only will Christianity make one a better father or mother, husband or wife, son or daughter,

but that his very cat and dog will be better off through his Christianity.

"'If I did not believe in the power of the Spirit of God, I would as soon go and preach to the dead in yon churchyard as to you. For preaching is nothing; only where man is doing his best, the Spirit of God is most likely to come in and complete his work.

"'In this world we must not measure God's heart by his hand. He chastens whom He loves. And even with men is not the sheep pampered for the slaughter, while the son is disciplined and punished, and trained to endure toil and hardness?

"'I have seen a mother who shut her door on her daughter. I have known a father who spurned an only son. But I never knew God to turn away from one who called on Him.'"

Another letter, written soon after, asks its correspondent, then on the Continent:—

"Do you feel any evil influence from your stay in irreligious and Sabbathless countries? For the other day Dr. Guthrie was speaking about life on the Continent, and he says he has often seen the most melancholy results follow a residence in places where the spiritual life could get no sustenance or sympathy."

Another letter narrates:—"Dr. Guthrie was telling me a story of the Covenanting times. The dragoons searching for a proscribed preacher, met the preacher's wife, and asked to be led to his house, and she took them straight to the place, and into the very room where her husband sat, but effectually saved him from suspicion by giving him a sharp cuff, calling him a lazy loon, and bidding him go and tend the gentlemen's horses."

I have quoted these passages because they were just written at the time, and their bald distinctness may be more reliable than any memories. There is a suspicion, generally well founded, that—

"The past doth always win
A glory from its being far."

But these little extracted notes were made when they were not sacred reminiscences, but just pleasant "news."

That visit to Lochlee is one of the purest pearls on my thread of life. I want to give to others a pale, poor picture of the ideal which it gave me. But these few words represent the yearning memory of happiness and holiness which I bear, only as an old "hortus siccus" represents the beautiful days of summer time and love, when its withered treasures were plucked from their dewy stems.

The pass behind Crag Maistkeldie, opal in the sunset, will still rise on my mind whenever I read St. John's imagery of the New Jerusalem, and the black crag will still frown over the silver lake, and the green hill giant will go sleeping, but the good Doctor has found a more enduring repose than his annual rest among the mountains.

"We shall go to him, but he will not return to us." I think nobody can ever have better fulfilled his own idea of a Christian, for many a life has lost a light in him, and many a heart turns, with a new understanding, to the promise, "When father and mother forsake me, then the Lord taketh me up."

"He's in the light, he's in the song,
He sees the smile on Jesu's face.
But oh to us, it seems so long
To live and watch his empty place.

"O hush, impatient hearts, and think:
God's floods are swift and strong and deep,
You shrink and shiver on their brink;
Who trust God's hand, God's hand shall keep.

"Be happier for your friend ashore,
As a tossed mariner would be,
Who sees a comrade's danger o'er,
And knows, "then there's a chance for me."

"At hand he could not help you so:
But looking on the steps he trod,
You'll see some larger footprints show
The way Christ went from man to God.

"Pass bravely on, and kiss the rod,
And fear no loss, no lonely hours,—
Lift your hearts up to live with God,
And all the friends with Him are yours."

PRINCE BISMARCK'S FIGHT WITH ULTRAMONTANISM.

THE new German Empire is the child of strife. Called into existence amid the clang of arms and the boom of cannon, it was constituted at Versailles while the Fatherland still held France in its firm grasp. Whatever may be our opinion of the political causes of the Franco-German war, there can be no doubt the result of the war was a heavy blow and deep discouragement to the Roman Catholic Church. It was no mere accident that the proclamation of the dogma of Papal Infallibility was so close in time to the declaration of war on Germany. Prussia was a Protestant Power, and had so rapidly developed in strength and resources, that the primacy of France in arms had grown doubtful in Europe. Austria had been struck down on the field of Sadowa, and a fatal blunder, it

was felt, had been committed in not arresting Prussian progress then. If the political leadership of Europe was not to pass permanently into the hands of a Protestant Power, it was necessary she should be checked. We do not attribute much value to the statements published since the death of Napoleon III., in which the "eldest son of the Church" is made to deplore that he did not with more energy and resolution support the Pope's temporal power, and represented as only longing for restoration to his throne that he might undo the evil consequences of his mistake. But the war party in France was greatly influenced by, and received much of its force from, the Church party. M. Thiers was not far wrong when he attributed to the superstition of the Empress Eugénie a share in the responsibility for the determination to fight Prussia. Nothing was gained, in the opinion of the Empress, until Sadowa had been reversed. The war of July, 1870, was intended to reverse it. Had France been successful, Napoleon III. might have been the arbiter of Europe almost as completely as his uncle ever was. Italy would have succumbed to her influence, and must have developed her policy in French leading-strings. Austria would have found it prudent to avow the alliance which Count Beust deems it politic to disown, and might have striven to regain her old ascendancy over Germany. The Scandinavian kingdoms of the north would have thrown themselves into the arms of France, and Russia would have been compelled to buy her friendship at a great price, so as to avoid the danger of a renewal of the old alliance, from which she suffered at the time of the Crimean war. Even England, instead of being left free to develop her resources and nurse her prosperity, must have been forced to arm so as to guard against the possible aggressions of her French ally in Belgium or elsewhere. As the result of all which, the Roman Catholic Church must have been greatly strengthened. The Pope would have retained his lordship over the Eternal City, even if no efforts were made to restore to him the forfeited States of the Church.

It was in preparation for such great issues that the Roman Curia, under the influence of the Jesuits of whom Pius IX. had become the tool, resolved on establishing the absolute power of the Pope as head of the Church. The spiritual despotism thus insured was intended to secure the unity of the Church of Rome. Whatever might be lost through the repulsion of the elements of culture and intelligence, would be more than counterbalanced by the confirmation and extension of the Pope's authority as the supreme ruler. The Church was preparing, under the leadership of the Jesuits, for the last great struggle with the spirit of free thought and modern criticism; and if France had been victorious over Germany, the influence of the Catholic Powers of Europe would have been so enormously increased that the closely-organized and firmly-welded unity of the Romish Church must have gained immense strength. All calculations were disappointed by the defeat of France. What was meant to be the crowning stroke of Roman policy proved a death-blow of the fondest hopes of the Jesuits. France struck down, Italy gained Rome, Germany constituted herself an empire, and the influence of the Catholic States became a subordinate element in European politics. Progress in directions antagonistic to Rome was everywhere made possible. Everywhere over the Continent there was the development of a tendency hostile to the spiritual despotism of the Roman Church. It is not surprising, in these circumstances, if the German Empire became the mark for the enmity of the faithful. The Jesuits, foiled in their dearest scheme, set themselves to regain, by slow and underhand means, what was now hopeless of attainment in any other way. The Jesuits, as they were the cherished councillors of the Pope, the soul and source of inspiration of the Curia, the advisers of infallibility, were the politicians of Rome. In every member of their order Prince Bismarck had henceforth a sworn foe, and the German Empire an inveterate antagonist, who would be withheld by no scruples from carrying out their plans for the advancement of the interests of the Church. The Jesuits have in the past been separable from the Roman Catholic Church. So far as Roman Catholicism is a religion and not a policy, they may be separated still. Only since the promulgation of Papal Infallibility, it is much more difficult to do this than it was before.

The principle of Prince Bismarck's policy in relation to the Roman Catholic Church, is to make this separation manifest, and to act as if it were real. Aware that that Church, under Ultramontane inspiration, is the bitter enemy of the new German Empire, he has sought to draw a line of distinction between the old Catholic and the new Catholic Church. The promulgation of Papal Infallibility by the Vatican Council on the 18th July, 1870, has, it is maintained,

so essentially changed the constitution of the Church, that it is no longer the same community. The State cannot then continue in the same relations with it as before. As is well known, in Prussia there is a system of "concurrent endowments" in existence. The Evangelical Church is, strictly speaking, the Church established by law; but over and above recognising and supporting it, the Prussian State recognises the Roman Catholic and the Jewish religions. There are thus three forms of faith and worship that are lawful in Prussia as having the recognition of the State. With the representatives of the Roman Catholics a compact or bargain was made, by which they receive certain privileges and advantages, the chief of which is that their bishops and clergy have State pay. This arrangement was deemed mutually beneficial. Under it the Roman clergy had large influence in the management of the national education. The Prussian youth whose parents were of the Romish faith were trained in the doctrines of their religion at the public schools by their own priests. Clerical inspectors were empowered to regulate and inspect in the religious instruction provided at the schools with all the authority accruing to them as State-officials. Of late, however, a change has passed over the spirit of Prussian policy. Dr. Von Mühler has been replaced at the Ministry of Worship and Education by Dr. Falk. A bill has been passed depriving the clergy of the right to inspect the national schools, and Prince Bismarck has struck a heavy blow at the political influence o. the Papacy by the expulsion of the Jesuits from Germany. The bishops of the Roman Church have been required to obey the Emperor in preference to the Pope in matters which they have interpreted as pertaining to the sphere of faith and conscience. Controversies have thence arisen which have made a gulf between the Prussian State and Government and the Church of Rome. The Bishop of Ermeland has had his State-pay suspended because he will not acknowledge, in a manner satisfactory to the Government, the supremacy of the Emperor and the laws.

While this breach between Church and State has been declaring itself, Prince Bismarck, with his usual promptitude and energy, has set to work to regulate anew the relations between the two. The principle on which this new regulation is justified is the principle of which we have already spoken; viz., that the Roman Catholic Church, after July 18th, 1870, is a different Church from what it was before. According to this view the followers of Döllinger who have refused to acknowledge the new dogma, are the true representatives of the Church. And if the policy of Prussia were strictly logical, the State would declare the "Old Catholics" entitled to all the benefits granted by law to the "recognised" Church of Rome. If the "Old Catholics" had multiplied sufficiently, so as to include any very large proportion of the German Catholics, this would probably have been done; and a very difficult problem might have been solved or got rid of. There would have been a German Catholic Church to embrace, and provide for the worship of German Catholics, and by its fundamental position it would have been an ally and not an enemy of the State. Unfortunately "Old Catholicism" has not succeeded in gaining any great hold upon the German mind. Döllinger, amiable and learned though he be, is not of the stuff of which Religious Reformers are made. The Ultramontanists have been too prompt and too powerful for the "Old Catholics." The movement, though still extending, scarcely promises to attain national dimensions even with the aid of time. The Prussian Government, in these circumstances, has been obliged to content itself with proclaiming that "old Catholicism" shall not be a barrier to the retention of the advantages the Church receives through the State. "Old Catholic" clergymen and "Old Catholic" teachers are maintained by it in their offices in the churches and gymnasia, even though the Church excommunicates them. The State refuses to allow the sentences of excommunication to be followed by their usual civil consequences. Thereby an open feud has been created between the Church and the State authorities. The faithful are required to regard and treat as excommunicated preachers and teachers whom the State upholds as legally qualified for their offices, and entitled to all the emoluments and privileges associated therewith. The whole question of the limits of ecclesiastical and civil authority, of the relations of the ecclesiastical and civil tribunals, and of the respective place and functions of the jurisdiction of each, is thus brought into view. The Prussian Government has undertaken to settle the question by new legislation, by legislation which shall at once guard against the excessive claims of the Roman bishops and Curia, and lay the foundations of a national Catholic Church, satisfactory to German Catholics, and yet delivered from Ultramontane influence. In some respects, the problem of Prince Bis-

marck is like that solved by Henry VIII. for England in the sixteenth century. Then, as now, the arrogant claims of the Papacy were the bone of contention. Then, as now, it was not so much an affair of theological doctrine or Church ritual that was at issue, as whether the Church was to be national, under the ruler of the nation, or anti-national, as dominated by a foreign prince, who might league himself with its enemies, and make the Church an instrument for the furtherance of their designs. But the circumstances and spirit of the time in Germany are no longer so favourable to the success of such an enterprise as they were in England at the period of the Reformation.

The fact that we can draw a parallel between the two cases goes far to prove the principle on which Prussian statesmen have avowedly proceeded untenable. Of course there has been a change in the constitution of the Church of Rome through the promulgation of the dogma of Papal Infallibility. But a careful study of the history of the Church of Rome scarcely warrants the conclusion that such an essential change was produced in July, 1870—and produced in such an illegitimate manner—as renders it impossible for the State to recognise it as still the same organization. An answer to that question even within the Church is difficult enough; how, then, it is asked, shall the State as a power outside determine it? It is what the Germans call an "innerkirchliche Frage." The subject is treated at length in a scholarly treatise recently published at Gotha, by Theodor Frommann. That writer devotes a volume to the Vatican Council of 1870, with a view mainly to settle this point.* The conclusion to which he comes (p. 475) is that the change in the Catholic Church, introduced by the constitution "Pastor Æternus," is not so much a revolution or reorganization as a development (Verschärfung). It is a growth upwards into clear light of a tendency that has existed in the Church from of old, and has been gradually shaping itself in the course of time. This tendency is now realised in the absolutely monarchical constitution of the Church with the Pope as unlimited lord over all its members, as over all spheres of human life. This is clearly the constitution of the Roman Catholic Church now. The Ultramontanist dream is fulfilled. The aim of the Jesuit councillors of the Pope has been carried into effect. And, of course, the various States that have relations with the Catholic Church, from the fact that they have Catholic subjects, cannot remain unaffected by the change, whether they view it as a development of or a revolution upon the Church's original constitution. They must, if only from the instinct of self-preservation, guard their own autonomy. No State can safely admit the authority of a rival who claims to compete with its laws and rulers for the deference and obedience of its own subjects. Whatever may have been the case before, the Roman Catholic Church now is a political institution. Archbishop Manning has lately told us that to every Catholic there is an "inner circle," including all matters affecting his faith and worship, where no civil or secular power can be permitted to intrude. The Church, which now means the Pope as its sovereign head, claims that the line defining this inner circle shall be drawn by itself. And as the supreme power must in such a case rest with those who assume to define the limits within which two rival authorities shall exercise jurisdiction, it is evident that the Church or the Pope claims to wield an authority over the lives and consciences of the faithful, before which the authority of the State must give way if the two come into collision. Prussia could not, in the circumstances that have arisen, and bearing in mind the dangers to which the German Empire is exposed from such assumptions, ignore the subject. It may be a question whether a better solution than her statesmen are attempting might not be achieved through the separation of Church and State. The knot would thus be cut which it will certainly be very hard it unloose. This is the practical conclusion to which the writer already quoted has come, and certainly many difficulties might thereby be avoided. The Prussian Government, however, under the guidance of Prince Bismarck, has chosen another course.

Instead of separation, there is to be a new regulation of the relations of Church and State. Three bills were introduced in the Chamber of Deputies early in the present session, to regulate the training and education of the clergy, their appointments to and the conditions of their holding of clerical offices, the powers and functions of ecclesiastical discipline, and other like matters. Another bill, specially bearing upon sentences of excommunication, had been previously brought in, so that there are now four ecclesiastical, or anti-clerical bills, as they are

* Geschichte und Kritik der Vaticanischen Concils, von 1869 und 1870. Von Lic. theol. Theodor Frommann, Privatdocent in der Universität, Berlin. Gotha, F. A. Perthes, 1873.

called, before the Prussian Parliament. In order to the passing of these measures it was found by the Parliamentary Commission to which, according to the usual custom in Prussia, they were referred, that alterations in the constitution of the nation were essential. A bill was accordingly prepared by the commission for amending the fifteenth and eighteenth articles of the constitution. The whole question of principle was involved in the discussion of this bill. If it passed, the anti-clerical bills, with whatever modification of details, it might be assumed would also pass. Doubt on the subject was not long permitted. By sweeping majorities the bill for the amendment of the constitution of January, 1850, has been carried through the Lower House, and the Upper, or the Herrenhaus, has had no hesitation in following suit. The ecclesiastical policy of Prince Bismarck may, therefore, be considered as well-nigh certain of application to Prussia. A change in the relations of Church and State is insured. The bill for the amendment of the constitution has destroyed what a deputy of the Centre described in the debates as the Magna Charta of religious freedom in Prussia. Instead of being left subject to the general laws of the State alone, the Churches of the country, Protestant as well as Catholic, are henceforth submitted to special State supervision and control, and to exceptional regulations. The Emperor is resolved that the new legislation shall not be defeated. Even in the Herrenhaus it is not now expected there will be any serious opposition. Amongst their other effects, Prince Bismarck's recent speeches have largely helped to secure this result. In a few weeks the measures which excite so much indignation and alarm among the German Catholics, will in all probability become the law of Prussia. The bishops and clergy have by petitions and representations made it plain that they are resolved not to obey these laws when they have passed. Then will come the tug of war, and it will be interesting to watch its progress and issues.

The sum of the whole matter—it was not concealed in the debate in the Chamber of Deputies on the second reading of the bill amending the constitution—is, that the Government has declared war against Ultramontanism. The proposed legislation affects other religious bodies besides the Catholics; but if it had not been for the assumption of infallibility, and the collisions thereby made inevitable between allegiance to the Emperor and obedience to the Pope, there would have been nothing of the kind. It is against Ultramontanism the Government is arming. There is no evidence that the Prussian State desires to intrude on the sphere of the individual conscience, or to interfere with the religious beliefs of its subjects. But modern Catholicism seeks the subordination of the State to the Church, and its claims are incompatible with the State's independence. The Government has resolved to resist such claims, and, so far as the Prussian clergy are concerned, to cut off the roots that feed them. The bishops have been denationalised by being converted into the mandatories of Rome. In their view the State itself is but means to an end, the end being the good of the Church. The Government, on the other hand, assert that the Church is and must be treated as a corporation *within* and not *above* the State, and refuse to allow a limited allegiance on the part of the subjects of the Emperor. The supremacy of the Pope in questions of faith and morals involves all which the most extreme Catholic can require. The sphere of morals includes to the Ultramontanist the training and education of the individual, and therefore the regulation of his entire life. Almost every day the *Civilta Cattolica* asserts the competence of the Pope to teach infallibly in all departments of life. If the State endeavours to train good citizens, it finds itself thwarted and opposed by the influence of the infallible Pontiff over his Catholic subjects. The Church's organization is of a wide international character, as powerful as any the world has ever seen. Exceptional measures may be necessary to meet the efforts of such an organization, if the necessity for them, in order to the independence of the State, be plain. What the stringent new laws now being discussed in the Prussian Parliament interfere with is not, it is alleged, the religion of Roman Catholics as a religion, but its efforts as a system, which aims at winning the mastery over the State by training its subjects to regard the Church as above the State. To prevent this it is sought to make the clergy national by educating them in national feelings. A foreign clergy is forbidden. Aspirants for the clerical office will be required under the new system to receive a large part of their education in the national schools and universities. The State reserves to itself a power of veto upon appointments to clerical offices, and fences round the authority of the bishops, in regard to discipline and government, by severe conditions. There is thus—it cannot be denied—interference with the freedom of the Church

in educating its own clergy, in regulating appointments to offices of responsibility within its borders, in exercising its powers of ecclesiastical discipline, and in many other ways. Only the plea of necessity can justify such interference. But if it be necessary in order that the independence of the State may not be imperilled by admitting a rival within its own domain, is the latter not justified in its action? This is the argument that is urged by Prussian statesmen. We may doubt its validity. We may be inclined to believe the policy of Prince Bismarck inconsistent with freedom. We may even question if it is likely to be successful. But we must bear in mind that it is a battle for existence. If the State do not suppress Ultramontanism, Ultramontanism may subvert the independence of the State.

The struggle between Ultramontanism and the modern State was inevitable. It will assume various forms, according to differences of place and circumstances, but the claim of the July Church to organize society on Ultramontane principles was a declaration of war against the State. As the source of that organization the Church must be above the State, and the Pope, its head, above all princes. The Catholic view is still truthfully described by the old figure, which likens the Church to the sun and the kingdoms of the world to planets, that receive light only through and from the central luminary. It is indeed said that the Church asks only to have freedom—to be a free Church in a free State. But, as we have seen, it is required that the Church shall be permitted to define the sphere and limits of its freedom. The whole question lies here. Whoever draws the line of distinction between, so as to settle the separate jurisdictions of Church and State, will be master. Prussia refuses to allow the Church to do this, and by the recent change in her constitution defines anew the limits of its independence and its powers of self-government. It has become necessary to make plain what the independence of the Church, in subordination to the laws of the land, really means. No question, it was remarked in the late debates, has produced so much excitement and roused so much passion as that. When the State brings forward any law or regulation of Church and school, the outcry is raised that it is a matter for the Church, and not for the State, according to the fifteenth article of the constitution. Therefore definition was necessary to prevent unlimited license of interpretation. The German Catholic bishops, for example, claim that they alone are entitled to regulate questions affecting the property of their Church, irrespective of the State. Prussia declares that must not be. The Government take powers by the ecclesiastical bills to prevent Ultramontanism interfering between the State and its subjects, and releasing the latter from their allegiance, in order to make them the tools of its ambition. Ultramontanism is political by its nature. And it is consequently aggressive. Prussia's system of education, its schools, gymnasia, and universities are the foes it seeks to conquer. Against such attacks on the national institutions the Government must guard. The point decided by altering the constitution is, that the Government shall have weapons with which to fight the battle. By a wise use of the powers conferred on it by the anti-clerical bills it may be able in time to transform the Catholic clergy from a priestly caste dependent upon a foreign prince into a national clergy.

But will the new laws be obeyed? The bishops declare they will not observe them, that they are asked to do violence to their oaths and consciences, that they must obey God (that is, the Pope), rather than man. Protests, however, will avail little, and there is power to put down open resistance. The threats of a new religious war, uttered even in the Chamber of Deputies, are in great part idle—the outcome of impotent wrath, rather than the issue of a serious purpose. But the bishops and clergy may oppose a steady passive resistance to the new laws. Fines and imprisonment cannot preclude that. The only hope is, that in course of time, through the training received by the clergy in the national gymnasia and universities—for under the new law the Church must have a German clergy or none at all—they may be nationalised. The Government aims at their enfranchisement from a foreign yoke, and in time they may learn to value their freedom. Naturally that must be a slow process, and the nucleus of Old Catholicism is not strong enough to be of much service in the work. Almost everything, however, will depend upon the manner in which the Government use the exceptional powers with which they will be entrusted.

J. SCOT HENDERSON.

THE GREAT METEORIC SHOWER OF NOVEMBER 27, 1872.

By PROFESSOR GRANT, LL.D., F.R.S.

THE great star-shower of November 13-14, 1866, is still fresh in the recollection of all who were fortunate enough to have witnessed that wondrous spectacle. It is also remembered with a feeling of disappointment by many other persons who discovered on the day following the occurrence of the shower, that if they had placed a little more confidence in the researches of astronomers they too might have enjoyed the same privilege, instead of receiving at second hand the descriptions of the phenomenon contained in the newspapers. No doubt there were many persons to whom the announcement beforehand of the approaching shower was unknown. Even with respect to the sceptics it must be conceded to them that the early part of the evening of November 13 was generally unfavourable for observation throughout the British Isles, and that the grand *dénouement* of the spectacle did not occur till after midnight. On the other hand it was a matter of congratulation that during the time of the actual passage of the earth through the shower the phenomenon was generally observed with all the advantages of an unclouded sky.

The great star-shower of November 27, 1872, was not announced beforehand so confidently as was its prototype of 1866. There existed good grounds for believing that a star-shower would occur towards the end of November, and Professor Herschel, who has done so much to advance meteoric astronomy, did not fail to draw public attention to the probable apparition of such a phenomenon. But there was no reason to suppose that the shower would assume such an imposing aspect as it eventually did, and consequently it did not excite much of either scientific or general interest previous to its actual occurrence. Fortunately, in this case, the shower commenced in the early part of the evening, when every person who enjoyed the advantage of a clear sky could not fail to have his attention attracted by the unusual spectacle. At the Glasgow Observatory the writer had the good fortune to observe the shower under the most favourable circumstances. From 5.30 P.M., when the phenomenon was first perceived, until midnight, the sky was perfectly cloudless. Between 5.30 and 5.35 the number of meteors counted by one observer amounted to forty. It soon became apparent, however, that they were increasing in number, and that consequently the time of the maximum of the shower had not yet arrived. A very short course of observation sufficed to show furthermore that the meteors were generally emanating from a position in the celestial sphere, not very far from the star Gamma Andromedæ. In their general features the meteors did not differ from those of the great shower of November 13-14, 1866. They were, however, obviously less brilliant. Their normal colour was white. They were accompanied with a pale train, tinged now and then with a greenish hue. The head seldom equalled a star of the first magnitude. From time to time, however, a meteor of unusual splendour would appear nearly rivalling Jupiter in brightness. In such cases the train when breaking up exhibited a reddish tinge. In two instances of large meteors the colour of the train was conspicuously green. The time of visibility of a meteor did not generally exceed two or three seconds. In two or three instances of bright meteors, however, the *débris* of the train continued visible for about thirty seconds. Occasionally they would appear in crowds as if they had been shot out in volleys. In several instances the phenomenon of an absolutely stationary meteor presented itself to observation. It rapidly swelled out without any vestige of a train and then suddenly collapsed. This was a meteor coming in a direct line from the radiant to the eye, its train being consequently invisible. From 8.10 to 8.15, when the shower had attained its maximum intensity, the number of meteors counted by one observer amounted to 366. From 11.45 to 11.50 the number fell to six. The following is the number of meteors counted by one observer during twenty intervals of fifteen minutes each comprised between 5.30 and 11.30 :—

Quarter of hour ending h. m.	Number of meteors counted.	Quarter of hour ending h. m.	Number of meteors counted.
5 45	150	8 45	599
6 0	174	9 0	413
6 15	292	9 15	418
6 30	507	9 30	213
6 45	643	9 45	233
7 0	840	10 0	246
7 15	721	10 15	190
7 30	890	10 30	116
7 45	881	10 45	111
8 0	930	11 0	74
8 15	1,070	11 15	48
8 30	777	11 30	22

The aggregate number of meteors counted by one observer from 5.30 to 11.50 amounted to 10,579. The entire number actually visible was beyond doubt four times greater. We thus obtain 42,316 as the number of meteors visible above the horizon of Glasgow during the occurrence of the shower. It is plain, from a glance at the number given in the foregoing table, that the maximum of the shower occurred about 8.10.

The ancient philosophers were of opinion that meteors are purely atmospheric phenomena. This notion continued to prevail in modern times down till a comparatively recent period. It was Chladni who first propounded the idea that meteors are cosmical bodies, traversing the planetary regions. He supposed that such bodies upon approaching the earth are attracted by that body within the terrestrial atmosphere, their rapid passage through which occasions an evolution of heat which sets them on fire, and thereby renders them visible. The question, however, whether meteors are bodies of terrestrial or cosmical origin was first definitively solved by two German astronomers, Brandes and Benzenburg. In 1798 they simultaneously observed a number of shooting-stars from two distant stations, and hence computed their height above the earth's surface, and their velocity which was found to be comparable with the orbital velocity of the earth. In general, a meteor or shooting-star becomes visible at an altitude of seventy-four miles above the earth's surface, and disappears when it has approached within fifty-two miles of the surface. It has resulted, also, from calculations founded upon careful observations of the paths of meteors, that the average velocity of meteors of the brighter class is thirty miles in a second. Now the orbital velocity of the earth is only nineteen miles in a second. We have here, then, indubitable evidence that meteors are bodies of cosmical origin, traversing the boundless regions of space, under the influence of the great law of gravitation.

The number of meteors which come within the earth's atmosphere in the course of a year is very great. It is impossible to contemplate the heavens on any clear evening, even for the short space of an hour, without seeing several of such objects, and this is true from whatever part of the earth's surface our observations are made. It has been ascertained by calculations, upon a careful estimate of the number of meteors, seen under different circumstances, that the average number of meteors traversing the earth's atmosphere, large enough to be visible to the naked eye, if the light of the sun and moon and the presence of clouds offered no obstacle, amounts, in the course of every twenty-four hours, to more than eight millions.

But it is to the phenomena presented by meteors when they visit the earth in immense multitudes, giving rise to the appellation of meteoric or star showers, that we owe the most important knowledge respecting this class of bodies. It was the great star-shower of November 13, 1833, which first seriously attracted the attention of men of science to the subject of shooting-stars. The wondrous spectacle was seen to greatest perfection on the North American continent, and a full description of the details respecting it was drawn up by Twining and Olmstead, two physicists of the United States. It was the occurrence of this great shower which first suggested the idea of the periodicity of such phenomena. Attention was now drawn to a passage in Humboldt's "Travels in South America," wherein he refers to a similar star-shower which he witnessed in 1799, along with his fellow-traveller, Bonpland. "From half-past two," says he, "the most extraordinary luminous meteors were seen towards the east. . . . . Thousands of fire-balls and shooting-stars succeeded each other during four hours. They filled a space in the sky extending from the true east thirty degrees towards the north and south. Mr. Bonpland relates that from the beginning of the phenomenon there was not a space in the firmament equal in extent to three diameters of the moon that was not filled at every instant with fireballs and shooting-stars." Viewing in connection with each other the star-showers of 1799 and 1833, Olbers, the celebrated German astronomer, threw out the surmise that the phenomenon might be periodical, and that the two showers observed were merely distinct apparitions of the same shower.

It was remarked on the occasion of the great star-shower of 1833 that all the meteors emanated from a definite point in the heavens. This point was situated in the constellation Leo, not very far from the bright star, Gamma. The paths pursued by the meteors in every part of the heavens, when traced back, were found to converge towards this point. The existence of such a point from which the meteors appear to emanate in all directions has been ascertained to be characteristic of all star-showers. It has in consequence received a technical appellation. It is called the *radiant* of the shower.

A new question now offered itself to men of science. What is the nature of the orbit described by a meteor in the heavens? The problem relating to the orbits of the heavenly bodies, viewed in its entire generality, is one of the most difficult and most important in the whole range of astronomical science. The apparition of a comet in the heavens furnishes a striking illustration of the marvellous power of astronomy in this respect. A few days after the phenomenon has revealed itself to the astronomer, its orbit is computed, and the path pursued by it in the heavens from night to night traced out beforehand. The successful solution of this great problem of cometary orbits is justly considered one of the greatest triumphs of astronomy. But how, it may be asked, is it possible to ascertain the orbit described by those innumerable fleeting objects which present themselves during the occurrence of a star-shower? The principles of the theory of gravitation here come to our assistance. Newton demonstrated that if a body moving in free space be subjected to the attraction of a distant body, it will describe one of the curves known as the conic sections. It *may* be a circle, an ellipse, a parabola, or an hyperbola; but it *must* be one of those curves—the question with respect to the particular orbit described depending on the initial circumstances of the motion of the attracted body. Hence, from certain observed facts relating to the movement of a planet or comet, we are enabled to ascend to a knowledge of the orbit which it describes round the sun, whether the orbit be a parabola, an ellipse, or an hyperbola. Although the materials furnished by the observation of a meteoric shower are insufficient for the solution of the problem relating to the determination of its orbit upon this broad ground, still a method has been devised for effecting the same object, subject to certain restrictions. This important step was achieved by Ermann a few years after the occurrence of the great shower of 1833.

Coming down to more recent years, the subject of meteoric astronomy was destined to receive a remarkable extension. In 1864, Professor Newton, of Yale College, Connecticut, U.S., instituted a searching examination of all the recorded observations of star-showers which seemed to be identical with the famous star-showers of 1799 and 1833. Ten of such recorded apparitions were discovered by him, all antecedent to the great star-shower witnessed by Humboldt in 1799. The earliest of these occurred on the 13th of October, 902 A.D. In the history of the reign of the Arabs in Spain, by Conde, there occurs the following passage: "In the month Dhulhadah, of this same year, died King Ibrahim bin Ahmad; and that night there were seen, as it were lances, an infinite number of stars, which scattered themselves like rain to right and left, and that year was called the year of the stars." The two most recent of thirteen star-showers, which formed the groundwork of Professor Newton's researches, are the star showers of 1832 and 1833. The latter of these has been already referred to. The star-shower of November, 1832, appears to have been one of very great splendour, and was visible generally in Europe: but such phenomena had not yet attracted public attention, and the recorded descriptions of it are in consequence exceedingly meagre. The following passage, however, from a paper on the star-shower of 1866 by the late admirable astronomer, Mr. Dawes, will serve to show that the phenomenon, which was one of remarkable splendour, was not allowed to pass unperceived in England:—

"Grand as was the display (of 1866), there was not a single meteor which could bear comparison with several I saw at Ormskirk on the 12th of November, 1832; on which occasion, notwithstanding a pretty bright moon, three or four cast a very dark shadow of my observatory towards the side on which the moon was shining. A very thick fog suddenly arose at about thirteen and a half hours.* But several of the country folk, going early with agricultural produce to Liverpool, said that, 'though there was a terribly thick fog, yet it *lightened all the way*.' So that probably many brilliant specimens darted across till towards sunrise."

By a skilful scrutiny of the thirteen recorded meteoric showers comprised between 902 A.D. and 1833, Professor Newton arrived at the conclusion that the shower is distinguished by a period of thirty-three and a quarter years, and that at the close of each cycle there is an abundant display of meteors for two or three consecutive years. Following out this fine idea, he announced that there would probably occur a great display of meteors on the 14th of November, 1866. It is well known how brilliantly this prediction was verified by the magnificent display of meteors witnessed in Europe on that occasion.

But Professor Newton proceeded a step further. He pointed out that the phenomena

* This is the astronomical mode of expressing half-past one o'clock in the morning.

of the shower might be satisfied by five different orbits, and he suggested a criterion which would serve to decide which of those five orbits was the true orbit in which the meteors revolved. In order to understand his reasoning upon this point, it may be proper to remark that the star-showers were found to occur later and later in the year at the close of each successive cycle. Thus, in the year 902 A.D., the shower occurred on the 13th of October; while again, in the year 1833, it fell on the 13th of November. The retardation, in fact, amounted to three days in a century.

Now, part of this interval is attributable to the well-known phenomenon termed the precession of the equinoxes. The equinoctial points, which determine the tropical year, have a retrograde movement on the ecliptic, and any phenomenon which recurs at equal intervals of time will appear, when the time is expressed in terms of the calendar year, to occur later and later at the close of each successive cycle. The amount of retardation arising from this cause is one and four-tenths of a day. There still remains, however, one and six-tenths of a day to be accounted for in explaining the retardation of three days in a century experienced by the meteoric shower. In order to understand the origin of this retardation it is to be remarked that the stream of meteors is inclined to the plane of the earth's orbit, and that the position of the earth at the instant of the occurrence of a shower indicates the point where the meteors cut the plane of the earth's orbit. This point is known in astronomy as the node of the orbit. Now, since the shower was found to occur later and later at the close of each successive cycle, it was clear that the node was advancing on the plane of the earth's orbit to such an extent as to delay the occurrence of the successive showers at the rate of one and six-tenths of a day in a century. But it is one of the fundamental principles of the theory of gravitation, that when one body revolves round another central body, the plane of its orbit has a fixed position in space: in other words, the nodes of the orbit are immovable. Consequently, any movement of the nodes of the orbit of a revolving body is found in every case to be attributable to the disturbing action of some extraneous body. Thus, in the case of the moon, the nodes of her orbit have a rapid retrograde movement, in virtue of which they make a complete tour of the heavens in a period of rather more than eighteen years, an effect due to the powerful disturbance exercised by the attraction of the sun upon our satellite. Similarly the nodes of the planetary orbits have a movement, although of a much smaller amount, arising from the disturbing action of the planets upon each other. Now, Professor Newton had shown that the periodicity of the shower might be explained by supposing the meteors to revolve in any one of five orbits which he pointed out. But he remarked very justly that the disturbing action of the planets upon the node of the orbit would be different upon each of the five suppositions. And he added that when the movement of the node was calculated upon each of the five suppositions, the orbit which gave a result equal to the observed movement of the node as indicated by the actual retardation at the close of each successive cycle of 33¼ years, would indicate the true orbit of the meteoric stream. An idea of the five different orbits may be formed from these considerations. The meteors might effect a complete revolution round the sun in 180 days, or in 185$\frac{1}{6}$ days, or 354$\frac{1}{6}$ days, or 376$\frac{1}{6}$ days, or finally in 33¼ years. From the circumstance of the showers occurring later and later every year at the close of each successive cycle (independently of the effects of precessional motion), it was plain that the nodes of the meteoric stream had a *direct* movement on the plane of the ecliptic, in other words, they were advancing in the same direction as that in which the earth and the other planets travel round the sun.

The arduous task of investigating the movement of the meteoric node in each of the five cases pointed out by Professor Newton, leading to the discovery of the true orbit of the meteors, has been executed successfully by Professor Adams. This eminent physical astronomer found that the four orbits of short period gave results totally different from those of observation. On the other hand, when the motion of the node was computed for the orbit of 33¼ years a complete accordance presented itself between the calculated and the observed amount. The disturbing bodies, which produced a sensible effect, in this case were found to be the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus.

But we are not yet quite prepared to explain the circumstances which led astronomers to conjecture beforehand the probable apparition of a meteoric shower towards the close of November, 1872. It is more than thirty years since Quetelet, a well-known Belgian astronomer, remarked that every year between the 6th and the 11th of August there was

visible more than a usual number of meteors. The position of the radiant of these meteors has been ascertained from observation, and the orbit in which they revolve round the sun has been calculated. Schiaparelli, an Italian astronomer to whom is due some remarkable speculations on the origin of meteoric streams, remarked, shortly after the great meteoric shower of November, 1866, that the elements of the orbit of the August meteors were identical with the elements of the orbit of the third comet of 1862. This was speedily followed by the discovery of an equally interesting and important fact, due in this case independently to Schiaparelli and Professor Peters of Altona, the existence of the identity of the orbit of the first comet of 1866 with the orbit of the November meteors.

These remarkable results naturally suggested the idea of the existence of some close physical connection between comets and meteors. The orbit of the first comet of 1866 and the orbit of the third comet of 1862 had been previously known to approach very close to the earth's orbit, and the movements of both comets were now closely connected with the occurrence of meteoric showers. Dr. Weiss, of Vienna, a well-known German astronomer, proceeding upon this idea, drew up a list of recorded comets, which, in the course of their orbital revolution round the sun, approached very close to the earth's orbit. The next step was to institute a comparison between the comets of this list and the various meteoric showers recorded in former times, with the view of discovering in one or more instances a connection between the two classes of bodies.

One of the most remarkable comets contained in Weiss's list is a comet of short period known as Biela's comet, so called from having been discovered in the year 1826 by an Austrian officer of that name. Shortly after the discovery of the comet it was found to have been observed on several previous occasions, the earliest ascending as far back as 1772. The orbit was an ellipse, the time of revolution being somewhat more than 6¾ years. Olbers, the celebrated German astronomer, was not slow to point out the fact of the extremely close approach of this comet to the earth's orbit, and great alarm began to be felt lest the two bodies should come into collision on the occasion of the next return of the comet to the perihelion towards the close of the year 1832. The result, however, showed that all such fears were groundless, the earth having passed through the region of possible collision a month earlier than the comet. It is certain, however, that if the comet had passed through its descending node a month earlier a collision of some sort would have ensued, for the radius of the nebulosity of the comet was found to exceed the distance which separated the orbits of the two bodies. In 1838 the comet again returned, but its passage through the descending node (at which point it approaches most nearly to the earth's orbit) occurred at a time of the year when the earth was in a different part of its orbit. Early in 1846, on the occasion of its next return to the perihelion, the comet was seen to break up into two parts, which continued to travel in separate orbits, at a determinate distance from each other, during the whole time of visibility. The comet was again seen, though with great difficulty, in 1852, and in this case again double; but only an excessively faint trace was obtained of one of the fragments. In 1859 the position of the comet in its orbit was unfavourable for observation. On the next return, however, to the perihelion in 1865 the position, on the other hand, was eminently favourable to visibility, but, notwithstanding this circumstance, not the slightest trace was obtained of it, although it was searched for most assiduously by D'Arrest at Copenhagen, and Father Secchi at Rome, furnished with the powerful telescopes of their respective observatories; the latter in the course of his search having discovered no less than fourteen new nebulæ.

Dr. Weiss found traces of several meteoric showers which occurred at the time of the perihelion passage of this comet, and which were all distinguished by a common radiant point. It is remarkable, however, that no trace of the existence of this shower has been discovered previous to the earliest apparition of Biela's comet, although Professor Newton carefully searched all the earlier catalogues of meteor showers with the view of ascertaining traces thereof. Traces of star-showers occurring early in December were found to have been observed in 1798 and 1830, 1838 and 1847. The showers seen on those occasions were found to have their radiants situated in the region of the heavens occupied by the constellations Cassiopeia and Andromeda. Weiss calculated from the elements of Biela's comet the position of the radiant of a shower of meteors, and he found a general agreement between the result and the radiants indicated by the recorded star-showers; and as Biela's comet, on the occasion of its passage of the perihelion in 1872, would probably approach very near to the earth (seeing that

both bodies would then be travelling in the region wherein their respective orbits approached very closely to each other), he conjectured that a meteoric shower might be looked for with a high degree of probability towards the end of November or the beginning of December of the same year. A similar conclusion was arrived at by Professor D'Arrest of Copenhagen. Taking into consideration that a star-shower had occurred in 1838, and remarking further that six revolutions of the comet amount almost exactly to forty years, he inferred that a star-shower may be looked for at the time of the perihelion passage of the comet in 1878.

The great shower of November 27, 1872, has brilliantly confirmed the sagacious conjecture of Dr. Weiss, and has added one more to the series of important facts tending to establish the doctrine of the physical identity of comets and meteors.

But the story of Biela is not yet concluded. A few words, however, of explanation are necessary to understand what follows. During the short time of the earth's passage through the meteoric stream, the constituent meteors may be regarded as approaching the terrestrial surface in a system of parallel lines. Hence it follows, by the laws of perspective, that they will all appear to emanate from a common apex in the heavens, and that the paths pursued by them will lie in semicircles of the celestial sphere passing through this apex, and those semicircles will all manifestly intersect each other in a point of the heavens diametrically opposite to the apex of emanation. The latter point is technically termed in meteoric astronomy the *radiant* of the meteors, or their point of common divergence; the opposite point in the heavens may be called the point of convergence, and fixes the direction in which the meteors would be seen, if it were possible to see them after they had quitted the vicinity of the earth. Now, it has been already stated that the radiant point of the great meteoric shower of November 27, 1872, was situated near the star Gamma Andromedæ. From the position of this star, it resulted that the opposite point of the celestial sphere, or the point of convergence of the meteors, was situated in the southern hemisphere, below the horizon, and consequently was invisible in northern latitudes. It occurred, however, to Professor Klinkerfues, of Göttingen, to announce by telegraph on November 30, to Mr. Pogson, Government Astronomer at Madras, that Biela's comet had "touched the earth" on the 27th of the month, and he suggested to him to search in the neighbourhood of the star Theta Centauri. The first two evenings which followed the receipt of this telegram at Madras were unfavourable for observation, but on the third evening Mr. Pogson discovered, in the neighbourhood of the place indicated, an object bearing a decidedly cometary aspect. He describes it as circular, bright, with a decided nucleus, but no tail, and about 45″ in diameter. A second view of the object was obtained on the evening of December 3. Its position had sensibly altered since the previous evening. The question whether this was Biela's comet, which ought to have passed through the descending node considerably earlier; or whether it was the cloud of meteors constituting the shower of November 27; or finally, whether it was a separate agglomeration of cometary matter, revolving in the tract of the disrupted comet, is a question which has given rise to some discussion. In any case, its close connection with Biela's comet cannot be doubted.*

It has been stated that the November shower of meteors, or the Leonides as it has been called, occurs later and later at the close of each successive cycle, in consequence of the node of the meteoric stream having a direct movement on the plane of the ecliptic. In the case of the Biela meteors, or the Andromedes as they may be called, the movement is in the reverse direction, being rapidly retrograde; hence the shower occurs earlier and earlier at the close of each cycle. This is the reason why the star-shower, which was formerly seen in the beginning of December, now occurs towards the end of November.

It has been suggested, with the view of accounting for meteoric showers, that agglomerations of meteoric matter occupying the inter-stellar regions have been drawn into the solar system by the sun's attraction, and that streams of such matter have thus been formed, revolving in parabolic orbits round the sun as their centre of attraction. When they happen to approach any of the planets they undergo a powerful disturbance, which may throw them into an elliptic orbit, in which case they will permanently revolve round the sun, returning to the perihelion at regular intervals. In some instances one of the constituent meteoric bodies may be un-

* Professor George Forbes, in a letter to Professor Herschel, dated December 20, wrote: "Had any one the good sense to look out, on the morning of the 28th November, for a certain nebulous mass, that was probably visible to a comet-seeker in the position Right Ascension 13h. 35m., South Declination 46°; that is, at the opposite point to the radiant?"

usually larger than any of the others. To such a meteor we apply the appellation of *a comet*. In this way we may explain the connection between the first comet of 1866 and the Leonides, the third comet of 1862 and the Perseids, and thirdly the connection between Biela's comet and the Andromedes.

But it is not necessary to suppose that the attendant comet should be a discrete body, merely of larger size than the other meteors. It is not improbable that the comet consists of a congeries of small meteoric bodies, differing only from the matter of the shower in the constituent meteors being more condensed, and therefore more readily visible when seen at a considerable distance from the earth. The vast majority of what are called telescopic comets present an aspect favouring this idea of their constitution. They present simply a round nebulous aspect, without any vestige of tail or nucleus. The smallest stars are generally seen through them without the slightest difficulty. Sir John Herschel made a very interesting observation of Biela's comet on the occasion of its passage of the perihelion in 1832. The comet having passed over a small cluster of stars of the sixteenth or seventeenth magnitude, the appearance was that of a nebula partly resolvable into stars. The most trifling fog would have effaced the stars; but in the present instance they still continued to be visible, although the cometic matter interposed between them and the observer must have been at least fifty thousand miles in thickness. Now if we suppose that the comet consisted of a multitude of small discrete bodies shining merely by the reflected light of the sun, the appearance remarked by Sir John Herschel may be satisfactorily accounted for. In support of this idea it has been remarked that no star seen through a comet has been found to undergo any sensible displacement attributable to the refraction caused by its passage through the substance of the comet.

It is very plain that comets and meteors are bodies of extra-planetary origin. The great eccentricity of their orbits, their movements, some direct, others retrograde, and several other circumstances of their motion, point unmistakably to this conclusion. Some of the bodies of this class have come to revolve permanently round the sun as a result of planetary disturbance. Le Verrier has endeavoured to account in this way for the presence of the Leonides in the solar system. It has been stated that this stream of meteors was discovered by Professor Adams to revolve in a very eccentric ellipse, the time of revolution being thirty-three and a quarter years. The meteors at the passage of the aphelion approach very closely to the orbit of Uranus, at a distance of nearly eighteen hundred millions of miles from the sun. In the year 126 A.D. the meteors and the planet were both in this region, and as the attraction of the sun at such a distance was comparatively feeble, the attraction of the planet powerful, and as by reason of the slow movement of the meteors and the planet they remained long in the vicinity of each other, an extensive disturbance of the orbit of the meteors was the consequence. The result, therefore, was that the meteoric group, which had previously been revolving in a parabola (in which case, having once passed the perihelion, it would never again revisit the solar system), was thrown into an elliptic orbit, and has thus come to form a constituent part of the solar system. This conclusion is in accordance with what the researches in physical astronomy teaches us respecting the fate of some comets. Thus it has been established beyond all doubt that Lexell's comet, which, previous to the year 1767, was revolving in an orbit which rendered it invisible to an observer on the earth's surface, having in that year approached very close to the planet Jupiter, was thrown, by the powerful disturbance of the planet, into a new orbit, and rendered visible; and that in 1779 having again approached very close to the planet, was thrown into a third orbit, and again rendered permanently invisible.

In the list of recorded observations of star-showers, commencing with the year 902 A.D., and concluding with the year 1833, which forms the basis of Professor Newton's admirable researches, the intervals between two consecutive epochs is thirty-two, thirty-three, or thirty-four years, the average interval, as already mentioned, being thirty-three and a quarter years. Professor Newton accounts for this apparent irregularity, by supposing the meteoric stream to occupy a considerable length upon the orbit, whence it might be expected that the shower would be generally visible for two or three consecutive years. This explains the fact of the shower being seen in 1832 and 1833, and still more recently in the years 1865, 1867, 1868. Under these circumstances, it is plain that the main body of the meteoric stream must be at least five or six hundred millions of miles in length.

Schiaparelli supposes that the meteors, from originally constituting a round mass, have

been gradually drawn into their present distended form by the sun's attraction, and that the process of dislocation will continue to go on until the meteors have been distributed over the entire contour of the orbit. When such an eventuality occurs, the shower will be visible every year, and there will be no sensible abundance of meteors once in every thirty-three and a quarter years, as is the case at present. In the case of the August meteors, which appear in pretty uniform numbers every year, this ultimate condition of uniform distribution appears to have been arrived at. The Biela system of meteors seem to occupy a condition intermediate between the August and the November meteors.

Meteoric astronomy has revealed the existence of a multitude of other meteoric groups, which visit the earth in the shape of star-showers, and their radiants have been fixed with considerable certainty. To the admirable researches of Professors Heis and Alex. Herschel, Mr. Greg, and others, are due the valuable results which have thus been accumulated, and without which the astonishing results which we have attempted to relate would never have been arrived at.

It would seem, from the recent researches in meteoric astronomy, that the inconceivable space which separates the solar system from the stars is pervaded everywhere by those minute bodies which visit the earth in the shape of shooting-stars. The researches of astronomers show that the whole solar system is being transported through space to the extent of one hundred and fifty-four millions of miles in a year. In the course of this movement the earth cannot fail to encounter multitudes of meteoric bodies coming in succession into the solar system. It has been already mentioned that, in all probability, eight millions of meteors visible to the naked eye visit the earth in the course of every twenty-four hours. From this fact we may infer what may be the multitude of such objects which approach the earth in the course of a year. It would seem, however, that apart from casual rencontres of the earth with meteors, there exist in the solar system a great number of meteoric streams revolving in elliptic orbits round the sun, and inclined at all angles with respect to the plane of the earth's orbit.

R. GRANT.

WAITING

A YOUNG fair girl among her flowers,
And, as to blossoms born in May,
Her morrows still brought sunnier hours
Than made up sunny yesterday.
She did but wait: "Hope is so sweet;
We love so well, my love and I;
The hours that come, the hours that fleet,
End all in one glad by-and-by."

A pale worn woman, scarcely sad,
But tired like those who, too long pent,
Forget the joy they have not had
Of the free winds, and droop content.
She did but wait: "Ah no, to me
The silent hope is never dead;
What are the days that are to be
But part of the dear days long fled?"

He came: "The wealth we need is mine;
And now?" "Alas!" she said, "in vain.
The love I love is noway thine,
I wait who never comes again.
Oh for my lover of old days,
We two from all the world apart!
I must go lone on earth's bleak ways,
He is not now save in my heart."

He wed another. She, alone,
Patient and weary toiled for bread.
And bygone still was never gone,
The silent hope was never dead.
She did but wait: "I have the past;
The new days live the old days o'er,
And there abides until the last
The by-and-by that was before."

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

ERRATUM.—The word *moisture* in fourth line of Dr. Carpenter's article at p. 98 should read *motion*.

THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON.

By MRS. PARR, Author of "Dorothy Fox."

CHAPTER XV.—A GREAT CATCH.



WHILE Mrs. Labouchere was listening to the little her aunt had to tell her about her previous knowledge of Hero, Sir Stephen was making an appointment with that young lady for a sail together to Winkle, under the feigned anxiety of being wonderfully desirous to see his friend Alice Joslyn.

"But will your mother like it?" said Hero, who, with a woman's sharp instinct, felt a little shadow of distrust about how the ladies of Combe meant to treat her.

Sir Stephen laughed. "I am afraid I have been out of leading-strings for this many a long year," he said; "besides, it will take them all to-morrow to get those wonderful boxes they brought with them unpacked; so do take compassion on me."

"We shall try to get up some picnics while Mrs. Prescott stays here. I hope she will like the place."

"I hope so too, for I have nearly decided upon living here altogether."

"Have you? How delighted everybody in Mallett will be!"

"And will you be delighted?"

"*I?*"—and Hero's face grew very rosy—"yes; you know"—she added with a little confused hesitation—"that if I don't always tell you what I feel, it is because I have been brought up so entirely with papa, that I am afraid of saying too much what I think."

Hero considered this a very subtle way of guarding herself against the misinterpretation which Leo had spoken of; but Sir Stephen knowing nothing of these warnings, read a happier meaning in her words, and looking at her earnestly, he said—

"Always say what you think to me, Hero." As he let her name slip she glanced at him with a look of inquiry. "Ah, I did not intend to say that until I had obtained your permission," he said, by way of apology, "but every one calls you Hero, and I think of you as Hero; it is such a pretty name. Miss Carthew sounds dreadfully formal, does it not?"

"Yes, *I* think so, because I am so seldom called Miss Carthew. Even the village people say Miss Hero." And yet she suddenly felt it would not be right to give him the permission to do so. In the midst of her hesitation it was a relief to see Betsey standing with a smiling face by the gate of Sharrows, as far as which, in spite of all her entreaties and arguments, Sir Stephen had insisted upon coming.

"Baint'ee glad to be breathing the fresh air agen, sir?" she called out, with an expression of beaming satisfaction at having her favourite back. "I just took a run to see Combe Gate, and the doin's up there, why 'tis for all the world like Dockmouth streets when the Queen comed there."

"I did not know that you had seen the Queen, Betsey?" said Sir Stephen.

"Well, I hav' and I haven't, as the sayin' is, for I looked—as anybody else would hav' done—to see her with the crown 'pon her head, and while I stood a gawking after that, lor! her goes by with a bunnet on, and a parachute held up over it, like anybody else. But now you'd best be going back, sir," she said suddenly to Sir Stephen, for Mrs. Tucker told me dinner was to be at half-past seven o'clock, and it's nigh on the quarter now."

"I wanted Miss Hero to stay and dine with us, but she was obstinate, Betsey, and would not be persuaded."

"Well, then, why didn't ee, Miss Hero? I'm sure you only had a lairy dinner at home, for what with one and t'other droppin' in, the cupboard was pretty nigh cleared out afore dinner time; and," she added, continuing the subject after they had bid Sir Stephen good-bye, and Hero and she walked together down the path, "there'd ha' bin plenty sure*ly*, for I've bin to the house; and down in the kitchen there was a dozen things bein' made, fowls roastin', and tarts

bakin', and I don't know what all; nor I didn't stop to see neither, for there was a fire fit to roast a ox, and the cook was a sweatin' like a bull."

"Did you see Mrs. Prescott?" asked Hero.

"Yes, I was stood up to Jope's, and they waited a minute or two there. Sir Stephen spied me out to once—I thought he would—'Betsey,' he calls out, 'is that you? Why, how *are* you?' he says, and then the ladies looked."

"And what did you think of them?"

"Well," replied Betsey critically, "so far as I could see, the young one would be pretty if her wasn't so putty-faced."

"But don't you think Sir Stephen's mother very nice-looking?"

"Oh! her looks is well enough, but I didn't care for that bunnet her wore. I can't abide 'old rams dressed up lamb fashion.' But that ain't sayin' nothin' agen her ways. How was you took with her?"

"She was very kind and nice," I thought.

"Why didn't ee stay there, then, my dear?" asked Betsey, whose devotion to the girl she had tended and watched from babyhood, made her familiar with every expression of her face and each inflection of her voice.

"They were so tired, that I thought it best to come home. You know, they have come a long way to-day."

"Hem!" snorted Betsey, "I don't know what they'd got to tire 'em, savin' bein' squatted up together in that coach."

"I am going there to-morrow to dinner, and papa too."

"Aw, that's all right!" and Betsey's tone became more cheerful, than when the doubt was before her that the new arrivals had not been all that she desired they should be to her darling, who in her eyes was the very perfection of grace and goodness.

That evening Hero wrote a long and full account of the day's doings to Leo, not omitting to give a glowing personal description of Sir Stephen's cousin, Mrs. Labouchere, who, she said, was a widow, and had come to stay at Combe with Mrs. Prescott. It was a rule of Leo's to try and find out who people were, and all about them; so he casually mentioned, during a *tête-à-tête* with a fashionable fellow-guest, that he had been asked by some friend of his to meet Sir Stephen Prescott of Pamphillon and his cousin, a Mrs. Labouchere, a widow, very pretty, they told him.

"What a fortunate dog it is!" ejaculated his companion; "I'd give all I know to get a fair start with that woman. Why, she is one of the best matrimonial catches out. Old Labouchere was worth no end of tin, and he left every farthing to her."

"What is Prescott like?"

"I don't know much of him; he's been a good deal out of England. Rather close-fisted, I should say, or else hard-up; for Pamphillon's a fine old place, but you never hear of him doing anything."

"I wonder *he* does not go in for his rich cousin."

"She wouldn't have him! He has tried his luck there already. His mother brought her up. She's awfully handsome, but has an unpleasant way of making a fellow keep his distance; so you'll have to be on your best behaviour, for of course you mean to go in for the prize."

"Not I."

"You'll be a great fool, then."

"Very likely. I am that already, I suppose," he added to himself, feeling confident that under different circumstances he might have secured a prize as readily as any man there; and a feeling which before had sometimes oppressed him came over him again, making him say to himself that it was really a great pity, seeing how circumstanced they both were, that he should care for Hero as he did. His vanity was greatly stimulated by the banter of the smoking-room, where, directly it was known that Leo had been asked down to an out-of-the-way place, described as somewhere near the Land's End, to meet that rich Mrs. Labouchere, every one took, or pretended to take, it as granted that a marriage was settled.

"Hang it, Despard," one would say, "if with an open field, a good-looking fellow like you cannot carry off the prize, I shall say you're nothing better than a bungler."

"Don't you alarm yourself," another voice would answer. "Skipwith has offered odds in his favour, and he never risks his money without being pretty sure of his man. I congratulate you, old fellow, and hope you will give me an early opportunity of congratulating the future Mrs. Despard."

This and like idle badinage formed the thin end of a wedge, which from that time forced itself into Leo's heart, and threatened to overthrow the fair image of his early love. "It would be far the best thing for both of us," he would say, reflecting on the temptation which had taken hold of him; "it is not fair to keep her waiting year after year. If she were free she would be certain to get half a



"THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON."

dozen better offers." And the assurance that she would be benefited seemed in a measure to justify the sacrifice, he began to tell himself it would be his duty to make. These doubts caused his letters to Hero to be short, constrained, and written with an effort, which made him fling his pen away, and exclaim, "I wish that I'd never come near this place. I can't explain to these fellows, and they'll all vow I tried my luck and failed. Then when any of them meet this Mrs. Labouchere, as they're sure to do, it will all come out about Hero—and Mallett. I should not mind so much if it were an old woman, who'd soon drop off and leave me her money. Money! there's the rub. What is life worth if you cannot enjoy it?—and how are we to live on a couple or three hundred a year? What Forster says is quite true—a man who cannot afford it is a brute to drag a woman down by a marriage; far better give the wrench beforehand. There was something between him and Helen Seymour, but he gave her up; and now she has married Dacres, and has more money than she knows what to do with. Forster told me that it was an awful pull to him, and very nearly sent him altogether to the dogs, but he saw it was the only thing to be done."

Thus Leo continued to think, plan, and resolve until the time arrived for his departure; and though, up to the last moment, he continued to declare he had no intention of becoming a suitor to Mrs. Labouchere, he laughed at the banter, allowed the bets, and listened to the advice by which she was to fall a victim to his well-planned assiduities; so that when he reached Mallett the nearest approach he had made to a decision was that he would impress more forcibly upon Hero the necessity of their engagement being still kept a secret; and as for the other matter—it was of no use worrying and bothering—he would let things drift, and leave the end to chance.

CHAPTER XVI.—SOMEBODY.

THE day following their arrival was not very far advanced before Sir Stephen set off for Sharrows. He had already learnt a short way of getting there, and as he walked briskly along, invigorated by the bracing air, fresh from the wide expanse of sea to which the place lay open, he felt more determined than ever that, as soon as possible, he would sell his large estate, and settle at Combe. The whole surroundings of the place accorded with his tastes; he had always been fond of the sea, and of the people who lived by it. Their simple lives and outspoken ways interested him. Here he could be of service, identifying himself with all that concerned those to whom he desired to be of use.

From the very reason that Pamphillon had never been aught to him but a clog, and a continual source of dissatisfaction and annoyance, he disliked the place. The landowners near were not men he cared for; the better class of his tenantry were opposed to a landlord, who did not do as much for them and the land as, in their opinion, he ought to do, and would do, did he live among them. Without troubling themselves to understand his complicated difficulties, they made it a grievance, that instead of looking after his estate, he was roaming all over the world. Whenever he did go to Pamphillon, it was to listen to a long list of complaints and vexatious losses, which he could not redress; and to see abuses which galled and fretted him, without his having the means of remedying the evils by which they were caused. He felt that he was never seen at such a disadvantage as when at Pamphillon, where his advice was treated as interference, and his silence regarded as indifference. One of his reasons for keeping away from Mallett was the fear lest the circle of his evils should be enlarged. But in this he had been agreeably disappointed, and from the moment Hero and Captain Carthew introduced him to Mallett, his life had brightened; for he found himself welcomed with trust and confidence by his neighbours, while in the village his presence was hailed as the forerunner of good, and the sure remedy against existing evils. Consequently, his eyes rested with far more pleasure on the old-fashioned house of Combe than they had ever done on stately Pamphillon. The cheery looks and voices of the cottagers, as they ran to their open doors to greet him, pleased him. Their free inquiries as to where he was going amused him, according with his own straightforward and genial disposition.

As, with a smiling face, he turned into Sharrows, the swinging to of the gate caused Hero, who was sitting on the window-sill below, to look up, and wave her hand. Sir Stephen returned the salutation, saying in his heart—

"God bless her. I believe she is the chief cause why I feel so happy."

He had come to claim her for their sail to Winkle, and after he had spoken to her and the Captain, he asked her how soon she would be ready to start, and whether they were to have Jim.

"I want to establish a boat of my own," he said to Captain Carthew, "if you'll tell me how best to set about it, and recommend me a man to look after it."

"Joe Bunce would do exactly, papa," exclaimed Hero; "he doesn't want, and Betsey doesn't want him, to go to sea again."

"We couldn't find a better man, nor a smarter sailor," said Captain Carthew. "I've had my eye on a little craft at Clarkson's that will, I think, just hit your fancy. We'll go round to-morrow, and see it. Here, Betsey!" he roared out, "where's that fancy chum of yours to be found? I saw him busnacking about here when I turned out this morning."

"Well, 'tis more than I did, sir, or I'd ha' given 'un a job to do, and no mistake; but if you wants 'un for anythink, I dessay I could find 'un for 'ee."

"Sir Stephen is going to have a boat," said Hero, "and he will need a man to look after it, and I thought it would just suit Joe."

"I dessay 'twould," returned Betsey, trying not to betray her pleasure. "The parlour suited the dunkey, only he was rather out of place there."

"Why, there's not a sharper sailor in the service than Joe, Betsey," said Hero, standing up for her favourite.

"No, not when they pipes to grog, I know there bain't."

"Ah, well, he's just the man I want, Betsey," put in Sir Stephen; "so you tell him to come to Combe, and speak to me, and he shall have the management of my boat—the *Hero*, I mean to call it."

"What, after me?" said Hero, with a pleased face.

Sir Stephen nodded assent.

"Is it not a pretty name, Betsey?"

"Oh, 't does well enuf for a boat, Sir Stephen; but what for ever anybody should choose such a outlandish name for a Christian, I couldn't tell 'ee if you was to pay me. And then to call it a maid's name. Tine a by!" she added with infinite contempt, "if a 'ero ain't a man, why what is he?"

"That is what she always says," laughed Hero. "Now, is it not a proper woman's name, Sir Stephen?"

"Certainly it is, and a very celebrated one—among the heathens, Betsey," he added slily.

"The *heathens!*" repeated Betsey. "Aw' well, I'll give in to it bein' *their* fancy; though why for ever anybody should want to follow lead to a passel o' Turks and niggers, is more than I can tell. But there, as I allays says, the mercy is 'tain't no worse; for if by chance the Cap'en had had the *Harrythoosa* or the *Billyruffian*, 'twould ha' bin all one to he, and a nice handle that had a bin to 'av' fitted anybody else's name on to, surely."

"I'm afraid that Betsey's familiarity will shock Mrs. Prescott," said Hero, when they were out of her hearing. "She has been so long with us, that we never mind her. I hope you don't; for she says that she never remembers you are not a common gentleman."

Sir Stephen laughed.

"I like to have a chat with Betsey. Her queer speeches amuse me immensely. How wonderfully fond she is of you!"

"Yes, but not more fond than I am of her, dear old soul! Still, I know that strangers might think she made rather free, although it is only her manner. She has no thought of being disrespectful. If Mrs. Prescott or Mrs. Labouchere should make any remarks on her, please explain how it is. I don't wish them to have a wrong impression of her."

"I'll make it all right," said Sir Stephen. "What a lovely day it is! there is not a ripple on the water."

"Yes, it is smooth enough to satisfy any one. Did you ask your cousin to come?"

"No, I did not; I didn't want her," he answered, "I only wanted you. You promised to teach me to row and steer, and we must not have an audience so long as I am in danger of catching a crab. Here is Jim and the boat. Let us jump in, and be off."

"You see I have kept my word, Jim, and come back again," he said, nodding in acknowledgment of the old seaman's silent greeting.

"Iss, so I sees, sir, and I'm main glad of it, and so is somebody else, too, I reckon." And, his hand and his hook being employed in steadying the boat, he jerked his head in Hero's direction.

"I wonder if that is a true supposition on Jim's part?" Sir Stephen asked as they settled into their places.

"I don't know. What did he say?"

"That *somebody* would be glad that I have come back."

"*Somebody!* I don't know who he means."

"Don't you? I must ask him. Jim, Miss Hero wants to know who you mean by somebody?"

"Do she? Then you tell her, sir;" and his eyes twinkled with significance. "Lord

love 'ee," he said with a quiet chuckle, "I knows more than you thinks for. Why, I had a somebody o' my own once upon a time—ah! and as likely a maid as you'd see in a day's walk. 'Twas all plain sailing afore me, as I thought. Howsomedever, close into port, for I'd bought the ring, and was going to put up the bains, I missed stays, and I never managed to get in the right tack afterwards."

"What does he mean?" asked Sir Stephen, with a puzzled expression.

"Why, that just before they were going to be married he offended her, and he could never set things right again. I am sure it is plain enough to understand; and if you keep so in shore, we shall get under the lea of Combe Point, and lose the wind, and then before we can make Winkle you'll have a practical illustration."

"You bain't so handy in a boat as Miss Hero," said Jim, who watched with great pride the instruction she was bestowing upon Sir Stephen. "Why, when her was six her'd handle the oars or the tiller as fitty as another little maid would a dolly."

"Do you remember her then, Jim?" asked Sir Stephen.

"Remember her! I should think I do. Why, I've a got her in my mind's eye from the time her was a dinkey thing hoisted up on the Cap'en's shoulders, till now. Don't 'ee take her from us altogether, sir," he cried out, as the fear of losing her swept over him, "though, as far as a human eye can judge o' a human 'art, you're the one I hopes to see standin' in somebody else's shoes."

"What is that old stupid talking about?" Hero exclaimed, her face getting scarlet at these delicately-conveyed hints. "Jim," she called out, "if you don't hold your tongue this minute, I'll throw the tiller at you."

"No, don't 'ee, Miss Hero, I don't mean nothin' by what I says. Marriage is a honourable institootion in all. Ye know—

> 'The Lord o' weddins did approve,
> And smiled on wedlock's happy love;
> In token of—he gived a sign,
> And lo! the water turned to wine.'"

CHAPTER XVII.—A DINNER PARTY.

THE sail to Winkle resulted in Sir Stephen and Hero being accompanied back to Sharrows by Alice Joslyn, that she might be introduced to the new arrivals; and six o'clock found the two girls, with Captain Carthew between them, setting off to keep their dinner engagement.

The trio were in high spirits; they enjoyed a little outing, and this one being entirely beyond the common order, was an event to them all. The old man looked with pleasurable pride at the two young faces, giving vent to his admiration by trolling out in a voice which was beginning slightly to quaver, "How happy could I be with either!"

"No, no," exclaimed Alice. "You're happy with us both. Leave Sir Stephen to sing that—though," she whispered, "I know which he'd be most happy with, don't you?"

"Alice!" and Hero gave a warning glance in that direction; while the Captain, with a knowing wink of significance and a nudge of the arm in token of his appreciation of the allusion, said—

"Mum's the word."

He was in the habit of teazing his daughter about all sorts of admirers, without thinking very seriously about any of their attentions; therefore, though he had noticed Sir Stephen's evident liking for Hero, he had formed no other conclusion but that he had taken a fancy to her, as it was but natural that any man should do. "Bless her heart! There wasn't another such in the world."

"You think that Sir Stephen will come here to live altogether?" Alice asked.

"So he says," replied the Captain. "He seems to have taken a fancy to the place, and what wonder? Where else, I should like to know, could you see anything like that?" and he wheeled round to look at the sea, over which the sinking sun was casting its warm glow. "He's just the man for Mallett," the Captain continued as they resumed their walk. "Plain sailing; no starch about the gills. That's what I like in a fellow, and if we get him to settle down among us, by Jove! 'twill be the making of old Mallett."

"And how gay we should be certain to get!" exclaimed Hero, executing two or three steps in anticipation. "Only fancy, Alice, a dance at Combe every Christmas at the very least."

"Up the middle and down again," the Captain called out, setting all three into an imaginary "Triumph," which ended in a run that brought them very nearly in sight of the house, where their presence was being anticipated with greater anxiety than any of them could have possibly dreamed of.

The principal interest was centred upon Hero, about whom, from the first mention of her name, Mrs. Prescott's fears had been aroused. Since seeing her, these fears had been greatly increased, and she now only waited for a further opportunity to be assured, that

the opposition she was bent upon making was really necessary.

Mrs. Labouchere's thoughts, as she sat silent and absorbed under her maid's skilful hands, ran solely upon the same subject. "Had Stephen been caught by this girl?" her heart kept repeating with jealous uncertainty; until, her toilette completed, she surveyed her perfectly attired self. Then, almost a smile came into her face as she recalled the straw-hatted, blue-muslined figure. "Surely no, there could never be a thought of rivalry between them;" and with a renewed feeling of security she descended to the drawing-room, where her aunt and Sir Stephen were already sitting.

"What a lovely dress, Katie!" Mrs. Prescott exclaimed as her niece joined them. "Stephen, is it not beautiful?"

"It is indeed, and most becoming," he added, regarding her with visible admiration. "You should always wear those rich shades of colour, Katherine." And, while Katherine smiled a pleased acknowledgment of these, of late, rare compliments, Sir Stephen began to wonder with sudden anxiety how Hero would be dressed. It had not occurred to him before, but now he was filled by a desire that she should look her best, and, in order to be satisfied before she submitted herself to general inspection, he made an excuse for going to speak to Mrs. Tucker, whose room overlooked the approach by which the expected visitors would come.

He had not long to wait, and by the time they reached the door, he was standing ready to bid them welcome. As Hero shook down her soft muslin skirt, Sir Stephen said in an approving tone—

"This is the dress you wore at the dance, is it not? I am glad of that; and have you red roses for your hair?"

"Yes, real ones this time. See," and she held up a couple of fragrant buds, which she had been carefully carrying to pin in on her arrival.

"Delicious!" he said, sniffing their sweetness. "Remember not to pin them too low. Just there is the place," and he touched her bright silky hair with his hand.

"What are they about, my dear?" asked Mrs. Prescott pettishly, as Mrs. Labouchere returned from the survey which her curiosity had led her to take of the party from over the banisters.

Katherine's lips trembled with jealous anger. "Apparently Stephen is engaged in arranging Miss Carthew's hair."

"My son!" exclaimed Mrs. Prescott, starting from her seat. "Really, my dear Katie, you must be mistaken. Why I——" but a movement from Mrs. Labouchere caused her to stop as the half-closed door was thrown open by Sir Stephen, who entered with Captain Carthew. Hero and Alice did not join them until some minutes later, and then so full of excitement were they, and so struck with admiration and astonishment at Mrs. Labouchere's toilette—each portion of which was something new and quite beyond even Dockmouth fashions—that the over-polite greeting and stiff coldness of the two ladies was entirely thrown away and lost.

"Will you take my mother, Captain Carthew?" Sir Stephen said, when dinner was announced, offering his arm to Hero.

"Miss Joslyn, Stephen," Mrs. Prescott half-whispered, giving a significant glance towards Alice.

"Mrs. Labouchere and Miss Joslyn will have the mutual pleasure of going down together," said Sir Stephen; "an advantage which they will both appreciate, but which must never be permitted to them again."

"Why did you take me down?" said Hero, who felt an undue honour had been thrust upon her. "You ought to have taken *her*."

"Who is *her?*" asked Sir Stephen, ready to accept any opportunity for lingering behind.

"You know," and Hero nodded her head towards Mrs. Labouchere. "How lovely she is!"

"The only person I see is lovely——"

"Oh, you're always laughing at me," Hero said with a pretended pout. "I have a great mind to be very cross with you, Sir Stephen."

"Cross because I am telling you the truth, Hero!"

And some mischievous sprite, echoing the sound in Mrs. Prescott's ears, she looked up, and the expression she saw in her son's face made her heart grow sick within her. She went on smiling mechanically to Captain Carthew, hearing without taking in his words, for her thoughts were busy as to what would put the most effectual stop to Stephen's infatuation.

Her more than ordinary silence was put down by Mrs. Labouchere to the usual cause, a coming headache. What other reason could there be? for rarely had Katherine found more occasion to be pleased with Sir Stephen's manner. Towards her he seemed to have suddenly become his old self again. He spoke of the days when they

were children together, recalled to her memory a trivial incident which she fancied he had long forgotten, encouraged the Captain in his out-spoken admiration, and laughingly egged him into paying the most high-flown compliments until Katherine felt triumphantly radiant under the certainty that all was coming to pass as she had willed it. How silly had been her jealousy of a mere child, whom she now saw that Stephen could never for a moment have seriously thought about! This discovery made her thoroughly unbend to Hero, and Sir Stephen, well-pleased to see his cousin adopt this kindly tone, continued in his gratitude to mislead her more completely.

But not so his mother. To her every turn of his face was known by heart, and her quick eye detected the softened expression, which came into his eyes every time they rested upon Hero. "I cannot make her manner out," she thought. "That she sees it I am sure, but she seems rather to ignore than to encourage his attentions. Cunning! artifice! for who would not be eager to secure such a man as Stephen?" And, if not—her motherly love was at once in arms at the bare idea of this country girl, who should never win her son, presuming to disdain his love. "It is evident Katherine does not see it as I do," she added to herself as she gave the signal to retire, "and I must strive to keep her in ignorance. Poor Katey! I can see that she is deceiving herself."

And certainly Katherine was most completely.

The key to this sudden change in Sir Stephen's manner lay in the determination he had come to, that as soon as possible he must hear from Hero's lips the assurance that she loved him. During his absence from her he had repeatedly congratulated himself on the calm tranquillity of his love—a tranquillity which had taken flight at first sight of her sunny face, and which had ever since been working itself into a storm of feverish anxiety. The fear of betraying to others that which he had not yet openly declared to Hero made him impose on himself a greater restraint than usual, and his spirits rising with the hope of speedy happiness led to that light-hearted feeling of freedom which was so bitterly misleading Katherine.

No sooner had he and Captain Carthew joined them in the drawing-room, than Sir Stephen, seizing an opportunity when the others were engaged, drew Hero towards Mrs. Prescott, saying—

"Mother, do you remember what I said to you a little while since about you and Miss Carthew becoming great friends? It will be a very easy task to love her, will it not?" and his whole face seemed to soften and grow tender, as he turned towards Hero, who stood blushing to the roots of her hair.

Mrs. Prescott did not speak, and her son, feeling certain that tears were the cause of her silence, involuntarily put out his hand for an assurance that she understood him; but, instead of tears, Mrs. Prescott was looking straight in front of her with a fixed, hard gaze, and, before Sir Stephen had time to recover from his surprise, she got up, and going over to Alice, said—

"I hope you will sing me something, Miss Joslyn. I am sure you do sing. You have a singing face."

"I don't think my mother can be well this evening," Sir Stephen managed to get out by way of apology. "She does not seem at all herself."

Hero did not answer him; she turned away towards where her father was standing. "It is time that we thought of going, papa," she said.

"Is it, my dear? All right. She's time-keeper," he laughed, addressing Mrs. Prescott. "I used to say it took a good deal to get me out, and a good deal more to get me home, but now I'm under petticoat government. You see I haven't a voice of my own. Take my advice, Prescott, my good fellow, and don't give up your liberty. You keep Cap'en of your own ship as long as you can. Now, Hero, what about this little gathering we propose having? Have you asked these ladies to settle the day?"

"The people about Mallett are very anxious to be introduced to you, Mrs. Prescott," Hero said, hesitating, and with a confusion of manner. "Papa would be so very pleased if you would allow them to meet you at our house."

"Papa would be pleased!" broke in the Captain. "Why, you monkey, it was your own happy suggestion."

"Yes, but I think that you will be a greater inducement, papa."

"Bless her heart!" exclaimed the old man, pinching her already rosy cheek. "She fancies everybody must think as much of her old father as she does. And here's another young monkey just as bad;" and he put his arm round Alice. "Ah, they're a nice pair. I don't know who but me would be bothered with two such rascals."

"Papa, we have not had Mrs. Prescott's

answer yet. I thought, if you had no engagement for next Wednesday or Thursday, or any other day that will suit you and Mrs. Labouchere—all days are alike to us."

"Thank you very much. I am sure you and Captain Carthew are very kind; but I so seldom go out. I have long since given up parties."

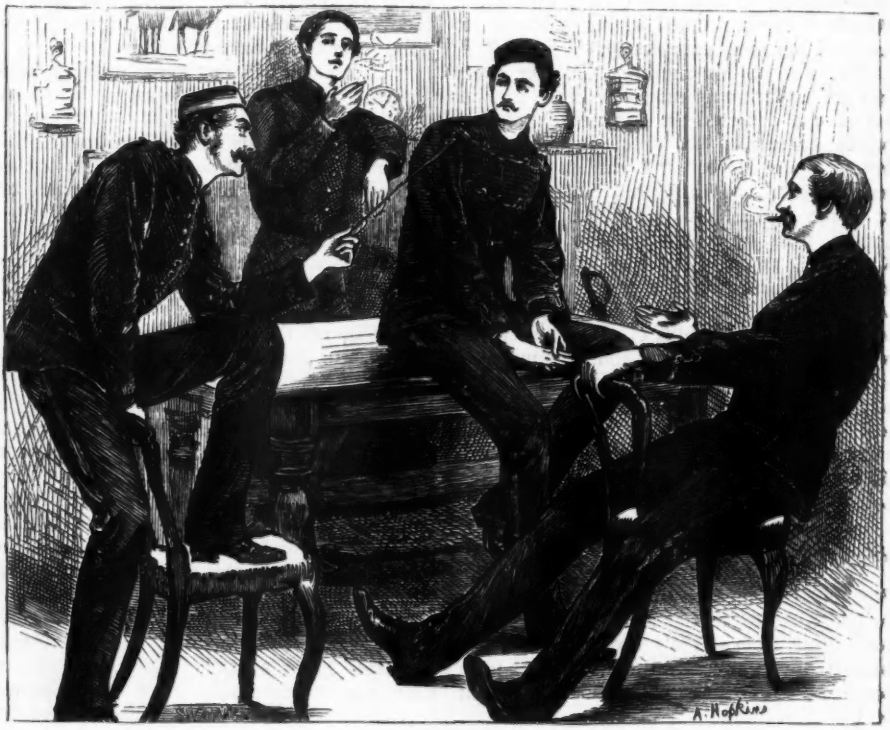
"But this will not be a party. It would be only seeing some people who are very anxious to tell you how glad they are that you have come here."

"I am sure they are very kind; but I really hardly know what to say."

And she looked imploringly at Katherine.

"Say that you will go, aunt; for I am sure you will make the effort, as you always do, to give others pleasure. I shall quite look forward to it. I think we might say Wednesday—if that is perfectly convenient to Miss Carthew, and suits Stephen."

Sir Stephen felt he could have hugged Katherine in his gratitude. As it was, he took hold of her hand, and gave it a silent



Page 298.

squeeze, never noticing the quick blood which leapt into her pale face at the remembrance that this was the first voluntary pressure he had ever bestowed since that hand had gone out of his recognised keeping.

So it is with the very best of us. So self-absorbed had Sir Stephen become, that it never once entered into his mind to recollect that Katherine could not see his reasons, his altered resolves, his fresh resolutions.

Mrs. Prescott shook her head.

"You see, I have my despot," she said to Captain Carthew, "and if Wednesday will really suit you, in spite of my perhaps seeming not to appreciate Miss Carthew's thoughtfulness, I shall be happy to accept your very kind invitation."

"I am going to smoke a cigar, mother," Sir Stephen said; "so, if you and Katherine have retired before I return, good night."

"Are you coming with us?" Alice asked, as they stepped into the full moon's light. "Then, do let us go home by Sharrow Sands."

"Oh, no, it is much too late, Alice."

"Fiddle-string nonsense, too late!" ex-

claimed the Captain. "It won't be too late for you two fellows' tongues to go running on at nineteen knots the hour for half the night long. I know you both. Come along, Ally, my girl, and we'll have 'Lovely night, lovely night,' or 'Meet me by moonlight alone.' Come, which shall it be, for 'my heart, my heart is breaking for the love of Alice Gray.'"

While these snatches of appropriate melody were being indulged in, Sir Stephen had taken Hero's hand, and drawn it through his arm.

"It was silly to put the Sands into papa's head," she said; "the walk home is quite long enough, and I am tired."

"Are you?"

And Sir Stephen took her hand; but, before he could hold it in his own, Hero had drawn herself away from him, saying—

"We cannot walk arm-in-arm. I have my dress to hold up." And she gathered the muslin round her.

"One hand will do for that," Sir Stephen said; "give me the other." And this time he let hers rest on his arm, and they walked on without speaking, Sir Stephen silent, because he could only talk on one subject, and the place was not yet reached where he could ask the question which was repeating itself in every pulse and beat of his heart; Hero not talking, because she had determined she would no longer delay speaking about Leo, and the easiest way to broach the subject would be, by allowing Sir Stephen to remark on her taciturnity.

But this, to her disappointment, Sir Stephen did not intend doing; and she was at length forced to say herself—

"How very silent we both are!"

"Are we?" and, the pathway ended, he gave a deep sigh of relief.

Poor Hero! she could have echoed the sound, at which her heavy heart sank still deeper down. She felt it was right that Sir Stephen should know that she was not free and unfettered, as he thought her; but the feeling which prompted her to tell him was accompanied with a bitterness, such as she had never known before, as if she were putting an end to all her happiness; and her repeated self-assurance that it would make no difference to Sir Stephen, and that they should still continue friends, did not soften the pain one atom.

With these separate objects to be attained, neither of them had offered any opposition to a little lagging; so that Captain Carthew and Alice were tolerably well ahead, and out of sight, by the time they reached the rocks where the bay opened out.

Here they stood, and silently gazed at the calm waves swiftly gliding up the great stretch of pale yellow sand, until, arrested by a mighty hand, they retired murmuring and slow, leaving behind myriads of gemmed and sparkling drops. Not a sound was to be heard but the sea's hushed melody; saving themselves, not a living thing was to be seen. The clouds, rolled up in great masses of feathery down, shrank back from the luminous trail in which the moon, shedding her soft light on all around, sat calmly shining.

Familiarity had but endeared the scene to Hero, and, after she had stood for some moments drinking in its witchery, involuntarily she turned towards Sir Stephen. Her eyes met his, that which lay around vanished, and a little shiver ran through her, for she saw there was to be no more delay.

Only an instant before, and the words which Sir Stephen meant to say lay on his lips; but now they were gone—drowned in the great surge which rushed into his heart, and set it beating so wildly, that the very power of speech seemed forgotten. The moon hid herself behind an attendant cloud, and, before she again unveiled her splendour, Stephen Prescott held Hero to his heart, and the passionate love which had taken sudden possession of him was no longer a secret from her.

Had she spoken before? Was it because he would not listen that she cried out in a voice sharp and strained—

"No! no! Sir Stephen!" and then, as if with the knife which was to sever them she first pierced her own heart, she added slowly, "I—I am engaged already."

As in the midst of wedding chimes discordant comes the passing bell, so Sir Stephen heard these words. They fell upon his ear, and then, dropping down within him, made his heart of a sudden cease its quick motion, his tingling pulses die away, and the nervous strength, which a minute before had made his arms seem iron bands, relax and fail him; and, with no power to stay her, Hero released herself, and again they stood side by side looking at the calm bay, the yellow sands, and the moonlit waves, but seeing nothing but the dark shadow which had fallen between them.

THE COLLIERS OF CARRICK.

COMPARATIVELY few of the many hundreds of tourists who flock every summer to that part of Scotland which the guide-books have styled "The Land of Burns" find their way farther south than "Alloway's auld haunted kirk" and the famous "brig" which lay so opportunely in Tam o' Shanter's line of retreat. When the weather is clear, they get a distant view of the hills, which rise beyond the Doon with no striking outlines, nor with sufficient loftiness to form a notable feature in the remoter landscape. And yet if the visitor whose time and route are at his own disposal will bravely penetrate these far uplands, he will find much, both in the way of scenery and of historic and legendary interest, to reward his enterprise. It is a lonely pastoral region, deeply trenched with long and narrow valleys, which in their seaward portions are often well wooded, and then contrast with the singularly bare though verdant aspect of the high grounds on either side. The whole of that district was called in old times Carrick — a Celtic name still in use among the people, and descriptive of the rugged, rocky character of most of the surface. The bones of the country seem indeed everywhere to be sticking through the scanty skin of soil and turf; and yet the abundant droves of black-faced sheep and black cattle, and the stores of excellent butter and cheese which every year come out of these hills to the great markets, bear witness to the excellence of the pasture. It might have been hoped that in so rocky a tract minerals of some sort would be found to compensate for the comparative poorness of the surface. Many a viewer and "prospector" has scoured the sides of the hills and valleys. Copper, lead, and iron in small quantities have been found; but there seems no probability that the pastoral character of the country will ever be to any serious extent disturbed by mining operations. And yet, curiously enough, in one of the deep valleys on the northern margin of the hilly tracts of Carrick a small coal-field exists —a little bit of the great Scottish coal-field, which by some ancient revolution of the surface has got detached from the rest, and become, as it were, jammed in between the two steep sides of the valley of the Girvan.

The colliers of Scotland have been in all time a distinct and a superstitious population. For many a long century they and the makers of salt were slaves, bought and sold with the land on which they were born, and from which they had no more right to remove themselves than if they had been of African descent, and born in Carolina. Customs and beliefs which had gradually died out elsewhere naturally lingered for a time among the colliers; and indeed until the general use of steam machinery and the invasion of an Irish labouring population, the Scottish miners maintained much of their singularity. Down in that little coal-field of Carrick, however, shut out from the rest of the mining districts, and even in no small degree from the country at large, the colliers preserved until only a few years ago many traits which we are accustomed to think had died out several generations before. No railway came near the place; no highway led through it. Lying near the sea, it yet could boast of no good harbour within reach, to stimulate the coal industry. Even the local demand for coal was too small to admit of any extensive workings; and so the mining population continued in the same quaint old ways which it had been used to for a century or two, keeping up, among other things, many of its characteristic superstitions.

Some years ago, on geological errand bent, I had occasion to pass a number of months in that sequestered locality, and to mingle with the colliers themselves, as well as their employers. In this way I was led to glean reminiscences of habits and beliefs, now nearly as extinct as the fossils in the rocks which were the more special objects of research. These gleanings, as illustrative of former phases of our rural population, are perhaps not unworthy of record. I propose, therefore, in the present paper to relate an incident, perhaps one of the most tragic in the history of coal-mining in this country, which occurred in this little Girvan coal-field, and which furnishes examples of several of the more characteristic features of the old Scottish collier.

In the quiet churchyard of Dailly, within hearing of the gurgle of the Girvan and the sough of the old pines of Dalquharran, lie the unmarked graves of generations of colliers; but among them is one with a tombstone bearing the following inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF
JOHN BROWN, COLLIER,
who was enclosed in
Kilgrammie Coal-pit, by a portion of it having fallen in,
Oct. 8th, 1835,
and was taken out alive,
and in full possession of his mental faculties,
but in a very exhausted state,
Oct. 31st,

having been twenty-three days in utter seclusion
from the world, and without a particle of food.
He lived for three days after,
having quietly expired on the evening of
Nov. 3rd,
Aged 66 years.

Three weeks without food in the depths of the earth! It seemed hardly credible, and I set myself to gather such recollections as might still remain. I discovered that a narrative of the circumstances had been published shortly after the date of their occurrence; but I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of people who were resident in the district during the calamity, and from whom I obtained details which do not seem ever to have found their way into print. Much of my information was derived from an old collier who was one of the survivors. His narrative and that of the other contemporaries of the event brought out in a strong light the superstition of the colliers, and furnished additional evidence as to one of the longest survivals without food of which authentic record exists.

On the 6th October, 1835, in a remote part of the old coal-mine of Kilgrammie, near Dailly, John Brown, the hero of this tragedy, was at work alone. Sixty-six years of age, but hale in body and full of fun and joke, he had long been a favourite with his fellow-workmen, more especially with the younger colliers, whom his humour and story-telling used to bring to his side when their own term of work was done. Many a time would they take his pick from him, and finish his remaining task, while he sat on the floor of the mine, and gave them his racy chat in return. On the day in question he was apart from the others, at the far end of a roadway. While there, an empty waggon came rumbling along the rails, and stopped within a foot of the edge of the hole in which his work lay. Had it gone a few inches further, it would have fallen upon him, and deprived him either of limb or life. There seemed something so thoughtless in such an act, that he came up to see which of his fellow-workmen could have been guilty of it. But nobody was there. He shouted along the dark mine; but no sound came back, save the echo of his own voice. That evening, when the men had gathered round the village fires, the incident of the waggon was matter of earnest talk. Everybody scorned the imputation of having, even in mere thoughtlessness, risked a life in the pit. Besides, nobody had been in that part of the workings except Brown himself. He fully acquitted them, having an explanation of his own to account for the movements of the waggon. He had known such things happen before, he said, and was persuaded that it could only be the devil, who seemed much more ready to push along empty hutches, and so endanger men's lives, than to give any miner help in pushing them when full.

In truth, this story of the waggon came in the end to have a significance little dreamt of at the time. It proved to have been the first indication of a "crush" in the pit—that is, a falling in of the roof. The coal-seam was a thick one, and in extracting it, massive pillars, some sixteen or seventeen feet broad and forty to fifty feet long, were left to keep the roof up. At first, half of the coal only was taken out; but after some progress had been made, the pillars were reduced in size, so as to let a third more of the seam be removed. This, of course, was a delicate operation, since the desire to get as much coal out of the mine as possible led to the risk of paring down the pillars so far as to make them too weak for the enormous weight they had to bear. Such a failure of support led to a "crush." The weakened pillars were crushed to fragments, and at the same time the floor of the pit, under the enormous and unequal pressure, was here and there squeezed up even to the roof. Such was the disaster that now befel the coal-pit of Kilgrammie, and it had been the early disturbance of level heralding the final catastrophe which sent the empty waggon along the roadway.

For a couple of days cracks and grinding noises went on continuously in the pit, the levels of the rails got more and more altered, and though the men remained at work, it became hourly more clear that part of the workings would now need to be abandoned. At last, on the 8th October, the final crash came suddenly and violently. The huge weight of rock under which the galleries ran settled down solidly on them with a noise and shock which, spreading for a mile or two up and down the quiet vale of the Girvan, were set down at the time as the passing of an earthquake. Over the site of the mine itself the ground was split open into huge rents for a space of several acres, the dam of a pond gave way, and the water rushed off, while the horses at the mouth of the pit took fright, and came scampering, masterless and in terror, into the little village, the inhabitants of which rushed out of doors, and were standing in wonderment as to what had happened.

But the disasters above ground were only a feeble indication of the terrors underneath. Constant exposure to risk hardens a man against an appreciation of his dangers, and even makes him, it may be, foolhardy. The Kilgrammie colliers had continued their work with reckless disregard of consequences, until at last the cry arose among them that the roof was settling down. First they made a rush to the bottom of the shaft, in hopes of being pulled up by the engine. But by this time the shaft had become involved in the ruin of the roof. A second shaft stood at a little distance; but this too they found to be closed. Every avenue of escape cut off, and amid the hideous groanings and grindings of the sunken ground, the colliers had retreated to a part of the workings where the pillars yet stood firm. Fortunately, one of them remembered an old tunnel, or "day-level," running from the mine for more than half a mile to the Brunston Holm, on the banks of the Girvan, and made originally to carry off the underground water. They were starting to find the entrance to this tunnel, when they noticed, for the first time, that John Brown was not among them. Two of the younger men (one of whom has told me the story) started back through the falling part of the workings, and found the old man at his post, working as unconcernedly as if he had been digging potatoes in his own garden. With some difficulty they persuaded him to return with them, and were in the act of hurrying him along, when he remembered that in the haste he had left his jacket behind. In vain they tried to drag him along. "The jacket was a new one," he said; "and as for the pit, he had been at a crush before now, and would win through it this time too." So, with a spring backwards, he tore himself away from them, and dived into the darkness of the mine in search of his valued garment. Hardly, however, had he parted from them, when the roof between him and them came down with a crash. They managed to rejoin their comrades; John Brown was sealed up within the mine, most probably, as they thought, crushed to death between the ruins of the roof and floor.

Those who have ever by any chance peeped into the sombre mouth of the day-level of a coal-pit will realise what the colliers had now to do to make good their escape. The tunnel had been cut simply as a drain; dark water and mud filled it almost to the roof. For more than half a mile they had to walk, or rather to crouch along in a stooping posture through this conduit, the water often up to their shoulders, sometimes, indeed, with barely room for their heads to pass between the surface of the slimy water and the rough roof above. But at length they reached the bright daylight as it streamed over the green holms and autumn woods of the Girvan, no man missing save him whom they had done their best to rescue. They were the first to bring the tidings of their escape to the terrified village.

No attempt could at first be made to save the poor fellow. As the colliers themselves said, not even a creel, or little coal-basket, could get down the crushed shaft of the pit. The catastrophe happened on a Wednesday, and when Sunday came the parish minister, Dr. Hill—afterwards a conspicuous man in the Church of Scotland—made it the subject of a powerful appeal to his people. In the words of a lady, who was then, and is still, resident in the neighbourhood, "he made us feel deeply the horror of knowing that a human being was living beneath our feet, dying a most fearful death. On the Sunday following we met with the conviction that whatever the man's sufferings had been, they were at last over, and that he had been dead some days. On the third Sunday the event had begun to pass away."

After the lapse of some days the cracking and groaning of the broken roof had so far abated, that it became possible once more to get down into the pit. The first efforts were, of course, directed towards that part of the workings where the body was believed to be lying. But the former roadways were found to be so completely blocked up, that no approach to the place could be had, save by cutting a new tunnel through the ruins. This proved to be a work of great labour and difficulty; for not only were the materials extremely hard through which the new passage must be cut: a dead body lay in the pit, and awakened all the superstition of the colliers. At times they would work well, but their ears were ever on the alert for strange weird noises, and often would they come rushing out from the working in terror at the unearthly gibberings which ever and anon would go soughing through the mine.

A fortnight had passed away. The lessee, like the rest of the inhabitants, believed poor Brown to be already dead, and brought a gang of colliers from another part of the county to help in clearing out and re-opening his coal-pit. But a party of the men continued at work upon the tunnel that was to lead to the body. They cut through the hard crushed

roof a long passage, just wide enough to let a man crawl along it upon his elbows, and at last, early on the morning of the twenty-third day after the accident, they struck through the last part of the ruined mass into the open workings beyond. The rush of foul air from these workings put out their lights, and compelled them to retreat. One of their number was dispatched to upper air for a couple of boards, or corn-sieves, or any broad flat thing he could lay hands upon, with which they might advance into the workings, and waft the air about, so as to mix it, and make it more breathable. Some time had to elapse before the messenger could make the circuitous journey, and meanwhile the foulness of the air had probably lessened. When the sieves came one of the miners agreed to advance into the darkness, and try to create a current of air; the rest were to follow. In a minute or two, however, he rejoined them, almost speechless with fright. In winnowing the air with his arms, he had struck against a waggon standing on the roadway, and the noise he had made was followed by a distinct groan. A younger member of the gang volunteered to return with him. Advancing as before, the same waggon stopped them as their sieves came against the end of it, and again there rose from out of the darkness of the mine a faint, but audible, groan. Could it be the poor castaway, or was it only another wile of the arch enemy to lure two colliers more to their fate? Gathering up all the courage that was left in him, one of them broke the awful silence of the place by solemnly demanding, "If that's your ain groan, John Brown, in the name o' God, gie anither." They listened, and after the echoes of his voice had ceased they heard another groan, coming apparently from the roadway only a few yards ahead. They crept forward, and found their companion—alive.

In a few seconds the other colliers, who had been anxiously awaiting the result, were also beside the body of John Brown. They could not see it, for they had not yet resumed their lights; but they could feel that it had the death-like chill of a corpse. Stripping off their jackets and shirts, they lay with their naked backs next to him, trying to restore a little warmth to his hardly living frame. His first words, uttered in a scarcely audible whisper, were, "Gie me a drink." Fearful of endangering the life which they had been the means of so marvellously saving, they only complied so far with his wish as to dip the sleeve of a coat in one of the little runnels which were trickling down the walls of the mine, and to moisten his lips with it. He pushed it from him, asking them "no to mak' a fule o' him." A little water refreshed him, and then, in the same strangely sepulchral whisper, he said, "Eh, boys, but ye've been lang o' coming."

Word was now sent to the outer world that John Brown had been found, and was yet living. The lessee came down, the doctor was sent for, and preparations were made to have the sufferer taken up to daylight again. And here one of the strangest parts of the story must be told:—If by chance the reader has ever been in a coal-pit, he may have remarked that upon the decayed timber props and old wooden boardings an unseemly growth of a white and yellow fungus often takes root, hanging in loathsome tufts and bunches from the sides or roofs wherever the wood is decaying. After being cautiously pushed through the newly-cut passage, John Brown was placed on the lessee's knees on the cage in which they were to be pulled up by the engine. As they rose into daylight, a sight which had only been faintly visible in the feeble lamplight below presented itself, never seen before, and never to be forgotten. That same loathsome fungus had spread over the poor collier's body as it would have done over a rotting log. His beard had grown bristly during his confinement, and all through the hairs this white fungus had taken root. His master, as the approaching daylight made the growth more visible, began to pull off the fungus threads, but (as he told me himself) his hand was pushed aside by John, who asked him, "Na, noo, wad ye kittle (tickle) me?"

By nine o'clock on that Friday morning, three-and-twenty days after he had walked out of his cottage for the last time, John Brown was once more resting on his own bed. A more ghastly figure could hardly be pictured. His face had not the pallor of a fainting fit or of death, but wore a strange sallow hue like that of a mummy. His flesh seemed entirely gone, nothing left but the bones, under a thin covering of leather-like skin. This was specially marked about his face, where, in spite of the growth of hair, every bone looked as if it were coming through the skin, and his eyes, brightened into unnatural lustre, were sunk far into his skull. The late Dr. Sloan, of Ayr, who visited him, told me that to such a degree was the body wasted, that in putting the hand over the pit of the stomach, one could distinctly feel the inner surface of the back-

bone. Every atom of fatty matter in the body seems to have been consumed.

Light food was sparingly administered, and he appeared to revive, and would insist on being allowed to speak and tell of his experiences in the pit. He had no food with him all the time of his confinement. Once before, when locked up underground by a similar accident, he had drunk the oil from his lamp and had thereby sickened himself; so that this time, though he had both oil and tobacco with him, he had tasted neither. For some days he was able to walk about in the open uncrushed part of the mine, where too he succeeded in supplying himself with water to drink. But in the end, as he grew weaker, he had stumbled across the roadway and fallen into the position in which he was found. The trickle of water ran down the mine close to him, and was for a time the only sound he could hear, but he could not reach it. When asked if he had not despaired of ever being restored to the upper air, he assured his questioners that he had never for a moment lost the belief that he would be rescued. He had heard them working towards him, and from the intervals of silence and sound he was able, after a fashion, to measure the passing of time. It would seem, too, that he had been subject either to vivid dreams or to a wandering of the mind when awake, for he thanked again and again the sister of his master for her great kindness in visiting him in the pit and cheering him up as she did.

On the Sunday afternoon when some of his old comrades were sitting round the bedside, he turned to them with an anxious puzzled look and said, "Ah boys, when I win through this, I've a queer story to tell ye." But that was not to be. His constitution had received such a shake as even its uncommon strength could not overcome. That evening it became only too plain that the apparent recovery of appetite and spirits had been but the last flicker of the lamp of life. Later in the night he died.

So strange a tragedy made a deep impression on the people of that sequestered district. Everybody who could, made his way into the little cottage to see a man who, as it were, had risen from the dead, and no doubt this natural craving led to an amount of noise and excitement in the room, by no means very favourable to the recovery of the sufferer. But this was not all. A new impetus came to the fading superstitions of the colliery population. Not a few of his old work-fellows, though they saw him in bodily presence lying in his own bed and chatting as he used to do, nay, even though they followed him to the grave, refused to believe that what they saw was John Brown's body at all, or at least that it was his soul which animated it. They had seen so many wiles of the devil below ground, and had so often narrowly escaped with their lives from his treachery, that they shrewdly suspected this to be some new snare of his for the purpose of entrapping and carrying off some of their number.

A post-mortem examination followed. But even that sad evidence of mortality failed to convince some of the more stubbornly superstitious. The late Dr. Sloan, who took part in the examination, told me that after it was over, and when he emerged from the little cottage, a group of old colliers who had been patiently waiting the result outside came up to him with the inquiry, "Doctor, did ye fin' his feet?" It certainly had not occurred to him to make any special investigation of the extremities, and he confessed that he had not, though surprised at the oddity of the question. He inquired in turn why they should have wished the feet particularly looked to. A grave shake of the head was the only reply he could get at the time, but he soon found out that had he examined the feet, he would have found them not to be human extremities at all, but bearing that cloven character which Scottish tradition has steadily held to be one of the characteristic and ineffaceable features of the deil, no matter under what disguise he may be pleased to appear.

And even when the grave had closed over the wasted remains of the poor sufferer, people were still seeing visions and getting warnings. His ghost haunted the place for a time, until at last the erection of a tombstone by the parishioners with the inscription already quoted, written by the parish minister, slowly brought conviction to the minds of the incredulous. Many a story, however, still lingers of the kind of sights and sounds seen as portents after this sad tragedy. I shall give only one, told to me by an old collier, whose grandmother was a well-known witch, and who himself retained evidently more belief in her powers than he cared to acknowledge in words. Not long after John Brown's death, one of the miners returned unexpectedly from his work in the forenoon, and to the surprise of his wife appeared in front of their cottage. She was in the habit, unknown to him, of solacing herself in the early part of the day with a

bottle of porter. On the occasion in question, the bottle stood toasting pleasantly before the fire when the form of the "gude-man" came in sight. In a moment she had driven in the cork and thrust the bottle underneath the blankets of the box-bed, when he entered, and, seating himself by the fire, began to light his pipe. In a little while the warmed porter managed to expel the cork and to escape in a series of very ominous guggles from underneath the clothes. The poor fellow was outside in an instant crying, "Anither warning, Meg! rin, rin, the house is fa'ing." But Meg "kenn'd what was what fu' brawly," and made for the bed in time to save only the last dregs of her intended potation.

Most of the actors in the sad story have passed away and now rest beneath the same green sod which covers the remains of John Brown. With the last generation, too, has died out much of the hereditary superstition. For a railway now runs through the coal-field. Strangers come and settle in the district. An increasing Irish element appears in the population, and thus the old manners and customs are rapidly becoming mere traditions in the place. Even grandsons and great-grandsons of the old women who "kept the country-side in fear," affect to hold lightly the powers and doings of their progenitors, though there are still a few who while seemingly half-ashamed to claim supernatural power for their "grannies," gravely assert that the latter had means of finding things out, and, though bed-ridden, of getting their wishes fulfilled, which to say the least were very inexplicable. To these fading superstitions and other characteristics of the miners of the Vale of Girvan, I may return in a future paper.

ARCH. GEIKIE.

HELIGOLAND.

"Grön is dat Land,
Rohd de Kant,
End witt de Sand,
Dat is dat Wapen von Helgoland!"

("Green is the land,
Red the cliff,
And white the sand—
These form the arms of Heligoland.")

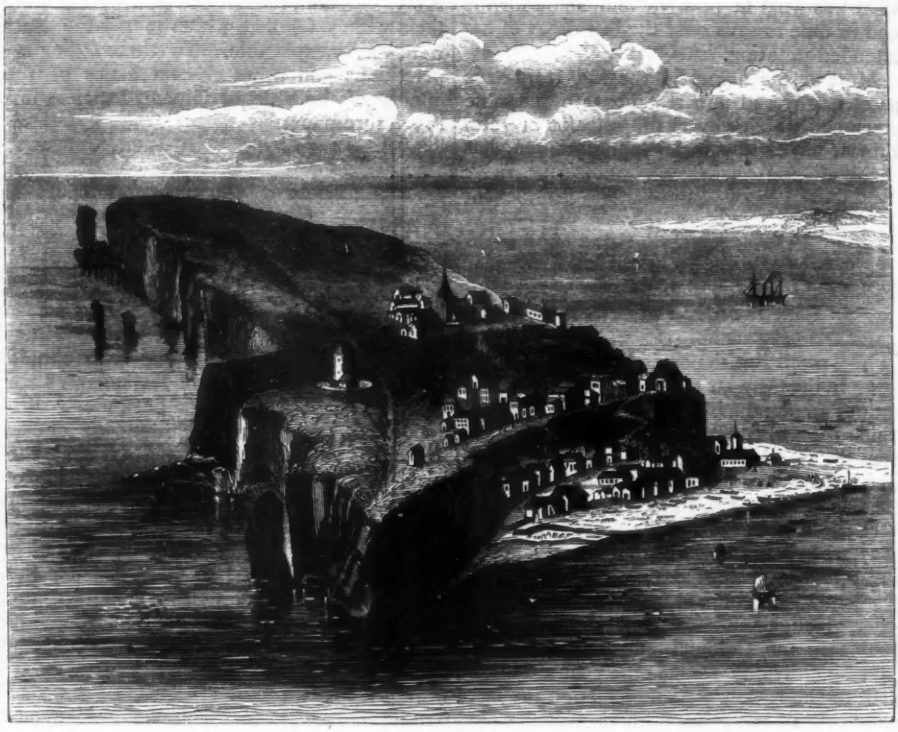
OLD FRISIAN.

THE small British possession of Heligoland in the German Ocean is one of the most curious among the islands and continents over which the British flag waves. It was taken from the Danes at the time when the Cape of Good Hope was taken from the Dutch and the Isle of France and the Island of Bourbon were taken from the French. From the year 1807, when a British garrison was first landed, down to the present day, when five coast-guardsmen are the principal upholders of order, Heligoland has given little if any trouble to the Colonial Office, and has received hardly any notice either from Parliament or the nation. At intervals, in the last two years, a rumour has been circulated, only to be contradicted officially, that Prince Bismarck was resolved upon annexing the island and that the islanders were burning to escape from the heavy yoke of the British Government, and to range themselves under the benignant sway of the German Emperor. During the currency of these false rumours, the British public has preserved an attitude of sublime indifference, attributable to absolute ignorance. If that alleged pattern of omniscience, the modern schoolboy, were asked to give an account of Heligoland, he would probably answer that it was a small island in the German Ocean, and the subject of one of Campbell's poems. Any one who should turn to the "Death Boat of Heligoland" for further information would be bitterly disappointed. An opinion current in circles supposed to be well-informed is, that the island being overrun, and undermined by rabbits, is in imminent danger of annihilation owing to the ceaseless ravages of these diligent and destructive animals. The fact that not a single rabbit is to be found on the island of Heligoland, does not hinder the fiction from being repeated and unhesitatingly accepted as a piece of interesting contemporary history.

Suppose that a tourist in quest of information, of change, or of health, should determine upon a visit to Heligoland, he will find, on inquiry, that though the island is not many hours sail from our coasts, there is no direct communication between it and this country. Although the Isle of Man, the Scilly Isles, the Channel Islands, even far distant and romantic St. Helena, may be reached in an English vessel, yet, in order to reach Heligoland, otherwise than in a private yacht, a journey must first be made to Bremen, Cuxhaven, or Hamburg. Nor do regular passenger steamers run from the latter ports to the island at any other period of the year than between the second week in June and the

last week in September. Three months and a-half form the season of the stranger and the harvest-time of the Heligolander. During the remainder of the year Heligoland is almost as retired a place of abode as was the island of San Juan Fernandez before the advent of the savages.

The steamer *Cuxhaven*, which plies between Hamburg and Helgoland, is a large, commodious, and fast boat. The passenger who steps on board at ten in the morning is landed on the island at five in the evening. Half the trip is made in the Elbe. On the right bank of the river, immediately after leaving Hamburg, the prospect is imposing. Forests of bare masts in the stream stand out in relief against green-wooded heights in the background. Huge ocean-going steamers are preparing to sail for America, or are landing their passengers and cargo after a voyage across the Atlantic. If one of them is outward bound, her deck will be covered with emigrants, singing the "Watch on the Rhine," who have resolved to keep their watch over the Rhine by settling on the banks of the Mississippi. Farther down the stream, the



right bank is covered with neat and tasteful villas, nestling in crevices on the heights, while the left bank is a low, green, expanse of grazing land. At Cuxhaven, a stoppage is made to land and embark passengers. From this point the river is left behind, and the North sea is entered. After an hour's rapid steaming an object resembling a cloud is discernible at the horizon. Gradually this vague and formless mass acquires shape, consistency, and colour. The unaided eye soon discerns a patch of green, and a strip of red flaked with dots of white, and the whole resolves itself into an island partially covered with houses. This is Heligoland. The top of the island is covered with a carpet of green grass, the cliffs are masses of red sandstone, while the houses and the sand are as white as driven snow. Hence the national colours. As I note these things, suddenly, from the vicinity of the lighthouse, a tongue of flame flashes forth, then a wreath of smoke ascends, and lastly a sharp report is heard. Three times repeated, this forms the customary welcome to Heligoland. At the distance of about

half a mile from the low-lying shore, upon which human beings are standing thickly and boats are drawn up, the steamer suddenly stops, and the anchor falls to the bottom with a whirr, which reminds any one who has heard a mitrailleuse in battle of death-dealing bullets flying about by the score.

The natives put off in boats to meet the steamer, and to convey the passengers on shore. At first sight the boatmen appear wanting in muscle and pluck. No fewer than three tug at a single oar, nor do their combined efforts serve to propel the rather lumbering craft at a rapid rate through the heaving water. The disproportionate number of rowers is due to a universal desire to share in the proceeds. After entering the boat, the inexperienced visitor is startled by the demand made by the steersman. Twelve "schillings" are asked for the service rendered. This seems exorbitant to any one unacquainted with the peculiarities of the currency, which is that of Hamburg. Thirteen Hamburg "schillings" go to one English shilling; so that the boatmen are not more extortionate than Thames watermen or London cabmen. There is neither fixed landing stage nor pier, a movable plank being all the accommodation afforded. The spectators are numerous and attentive. The steamer's arrival is the excitement of the day or week, and the visitors and natives, who have nothing else to do, occupy themselves in noting the demeanour and looks of the new-comers. As the natives speak Frisian, the German is not annoyed by observations which he fails to interpret, while the ordinary English tourist, to whom high and low German are alike as Hebrew or Sanscrit, and whose only accomplishment as a linguist consists in speaking an unknown tongue he is pleased to call French, would not experience any unpleasantness at remarks made upon his appearance and demeanour. Offers of service are frequent; small boys are ready to carry packages in the hope of earning "schillings." The first thing to be decided is the part of the town in which the visitor desires to dwell. The one half is on the beach, the other upon the heights, the distance between the two amounting to a climb of about two hundred steps. Suppose the stairs ascended and the Upper-land reached, and the visitor ensconced in the "Stadt London," or any other of the hotels open for his reception, his first impression is a very curious one. On either hand and in front, as far as the eye reaches, nothing but rolling waves are visible. The new-comer can with difficulty disabuse himself of the notion that he is on the upper deck of an enormous ocean steamer. It is only when, on looking directly downward, he observes houses at his feet, that he realises the fact that he is still on solid land.

The lower town, built upon a narrow slip of flat land, at the base of the cliffs, contains the larger number of houses. Here is the Conversation House, which is a combined hotel, restaurant, and tea-garden. In the garden an excellent band plays once or twice daily during the season; in the ball-room, which is large enough to hold five hundred persons, dancing goes on in the evening. Till the year 1871 an upper chamber was converted into a gaming room, containing a roulette table and a faro table. Here the visitors were supposed to amuse themselves by losing their money. The proprietors of the tables paid a considerable sum yearly for the privilege of making their fortunes. The sum they paid went into the island treasury, and enabled the current expenses to be defrayed without a call upon the inhabitants to pay more than a trifle in taxes. But the decree went forth from the Colonial Office that gaming was to be abolished, alike in Heligoland and Hong Kong, and the Governors of both possessions had no option but to give effect to their instructions. Many and loud were the protests made by the Heligolanders. They did not so much object to the abolition of gaming as to the imposition of taxes. They cared less about the benefit done to public morality than about the personal loss to which they were subjected. However, the gaming rooms were finally closed, the gaming implements sold, and the visitors who now come for relaxation must find it in some other way than by getting rid of their spare cash around a green table in a hot room. A small theatre, conducted under the Governor's direct supervision, furnishes the opportunity for an evening's harmless enjoyment. The company is generally first-class, the contribution generously given out of the Governor's own purse, added to the receipts, constituting a fund which amply remunerates the players, and renders their summer season in Heligoland satisfactory in every respect. The bathing establishment is another companion building in the Lower-land. Here baths of all kinds are to be had, the management having also under its control the bathing arrangements in the open sea. During the past year the bathing establishment was purchased and it is now managed by the island autho-

rities. A fine swimming bath has been constructed for use in boisterous weather; sea water, brought from a distance of 600 feet, is pumped into this bath in a continuous stream, entering at one end through an ornamental lion's head. Lodging houses are numerous in this part of the island. They bear the names of distinguished persons, such as the Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge. Here lives Dr. von Aschen, a skilful and famous German medical man, who for years back has given his valuable services to the dwellers in and visitors to Heligoland, who is an acknowledged authority all over the Continent on sea-bathing, and who maintains that no sea-bathing in Europe is so good and so curative as that of Heligoland. Nor must the chemist's shop be overlooked. Standing in the thoroughfare leading from the beach towards the steps leading to the Upper-land, it challenges the notice of the passer-by by the royal arms of Great Britain appearing above the door, with the inscription over them of "Government Apothecary."

Mounting the steps which lead to the Upper-land, the stranger remarks girls ascending and descending them at all hours of the day, with pitchers slung to the ends of a piece of wood carried on their shoulders. On ascending, they carry up the pitchers filled with water drawn from a well at the foot. This is the principal and best spring of fresh water in the island, the others being brackish. Tanks attached to the houses catch and hold rain-water, but for drinking purposes the spring-water is naturally preferred. Conspicuous among the buildings in the Upper-land are several hotels and lodging-houses. Indeed, nearly every one of the hundred houses standing here is a lodging-house during the season. The rooms are small, but even in the humblest house they are exquisitely clean and neat. A conspicuous building standing apart at the southern end, is the post-office, as a signboard over the door shows. A notice in German intimates that the box closes on post days at a fixed hour after the steamer's arrival. Heligoland has its own postage stamps. These are modern innovations. They are tastefully executed, and as curiosities are well worthy the attention of collectors. A flagstaff from which the Union Jack waves on suitable occasions adjoins the post-office; and close to the verge of the cliff are the defensive works. The battery reminded me of that which is supposed to guard Monaco from sudden attack. If the guns were charged with ball, or the mortars with shell, the gunners who fired them would be in as great danger as the foe against whom they were directed. Fortunately for the gunner in charge, he has nothing more serious to do than to fire signals or salutes with blank cartridge. Recently, the battery has been strengthened by some breech-loading Armstrong guns, so that the security of the island against sudden capture may be now regarded as absolute. More generally useful than the battery is the lighthouse, situated on the opposite side of the island. It is a substantial structure of about an hundred feet high, rising to a height of three hundred feet above the sea-level. For a distance of twenty miles round its warning light can be discerned. This lighthouse was constructed three years after the island passed into our hands. It replaced an old beacon which had been burning there nightly ever since 1673, and which was fed with coal. The labour of carrying up the coal was enormous. As much as four thousand pounds weight was sometimes consumed in a long winter's night. Old pilots used to shake their heads when asked their opinion of the change. They held that the beacon-fire cast a better light than the lamp with its reflectors; that is, they preferred the old to the new. A striking illustration of the violence of the storms which rage around this island is furnished by the fact that, though the top of the lighthouse is three hundred feet above the surface of the water, yet when a heavy gale blows, spray, and sand, and sea-weed are dashed against the lantern.

The church, a plain edifice with a square tower, stands on the Upper-land. It is two or three centuries old, and is in great want of repair. Internally it presents nothing remarkable, two models of ships in full sail, which hang from the ceiling, being the most conspicuous objects. Around the front of the gallery are a series of rude paintings representing the Fall. In front of the pulpit is the font, which is a small silver basin standing upon a metal stand of northern and ancient workmanship. Close at hand is the school-house, a simple but well-arranged building. Lastly in this order of enumeration I come to the most notable structures of all, the Government House and the Government offices. The Governor's dwelling is a new building. The edifice it replaced was originally erected several centuries ago by the early Danish governors, and had long ceased to be fitted for habitation. The offices which adjoin it consist of a one-

story building containing two rooms, the one being set apart for the Governor's private use, the other accommodating two officials, and serving also as the High Court of Justice, over which the Governor presides.

The occupations of visitors are bathing and boating in the forenoon, a promenade from end to end of the island after dinner, dancing and theatre-going in the evening. The regular bathing-place is Sandy Island, a spot about a quarter of an hour's sail distant. This formed at one time a part of the island proper, but a terrific gale in the winter of 1720 broke down the connecting arm and gave a passage to the sea, through which it has ever since swept with a mighty current. The sandy mass is three thousand and fifty feet long by one thousand feet broad. Not a stone is to be found on its surface. There is no other vegetation than a sprinkling of those stunted bushes whose roots find nourishment in dry sand, and whose branches thrive in salt air. A spring of sweet water wells up in the middle. No one dwells here excepting the keeper of the refreshment rooms, who makes it his temporary home during the brief summer season. I was surprised to find that the keeper of this establishment had crossed the Atlantic and lived for a time in the United States. He had worked hard and saved money, but, instead of settling for life in the great country, he returned to his small island home, there to employ his capital in such a way as to give him satisfaction and gain him respect. As far as I could learn he had but one grievance—the indifference of the English travelling public to their own small possession in the North Sea. It is on Sandy Island that a few rabbits were let loose some years ago; they soon made themselves at home and multiplied after their kind. The Governor's object in putting them there was to give amusement to visitors fond of shooting. How or why the story, which, as I have previously said, professedly well-informed persons repeat about the injury caused by the rabbits, originated and found credence, is a mystery I have been unable to fathom. Suffice it to repeat that there are no rabbits in Heligoland, and that the small number still left on Sandy Island can do nothing more mischievous or fatal than burrowing in the abounding sand.

This low-lying patch of sand is itself more dangerous to human life than any animal, large or small. Here it is that the vessel which has missed its bearings, or has become unmanageable, runs aground and goes to pieces when the wind howls and the waves are swelling masses of resistless water. Fragments of old wreckage remain as the last memorial of more than one ill-fated ship. Formerly the Heligolanders gloried in the wrecks; for, according to their barbarous laws, whatever was cast upon their shore was held to be a gift from the sea. An official was entrusted with the duty of sawing through the timbers of the stranded vessel, so that nothing should escape. The crews were generally left to their fate, or, if they threatened to become troublesome, were instantly sent to their last account by the unscrupulous islanders. Not twenty years have elapsed since the Lutheran pastor offered up a prayer every Sunday, in presence of his flock, that the winds might blow and the sea rise so as to strew their coast with wrecks and thus enable them to snatch wealth from the deep. Thanks are chiefly due to Governor Maxse for having abolished the old Strand laws, and substituted a lifeboat for the pastor's death prayer. Governor Maxse has not increased his popularity among the older people by this high-handed interference with the customs of their forefathers. But his philanthropic labours merit the gratitude which humanity accords to him who extinguishes, at whatever cost, the trade of professional wreckers—a trade which is only equalled in atrocity by that of the slave-dealer and by the habits of the cannibal.

Not less deserving of notice and eulogy are the present Governor's efforts to render the young Heligolanders wiser than their ancestors. With this object in view he has established schools and a school system most excellent of their kind. In an Ordinance issued in 1868 he decreed that "all children from the age of six to fourteen inclusive shall attend the Colonial school, provided that their parents or guardians cannot prove that they receive a sufficiently efficient private education." The provisions for ensuring the attendance of the pupils at school are these: "The superintendent shall send a report to the police court monthly, or at such other times as he may deem necessary, of such parents or guardians as may act in contravention of the terms of the present Ordinance with regard to the attendance of their children at school. In making such a report it must be clearly stated what are the exact circumstances attendant on each case. The police court shall be empowered to inflict a fine on such parents and guardians as shall be proved to have acted as aforesaid in contravention of the present ordinance, such fine to be levied within three days, and not to exceed six

English shillings or five marks Hamburg currency in each case." The foregoing penalties rarely require to be inflicted. At first, the parents resisted the compulsory system, even though no fees had to be paid; but they soon heartily accepted it, so heartily, indeed, that attempts were made to introduce infants in arms into the school, there to be taken care of by the teachers. The religious instruction is thorough, yet the religious difficulty is unknown. Superintendent Köster is also the Lutheran pastor, and all the islanders belong to his congregation. The teaching is conducted in the German tongue, and German history occupies the first place among historic studies. The children are taught both to read and to speak English, but no improper attempt is made to impose on them either the language or the ideas of the ruling country.

Into the political questions involved in the retention of Heligoland, this is not the place to enter. On the main question, that of the wishes of the people themselves, I may bear emphatic testimony, based upon numerous conversations with them, to the effect that they are generally satisfied with things as they are, and feel no compunctions when they hear, Sunday after Sunday, their pastor pray in the German tongue for the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the other members of the royal family, and for their beloved Fatherland, that Fatherland being not the home of Goethe but the home of Shakespeare. Yet they have a grievance which, unless it shall have been redressed by the Colonial Office before these lines are published, ought, in justice to us and to them, to be removed without delay. Their staple occupation is catching fish and acting as pilots. The sea is never quite still around their coast, and to land from their boats is at all times inconvenient. When the sea is rough, the boats have to be beached. Now, were a small pier, combined with a breakwater, to be constructed, not only would existing drawbacks be overcome, but it would be possible to employ a larger class of boat for fishing purposes; in other words, the islanders would become richer, more comfortable, and more contented. The average earnings of a fisherman do not exceed £3 yearly; were a pier built these would be trebled or quadrupled. To build it out of the island exchequer is impossible; to do so on credit is hopeless. A few thousand pounds advanced or guaranteed by our Government would suffice to execute the work; and out of the dues which would then be levied the amount advanced might be repaid. A not unimportant consideration is that, were a pier and breakwater constructed, to save life and property would be rendered far more easy than at present. Surely, when the Heligolanders can be rendered happier and more loyal than ever at a temporary outlay of half the sum expended in building the smallest gunboat, there ought to be no hesitation in meeting their reasonable wishes! Telegraphic communication with the mainland is another necessity for the island, but I am glad to think that arrangements for bringing this about are in such a stage as to promise the speedy execution of the work.

Let those who feel an interest in the island go thither and judge for themselves as to the importance of doing what has been suggested, and the reasonableness of the requests of the Heligolanders. A week or a fortnight spent there would amply repay the English visitor. In addition to noting the things I have enumerated, he would take delight, if a lover of old tales, in the strange traditions which tell how Helgo, the father of Rolf Krake, a great viking, according to the modern euphemism, a great pirate in fact, gave his name to the island after having performed lawless deeds and come to a tragical end; how St. Ursula came hither with eleven thousand virgins on a missionary errand, and suffered death at the hands of the cruel heathen; how many of the heathen were massacred in turn and the survivors converted to Christianity; how Wieben Peter, the terror of the North Sea, issued forth from this island on his piratical enterprises, and committed such havoc that honest men finally banded themselves together and never paused till they had forced him into his last place of refuge, and there took his life. For the lover of nature in her most romantic phases, the sojourn will be an unwonted treat. An excursion round the island is one of the favourite and most agreeable ways of passing the time. A walk from end to end of the flat surface of the Upper-land is like a promenade on the deck of a more gigantic *Great Eastern* in mid ocean. On every side the sea extends to the horizon. Steamers and sailing vessels dot its surface, appearing in the distance as strange creatures or gigantic birds making their progress over the water. The sunlight flashing on the foam-crested waves or brightening the huge mirror of the placid ocean, presents a sight almost too dazzling for the eyes. As the sun slopes towards the west, and finally sinks beneath the vast expanse of sea, masses of golden

cloud sweeping overhead are matched in gorgeousness and variety of hue by the burnished surface of the illumined deep. Then, when night approaches and the phosphorescent sea is changed into sheets and streams of liquid fire as an oar moves or a vessel glides along, and when the full moon sends down her silvery radiance to mingle and contrast with the lambent light of the molten water, the spectacle is one which recalls youthful dreams of fairyland, and is well worth an infinitely longer and more tedious journey to behold and enjoy.

W. F. RAE.

LAZARUS.

Translated from the Russian, and rendered into English verse by MADEMOISELLE OLGA S * *, and by the AUTHOR of "THE HOTEL DU PETIT ST. JEAN," "VERA," etc.

"O Tzar! i Bog!"

O KING, and God! when words of power,
By Thee in olden days were spoken,
Then Lazarus quickened in his tomb,
The grave's captivity was broken.

I pray like word of power be given:
Say to my soul, "Arise," to-night:
That this dead man may also rise,
And "come forth" in Thy shining light.

Made vocal all my heart, my voice,
Shall sound Thy glorious praises then:
Thou Brightness of the Father's Face:
My King, and God! once dead for men.

HOMIKOFF.

DEVOTIONAL READINGS FROM MSS. OF THE LATE DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

(NOT ORIGINALLY INTENDED FOR PUBLICATION.)

I.—THE JOY OF THE REDEEMER AT HIS ADVENT.

THE joy of the Redeemer.—How seldom do we think of it! We do not wonder that He should think of our joy, and die, and live for evermore that it might be full; but we are not astonished—as we should be—at our own selfishness, which so freezes our hearts as almost to make us indifferent to the joy of our Lord! Is this the communion and fellowship which He desires to find in us? Is this love?

The reason, perhaps, why we do not more habitually contemplate His second coming, and rest with unalloyed delight upon all He will rejoice in upon that triumphant day, is because we associate with Him ideas of such divine and perfect blessedness, as preclude the very conception of increase through any events which can possibly occur. If so, we lose His humanity in His divinity. We forget that Jesus of Nazareth, Whose sorrows and joys were so intensely real upon earth; who felt His need of sympathy, and valued the affection of His friends; who wept tears of agony for guilt, and to whom sin, with all its terrible consequences, was an hourly burden; Whose chief joy was the anticipated accomplishment of that mighty work of self-sacrificing love by which God might be glorified in the deliverance of man from suffering and sin;—we forget, I say, that the Jesus of Bethany, of Gethsemane, of Calvary, and of the resurrection, is the same Jesus still, with the same human spirit, the same concern for man, the same longing to see of the travail of His soul, and to be satisfied in man's deliverance. What the future is to the divine nature we know not, nor can comprehend; but we do know that, except to the eye of His perfect and assured faith, the future is

unseen, and unknown to the Man Christ Jesus; and that He hopes for its coming, and longs for the blessings which it will bring to His Church, and the glory to God in the highest.

II.—HIS JOY BECAUSE IT IS THE END OF ALL SUFFERING TO HIS PEOPLE.

The sufferings of His brethren were a heavy burden to Jesus while He dwelt among us. He verily "carried our griefs and bore our sicknesses." But this same Jesus now reigns, and is the Head of every man, and power is wielded by Him over all flesh. If this is so, then what sights has He beheld of human suffering in every land, and from age to age; what a ceaseless wail has ascended to His ears from the whole earth, from agonized bodies, from broken hearts, from weary and oppressed spirits! The world in which He moved when on earth was but a miniature of the great world in which He constantly moves still; it is the same world with its sufferings and crimes multiplied ten thousand fold. For how many Marthas and Marys has He seen weeping around sepulchres that have for ever in this life sealed up their beloved dead! What processions has He witnessed from other gates than that of Nain, where mothers mourned their only sons! What multitudes of maimed and sick, and blind and demon-tossed have crowded from every region of the globe before His presence! How many Pilates has He seen occupy the judgment-seat and inflict iniquitous stripes; how many traitors betray their friends to death; how many bloody and sensual Herods have imprisoned and murdered His honest preachers; how many horrible Golgothas have stained the earth with the blood of tortured and martyred innocence; how many cities of cruelty has He seen worse than Jerusalem of old! The day of victory is coming when this suffering shall end; and although at this moment He rejoices through faith in its sure coming, it has not yet come. The battle still rages—the ground is strewn with the dead—the wearied warriors cry, "How long?" And can it be that He who in tenderest sympathy enters into our every feeling, and shows by His dealings towards us,—by the comfort He gives and the healing He administers,—that He knows and understands us, and sympathizes with us as no one else does, will not experience joy unspeakable when the countless millions of His redeemed are for ever freed from all this mysterious anguish; when tears shall fall and pain be felt no more; when the conflict that has waged since creation shall at last end in an eternal reign of peace, and the earth's battle-field restore to His arms His own brothers and sisters, to be for ever with their Lord?

When Jesus came forth from the tomb, his first words were those of exulting congratulation to mourners weeping for the dead. "All hail!" He cried. His work was done, a new era had begun; death was conquered in His Person; life and immortality were brought to light for the world. But what will be His joy when He returns in glory to utter a last, "All hail!" to sea and land, to the graveyard of the world, to the dust of every brother which has been marked by His eye and precious to His heart!

The resurrection of the body and its restoration to immortal life and beauty, will be the visible sign of the final victory of Jesus over physical evil as it has affected the redeemed. The man Christ Jesus knows well from His own experience what is implied in bodily suffering, and in physical death. He did not enter the unseen world without the stormy crossing which is assigned to ordinary mortals. He was dead and buried, and lay a mangled, lifeless body in the silence and solitariness of the sepulchre. He fully understands what is meant by death, and all the pain which may precede or accompany it. He rightly estimates the curse of this infliction which constantly threatens and never fails at last to overtake every human being. He knows well the cruelty of this tyrant who seizes the body and smites it with pain, tosses it with fever, writhes it with agony, or wraps it in silence, buries it like a clod, and turns all that was dear and lovely into all that is foul and abhorrent. Yes, abhorrent to us, abhorrent to God, for it is the unnatural work of unnatural and deadly sin! The Redeemer sees it all, feels it all,—carries the burden of it in the sympathy of His infinite and unwearying love. And will it be no joy to Him when the resurrection morning dawns which is to end the long night—when the voice of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, and who at the grave of Lazarus cried, "Come forth!" is about to issue the summons which a universe will obey, from the murdered Abel to the last child who fell asleep in its mother's arms; when by a power hidden as yet from mortal intelligence, and utterly incomprehensible by us, the creator and upholder of life will gather together what was once our vile body, and fashion it like His own glorious body; when all that marred it, or was written on its forehead by the hand of time, will be obliterated,

and the work restored and remodelled after the fair and beautiful idea of its wise and loving maker!

III.—HIS JOY BECAUSE IT IS THE END OF ALL SIN IN HIS PEOPLE.

The ending of physical suffering and death is as nothing when compared to the ending of the sin of His people. Sin is worse than suffering, and suffering to the mind of Christ always seen in the light of what it indicates—human sin. To Himself the heart of His tormenters was an inconceivably heavier affliction than their stripes; the blaspheming crowd was more oppressive far than the bleeding cross. What a spectacle, then, must the earth ever present to Him who sees that polluted heart of man, which is either the cause or sting of all our suffering!

Which of all those who will that day be saved, have not at some time been his enemies? He has been doubted, betrayed, rejected, denied, crucified afresh by each one of us, and has in every age been wounded in the house of his friends. Is He insensible to this? or will He not rejoice when it is all over? How often has His own betrothed one, the Church, been unfaithful to Him—lost confidence in His love, and been tempted to forsake Him! Will it be nothing to Him when her confidence is restored, her love perfect, her soul pure, and the great day of her espousals in the palace of the King have come? Conceive any fractional part of the crime, the injustice, cruelty, lying, impurity, committed in one hour in any one kingdom; contemplate the struggle at this moment of the light to overcome the darkness, the life to triumph over the death, the love and righteousness of the Redeemer to subdue the enmity and unrighteousness of the earth; calculate how long this has been going on, and anticipate the centuries yet to come, and then understand what His joy must be when all that which divine love and mercy, in their infinite fulness, have purposed towards man is at last accomplished, and the Lord is enabled to say, in reviewing the whole history of the work of redemption,—beginning at creation's dawn and continued through the long ages of the world's lifetime,—"I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do. And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was."

Oh blessed day! "We shall see Him as He is." And already methinks we may discern from afar the joy which shall beam on that countenance, once marred by many sorrows, as He gazes around the vast assembly which no man can number, and in each glowing face recognises a friend, whose whole history is known and remembered; sees in each a brand plucked—a criminal delivered, reformed, and perfected by His grace; and when all are presented, without spot or wrinkle, to be with Himself for ever, fit companions for eternity, and capable of sharing His own glory and joy! If the mother's heart can hear no sound more delightful than the first cry of restored love from a child who has forsaken her, what shall be the feelings of His heart when the great song, like the sound of many waters, will rise from the assembly of the redeemed, one great and spontaneous praise, one outpouring of gratitude and love—"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, for Thou hast redeemed us with Thy blood, and made us kings and priests unto God."

IV.—HIS JOY IN THE GLORIFYING OF HIS FATHER.

The joy of our Lord in and from his Church will be but a reflection of the deeper joy of His Being in having thus glorified His Father. We can have but a very dim and inadequate apprehension of the relationship of the Son to the Father in the unity of the Godhead, and how with that oneness and equality in being, power, and glory, there should still be such a distinction of Persons as that God the Son should be revealed to us as seeking to make known the glory of God the Father. We can only see according to the measure of light given us, and know that as a Son in perfect fellowship with a Father whose character He fully appreciates and adores, Jesus delights in revealing that Father to others, so that they may share the joy of dwelling in His love. Hence, when He came forth from God and dwelt among us, we recognise in the whole spirit of His life and death the desire that His Father might be known, the righteousness of His character vindicated in the sight of all His intelligent creatures, and His love and mercy revealed to the lost and miserable children of men. "Lo, I come to do thy will!" was His cry, as He sped on His journey from the throne to the cross. "O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee!" was His burthen amidst the alien members of His family. "Father, glorify thy Son, that thy Son may glorify thee!" was the ceaseless prayer of His being. "I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work thou hast given me to do!" was His consolation as He passed to

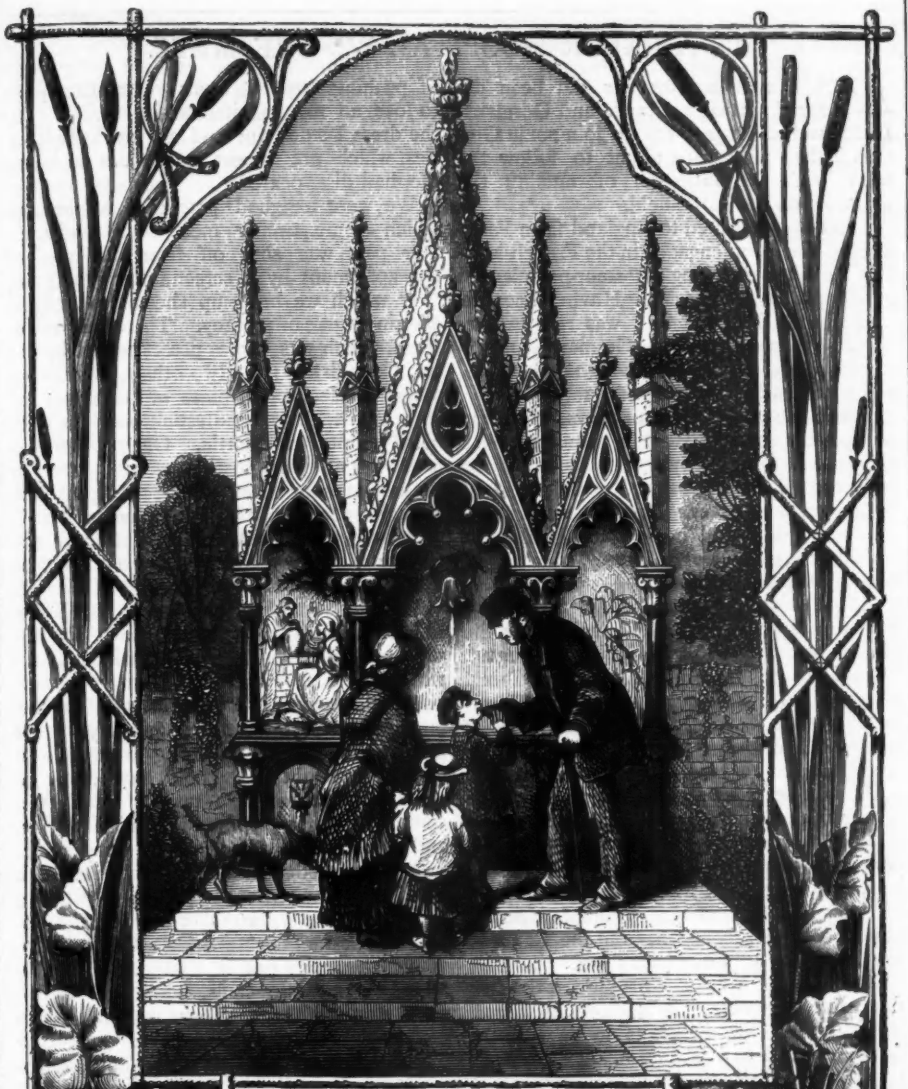
Gethsemane, Calvary, and the grave. "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me may be where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me," was the last wish which He expressed for His people, because He knew that He possessed their sympathy, and that His glory would be their joy. But not until the great day of His second coming can those longings of His mediatorial life be fulfilled. Then indeed shall His glory be full—for then will the whole of the manifold wisdom of God be seen in the creation, government, and redemption of men; then will the circle of history, hitherto broken into so many isolated parts, be complete; then will every attribute of Deity come forth from behind the clouds which to our ignorant and unbelieving eyes had hitherto concealed them, and shine forth in all their effulgent majesty.

And while we cannot adequately comprehend, we can yet truly understand, what the joy of Jesus as the Son of God, as well as the Son of Man, must be when He rises to the full consciousness of having been the Instrument by which this immense weight of moral glory and gladness has been added to the universe; when He remembers how for the joy set before Him He endured the cross, despised the shame, and did God's will in the dark night of agony with His soul exceeding sorrowful unto death; and when now with all these memories He at last delivers up to the Father that kingdom which He has won and governed, and, in the presence of the heavenly hosts,—Himself representing the redeemed nations of the human race,—the man Christ Jesus lays down the mediatorial crown at the foot of the Eternal Throne, and "God is all in all!" "I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels stood round about the throne, and fell before the throne on their faces and worshipped God, saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever."

V.—DO WE SYMPATHIZE WITH THE JOY OF OUR LORD?

It may well shame us when, beholding His joy, we feel our want of sympathy with it—from our want of love! Only contrast the feelings of the elder brother and our own! His joy is inseparable from ours. It is our good and our well-being that will make Him so happy. It was the thought of what He would accomplish in us, that moved Him to come to earth, that sustained Him through all the mystery of woe through which He passed, and which enabled Him to endure the cross and despise the shame. It is this joy partially revealed, but yet anticipated and longed for in its fulness, which now animates Him in accomplishing the work of redemption, and saving our miserable, distrustful souls. Contrast then, the man Christ Jesus in His thoughts and feelings towards us, with our thoughts and feelings towards Him, and realise the selfishness which, but for the very love we are so dead to, might sink us into despair! When our Lord was leaving the world, and speaking of His departure to His disciples at the communion table, on the last night they met together, He said, "I go my way to Him that sent me, *and none of you ask me, Whither goest thou?*" Was this like friends? "If you loved me, ye would rejoice because I go to the Father. Yet because I said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your hearts." They were like us all, thinking only of themselves, but not of Him who was thinking only of them! Shame upon us!

Still, in spite of our wretched and unloving hearts, the joy of our Lord which condemns us, is yet that which should most cheer us. If it casts down, it is to raise us up. For what can possibly more kindle in us the desire to be emancipated from sin and misery, and inspire us with the hope of being delivered from all that separates us from our God, and hinders us from being joint heirs with Christ, than the fact that it is Christ's joy to save us and make us like Himself? Man's obstinate and wicked will may exclude him from the feast, and prevent his entering into rest,—but not the will of Christ. We may be against ourselves, but He is for us. We may destroy ourselves, yet He is our help. But if it is given us to make Christ happy and afford Him joy, it can only be by yielding ourselves to His holy government, that sharing His character, we may in the end share His joy. Hence the purifying influence of faith in his love and hope in his mercy; for, as the apostle says, "every man who hath this hope in Christ" making him "like Himself at his appearing," "purifieth himself even as He is pure."



For a Drinking Fountain.

"Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, good words in fountains."

SILENT, quickening, giving ever—
Idling, boasting, reckoning never!
These waters, brother, freely drink,
But drinking, prithee, learn and think,
While thus they run, this you may read—
Give freely, help a brother's need;
Do good, and tell not—count no cost—
A loving gift is seldom lost!

T. W. RIDDELL-WEBSTER.

JERITT & CU. SC.

IN A FEVER HOSPITAL BEFORE METZ.

ABOUT a week after war had been declared between France and Germany, I received an urgent call to join some German ladies who were about to follow the army, with the intention of nursing the wounded on the battle-field.

I had only returned to England from Paris, where I had been engaged in the French Military Hospitals, working as "sœur-postulante" of the Sœurs de Charité. Having been so long absent from home, I was reluctant to accept the invitation from Germany, and to enter upon a journey involving much travel, and considerable trouble and danger.

But in the course of a few days, when the newspapers stated that the wounded were lying in the open air by thousands, untended and uncared for, I felt that I could not resist the appeal any longer. For no trained nurse who had hands and heart could hold back from entering on a work of mercy, so earnestly needing the help of both.

Accordingly, having provided myself with a small hospital outfit, I left England for the seat of war about the beginning of August, 1870. It took a longer time than I had supposed to reach my destination. I was accompanied by three German ladies, two of whom I had before known at the Kaiserswerth Deaconess Institution.

As we passed up the Rhine, we saw abundant evidences of the war. The trains were all filled with soldiers, pressing forward. The returning trains were filled with wounded. I can scarcely recall without a thrill, the sight of long lines of wounded soldiers carried in almost endless succession, from the trains to the Lazareths appointed for them.

At last, after waiting for some ten days on our route, we were informed of our actual destination. Our work was to be with the 10th Army Corps before Metz, at the village of Marangue, in the rear of the investing army. Seen from a distance, Marangue itself is a lovely village, standing midway on a vine-covered hill, with its church-spire rising above the rich red-brown tiled roofs. In time of peace I could imagine its being a happy quiet little place. Now, however, with its roads cut up by heavy artillery and horses, with its little street choked with troopers and waggons of all kinds, there was a general air of dirt and confusion; and the scene was not rendered more agreeable by the gloomy looks of the few French people that were about.

The quarters to which we were assigned were by no means luxurious. In the hurry of pushing forward, I was so unfortunate as to lose all my hospital outfit. I had only the dress I stood in, and all my little luxuries, which are almost necessities in camp life, had disappeared.

We were assigned part of a kitchen, in which some twenty men were quartered. Our part was shut off from the rest of the apartment by a screen, partly of glass, over which we hung up sheets to secure a certain degree of privacy. There was a bedstead, which was taken possession of by the two elder sisters; the two others, of whom I was one, slept on a piece of sacking filled with straw. The candlestick was the neck of an empty wine-bottle. One tin mug was used for all purposes for which plates, or pots, or cups, or basins can be used; and our cutlery consisted of a soldier's travelling knife, fork, and spoon. But enough of these discomforts, with which all who go to war or follow the camp, must necessarily be familiar.

We had scarcely time to wash our hands, before the arrival of the Medical Director, who was to assign to each of us our future work. The first ambulance we entered, called "Lazareth A," was assigned to me, but I remained there only a few days. The patients in it were suffering from various diseases brought on by cold, damp, and exposure, and there were two or three cases amongst them of typhus, intermittent fever, and dysentery. The three Deaconesses had a Lazareth containing thirty-two beds between them; but I preferred working alone. As the typhus fever increased, it was found necessary to establish a second station, of which I was put in charge. This contained twenty-two beds, with men in the worst stages of fever. There were five rough bedsteads with mattresses; the other mattresses were arranged along the floor, with a space of about a foot between each. The room was without one of those important conveniences which are so requisite for the proper care of the sick.

There was only one metal basin for the use of the whole Lazareth. The tin mugs of the men were used for drink and food alike. There were three wooden buckets, one of which was used for fetching the food of the patients from the kitchen, and four pitchers, two of which were used for holding clean water. There were only two towels, which served alike for doctors and patients, and at first there was no soap of any kind.

It is impossible to describe the pitiable

state in which these poor fellows were, when they were brought to my Lazareth. The Wärters, or orderlies, were overworked, and also, I suppose, utterly ignorant of the care necessary in fever cases. Through their carelessness there were bed-sores of all descriptions, and men were brought in on mattresses which had never been cleaned or dried since they were placed on them. Those who came from bivouac were of course neither so ill nor in need of so much cleansing, although, poor fellows, many of them had their feet so encrusted with dirt that I was obliged sometimes to scrape it off before I could wash them.

You must not imagine from this description that my wards did not look clean and bright. On the mantelpiece in each room stood a pipkin filled with flowers. I obtained these principally from the French peasants of the village,—for we had a few French besides the Germans in the Lazareth,—and I established my "neutrality" with the villagers by calling their attention to this fact. I still remember the civility of the cobbler of the place when he found that I was English. It was with difficulty that I could make him take any payment for the alterations he had made in my "sabots," and he expressed his keen regret that he had not leather left to make me a new pair of boots, seeing that in one respect I very much resembled, at that time, a "barefooted friar."

Besides the other defects in my Feld-lazareth, there was a deplorable scarcity of linen. There was often not linen to wear, still less linen to change, and I had only six sets of clothing, and five pairs of shoes. The men therefore who were allowed to rise had to take it in turns to get up. How often have I been implored by a convalescent to go out and make one of the outsiders come in, as it was his turn to go out! I went all over the station trying to beg or borrow shoes to make my six sets of costumes complete. At length I remembered my own wooden sabots. These I offered, with some hesitation, to a smart little hussar. They were received with a loud "Hoch!" of delight; and every day after, on my arrival at the Lazareth, I had to make over my clogs to one of my convalescents.

But the most serious anxiety was with respect to the procuring of proper food for the sick as well as for ourselves. There was often a great deficiency of fresh meat, and even when we had enough and to spare, the want of suitable cooking arrangements made it difficult to procure beef-tea or bouillon. The cooking was all done in the open air, and rain greatly interfered with the process. When I remonstrated with the cook, on his great want of regularity, he exclaimed, "Why, it is always raining." Sometimes, indeed, we were not served with food for the patients until three hours after the proper time.

In all cases, however, the diet allowed by the German military rules would be considered miserably insufficient and inadequate in any English hospital. For instance, on the first day that I occupied my first Lazareth, the only choice of diet for the sick was between a sort of water gruel made of boiled barley, flavoured with salt, and pea-soup, which owed its strength and flavour to pieces of fat bacon, few and far between. Each man had in addition one small piece of bread allowed him. My dinner too consisted of bread and pea-soup only, for although a lump of raw ham was sent us, I could not eat it uncooked. Supper consisted of what remained of the ham and bread, with very weak black coffee.

After the first fortnight, however, we dined in the same house as the medical officers, and had better food, and were better served. But I doubt if the male nurses, or Wärters, were so well off. Every day some were reported "down" with fever or dysentery. Nor was there a single medical man who escaped entirely unscathed. The intense fatigue, the insufficient food and clothing, acting on body and mind, not only predisposed us to infection, but made us almost confound the weariness of body with the lassitude of approaching sickness.

Often have I wondered what an English nurse would have thought of my daily routine. The bed-making and the attending to the personal cleanliness of the patients would be common to all nurses; but besides these there were the inconveniences arising from the absence of common necessaries, the lack of clean linen, and the means of carrying out cleanliness amongst the men, and the necessity of constantly "wiping up," which was exaggerated by our lack of dusters or even brushes. The only brush we had for sweeping the wards was a common birch-broom, with which the rooms were swept three or four times a day, and the staircases and passages once. Then I had to receive and arrange all stores for my sick; to administer medicine and nourishment to each patient every hour, and, in special cases, every half hour; to put wet compresses, kept constantly cool and moist, on the heads of delirious patients; and bathe the hands and faces of the patients

in vinegar and water,—while the men were mostly as helpless as children.

When all these things are taken into consideration, it will be admitted that the duties of nursing at a fever station in war time are far from light. And yet my only real trouble was the impossibility of procuring things which were absolutely necessary for these poor suffering fellows. The ceilings, doors, and walls were black with millions of flies; they settled on the eyes, the noses, and the mouths of the sick in swarms. For I had unfortunately the dead-house in the garden of my Lazareth, which, being there in defiance of all sanitary ideas, made the whole building a sort of head-quarters for flies; and for men who were too weak to brush them away, it was very hard to think that I could procure no protection through want of muslin and linen.

Never shall I forget the look of gratitude and delight with which my first "veil" was received by one of the unhappy fever-stricken fellows, nor the eager entreaties which were made on all sides that "the little sister" would make some for the others. In time I had the satisfaction of veiling them all, and it *was* a very profound satisfaction, seeing that none of these veils had been made without difficulty. They simply consisted of muslin bandages (used for gum and plaster of Paris rollers) torn into lengths of rather more than half a yard, and then tacked together. When some of my convalescents were moved afterwards to another Lazareth, they implored me, when I went to see them, to send them the veils; and upon finding that I was sole patentee and proprietor, I divided all that I had between the two sisters who were to have charge of my men when I left.

It was curious to observe how great an affection always springs up between patients and those who nurse them. No man pronounced convalescent and ordered off to a healthier station in Germany, left his Lazareth where he had fought his hard battle for life with fever, without shaking hands warmly with the "little sister," and urgently inviting her, when the war was over, to visit him in his own home in Germany. At one time it would be a great fair-haired Saxon, who asked me to visit him at Leipzic; at another it was a Pole, who urged me to come to his home at some village near Bromberg. Yet to each, as I wished him farewell, I felt that I was uttering the words of a lasting separation.

Day after day, after the convalescents had departed and the dead were removed to the dead-house, waiting for burial, more sick continued to be sent in to the Lazareth from the camp. Sometimes a tall fellow came in staggering, with the fever strong upon him, hardly able, even with the support of the two comrades who accompanied him, to reach his bed. When he was undressed and at last laid down, there came upon him the usual feverish restlessness, the longing cries for his mother, and the frantic entreaties that he might go home. Married men with children of their own at home, in their delirium cared only for the mother who had tended them in childhood. On all sides in that fever-house one heard piteous entreaties for "meine Mutter," "liebe Mutter," while now and then a patient would spring from his bed and say, "I *will* go home; I must go to my mother," and he would have to be soothed and again persuaded to lie down.

But the delirium of the poor fevered patients was always most violent at night, being one more proof—if, indeed, any were needed—how great is the mistake which would confide the care of the sick to inexperienced nurses during those hours which most of all require the knowledge which perfect training and experience alone can give. For, unlike other diseases, a fever case depends almost entirely upon the skill and attention of the nurse in charge, in addition to the implicit obedience she pays to the orders of her medical *chef*. I shall never forget the thrill of mingled pride, fear, and anxiety with which I received the charge from my *chef*—"Remember, my sister," he said, "that the lives of these men depend more upon your care and attention than on anything I can do for them in merely a passing visit." Then followed directions as to what medicines, &c., should be altered according to certain symptoms, and what should be done in an increase or decrease of fever.

And here it may be as well to explain that I am not a "sister;" I am simply what is termed "a trained hospital nurse," one who has seen service enough in hospitals at home and abroad to know the value of good training. Indeed I doubt if any hospital nurse can ever be said to have completed her training, for every day of her life will teach her something fresh, and make her feel her own incapacity for meeting every emergency.

I felt on one occasion very much tried, even where every day was a day of trial. One day the work had been unusually severe at my station. The usual orderly or Wärter did not appear in the morning, an orderly from another station bringing the bucket of soup or gruel for the men's breakfasts, after which he disappeared. Fortunately in the

ward down-stairs most of the men were convalescent, and up-stairs two of them could keep watch in the wards whilst I washed the mugs and brought in the water needed for service in the Lazareth. At noon the bouillon was brought for the patients, but for myself neither dinner nor relief. Hour after hour passed, and in spite of strength of will a deadly nausea and faintness began to come over me. Still no one appeared. I had had no food all day, and there was no one to look after the sick if I went away in search of it. I am almost ashamed to confess it, but I felt so faint, and so utterly forsaken and neglected, that I fairly cried.

About four o'clock in the afternoon I attracted the notice of a soldier in the next garden, and induced him, with my last piece of German money, to go to the kitchen and see if he could get me food of some kind. He brought me some dry bread and black coffee, which I received with positive rapture. The day passed on; about seven o'clock the supper for my patients arrived. As in the morning, I served it, and then washed the mugs as I best could for the use of my sick during the night. Again for the hundredth time that day I changed the wet compresses, gave medicine and drink, shook up the pillows of the sick, and performed the usual ward duties, but still no orderly appeared. Then I remade the beds, and arranged everything required for the night, and found myself wondering how long it would be before I should reach the place "where the weary are at rest;" and as the cries of "liebe Mutter" broke the stillness, I thought of my own mother, and how little we had dreamed, when I wished to go out to help to nurse the wounded, that this would be the end of it all.

My wards were but dimly lighted with a candle stuck in an old medicine bottle, and the darkness of the room contrasted with the brightness of the camp fires seen from the window. The sound of music and singing, and the many forms seen busily moving about, made me feel my loneliness perhaps more than I should have done at another time. At all events, as I moved from bed to bed, I felt more doubtful about my "vocation" for the life I had chosen than I have ever felt before or since.

It was after nine o'clock, and there was silence in the camp. Nothing was now to be heard but the moanings and mutterings of poor fever-stricken men as they tossed from side to side. To my great joy, I heard the door of the Lazareth opened, and the sound of footseps on the stairs. I went to the top of the staircase, and, to my astonishment, saw one of the sisters whose quarters I shared, accompanied by a girl, who looked about seventeen or eighteen years of age. As soon as Sister Thekla saw me she said, "I have been sent to ask you whether you could take the night-guard. Eight of the night-wärters are down with dysentery, and, therefore, there is no one to send; but if you feel yourself unequal to it, this young sister is willing to take your place for the night."

I looked at the young sister, and asked her whether she had ever nursed in a fever ward. She had not. "Have you ever watched by a fever case; should you know what to do if fever were to increase in a patient?" Again she answered no, and then added with a little hesitation, "and I was afraid to come, but the sister-superior desired me to offer, if you were too tired to watch." Had I acknowledged the truth, I should have had to admit that I *was* too tired, but when I remembered how dangerous it was for any young girl to be in a fever ward, particularly at night, and that through her inexperience these poor fellows might suffer, I resolved to sit up myself.

I saw a look of immense relief brighten the faces of both deaconnesses as they heard my decision. I added that Sister Thekla must take care that I received a warm and sufficient supper, for that I was faint for want of food. She promised that I should have a double portion if she could get it, and then, wishing me "a quiet night," they returned to their quarters. Shortly afterwards my supper arrived. It was in every respect the best and most plentiful meal I had seen for a long time. I laid it out on a step of the stairs, seating myself on a step below, with my candle on the ground between the wards of the sick and my extemporised dining-room. But presently I found that I was thirsty, and had neither anything to drink, nor anything to drink out of. Up-stairs, in an attic which I had converted into a sort of storeroom, I had both a drinking-cup and wine. The difficulty was how they were to be got at without my deserting the ward. I tried to fancy that I was not really thirsty, and that after all thirst was a mere effect of the imagination. The reality, however, was too strong, so after looking into the wards and seeing that most of the men appeared asleep, I ran up-stairs, rapidly unlocked the door, and poured some wine into my tin cup.

Just as I was raising it to my lips I heard a light tread on the landing below. Looking over, I beheld a tall ghost-like figure preparing to descend the stairs. My scarcely-tasted

wine was forgotten, and I dashed down the few steps which separated me from the apparition. It was, as I had feared, one of my patients from the upper wards, "quite out of himself," as a German would say, in delirium. He was a tall soldier-like fellow, and I felt smaller physically than I had ever felt before as I put myself in front of him to bar his progress. "Let me pass," said he, "I am going home." "So you shall, my poor lad," I answered, "but not to-night. You must go back to bed now, and we'll see about your going home in the morning." As I spoke I led him gently into the ward, and then closed the door, putting my back against it. This seemed to rouse him, and turning round fiercely he grasped my hands with his own, which were burning with fever, and said, "Move from that door; I told you I must go home to-night to my mother. I *will* go to my mother." "So you shall," I replied, "but you must have your uniform, you know, before you could pass the sentinel at the door, and the sergeant has taken away all your clothes." "It is all the same," he cried, "I mean to go to my mother to-night, and if you do not wish me to harm you, you will let me pass that door." And then, to my horror, I found that I had no strength compared with his, and that he was moving me with one hand and trying to undo the door with the other. In another minute he would have escaped me, when providentially there came to my remembrance one of my old experiences at the Heil-Anstalt at Kaiserswerth, that the sight of numbers will overawe a madman, even though their united strength would be powerless against his. Two of my patients in that upper ward were convalescent, and I called out to them sharply by name, "Meyer, Hoffman! oh, come quickly and help me!" They sprang from their beds, and came to my assistance. They were so weak, poor fellows, that as they got to the door, which was now half opened, they each put a hand on the shoulder of my delirious charge, as much, I fancy, to steady themselves as to detain him. "Thou mustn't go out to-night, old man," they said, "but start with us to-morrow, when the sun is shining." "But I want so much to go to my poor mother," he cried pitifully, "I must go home." "So thou shalt, comrade," said my assistants; "we want to go home too, so we'll all get our things from the sergeant to-morrow, and then, dost thou see, we'll get a waggon and go home in warmth and comfort. It is a bitter cold night, and so we'd better all get to sleep now." At the same time they gave him a gentle push into the room, and with a sigh of exhaustion he then allowed me to put him to bed. After I had given him some wine and rice-water, and he had taken one of the opiates—which I was ordered to give the patients who were delirious at night—I had the satisfaction of soon seeing him sink into a tolerably sound sleep.

I then sat down in the middle of the outer room on my one chair, feeling, as old women would say, my "legs shaking under me." I had no work and no books, excepting one little well-worn book of devotions, which, excellent as it was in many respects, was scarcely calculated to keep one awake who felt worn out bodily and mentally. I soon gave myself up to thoughts which were not the wisest as they were certainly not the brightest. All the men appeared to be asleep; occasionally were heard delirious cries, and a patient would spring from his bed, or roll from it on to the floor. But I had no difficulty in half lifting, half rolling them in again, and then, perhaps, it would be the time for changing the compresses, or administering medicine or beef-tea.

Suddenly I was startled by hearing a low chuckling laugh from a bed in the corner, when, on looking round, I observed the patient who occupied it groping under the pillow of the man next him, who was fast asleep. "I know he's got it," said the former, "I saw him put it there." I bent over him, and imitating his own tone of eagerness, said, "What is it he has got?" "A knife," he replied in a hissing whisper, "and I mean to have it." "Well, you mustn't take it now," said I, "because you must go to sleep." "I can't sleep without it," answered he; "such horrible things come and stand round my bed, and I have nothing to defend myself with." I persuaded him, however, to let me arrange his bed comfortably, promising that I would sit quite near him and keep all evil things away. Then I woke the other man, who happened to be Meyer, and asked him if he really had a knife under his pillow. "Certainly, little sister," said he, pulling it out. I advised him to let me take care of it for him, and congratulated myself when about an hour afterwards I remarked the chuckling and searching begin afresh.

But, indeed, both time and space fail me to tell all the horrors of anxiety in those hours, or the relief it was at last to see day-break. And yet I then had to arrange all the beds by myself, wash the faces and hands of the patients, sweep out the wards, and

make myself presentable before the visit of the chief surgeon. And, even had I space, I could never fairly describe the simple kindly good-nature of those fair-haired Germans in the convalescent ward down-stairs. They were never permitted to enter the wards of the sick after they had been pronounced convalescent, but what they could do to help me that morning they did. They brought me fresh water, pulled up the vine-poles, and lit my fires, washed the cups which had been used during the night, and did all with such a bright, glad cheerfulness and willingness, that they made me forget how tired I was, and remember only what a very happy station I was in, and how much I had to be thankful for.

Still the day following was a very trying one. I had again no assistance, with the exception that the food and medicine of the patients was sent to me, and that I induced the orderly who brought the latter to wait in my Lazareth for twenty minutes, while I went to get my dinner, for I felt that I could not go a second day without proper food. I was very giddy and faint. It was nine o'clock before the orderly for the night arrived, and I was free to return to my own quarters for supper and bed.

I had other night-watches besides the above, but never before or since have I experienced one where I felt so utterly alone, or in which I was more thoroughly convinced of German and French wisdom in having men to nurse men. In England a male nurse, except in our military hospitals, is a thing unknown. In our naval hospitals there are no nurses, properly so called. In our civil hospitals the porter is generally employed in the bath-room for men. With that exception the women nurses have to perform every office for the sick, male or female alike, that may be required. In our larger hospitals to which training-schools for nurses are attached, so admirably is the training given, that not the slightest feeling of propriety, in the nurses or their male patients, is offended. But a well-conducted fever ward in an English hospital, with help close at hand, is a very different thing from an ambulance for fever during war, when no aid of any kind is to be procured.

But my work in a Feld-lazareth was drawing to a close. The army corps to which I had been attached was moved to another station, and I was told that if I now wished to return to Germany I might do so.

It was the beginning of October; all the troops had already left the village, with the exception of the medical officers, the inspectors, and about a couple of hundred men. The Landwehr who were to replace them had not yet come in. In our own quarters there were only ten or twelve men remaining. The sick in my Lazareth, as in all the others, were "evacuated;" that is, all the convalescents had been sent to stations nearer Germany, and the others into three tents prepared for the worst cases. I had been offered the charge of two of these tents if I cared to remain, and at first—so greatly attached had I become to my patients and the charge of fever cases—that I was strongly inclined to accept the offer. But I declined it when I considered that by training and inclination I was essentially a surgical nurse, and that work was now open to me of nursing the wounded alone in a Lazareth in Germany.

The three tents were placed under the charge of two of my companions—the deaconesses—the third sister having returned home; and I received orders to thoroughly cleanse and disinfect my station for any fresh cases that might be coming. On the second day this work was finished, and I went to visit those whom I had had under my care. But I found that three of them were already dead.

I was very much touched when I noticed the glad looks of former patients on seeing me again. On both sides many promises of future remembrance were given, and I then told them how happy it made me that they now had a countrywoman of their own to look after them and care for them. "Ah, little sister," they replied, "the deaconess is very kind and good-natured, but she doesn't know how to nurse. Were it not for our comrade there, who can leave his bed, we should never have had water to wash with since we left you, and no one has had his mouth cleansed. Look at Hermann yonder."

They pointed to a poor fellow in delirium, whose mouth I had often had to cleanse twice and thrice a day. The state it was now in is beyond description. And, in connection with such a fact as this, I am forced to state that deaconesses are not, as a rule, good nurses. They are very imperfectly trained, and although they are of a superior class to the ordinary nurses in German civil hospitals, yet there is a growing feeling of dislike against them as a class, on the part of medical men in Germany. This feeling will tend to neutralise their future usefulness, unless their opinions and rules be somewhat modified, and their training be carried out in a more practical manner than it is at present.

When the cleansing and disinfection of my station were thoroughly accomplished, I re-

turned to my quarters to put together the few odds and ends of things which constituted my present luggage. Upon entering the kitchen I found the fireplace already occupied by about half-a-dozen of the soldiers quartered there. They courteously rose, and made room for me, begging me to take the seat of honour and of comfort, viz. the stool or settle which was inside the chimney. We discussed many matters—the war, the state of trade in England and America,—and I was not a little astonished at the immense amount of information on all subjects that these men possessed. Two of them had been in America for some years, and spoke English with such a perfectly American accent and intonation, that it was difficult to believe that they could be Germans. When the other men came in, the business of the evening began—namely, a "farewell feast." Each member of the company contributed something—eggs, flour, sugar, or grease. This last item was the only suspicious element in the contributions, and there was a warm discussion as to whether it should or should not be used. Pancakes, however, could not be made without grease of some sort to fry them in; and it was therefore settled, after all, that as this grease *was* grease, "they needn't be too nice in war time as to what sort it was." The pancakes were made, and I can testify to their excellence. The farewell feast was a great success.

There was some discussion that night as to the probability of Bazaine's making a sortie, if he should hear that the road to Paris was open. When the sisters and myself went to bed the men in the house had begged that if the alarm sounded, they might be allowed to get through our windows into the street, as it always took such a long time undoing the house-door. We laughingly consented, assuring them that there was no great fear; but they said that the sentinels had been doubled, and that every man was ordered to be in readiness.

I had scarcely fallen asleep, when I heard a gun fired; it was quickly followed by others, and then came a long roll of the "alarm" and the "fall in." We hastily dressed; but by that time the whole of the men were already assembled in the chief street. Every window was thrown open, and heads thrust out of them, adorned with caps of all descriptions. From that little group of men, whose destruction appeared certain, was heard, "O God, we are betrayed; the French are on us!" whilst from the window of every house peopled by the villagers, was heard, "The French are coming, and we are saved!"

The men were marched out at once to the spot at which the firing had been going on. The elder of the two deaconesses, Sister Olga, went down with me to the fever tents to see whether the orderlies had remained with the sick, or joined the troops. There was no sound of firing, nor could we hear the tramp of men. We found the men at their posts, and everything quiet.

It was a still autumn night, with a moon which brightened every leaf and blade of grass. As we stood near the tents we heard the swinging steps of a horse coming towards us, and presently a mounted German appeared, and assured us that it was a false alarm. One of the sentinels had fired his piece, at what he imagined to be a Frenchman, and of course the firing had been taken up, and the alarm beaten.

As day broke, however, the alarm again sounded, and before the men had even fallen in we could hear the rattle of musketry. Hour after hour it went on, sometimes coming so near that we seemed to hear the pattering of the shot as it fell. Everything was packed ready for an immediate retreat. I was told that I must give up all thoughts of going to Germany, for that neither escort nor horses could be spared to take me to the frontier, and that even if they could have been spared we should be taken prisoners.

To the intense astonishment of the Germans and ourselves, the French continued their firing for hours, without discovering how small a body of men replied to them. The Germans were well covered, and prevented the French discovering their weakness, until they were reinforced by the long-expected Landwehr. The firing continued for some time afterwards. At length I was provided with my long-promised escort, and, in defiance of all threatened risks, started on my return to Germany, while the fighting was still going on.

Late that afternoon we arrived at Rémilly, in time for the one return train to Saarbrücken.

My experience of a Feld-lazareth had been but a short one; but in spite of the discomforts and dangers, I look back upon the days there spent as among the most profitable of my life.

FLORENCE LEES.

LADY BELL.

By the AUTHOR of "Citoyenne Jacqueline."

CHAPTER XVI.—COMPANION TO MISS KINGSCOTE.



"WILL you be so good as tell me the arrangements you have made for me?" requested Lady Bell, remembering that as her money was lost, it was out of her power to undo these arrangements.

"With all my heart, my dear," replied Mrs. Siddons cordially. "The lady who wishes a companion at so vastly opportune a moment, that we ought to be grateful for the chance,—and I see that you have the sense to regard it in that light,—is Miss Kingscote, of Nutfield, three miles from here. She had come in to see the play on Friday night, and spoke of the opening to Mrs. Bunbury, who mentioned it to me."

"Do you know anything more?" asked Lady Bell, feigning curiosity to hide how dispirited she was.

"Yes, sure; I have made every inquiry on your account," said Mrs. Siddons readily. "I took the opportunity to ride out to Nutfield when you were engaged with the trimming of the pink train, yesterday. It is a nice sort of country place, though I must explain that the family were thrown back in the world by the villainy of an uncle, and are only working their way forward again, which is greatly to their credit. I thought it better that you should not know of the proposal till it was all settled, which it is, with your consent."

"I should like to hear what my duties will be."

"Ay, and what your salary will be; don't forget that, and don't begin blushing at the name, child, not though it were 'wages.' It is easy to see that you have not been so hardened as I. But 'what's in a name,' especially when the price of our hire is for the benefit of the helpless creatures dearest to us? Oh, I forget, Miss Barlowe, you are not sixteen, and still a spinster; indeed I don't recommend early marriages, and you will have plenty opportunities yet to change your name. But a married woman is apt to measure her neighbour's obligations by her own."

"Is there only one Miss Kingscote?" interposed Lady Bell.

"Yes; and I should say she is a good round dozen of years your senior. She stays out at Nutfield with a bachelor brother, who is half a dozen years younger than she is; in short, who stands between her and you in point of age. I wish the difference had been the other way."

"Why, madam?" demanded Lady Bell, like a little Turk.

"You need not look affronted." Mrs. Siddons did not mind much having given the affront. "Try for your own sake, Miss Barlowe, and not be so thin-skinned; however, neither that defect, nor Mr. Charles Kingscote's twenty-two years can be mended in a day. The Kingscotes have just been able to keep their place, which their friends have been nursing back to prosperity till the young man grew up. He is only waiting at home for a pair of colours, which he is certain to get in these war times, so that you may not be long troubled with him. An idle young man is a great trouble and snare. You see I think it right to warn you, Miss Barlowe, before sending you to this situation."

"Mr. Charles Kingscote will not keep me back," asserted Lady Bell, crossing her hands with an almost comical, youthful enough arrogance in her attitude, which expressed, "I shall put the young bumpkin in his proper place and keep him there, trust me for that." What she said in words was, "But you have not told me my duties."

"Nor your salary, I am coming to them; however, I must state to you in fairness, Miss Barlowe, I also warned Miss Kingscote that her proposed companion was a very genteel, pretty young girl."

"I am much obliged to you, madam," acknowledged Lady Bell in an accent of anything save obligation.

"But she would not be warned any more than yourself," protested Mrs. Siddons bluntly, "for the woman is a born idiot, though I don't mean that you are similarly afflicted," she broke off laughing; "at the same time she is very good-natured, is this Miss Kingscote, as I hear. It need not be a harder task than another for you to have a little patience with her, and behave with reserve and prudence, as I do not doubt you will, to the brother."

"Madam, I am not going to be a companion to the brother," objected Lady Bell, with solemn impatience; "what am I to do for the lady?"

"You are to teach her all your tambour and knotting stitches, work up her mess of 'pretty work,' as she calls it, help her with her plain work and housekeeping, walk with her, be company for her in the evening, since she is lonesome when her brother is abroad. She does not feel dull in the country during the summer, because after the family fell in the world, they have been in the habit of giving quarters to friends and letting the spare rooms in their house; but these are only wanted for the long days and the fine weather, and Miss Kingscote cannot 'a-bear' the thought of a winter all alone with Master Charles, out at Nutfield. The salary is a guinea a month, with board and washing provided. I can tell you many a duchess does not give her children's governess a third more, but I would not take a shilling less for you. Will you engage, Miss Barlowe?"

"I will, madam, till I can make a better of it," answered Lady Bell not very meekly.

Mrs. Siddons did not censure her young friend's peevishness and ambition; on the contrary she told Lady Bell seriously that it was the first duty of every well-disposed, sensible young woman, to do what she could to better her condition in the world, and even to prove a prop and ladder by which those belonging to her might stay themselves, and climb to a higher estate.

Lady Bell was passed on to Nutfield without delay. Her dignity was put perforce in her pocket since she travelled neither by berlin, nor landau, not even by a yellow post-chaise, but by a convenient waggon.

The short ride carried Lady Bell through an undulating country, the abounding wood and water of which must have rendered it, in the season, an Arcadia to the lovers of nature of the period, who were neither more nor less than landscape gardeners.

In spite of Miss Kingscote's dislike to being out at Nutfield without the solace and sympathy of another "female" of her rank, to share her dearth of activity, and her nerves and twitters in winter, the neighbourhood was not lonely or thinly peopled. There was even evidence of the rising appreciation of its Arcadian character.

Not only was the adjacent country town decidedly aristocratic in its buildings, there were one or two attempts in its suburbs at fancy cottages or lodges,—gothic and sylvan,—with grounds in keeping, modest modifications of renowned Strawberry Hill. To these the townspeople and denizens of greater towns, sometimes even of London itself, retired, and came, on occasions, to enjoy rural felicity and life in *villigiatura*.

But Nutfield was a house of a different description. It was an old grey manor-house, limited in extent, though its space was yet too great for either the needs or the means of its well-descended owners. They were glad to turn its vacant rooms to profit, by converting them into country lodgings without abating a jot of their claims to gentility.

Nutfield had never been a place of the same extent as Trevor Court and St. Bevis's, and it had shared to some degree the fate of its proprietors in being reduced very nearly to the rough, uncared-for plight of a farm-house. But the solidity of the walls and a certain tenacity as well as stoutness in the human constitution, had served Nutfield and the Kingscotes alike in good stead.

Nutfield was marked by a quaint massiveness in its original mullioned windows, which caused the light to dwindle to darkness—visible within doors, and in its heavy cross-beams that looked as if they were about to fall and crush the occupants. Mullions and cross-beams were not altogether without their pleasantness, and suited the primitive situation of the house in the middle of an orchard, where the mossy arms of the old fruit-trees stretched so close to the house, that they further darkened it, and flung their shifting shadows on the floors.

Within doors, the old ebony-black furniture, frayed drugget and matting, with some remnants of faded woollen tapestry, and a smoked black picture or two framed in the panels, promised at least peaceful stability, friendly familiarity, and simple ease and comfort. The aspect of the place contrasted on the whole favourably with the ghastly bareness of St. Bevis's, the painful pretence at home, which was no home, of Trevor Court.

Miss Kingscote was a dumpy woman, with a large flat face, like a flat surface of any kind

catching gleams and reflections from surrounding objects, but incapable of individual lights and shadows. Her sprigged linen gown and round cap of her own knitting, made her figure look still more unshapely, and her face more like a shallow saucer. She was awkward to uncouthness, as she nodded to Lady Bell.

"I'm glad to see you, miss," she said to Lady Bell, proceeding in grossly illiterate language, which first shocked, then tickled the delicate ears that listened to it. "You're a coming to a dull part, I would have you to know that, and no mistake; you see 'I never was known to lie,' no more than the man as told the funny story of the Ram of Derbyshire. But to be content and hearty, them are the ways to make Nutfield and life cheerier. I mean to try 'em, miss, I do, if so be you'll be good enough to lend me a hand."

Withal there was a foolish importance and simpering affectation about Miss Kingscote which bore out Mrs. Siddons's verdict on the country lady's understanding. But no doubt she was very good-natured, only her good-nature took, at first, a vexatious form.

Lady Bell was labouring to preserve her incognito, to shape her own bearing and tones to the calling which she had adopted. But what was she to do when Miss Kingscote began by loading her hired companion with all the honour and attention which she could pay Lady Bell, by insisting on waiting upon Lady Bell instead of consenting to be waited upon by her?

This unexpected and dangerous intuition of Miss Kingscote's, thoroughly disconcerted Lady Bell, and might have brought the deceiver to the brink of detection, had not Miss Kingscote speedily drifted back, to Lady Bell's relief, into her normal condition of an easy-going, communicative simpleton.

Within an hour, Lady Bell heard that the Kingscotes had been no small drink in England a mort of years before, as early as King Arthur's time or thereabouts—when they would have thought neither Clifford nor Talbot of their brewst. What a proper young man Master Charles was, and all the girls pulling caps for him. How well Miss Kingscote had looked when she walked into Lumley at Assize time, in her pea-green tabinet petticoat and cherry-coloured gown.

There were no shady hollows, not to say dark gulfs, in Miss Kingscote's nature and history, notwithstanding that the latter had not been without its romantic reverses. Lady Bell was bidden inspect them from end to end the very first day. She was made the recipient in full of the narrative of Uncle Mat's worst iniquities. She heard how the Kingscotes had been reduced within Miss Kingscote's recollection, to the plainest of clothing and coarsest of fare.

"And I was not dead beat, or as heavy as a Dutchwoman in those days neither, miss," laughed Miss Kingscote with her horse laugh. "Lud! no, it is the man or woman as is the jewel. I was called a spirity, strapping lass by them as saw me then, and never knew I was a lady."

Lady Bell had stared, had repressed an inclination to titter, had taken another view of the case, and given way, in spite of every effort, to a dreary girlish sense of self-abandonment, of being inevitably swamped in this overflow of homely folly. What a companion after the great actress!

Lady Bell was fain to prick her ears at the sound of an approaching light firm footstep, and decently cultivated ringing voice.

"Are you there, Deb?" called the voice unceremoniously. "I suppose you han't got your serving and talking commodity yet, as I don't sight any traces of her. Deb, come out this minute, and look at my partridges."

"Lawk-a-daisy, there's brother from his shooting, and I've forgot to have a toast and tankard ready for him," exclaimed Miss Kingscote, ambling out of the parlour.

CHAPTER XVII.—MASTER CHARLES.

THERE was a whispered colloquy outside the door, succeeded by the entrance of a frank, open-faced young fellow, looking very comely in his green coat, and yet retaining a comical likeness to Miss Kingscote.

The gentleman was coming up freely to Lady Bell, prepared to regard her as an acquisition, in the profits of which he was entitled to a share.

He was not going to address her with the formal "I have the honour," or "Your servant;" but with a friendly, jocular "Good morning to you, Miss Barlowe, now that you have come to hand. Don't let my sister and you put out your bright eyes with fine stitching," when he, too, was induced to reverse the usual order of greeting to a companion, though making his amendment on more intelligent principles than those which had influenced Miss Kingscote.

Instead of speaking at all, he gave Lady Bell a confused bow in return for her perfectly serene curtsey, and turned aside muttering to himself, "By George, she is a highflyer—she must be a tragedy queen herself!"

Miss Kingscote was senselessly elated by the manner in which her companion struck Master Charles. "Don't you go for to contradict me again," his sister with a meaning chuckle shook her fat finger at the lad; "mum's the word, but we've all heard tell of pearls before swine."

Lady Bell, in spite of her former heroics, was rather pleased to see in the dire dearth of sympathy which threatened to prevail in other quarters at Nutfield, that Master Charles, as his sister generally styled him, was personable and companionable.

But he was no such likely mate for Lady Bell even had she been free, that she should be carried off her feet by his home-spun attractions. These had not been cultivated beyond the point to which their natural manliness and honesty had been brought by the parson of the parish, who had volunteered to act as young Kingscote of Nutfield's governor, and by the country town's fencing and dancing master, who had undertaken to convey to the young fellow a version of the deportment and manners of a gentleman.

Lady Bell had been determined on keeping Master Charles at a due distance. She owed it to the peculiar sedateness with which she was bound to behave, and to her knowledge of the real difference of their rank. So she began by being very quiet and reserved, and by resisting the faint and finally bashful advances of the master of the house.

But circumstances were tremendously against Lady Bell.

Nutfield was a country house where winter was approaching. Miss Kingscote was a garrulous rustic, from whom neither edification nor enlivenment, except of one kind, could be expected.

Master Charles was a gentleman, although of the plainer sort, prepossessing in look and speech, not without parts, information, and spirit, of an age not exceeding twenty-two.

Lady Bell was guileless, ingenuous as far as she dared to be ingenuous, naturally animated and enterprising, trained in a school of refinement and finish, and delicately handsome.

Lady Bell was unable to gainsay Master Charles in making friends with him, so far as allowing him to be on cordial terms with her. Soon he brought her trophies from the game preserves and hunting fields. He consulted her on his purchases in the little town.

"Look here, Miss Barlowe," he would say, "my tailor tells me this brocade of which I have a pattern for a waistcoat, was brought right from France on an order of Sir Peregrine Cust's. Do you affect it? lend me your taste."

He told her his engagements, gave her a full account of his sayings and doings, and those of his friends. "I was at Colonel Barnard's last night," he would mention. "We had games, and the ladies proposed riddles. I wish my plaguey memory had retained them for the benefit of Deb and you, Miss Barlowe. What do you think? Miss Polly, the colonel's daughter, stood up and danced a jig first-rate with her brother the sailor."

He confessed that he had been longing desperately for his commission, but he was not so impatient now that Miss Barlowe had kindly consented to bear his sister company. They formed quite a little colony at home, who could play cribbage, piquet, or pope-joan, of an evening, and be independent of the great world without—not that he was not going where glory waited him, that he did not mean to earn his right to sit down like an old man by his modest fire-side.

Lady Bell, though she had sufficient caution to keep her narratives within bounds, repaid Master Charles's confidences by fine stories out of her short life with the players, out of the plays she had seen acted and the few books she had read.

She took his advice seriously on the feather trimmings she was manufacturing for Miss Kingscote's furbelows, whether the turkeys' feathers did not "come in vastly pretty as a silver grey after the golden brown of the pheasants' feathers?"

With a little pressing, she sang to him as an appropriate echo of his military aspirations, "Over the hills and far away;" she suffered him to escort her—to be sure Miss Kingscote was generally with her—when he overtook her on these country roads, which in the shortening winter days, were not only barely surmountable in their mud and mire, but even frequently forbidden to unattended women in the end of the last century.

Young men were scarce about Lumley, and this young man was popular among the neighbours who had rescued him. Master Charles was freely welcome, where Miss Kingscote was merely tolerated and laughed at, in most of the country houses, and in the best town houses of Lumley. He could go a-visiting, if he chose, four evenings out of the seven.

Naturally it was otherwise with Miss Kingscote's companion.

All at once Lady Bell had her eyes opened to the precipice on the edge of which she was unwarily walking.

In the first place Miss Kingscote's manner changed. Her boisterous good humour and rough hospitality gave way to a halting glumness and an absolute rudeness.

There were "creeturs," Miss Kingscote declared emphatically, who stole into honourable houses and plotted against their credit. Miss Kingscote seemed to become morbidly concerned with these "creeturs," vain peacocks, serpents in disguise, who aimed at occupying the seats of their betters, but would never reach those seats, instead would "sup" sorrow and disgrace, as the just punishment of their scandalous lightness of head and unwarrantable ambition.

"But you would never be such a pagan, miss," Miss Kingscote would protest relentingly, not without a strong warning in the relenting, "you've been taken in and had the warmest corner here, as if you had been my sister, indeed—though, Lud! no sister of mine—a Kingscote of Nutfield would have gone into service, rather starve, or live on the hards, as I have lived many and many's the day."

"I don't know what you mean, Miss Kingscote," Lady Bell defended herself, too scornful in her surprise to be even sorely displeased. "I think the best of us may go into service, and that the only truly demeaning service is what we cannot honestly perform. Yes, you have been very kind to me, but I do not know what you mean."

"You wouldn't he so horn mad," persisted Miss Kingscote, looking Lady Bell hard in the face, "as to force me to give you the back of the door, Miss Barlowe, for misbehaviour, and the small chance it would give of a rise in the world? As for them boobies of men," added Miss Kingscote, "they are good for nought save to breed strife. They're as blind as bats to their own goods, and as wild as tigerses when they're crossed for their goods, and after their toys is broke, 'trample these toys under foot' is the order of the day."

"You're very hard on the men," commented Lady Bell, "but I have nothing to do to defend them."

"In course, Master Charles is among the best of his sort," explained Miss Kingscote, striving to speak loftily in her turn. "He'll think better on it. He'll come out at the head of the cart yet, and conduct himself conformable, not disappointing none of his friends and well-wishers. He'll cut a dash, and bring home a flag or two, or a gun, like his forefathers did—his and mines. He'll wait till then and mate with his equal."

"With all my heart, Miss Kingscote," replied Lady Bell, and then she remonstrated—"but, good gracious! why should I have to come out at the foot of the cart because he is to leap from the head?"

Miss Kingscote had no answer to that indignant demand save a sulky—"You know best, miss; it lies with you. I reckon your lot will be of your own choosing."

Lady Bell could have laughed bitterly; she could have packed up the small wardrobe which she had gathered before her purse was stolen, and seen her last of Nutfield and the Kingscotes.

But here was no laughing matter, and although it had not come to this that Lady Bell Trevor, the forlorn young wife of Trevor of Trevor Court, had entered into a rivalry, which would have been tenfold base on her part, with Miss Polly Barnard and Miss Ironside, the daughter of the mayor of Lumley, for the favour of so simple a country gentleman, she could ill dispense with the shelter of that gentleman's roof and the countenance of his sister.

Neither was Lady Bell's conscience quite clear. Her prudence—the slender prudence of sixteen—had slept, and the result threatened to be altogether disastrous.

Master Charles was not satisfied with the amount of friendship which Lady Bell had vouchsafed him. He was pressing for more. His sister's clumsy opposition, which rendered him surly to her, only made him more eager, open, and ostentatious in his approaches.

Lady Bell realised with a throb of apprehension that this task of keeping Master Charles in order was by no means the easy task which she had conceitedly conceived beforehand, and set for herself without doubt or fear.

She began to tremble at Master Charles's boyish keenness, confidence, and daring. He snatched her hand and kissed it before Miss Kingscote's face. He stole Miss Barlowe's handkerchief behind Miss Kingscote's back and kept it. Trifles light as air these liberties were, but Lady Bell could have cried over them with shame and vexation.

She commenced to experience the weakness of wrong-doing in trying to summon up her dignity to repulse the assailant. Though desertion of duty and deceit in a certain measure were not called by such hard names in Lady Bell's day, and though those practices had been resorted to by her, half in ignorance, still she fell back on accusing herself, and was not without a horrified intuition

that their certain tendency was to act like a canker in corroding her moral nature.

CHAPTER XVIII.—MRS. BARLOWE.

"MISS KINGSCOTE," said Lady Bell very soberly and sadly, the next time she sat netting a cherry net by the firelight, while her companion was dozing at her side. Neither of them had to fear interruption, since Master Charles was gone for that day and the next, to be present at an inspection of the county fencibles.

"What is your will, miss?" returned Miss Kingscote curtly, not propitiated by having her sleep broken in upon.

"I have to say to you, that I shall take it as a favour if you will call me Mrs. Barlowe in future. Indeed, madam, I have, and had long before I came here, a right to the superior title, while I take blame to myself for not having confided it to you. But I am one of those unfortunate creatures who, with such a ring as this"—and Lady Bell held up the third finger of her left hand, on which she had resumed the wearing of her marriage ring—"have wed slavery and desolation, instead of honour and bounty."

Miss Kingscote had been still in sheer wonder and consternation greater than those with which she herself had lately filled Lady Bell.

"Lord ha' mercy! You don't go for to say it," she exclaimed at last, "that you are a lost woman already, and you a mere chit of a girl? Why did Madam Siddons take me in vilely?—though it might have been looked for from a play-actress. What company for Master Charles to have been tricked into!"

Lady Bell sprang to her feet.

"Miss Kingscote, you are not thinking of what you are saying, else you would not dare to speak, you would not have the heart to speak such cruel words; yes, they are cruel, cruel!" she cried again, and sobbed in her pain and distress. "Have you no pity on a poor girl's misery, which she was confiding to you solely to re-assure you and guard you against a foolish fancy which was troubling your peace? You have been poor yourself, and put upon by a wicked uncle, as you've often told me, and I thought you were good-natured and kind-hearted, but you are as bad to me as the rest. I am as good a woman as you are, Miss Kingscote. I defy my worst enemy to prove me otherwise. I shall rid you of my presence this very night. Yes, I shall sooner face the howling, dark night, and go on foot to Lumley, weak girl that I am, than stay and receive another hour's shelter from a woman who suspects me of being the basest of my kind."

"Hoity-toity," muttered Miss Kingscote, fanning herself, in her agitation, with a bunch of peacock's feathers which she had snatched from the chimneypiece.

"But I must free Mrs. Siddons from your aspersions," insisted Lady Bell more calmly, "she knew nothing of what I have told you, madam; she never sought to know. Her natural nobility and candour believed in me and trusted me from the moment that we chanced to travel together. That was the beginning and end of our acquaintance."

"Ay, like draws to like," commented Miss Kingscote, with a smothered groan, for she was cowardly as well as slow, and Lady Bell's combined volubility and fire swept away and consumed Miss Kingscote's halting indignation.

"I can guess," continued Lady Bell, paying no heed to the interruption, "that she told you as much; that she had not been acquainted with my friends; that she had taken me on credit, and had not been disappointed in me, an orphan striving to earn her bread."

Lady Bell had raged on without interruption, till the flame was spent.

"What's all this to do, miss?" questioned Miss Kingscote. "Do you expect me to be mightily pleased with your queer story? Bless the girl! even if it were true, it wants looking into, that it do; wait till Master Charles comes back."

In reality Miss Kingscote's forces were already beginning to hang fire. Her dense stupidity and softness of temper, however goaded, were not equal to the situation.

"If it were true!" flounced and fumed the young delinquent, who was not brought to contriteness then, "when did I lie to you? As for Master Charles," Lady Bell stamped her small foot, "how dare you bring a modest and honourable young gentleman, so far as I know him, into such a discussion?"

"Lud! lud!" Miss Kingscote rose and retreated, perfectly in earnest in her alarm, "you mun be in a frenzy, girl, you'll fright me clean out of my wits, though the maids are in the kitchen; what would you have me to say or do? I never thought you were such a right-down vixen, or I wouldn't have had the pluck to live with you so long."

"I am not a vixen, Miss Kingscote," denied Lady Bell, beginning to laugh excitedly, "I'm only a poor oppressed soul, as I told you, to whom no one will afford a harbour, who must seek one in the grave!" and over-

come by her own hyperbole, which she fully believed at the moment, Lady Bell sank down, sighing and moaning.

"Oh, deary me!" lamented poor Miss Kingscote in turn, "them dismals are worser than tantrums; sure, child, you may have a harbour for me, though you do be a married woman. I have no dislike to married women, though I beant matched myself. When I come to think of it," added Miss Kingscote, recollecting herself, "them's the best news, if so be they're right square, which I've heard for many a day; your good man beant dead, be he now?" she inquired insinuatingly.

"No, madam; and though he has been no good man to me, I dare not, as I am a sinner, wish him sent to his account," groaned Lady Bell wearily.

"No! The Lord be thanked he is to the fore," commented Miss Kingscote devoutly, "and I ask your pardon, miss—madam, if I spoke like a crosspatch when you went to break your marriage to me. It struck me all of a heap, and put me in such a stew, my heart do go pit-a-pat still. But when I've got over it, I should not wonder though you and me were better friends than ever." Miss Kingscote ended by smirking and nodding.

"I am content," submitted Lady Bell sadly. "But, if you please, Miss Kingscote, we'll not speak of these unhappy passages in my life. I cannot give you particulars. I must keep my own counsel, only you had better call me Mrs. Barlowe, and let Master Charles know why you do so. He will be tender of my secret. For that matter, I'm not alone; I'm not the only unhappy wife in England, who has been driven to fight her own battle to-day."

"My word, no," assented Miss Kingscote heartily; "I've known women as were beat within an inch of their lives by their brutes of men, women as were left to shift for themselves, while their fine gentlemen gallanted with other women, and the poor wives were none to blame. What was I thinking on, Mrs. Barlowe, when I sought to bring home the guilt to a pretty babe like you? I'll tell Master Charles with all the pleasure in life—I mean I'll let him know, as it is but fair, to say the least, and he'll be main sorry and rare kind to you."

Lady Bell and Miss Kingscote never supposed that the knowledge which they had to give might not be an insurmountable obstacle to stay Master Charles from wishing to create a closer, warmer friendship between him and Lady Bell.

Happily Master Charles was, in his way, and for his sex, as innocent and ignorant as the women. He was somewhat of the stuff of which Blake and Penn had been made. He had the faults of his day; he could, especially in his raw youth, ere he had been taught a lesson, and had a discipline appointed to him, bluster and swagger a little. He was over free in the drinking and betting, and even the brawling and fighting, which were still held manly.

He was shocked, incensed, and incredulous when he first heard his sister's story. What! that lovely, artless, refined young woman a wife without the name!—in all probability deluded into some clandestine connection with a miscreant who had abandoned her! At least she was living apart from her husband, and had so far disowned her marriage in taking service with strangers. He demanded that he should hear the story from Miss Barlowe's own lips; he would not believe otherwise.

It was a trial for Master Charles even to hint at such a slander to Miss Barlowe, but he brought himself to do it.

He followed Lady Bell as she carried out the crumbs from the breakfast table to feed the birds in the orchard. "You will forgive me for evening you to such a thing," he said, agitated and constrained on his own account, and ready to explode with resentment on hers, should the story prove false, as how could it be true?

Yet he was troubled and disturbed in spite of himself by her changing colour, and though she did not refuse to meet his searching glances, by the wistful sorrowful look with which she bespoke his forbearance and charity.

"It must be a mistake, Miss Barlowe," he urged. "Can it be that you are—a wedded woman, wedded to some wretch who disowns or abuses his vows?"

"Yes, sir, I was wed six months ago," answered Lady Bell faintly, hanging her head as she spoke. "I was wed against my will, yet I consented at last, and I must abide by my consent. Do you condemn me utterly, Master Charles?"

"I, madam? I have no right either to question or condemn," pronounced the young man a little stiffly and very gravely. "I pity you from my soul, and, as I am a gentleman, you may depend upon your sorrows being sacred to me."

He spoke the truth. More than that, the pang inflicted by the communication acted as a process of disillusion on him. The deception of which Lady Bell stood

convicted upon her own showing, the new character in which she appeared, robbed him of his faith in her, then nipped in the bud the love which was born of single-hearted homage, and cured him by a sharp cure of his brief passion.

The spell of Lady Bell's attractions was broken for Master Charles. For a time after her confession he avoided her, was restless, cross, unhappy in his mind, pining more than ever for his colours and his marching day.

But Master Charles' healthy nature re-asserted itself speedily,—the more speedily that his pursuit of Miss Barlowe had still been full of the idealism of an uncorrupted youthful manhood, of a dreamy delight in the present, and a vague grasp of the future. First he returned with renewed zest to his old interests and occupations. Then he gradually wore back to the original friendly footing, now free from all uncertainty and double meaning, on which he had been with Lady Bell.

She witnessed the change, and was a little mystified, a little mortified; but being true to herself and him, she was easily reconciled to it. She was not a budding coquette. She was not naturally weak, though girlishly weak. She had been more sinned against than sinning. She had not forgotten Lady Lucie's lessons of religion and virtue, however she had swerved from them; and that remembrance, even in the midst of perversity and shortsightedness, prevented her from falling. But she had even been saved from the temptation of loving her young squire, so that she could afford to be thankful that he had soon ceased to love her, and was willing to be her friend.

CHAPTER XIX.—AN OLD FRIEND.

THE white hoar frost which had given a fairy-like beauty to the old orchard trees of Nutfield had long melted away, and was replaced by the first powdering and fluttering of green on the grey gnarled boughs.

The birds which Lady Bell had fed no longer came hopping to door and window-sill, but, independent of her bounty, and forgetful of past favours, broke off the acquaintance, and gave themselves up to satisfactory pokings for worms in the soft earth, to pecking at the first midges and green flies, and to the absorbing delights of pairing.

Summer company might be anticipated to fill the spare rooms at Nutfield. But Miss Kingscote, though not so graceful and winning in her ways as Lady Bell's feathered friends, was less carried away by the claims of her personal history, in the association which had remained unbroken since Lady Bell had communicated the fact of her marriage.

Miss Kingscote made up her mind to retain Mrs. Barlowe as a companion, "for, Lud! I've growed fond of her." Miss Kingscote told herself in a succession of reflections "it would cost me summat to part with her. Besides, what would become of the wench herself, as is pure genteel and dandily, though she do have the smartest fingers, and the prettiest devices, if she were thrown out into the world, may be to be knocked back on the tender mercies of her villain of a man. I do have a spite at them men; but my Master Charles—he's a good sort, as well as a pretty fellow, to make his sister's heart glad, and other lasses' hearts sad. But this lass she knows that she and Master Charles can't at no price come together. She's a safe playfellow for Master Charles, as well as good company for me.

"She'll help me in the knotted fringes for the curtains of them beds. She has begun covers for the spare chairs, which ain't half finished, and which I could no more complete all alone than I could dance a minnuee. I want a hand, too, in the sets out when the folks staying in the house step in to sup with Master Charles and me; and I am no great shakes at the preserving and pickling which summer do bring on heavy, since old nursey would never let me try, so long as she could have a finger in the pie. I can prank myself fine enough, but Master Charles he's besotted with the last modes, and he lays into me to take Mrs. Barlowe's word in the matter. Well, I'm not misdoubting that, wheresoever, and whatsoever loss the poor thrown-away thing learnt it, she knows the fashions of the top company."

Thus Lady Bell lived on at Nutfield, and shared the agreeable stir which followed the first announcement for the season of lodgers to the house.

"It's the mayor's wife have sent out a messenger express, that the rooms are wanted for a Lon'on lady the mayor knows on (we only make our house free to friends and friends' friends, Mrs. Barlowe), a young madam newly lain in with her first child, and seeking quiet and country air to recruit her," was Miss Kingscote's important tidings.

"Our air is as sweet as a nut," Miss Kingscote animadverted in her satisfaction, "as your colour may show. When you came first I could compare you to nought for wanness but the puling white July flower, and now you are getting that rosy you'll soon match its red brother and sister."

Only one word of the news kept tingling in Lady Bell's ears, "Lon'on!" Could this lady be high enough in rank to know any member of Lady Lucie's old set? Might the stranger, after they had been several weeks together, be induced to favour and help Lady Bell, should she reveal her identity and appeal to the new-comer's benevolence?

She knew that she could not live at Nutfield always. Nay, she was determined against remaining there for any length of time. However hazardous a farther encounter with the world, she would face it, rather than sink into slothful, degenerating apathy, and be dragged down at last to Miss Kingscote's clownish level.

The next information was brought by Miss Kingscote after she had been to Lumley and



Page 335.

seen the mayor's wife. It struck more home where Lady Bell was concerned.

"Murder! how comes it," cried Miss Kingscote, not waiting to divest herself of her yellow pelisse and her hat tied down over her lappets, but sitting brandishing a whip, to the danger of Lady Bell's eyes, on the first chair which Miss Kingscote could drop into after coming back to her own parlour, "Nutfield should be a refuge for distressed wives? Sure Master Charles and me has neither husbands nor wives, that we should draw such a lot, like honey draws flies. Our lodger to be, is parted from her husband, though they do say it is by her own doing. She were a great fortune, and he were a grand beau, and they pulled together none so amiss for a time. But he ran mad for play, as the

Lord deliver Master Charles from running, which led him into all sorts of evil courses."

"Ah, well-a-day. And was there no remedy?" besought Lady Bell, greatly interested.

"Ne'er a one. For a few weeks gone, just afore the child came into this weary world, when its father's heart might have been tender, he clean kicked over the traces. He had vowed and swore Bible oaths that he would leave off play, more by token her fortune were none of his, but he went and staked a part on't with a Warwickshire gentleman, a known gambler and cheat, I'se warrant on his last legs, one Squire Godwin."

"Ah!" exclaimed Lady Bell again, more shrilly this time; but Miss Kingscote took no notice of the peculiar cadence of the voice, or only attributed it to her own eloquence and the pathos of her story.

"Our madam's man lost; serve him right. She went and paid his debt, but she would have nothing more to say to him. She broke with him from that hour. High time when the last of her fine fortune would have gone like so much leavings to the dogs, and she and her child would have been drove to work or beg for a bite and sup, if they had stayed on with the slippery ne'er-do-well. But she must be hard in the head and mortal stern in the will to cut the scamp, for they do say she married him against the will of her friends, and was as dead set on him, once on a day, as she is now set again him."

"Poor young madam!" lamented Lady Bell in her old-fashioned, abstracted fashion, "so she, too, became exposed, through her husband, to the inhuman selfishness of Squire Godwin. Can you tell me her name, Miss Kingscote?"

"Not I, for I forgot to ax it, and Mrs. Ironside forgot to tell it. What a ninny she would think me for not minding her she had forgot! But perhaps the unhappy lady is keeping it close, though we cannot let that be; we cannot manage a bill without a name, can we now, Mrs. Barlowe?"

"I think we might," Lady Bell re-assured the mistress of the house.

"And had your heard tell afore of that thief of the wood, Squire Godwin?" inquired Miss Kingscote, reverting to a point which had struck her in her companion's speech.

"I had heard of him; would that I had not," admitted Lady Bell wincing. "But madam, he was not a common swindler and cheat—not to my knowledge. He was a hardened gambler, and a wickedly callous gentleman, that was all."

"I reckon it was the worser of the two, with the devil to pay atween them," asserted Miss Kingscote rather severely for her, "I am a born lady, I am, but I count them ruffians of the green boards and racecourses, as may yet turn out the light pockets of my boy and shake 'em emptier of Nutfield than ever our uncle Mat shook 'em, a dratted deal worse than a highwayman or a housebreaker that may be catched in the act and wear a hempen collar at Tyburn or nigher hand any day."

"I suppose we must leave to their deserts both spendthrifts and wicked uncles," said Lady Bell. "Why are uncles worse than other relations, I wonder?" she speculated.

"Because of them blessed Babes in the Wood," answered Miss Kingscote glibly.

"Miss Kingscote, let us try to comfort the poor young madam, with her worse than fatherless babe," suggested, Lady Bell, as she conjured up a host of pensive recollections.

"Ay, ay; I expect you two will be as thick as peas," said Miss Kingscote nodding confidentially.

The lady arrived that very evening to supper. She had posted from town to Lumley; she had heard there that lodgings were provided for her by the mayor, who was the son of a former bailiff in her family, and had come straight on, in the chaise, with her child and attendant.

Miss Kingscote, who was apt to be in a muddle, and never ready for anything, was, as she described it, "slipping" into her best gown. Master Charles was out. "Oh, the dickens! the dickens! What is ever to be done?" cried Miss Kingscote to Mrs. Barlowe. "Run like a lovey, you are always as neat as though you'd been lifted out of a box, and wait on madam at the coach door. Say we're main glad to see her, which we beant—not yet awhile, but them's the words. Help her out; take the child and call it a lamb. The mother won't go and mind ceremony then. I wouldn't for my life she did mind, 'cause of the mayor's people. See the whole set to their rooms, Mrs. Barlowe. Swear the beds are aired, the fire will be lit as soon as we can say Jack Robinson, and we aint at the mercy of bugs. I'll be there to bid madam make herself at home in a trice."

Lady Bell went out in the early summer dusk, with a new moon coming out calm and sweet, and the blackbirds singing a late note to their mates in the nests among the orchard boughs, unwotting of the shots and snares which were in store for them. Here were a different night and place, with a very different

major domo or chatelaine from what had greeted Lady Bell when she came to St. Bevis's.

"I have been sent to bring you in, madam," said the fresh young voice to the occupants of the chaise, who were only to be guessed at in its recesses, but the travellers must have thought that the voice spoke very delicately and gently, with a heartfelt sympathy in its liquid undertones. "You must be done up with fatigue, but rest and refreshment are at hand. Let me take the child, I shall be very careful."

The lady within did not respond immediately. She sat arrested for a moment. Then she got out quickly, directed the nurse to carry the infant within doors from the dews, but declared that for herself, she desired a mouthful of fresh air, before she entered the house and sat down to supper. She took Lady Bell's arm and drew her further into the orchard instead of into the entrance-hall, while her maid and Miss Kingscote's servants fraternised on the spot over the "whimsies" of fine ladies.

The two shipwrecked young creatures—the stranger in the wraps was only a few years older than Lady Bell, thus thrown together, stood in the twilight orchard, discovered to each other, as they had been after the first moment of their meeting again, ready to make common cause together as they had done ere now, to league together against their enemies and the whole world.

"Lady Bell Trevor," broke forth Mrs. Sundon—the voice had a jarred and broken tone, instead of its old full harmony—"I have found you at last. How did you come here? What are you doing here since—since Squire Trevor lost his election? You'll never refuse to tell me, for I must be your best friend, with whom your secret is safe."

But Lady Bell was overcome by identifying her old idol in this figure whose pedestal was shattered and her companion figure gone for ever. Lady Bell gave way far more than the speaker had failed in composure, and sobbed and cried, "Oh, Mrs. Sundon, I thought you were happy, if anybody on earth was happy, and now to hear and see you like this!"

"Hush! hush!" enjoined Mrs. Sundon with nervous firmness, as one who would not listen lest her own hardly-won calmness should be ruffled to its depths. "It is the common lot, like death, that we should be deceived and wronged; the exceptions are so rare, that what right had I, or my friends for me, to count on me forming one? I have not lost all when I have found you."

On the couple's repairing to the house, they gave no signs of any previous acquaintance, and Lady Bell was Mrs. Barlowe to Madam Sundon.

Miss Kingscote did not suspect any collusion; she was so easily blinded, that there was no credit in blinding her. She had made up her mind from the first that Madam Sundon and Mrs. Barlowe, in right of their common misfortunes as wives, would be, according to her own phrase, "as thick as peas," she only congratulated herself on her penetration when her prophecy was fulfilled.

She was not jealous, her mingled good-nature and self-conceit constituted a panoply against jealousy, while the mutual attraction between the ladies relieved her from the obligation of entertaining the mayor's friend.

Master Charles had a little more knowledge of the world, but it seemed to him the most natural thing possible, that two elegant young women belonging to another order from that of a good soul like his sister Deb, with a similarity in misfortune serving further to unite them, should be irresistibly drawn to each other. He would have been astonished if they had kept apart.

He was not struck by the spontaneousness and equality of the friendship. He did not pause to think that Madam Sundon, who had the reputation with the mayor's family of being high as well as gracious, determined and discreet even to hardness, in breaking with her forsworn infatuated husband, was not a likely person to rush without a sufficient motive into an intimate friendship with a young woman in Mrs. Barlowe's position. The mere circumstance that Mrs. Barlowe's presence at Nutfield was an abnormal element of daily life, was enough to convince Master Charles that it would fit into the other abnormal elements, as a necessity of the case.

While Miss Kingscote and Master Charles accorded their ready consent to the connection, it would be difficult to tell its preciousness to Lady Bell. It was like sunshine irradiating a dull landscape, like water springing up in the desert, like the restoration of an alien to forfeited privileges, never before held so dear.

The atmosphere of high-bred and refined society was regained. A sense of reliance in the presence of a powerful friend was experienced. The delightful tie of sisterhood to which Lady Bell had not been born was acquired. The wholesome antidote of passionate interest and deep pity for another, tried as sorely as Lady Bell had been tried, was supplied. Lady Bell had the constant

example of Mrs. Sundon's dignified reserve and womanly fortitude. She shared in the higher intelligence of her friend. She received from Mrs. Sundon many pieces of information for which she had been secretly longing. She found the most charming plaything in Mrs. Sundon's baby.

Such were some of the many benefits which Mrs. Sundon's unexpected appearance on the scene brought to Lady Bell, and for which she gave thanks.

Mrs. Sundon was never "high" to Lady Bell; not only was she too magnanimous and loyal a woman to forget old service, because its gain had passed away—there was balm to the woman's wounded spirit in the girl's enthusiastic admiration and firm faith.

Only slightly separated in years, both of them wives, and unhappy wives, Lady Bell was still half a lifetime younger in experience than Mrs. Sundon.

Next to her child, Lady Bell became the consolation and interest of Mrs. Sundon's life —blighted by a blight of which she could not speak. Lady Bell, too, had been wounded by the hunters, but her wound had not been dealt by the hand of a friend, and had not pierced to the quick. Mrs. Sundon could not only cherish Lady Bell, she could devise plans for the girl's restoration to life and happiness.

CHAPTER XX.—A MESSAGE OUT OF THE PAST.

ONE hot day in the latter end of June, Lady Bell was sitting out in the orchard, with Mrs. Sundon's child in her lap, cooing to it, tickling it, tossing it, decking it out with daisies, pretending to herself and to it, that the not-many-weeks-old child noticed and appreciated its floral finery.

The long, flower-besprinkled grass grew all round, beneath the bending, leafy boughs, through the shadows of which came perpetually shifting chequers of sunshine. There could just be seen, down a vista, the quaint, grey house of Nutfield, with the last year's yellow corn stacks beyond the orchard, mellowing and warming the green and grey tints under the blue and white cloud-flecked sky.

Mrs. Sundon with her fine figure and face, in one of her white wrappers and close caps, came slowly up between the interlacing boughs; she stopped beside Lady Bell and the child, looking down upon them. The group was very sweet, and wanted only a St. Joseph and a little St. John to make it stand for one of the old Italian "Riposos."

"Look here, Lady Bell," said Mrs. Sundon, putting her finger on a paragraph in a newspaper which she held in her hand.

Lady Bell started and rose up in vague perturbation. For precaution's sake Mrs. Sundon had abstained from giving her friend, even in private, that friend's name and title, since Mrs. Sundon had discovered Lady Bell at Nutfield. What had surprised the compromising words from Mrs. Sundon now?

Lady Bell took the newspaper and looked at the place indicated. Her hand was shaking, her breath was coming fast, her eyes were dazzled; but the intimation was so plain and direct that she took in its meaning at a glance. There was no ambiguity there to prevent the message reaching its destination and doing its work. "If Lady Bell Trevor wishes to see her husband in life, let her return at once to Trevor Court."

A mist passed before Lady Bell's eyes; the sunny June orchard, with the soft, fair child whom Mrs. Sundon had taken into her arms, and Mrs. Sundon herself, all grew in a moment blurred and dark, as if the very dews of death and remorse had fallen on them.

"Oh, Mrs. Sundon, what shall I do?" cried Lady Bell, wringing her hands. "I did not love him, I had no cause to love him; but I was his wife, who was yet no wife to him, and he is a dying man!"

"Go back to him immediately," advised Mrs. Sundon, "while there is still time to wipe out your offence to him—it was light compared with his to you. But it is ill having an unsettled score with the dead. This would hang like a millstone round your neck, and weigh you down all your days."

"I'll go back if you counsel it," submitted Lady Bell desperately, setting off in nervous haste to the house. "But how am I to face him? if he have strength left to lift his hand still, will he strike me as I have seen him strike his man? Or, if he is gone, must I stay in the house with the dead, I who never saw anybody die but dear Lady Lucie, who died blessing me? Would that I had minded her precepts better; she would not have had me leave the worst of husbands. And how many miles will it be to post cross country, Mrs. Sundon? you have a good head and may guess. Can you tell me if I shall be as long in going as I was in coming here? only I did not come straight! Oh! will you be so kind as to lend me the money you think I shall need, for I have only three crowns in my purse?"

"My dear, I shall take you," said Mrs. Sundon quietly. "Do you think I would send you off on such an errand alone?"

"Oh, I am so thankful!" Lady Bell began to sob her relief; "now I may do my duty at



"LADY BELL."

Page 340.

last; no, I don't mean that," she checked herself the next moment, "I cannot hear of you doing such a thing. How could you leave your baby? You are too delicate yet for such a journey—and to go to that neighbourhood of all others. It is vastly generous of you to propose it, just what I should have expected of you, but of course I cannot consent; I shall manage by myself, somehow."

"Say no more, Lady Bell," Mrs. Sundon put an end to the discussion, "I am going with you. The child will do very well with her nurse. Do you think I would put my child, any more than myself, between me and my duty and privilege? I should call that treating my child very ill, paying her a poor compliment, for which I should hope she would never thank me. I am abler for the journey than I was for coming here. I need not fear to go near Chevely, which has been sold, as I dare say you've heard. You cannot tell what I can do without harm to my health," declared Mrs. Sundon, with a little bitterness. "I travelled from what had been my home, handed into the carriage by a bailiff on starting, and went out of town when my child was no more than ten days old. I could not have slept another night under that roof. But even if I had been a weaker woman, I should not have shrunk from this poor effort, and you would not have refused me my right."

Lady Bell had no longer the heart, any more than the will, to decline Mrs. Sundon's support in the emergency. If Mrs. Sundon's presence made Mr. Trevor mad,—should he regard it as another act of disobedience even when Lady Bell was pretending to obey him,—it would be time enough then to undertake the ungracious task of refusing the elder woman's countenance.

The great news that Mrs. Sundon and Mrs. Barlowe were to set off on horseback within the hour, availing themselves, by permission, of Miss Kingscote's and Master Charles's horses, in order to reach Lumley, where they were to hire a chaise to proceed on their journey of indefinite duration, fell flat. It was as nothing compared to the stunning shock inflicted on Miss Kingscote when Mrs. Sundon saw fit to communicate to the hostess the real rank and history of her companion.

"Lud! lud! a Lady Bell all the time, and I to have gone and found fault with her, and kept her pottering about my business, mending lace, and cleaning silver, lud-a-mercy, what shall I do, brother? Mayn't I be took up by the King or the Lords, like the 'torney was, whom I've heard tell of, no farther gone than father and mother's day, afore we came down in the world, and I were a mite of a child—he gave a warrant to arrest a fine lady in her coach in the street, at the suit of a tradesman, and he himself was had up before the justices—I mean afore the Lords, for an insult to the quality. Mayn't I be had up and put in prison, though I never knowed, nor meant it, and I'll beg her pardon over and over again, and she was a right-down pleasant lass, madam—Lud!"

"Nonsense, Deb," exclaimed Master Charles impatiently; "you did her a kindness, and helped her in her end, as it proves," he finished a little sarcastically, "whether Miss or Madam, she has been all along far beyond our flight, and will never waste another thought on us, now that she has found birds of her own feather, and is ready to go off with them to her own perch."

"She were a runaway wife all the same," reflected Miss Kingscote sapiently, "though she were ten times a Lady Bell, and she had left her man as must have been hers in the face of day, which made the leaving a heap bolder in my madam—nay, my lady. I vow I as good as telled her she was no match for the Kingscotes of Nutfield."

"You had nothing to do to say anything of the kind, even though this Lady Bell had been a simple waiting-maid, or bar-maid, or scullion, I don't care which." Master Charles was provoked into telling his sister, as his good-humoured indulgence gave way—"The Kingscotes have not kept their own in the world without loss, and they can ill afford to despise the humblest—I say that, if I am supposed to have anything to do with the future matching of the Kingscotes," declared the young gentleman loftily, "and they'll be long enough of being matched for me, since I could bring a mate to little better than a farm-house, and a farmer's kin. I'll thank you, Deb, not to meddle in the matter."

"There, I've given offence to Master Charles," Miss Kingscote reflected glumly after she was alone. "He's taken to hurting my feelings by twitting me with what we've lost, as if the worsest loss weren't mine! not that I show it neither, for I'm sure I'm a powerful fine woman, considering my lack of education. And so she's Lady Bell, and if she had bidden still, I mun have said my lady every blessed word, and run at her heels as I've never made her run at mine. But if this Squire Trevor, as she has given leg-bail to, had not come on the carpet, first and foremost, ere we set eyes on her, mightn't she

have been my Lady Bell Kingscote! That do sound fine! prodigious fine! But if there had never been no Squire Trevor, there would never have been no going sack, banding with the players, turning up at Nutfield, and making friends with Master Charles, so there is an end on't. My Master Charles mun go to the wars, and risk a sabre cut's spoiling his bonnie face," mused Miss Kingscote, whimpering at the very thought, "afore he fill his chimney-corner, and bring home his lady to sit down cheek by jowl with him, while I'll be right glad to retire to mother's room, save when they want my company, for I ain't teethy or prideful—I never were. That mun be the order of affairs, as Master Charles ought to know."

Even before the parting, Master Charles had cause to renounce his mortified conviction of how little he and his sister were to Lady Bell Trevor, and of how she had done with them from this day.

She was grateful for the assistance and escort as far as Lumley, which he offered so soon as he ascertained that the offer would be agreeable to her and Madam Sundon.

Lady Bell put her head out of the chaise window at the last. Her scared eyes looked with almost timid beseeching into his face. She told him, without any sign of haughtiness, but with many tokens of a retentive memory for the smallest act of consideration and kindness, and of contrition for having played a part to him and his sister, and for not having trusted them in full, that she had been very well off and happy at Nutfield. She hoped that his colours would arrive soon, that he would see a campaign to his wish, and return safe and sound to cheer his sister's heart.

Lady Bell sent Miss Kingscote her grateful duty. Lady Bell trusted they would meet again, when she would be able to finish her chair-covers. In the meantime, she would not forget to procure patterns for Miss Kingscote. Miss Kingscote must be especially kind to Lady Bell's brood of chicks—the first brood she had seen set, seen hatched, and fed every day with her own hands.

It was plain that for the moment, in place of being eager to resume her cast-off rank and state, Lady Bell had forgotten where and why she was going, all about Squire Trevor and his danger. It was only when the chaise rolled off, and she sank back in her corner, that she withdrew into herself to face the grim record of the bond she had broken, and the forfeit she was called on to pay.

It was on a fresh summer morning, when having started early to accomplish the last stage of their journey, Lady Bell and Mrs. Sundon came in sight of Trevor Court.

The gates were standing open; early as it was, the lodge seemed deserted, so that the chaise entered without parley. The dew was lying like pearls on the grass by the drive, and silvering the yews on the terrace. The spirals of smoke from the red chimney-stacks were rising straight in the clear air. A gush of birds' song sounded far and wide. There was something light, bright, and exhilarating in the air, and in the aspect of nature, which lent a peculiar charm to what was imposing in the pile of building and its grounds.

"I never saw Trevor Court before, save from a distance," Mrs. Sundon let fall the remark. "You never told me, Lady Bell, what a fine old place it was."

"I don't think I ever noticed it till the last time I saw it," Lady Bell replied almost in a whisper; she recalled vividly the last time she had seen her husband's house, sitting in the travelling chariot on the September morning beside its master, who lingered in taking a short leave of his treasure.

The next moment Lady Bell gave a shriek and put her hands before her face. The chaise had turned into the sweep before the house, where, in sombre contrast to the summer morning, the windows were all shrouded, and the hatchment was up.

CHAPTER XXI.—FREED BY THE VISITATION OF GOD.

It was as a quailing widow, and not as a reluctant wife, that Lady Bell re-entered the old oak parlour, where she still trembled lest she should hear her husband's loud, rough accents stuttering with rage, and his stick, when gout confined him to his chair, savagely beating the floor.

Mrs. Walsh, in her towering cap and starched frill, received Lady Bell, and spoke to the point, without softening or reservation. "Yes, it is all over, Lady Bell; the Squire died last night at ten o'clock. He was took with a jaundice on Wednesday se'en night; but no danger was apprehended till five days ago, when Mr. Walsh writ the notice for the papers—to no purpose, so far as the Squire's desiring to see and speak with you once more was concerned."

"Oh, Mrs. Walsh, I came as fast as ever I could!" Lady Bell humbled herself in the dust before her ancient enemy. "I know now I was a bad, bad wife. I would give all I have in the world to be able to live the last year over again, and do my duty by your cousin, who is lying stiff and cold in one of

these rooms, where I shall never hear him say that he forgives me, that he makes allowance at last for my youth, my wounded pride —what had a sinful creature to do with pride?—my forced inclinations. Oh! tell me he did not lay his curse upon me with his last breath?" implored Lady Bell, ready to sink down with grief and terror, while she clasped her hands and looked up, her distended eyes brimming over with scalding tears, in Mrs. Walsh's inflexible face.

"Yes, Lady Bell, you were a bad wife, and you would not take a telling while it was in your power," declared the uncompromising woman, standing bolt upright, her very mittens bristling with her righteous protest.

"Madam," interposed Mrs. Sundon with rising indignation, "it is monstrous to reproach this poor child at such a time. She is sufficiently crushed by the nature of the event which has taken place, following on her rashness. She will not be likely to forget it, even without your accusations to embitter the blow. I vouch for Lady Bell's having lived in safety and honour since she quitted her husband. Madam, you will not refuse my voucher?"

"Madam, I have not heard your honesty questioned, therefore I grant that Lady Bell has come back in honest company," acknowledged Mrs. Walsh stiffly, "which is more than might have been hoped, from her flying in the face of law and duty, and exposing herself to the worst perils."

"Though you are the late Mr. Trevor's kinswoman, you must know," asserted Mrs. Sundon, "that Lady Bell Trevor has been more sinned against than sinning."

"I know that she is not too young or fair or fine to be accountable for her errors to a Power before which the most wilful lady will not dare to plead her daintiness," maintained Mrs. Walsh doggedly. "But I know, too, that you were sinned against, Lady Bell," she added candidly, turning to the overwhelmed offender. "So far as that goes, Squire Trevor did not deserve your duty. But you had the will of a higher than my poor cousin to consider. And where should we all be, if we got our due, and no more? It was on the Squire's mind at the last that he had wronged you; and he sought to receive, as well as to bestow, forgiveness, before he could die in peace."

"I did not merit it," said Lady Bell; "but you told him, dear Mrs. Walsh—oh, say that you told the old man that I forgave him, as I hope to be forgiven?"

"I charged him to repent, and if he had done any wrong to a fellow-creature which he could atone for, to haste to make amends. Then I bade him turn for forgiveness for that, and all his sins, to the great God and Saviour, against whom he had chiefly sinned, but who would never refuse him forgiveness, since, in the act of his seeking it, they were pledged for his salvation."

"Oh, thank God, that he died in peace with me!" broke out Lady Bell impetuously.

"Rather thank God if he died in peace with his Maker, madam," Mrs. Walsh did not fail to rebuke her. "I think he did; I am fain to hope he did, though he was not able to fulfil his part of the obligation here; the will must stand for the deed. Torney Kenyon, who did all the Squire's business, was from home, at the wedding of his son in Bristol. We sent twice, but we could not get hold of the man in time. I think it is better to tell you at once, Lady Bell, what you will hear later."

"As you will, madam," replied Lady Bell dejectedly.

"The Squire's will was executed long before he ever saw your face, when his estate was bequeathed, failing any heir of his body, to my eldest son Jack. That will has neither been revoked nor altered, as my cousin certainly desired it should be altered, in his dying moments. But Mr. Walsh and me, expecting that you, or some one for you, would answer our summons, if you were in the country, have made up our minds, and will answer for Jack at his college, to take your wishes on the matter."

"I have no wishes, Mrs. Walsh," exclaimed Lady Bell hastily.

"We shall let you have whatever compensation you desire," went on Mrs. Walsh, paying no heed to the demur, "being well aware that such were Squire Trevor's intentions while he was yet in the body, and in his right mind, so that you are indebted to no bounty, but to bare justice for your share of the worldly inheritance that our cousin has left behind him."

"Madam, this honourable conduct does you and Mr. Walsh infinite credit." Mrs. Sundon could not refrain from awarding her hearty approbation to her late antagonist.

"Mrs. Sundon, I repeat that 'tis but justice," argued Mrs. Walsh with a stateliness of her own, winding up with her own favourite axiom, "The world and I have shaken hands long ago."

"You are all a great deal too kind to me," wept Lady Bell, "a rebel who deserted my post. But indeed I had liefer, if you do not

think it an impertinence in me to make an objection, that Mr. Trevor's goods went to you and your son Jack, his friends. I am sure I have no right to a single sixpence."

"Beware of pride and sauciness still, under the garb of disinterestedness, Lady Bell," Mrs. Walsh said severely.

"Nay, I'll do whatever you will," Lady Bell hastened to amend her statement, quite subdued, and feeling sadly as if she would never have the heart to have a will of her own and be independent again.

"Madam, a second time everything shall be as you will, and as your friends—such as Madam Sundon and your man of business, if you will please to name him—may decide for you," Mrs. Walsh laid down the law.

Lady Bell knew that she was not and never would be mistress of Trevor Court. Not that she desired it; she even recoiled from it as from a sacrilege.

After the funeral, when the two ladies happened to be alone together, Mrs. Sundon said to Lady Bell—

"They are good people, these Walshes, my dear. I should think very good people to deal with, and raise a country parish sunk in rude ignorance and gross transgression. That was not your case exactly, but I think you might have got on with them, and been the better and not the worse for them. I cannot help saying, though it may be presumptuous after all, that I think I could have got on with them. I could acquire a great regard for that woman, and I fancy I might have a greater still for her good man. As for Sally, I should have sought to soften her brusqueness; yet brusqueness is not so great a fault when it comes to weighing faults. But you were too young, and you were petulant between youth and hard usage."

"I shall get on with them now," pled Lady Bell wistfully, looking incredibly young and very fair in the weeds which had been provided for her, and which she had hastened to put on with her trembling, frightened fingers, as a mark of respect for the dead, doing it the more eagerly because she had failed in respect for the living.

"I see the servants look sourly on me, and no wonder," confided Lady Bell to her friend, "for they stood by their master, whom his wife left. But I'll bear it, and try to bring them to think better of me, though Trevor Court is not mine, and I cannot stay here, keep the old people, and ask them to serve me. Mrs. Walsh will see to her cousin's household, that is my comfort. I will do everything Mrs. Walsh bids me from this time. I'll be good, Mrs. Sundon," promised Lady Bell, with a faint smile at her own childishness. "But seriously, Mrs. Walsh took my place and saved me from a grievous reflection which would have haunted my deathbed. She will teach me to be a self-denying, devoted Christian woman like herself. I believe I did not judge Sally Walsh justly," she finished with a little sigh of compunction and doubt. "I dare say she was not so pert and rude as I thought her. I know she was far more dutiful than I have been."

Mrs. Sundon said nothing more at the time; but she determined that she would not leave Lady Bell with the Walshes, though Mrs. Sundon was able to do them justice. "They were never the people, however good their intentions, to have the guidance of Lady Bell," reflected the lady. "Now that Lady Bell's spirit is broke and her conscience burdened, she would become their slave. Why, there is a bright life before Lady Bell which nothing has come to spoil beyond recall. So help me, I will make it bright and safe for her as I would make it for my little Caro, since Lady Bell came forward of her own sweet will and did what she could to keep me in Paradise. Bless the child! what is the loss by honest death of such a husband as Squire Trevor, though she was desperate enough to run away from him, compared to what some women have to bear? I will keep the knowledge of evil from her if I can, as I would keep it from Caro. She shall not fail to be, so far as I can help her, a devoted Christian woman; but it shall be after her own kind. 'Wisdom shall be justified of all her children.'"

The Squire's funeral sermon was preached. It was not without its unvarnished allusions—even though they were in the mouth of Mrs. Walsh's mild spouse, and not of the most redoubtable champion of truth in the parish—to the evils of stout spirits, stormy passions, and family discords. It was listened to with penitent humiliation and meekness.

A decent interval passed, and the arrangements were completed, by which Lady Bell was put into possession of a modest jointure, in addition to her marriage settlement, from her deceased husband's estate.

Then Mrs. Sundon hurried her friend just a little on the plea of the necessity of her return to her child, and carried Lady Bell back with her to Nutfield in the first place.

THE "FAITHFUL SAYINGS" OF THE PASTORAL EPISTLES.

By the DEAN OF CHESTER.

THIRD PAPER.

IN reference to the third of the "faithful sayings" of the Pastoral Epistles, it was observed previously* that great difficulty is encountered in deciding whether the phrase with which we are occupied points to what precedes or to what follows, and that, even if this question were settled, a further question would arise as to how much is included in the "saying" which is here pronounced "faithful." To this remark it was added, further, that good commentators might easily be arrayed against one another in support of different solutions of this problem. It is not surprising if the same person, during long-continued consideration of the question, has found his own mind frequently wavering. This may have been the experience of some whose attention has been attracted to this general subject by the two previous papers.

Having gone through much of this experience myself, I believe my best plan will be to decline any attempt at settling the doubt, to look first at the preceding and then at the succeeding context, to point out how worthy certain portions of both are to be recognised as Christian proverbs, and so to leave the difficulty where we find it.

It will be convenient to put the whole passage† together in one view before the eye. St. Paul, according to the general drift of the Pastoral Epistles, has been admonishing Timothy to avoid "profane and old wives' fables," to attend to what is practical, and to "exercise," or to train himself, as by a process of sacred gymnastics, into that "godliness" which is designated by a term already pointed out as characteristic of these writings.‡ And then he adds: "For bodily exercise profiteth little; but godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation. For therefore we both labour and suffer reproach, because we trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, specially of those who believe."

Now in the popular and prevalent mode of interpreting the earlier context I am persuaded there are two misconceptions, which I may take in their order.

In the phrase—justly deserving to be proverbial—"*Bodily exercise profiteth little*," it is almost always assumed that a warning is given against bodily asceticism in the name of religion. And if we are indeed tempted to substitute bodily asceticism for the spiritual exercise of the soul, we need a very grave warning on this account. But I imagine the temptations of most men run far more in the direction of self-indulgence. Moreover I should expect a very different admonition from that Apostle who said of himself, "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."* But especially, in a criticism of this kind, we ought to have regard to the customary style and the favourite imagery of the writer. Now nothing is more remarkable in St. Paul's writings than his habit of using metaphors from the athletic games of the Greeks. Every part of the whole system of those games—the struggle, the animation, the perseverance, the crown, the umpire, the regulations, the training—supplies him with some comparison made applicable to Christian life.† So it is here. The contrast is between the training of the body for the games, and the training of the whole man, body, soul, and spirit, in the life of religion. To say that these exercises were "profitable" for nothing would be an exaggeration, and St. Paul would fully have admitted this. The preservation of the body in strength and activity is of some importance; and the athletic exercises were regarded by the Greeks with some justice as a part of education. Still, all this exercise, however manly and useful, "profiteth little." Its reward is only the glow of a more lively health and vigour, a short struggle, a shout of victory, a crown of green leaves, and a name that will be forgotten. But "godliness"—the training of the whole man for the Christian course—has an infinite reward.

And this brings us to the second misconception to which reference was made above.

* Good Words for February, p. 126.
† 1 Tim iv. 8—10.
‡ Good Words for January, p. 70.

* 1 Cor. ix. 27.
† A reference may be allowed here to a book published by Messrs. Strahan & Co., on "The Metaphors of St. Paul," pt. iv.

In interpreting this sentence, the stress is commonly laid in the wrong place, just as in another passage of this same epistle,* where St. Paul tells us that "God giveth us richly all things to enjoy," the emphasis is often wrongly laid, not on the Giver, but on the enjoyment. So here St. Paul is made to recommend an energetic Christianity, because we have the "promise" of this world as well as the next. And indeed it is most true that we must not too sharply separate the benediction which the Gospel gives to this life from that which it reserves for the future life. But would it not be a strange thing if St. Paul were to urge his disciple Timothy, and to urge us, to the practice of a strict religious training of character by any promise relating chiefly to the present? He does nothing of the kind. His argument is this, that if the athletes do so much for a reward which is merely of this world, we ought to do no less for a reward which is not only earthly but heavenly.

But it is time that we should glance at the context which follows; and a mere glance shows us that it is not less worthy than the preceding to be presented to us as a strong and glorious primitive Christian sentence, ready for use in all coming time. "*For this reason we labour aud suffer reproach, because we trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, specially of those that believe.*" Of the doctrines involved in this passage, nothing need here be said, except just to remark that it reveals God's merciful regard to those who have not had the opportunity of believing in Christ, while yet, when closely considered, it gives no countenance to the belief that all men will inevitably be saved. What we are concerned to take notice of here is the sententiousness of the passage, its epigrammatic force, and its harmony with St. Paul's prevalent line of thought. He tells us in these words why he has willingly suffered so much, why he perseveres so steadfastly, why he cannot live as other men live, why he cannot be one of the indolent, selfish creatures who form the mass of human society: this cannot be, for the best of all reasons, because he trusts in the living God, who is "the Saviour of all men."

(4). This characteristic use of the word "Saviour," as applied to God,† will carry our thoughts easily to another of these "faithful sayings" (and the next in true chronological order) which we find in the Epistle to Titus. Again we encounter something of the same difficulty in deciding where the sentence is to which the formula refers, whether in the preceding or the following context; and again it will be convenient to place the whole passage in one view on the page:—

"After that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which He shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that, being justified by His grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life. This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works."*

A merely English reader would, at first sight, fix on the eighth verse, as containing the "faithful saying," and would bring it out to view in the form of a weighty and imperative maxim, thus: "*Let them which have believed in God be careful to maintain good works.*" And certainly no more momentous proverb for the ruling of the Christian life could be given, nor any proverb theologically more important, whether (to quote the Thirty-nine Articles †) on the side of that true statement of doctrine, that "we are accounted righteous, not for our works," but are "justified by faith," or on the side of that other equally true statement, which reminds us that "good works spring out necessarily of a true and lively faith, insomuch that by them a lively faith may be known, as a tree is discerned by its fruit."

Moreover, if this view of the passage could be maintained, another consideration might most justly be brought forward to reinforce it. Of Divine proverbs, as of human proverbs, it is true that they frequently set forth, strongly and briefly, only one side of a great principle, requiring what may be called a counter-proverb equally strong to complete the whole moral lesson that may be in question. Thus, if a human illustration may be allowed, we say in England that *there is no rose without its thorns;* but that Italian proverb is equally true, and not less necessary, which reminds us that *in the midst of thorns grow roses.* So, in regard to Holy Scripture, if we are commenting on such a proverb as that which we find in the Prophets—*the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and*

* 1 Tim. vi. 17.
† See the First Paper, GOOD WORDS for January, p. 70.

* Titus iii. 4—8.
† Art. xi. and xii.

the children's teeth are set on edge *—we must bear in mind, and place side by side the two Divine statements, that *God visits the sins of the fathers on the children*, and that *the son shall not bear the iniquity of the father*. So our Lord says in one place, *he that is not against us is on our part*,—and says elsewhere, not contradicting that other truth, but giving us the correlative truth required to complete it, *he that is not with Me is against Me*.† So here it might most justly be urged that a "faithful saying" concerning the necessity of good works is most healthful and useful, as balancing and complementing that first "faithful saying" which tells us that *Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners*.‡

There is, however, this great impediment to such a view of the passage, that the word translated "that" in the eighth verse means "in order that." I do not say that this is absolutely decisive against the view; but, at least, it shows that very careful consideration is required before our minds are made up in favour of it; and it throws our thoughts, with a very strong grammatical and logical force, upon the verses which go before.

And when we look closely into these preceding verses, we become more and more conscious of their exceeding beauty and richness, and of their worthiness to be recommended by some special mark to our attentions. How characteristic they are of St. Paul! how true to the needs of human nature! how well suited to have a place among the household words of the early Christians! how worthy to float for ever in the Christian air, as an encouragement and instruction to all generations! We ought especially to observe the great wealth of doctrine which is found in this passage. It is a mine from which we might dig a creed or a liturgy. The primary truth of God's love is stated here as strongly as possible. The manner in which Baptism is mentioned might be expanded into a theological treatise. The work of the Holy Ghost is set forth with the utmost clearness and emphasis. Compare, too, what is said here concerning "hope" with the Apostle's words on the same subject elsewhere.§ And if we must concentrate into a brief proverb the essence and spirit of the whole passage, we might present the statement thus, taking words from the fifth verse which express sententiously all the teaching of St. Paul,—"*Not by works of righteousness, but by His mercy, He saved us.*"

* Jer. xxxi. 29; Ezek. xviii. 2.
† Mark ix. 40; Matt. xii. 30.
‡ 1 Tim. i. 15. § Rom. viii. 24.

There is, however, a different, though not inconsistent, view, which may be taken of this whole preceding context. It may be a fragment of a Christian Hymn.* This introduces us at once to the last part of our subject.

(5). Following the chronological order, we now come to the latest of our instances, which occurs in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth verses of the second chapter of the Second Epistle to Timothy. Even here there has been some doubt as to the particular sentence in the context, which is called a "faithful saying." I think indeed that most of us would be able to fix upon the right words by instinct. Still, to show how far we are from obtaining full help from commentaries, I remark (referring to the three modern English commentators, who are all recognised as of the highest rank) that Dean Alford considers the phrase to refer to what follows, Bishop Ellicott to what precedes, and that though the verses in question are obviously of the utmost interest, Bishop Wordsworth passes the subject over in silence.

The whole context is the following:—"Remember that Jesus Christ of the seed of David was raised from the dead according to my Gospel: Wherein I suffer trouble, as an evil doer, even unto bonds; but the word of God is not bound. Therefore I endure all things for the elect's sakes, that they may also obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory. It is a faithful saying: for if we be dead with Him, we shall also live with Him: if we suffer, we shall also reign with Him: if we deny Him, He also will deny us: if we believe not, yet He abideth faithful: He cannot deny Himself."

Now certainly there are in this context sentences preceding the eleventh verse, to which this peculiar and expressive formula might justly be applied. "*Remember that Jesus Christ was raised from the dead according to my Gospel*," is a very rich sentence, full of the Gospel of the Resurrection as preached by St. Paul. "*The Word of God is not bound*," is a noble and exulting utterance of this "prisoner of the Lord,"† and may well be accepted from him by us as a proverb expressing the advantages that result from our own free possession and use of the Bible. And again, "*I endure all things that the elect may obtain salvation*," is a form of

* This suggestion is made in a note to Canon Liddon's Bampton Lectures (p. 450), who says, most truly, that if this is a Christian hymn, Jesus Christ is its prominent subject.
† 2 Tim. i. 8.

words, which, as employed by him, deserves to be called a "faithful saying;" for it tells us in a compact form of his life-long sufferings, and of the motive which led him to endure them patiently and cheerfully. But in the end, the more we consider the whole range of these verses, the more we find the mind settling into the conviction that the "saying" here adduced as "faithful" consists of those three concluding verses, which, even as we read them in silence, are instinctively felt to be a hymn, and seem, as it were, to set themselves to music.

We are now therefore distinctly looking at the liturgical side of our subject: and this appears the right place for a general remark on the occurrence in the New Testament of quotations or semi-quotations, which may be grouped under this general head. But, once more, our limits for the month are reached; and the discussion must be resumed and concluded in another paper.

J. S. HOWSON.

WILLIAM THE SILENT.

PART II.

WHEN Philip II. took his departure from the Netherlands, in August, 1559, he left the government, with his sister Margaret at its head, in the hands of three Councils—a State and Privy Council, and a Council of Finance. The plan of government was fair in idea, if there had been any honest intention of giving effect to it. Baron Berlaymont presided over the finance; Viglius, himself a learned jurist, was the head of the Privy Council, entrusted with the special administration of law and justice. The former was a brave, but avaricious soldier, devoted to the cause of Philip, and with no thought beyond serving his master. The latter, with all his learning and intelligence, was a sworn enemy to freedom of opinion, and denounced every heretic as an enemy of the State. "If every man," he said, "is to believe what he likes in his own house, we shall have hearth-gods and tutelar divinities again, and the country will swarm with a thousand errors and sects. . . . . This vague fireside liberty should by every possible means be extirpated. Liberty of religion, or of conscience, as they call it, ought never to be tolerated."* Supreme in their respective departments, both these men were at the same time members of the Council of State, to which belonged all the higher affairs of government. Associated with them were the Bishop of Arras, better known as Cardinal Granvelle, the Prince of Orange, and Count Egmont. Count Hoorn and two others were afterwards added. This was a fairly representative body, and, if all matters had been discussed and settled openly, it might have worked well. But this would have been entirely inconsistent with the designs of Philip, whose wish was not to govern equitably, but to extirpate heresy and supplant all the constitutional activities of the country by his own arbitrary will. Accordingly, it very soon became evident that the real work of government was transacted behindhand in a secret conclave, of which Granvelle was the inspiring mind. He professed to make Viglius and Berlaymont a party to his plans, but his own was the mind which, in concert with the Regent, directed and controlled everything. In constant and familiar correspondence with Philip, he partly prompted and partly obeyed the thought of his master. Betwixt them they wrought assiduously for the overthrow of every vestige of liberty, civil and religious, in the Netherlands. But the forces at work were too strong for them, and baffled their most deeply laid and persistent plans.

Amongst these forces, the most powerful worked below the surface, and only gradually came into prominence. The chief ground of complaint, in the first instance, continued to be the presence of the Spanish troops in the country. On his departure, Philip had promised that these should be removed within three or four months; but more than a year passed away, and they still remained. Their pride and rapacity were intolerable, and when quartered at Walcheren and Brill they made themselves so obnoxious that the Zelanders resolved to leave their dykes unrepaired, and plunge their native soil once more under the sea, rather than that it should be polluted by their hated presence. Even Granvelle became at length convinced that the temper of the country could be no longer trifled with; and by urgent representation, in which Viglius and the Prince of Orange seconded him, Philip was at length induced to order their withdrawal. A sphere of action fortunately opened for

* Viglii Epist., p. 421—2, quoted by Mr. Motley, i. 232—3.

them in Barbary, and enabled him to carry out their removal under a decent pretext, without seeming to give way before the mere indignation of the country.

But by the time that this concession was made, other and more serious causes of dissatisfaction had arisen. All Philip's plans had but one design—to reclaim the Netherlanders effectually to what he called the Christian religion. "There are but few of us left in the world," he wrote to Granvelle, "who care for religion. 'Tis necessary, therefore, for us to take the greater heed for Christianity." With the view of doing this in his own special fashion, and carrying out the edicts against heresy, he procured from the Pope a bull adding largely to the Dutch Episcopate. Three archbishops were appointed with a host of bishops under them; and it was ordained that each bishop should have under him again nine prebendaries, "to assist him in the matter of the Inquisition, two of whom were *themselves to be inquisitors*." This measure was deeply obnoxious, both to the nobles and to the people; to the former, because the new bishops were designed to sit in the provincial estates, and to exercise there a co-ordinate power with their own; to the latter, because of the inquisitorial functions assigned to the bishops and their subordinates. The persecuting edicts were hard enough in themselves, but when worked by a fully equipped machinery of episcopal and prebendal inquisitors, they would become harder still. A loud outcry therefore arose against the bull for the new bishoprics. Granvelle, who, to do him justice, had not been consulted about the measure, was in despair, and exclaimed in his perplexity, "Would to God that the erection of these new sees had never been thought of."

Our hero is found taking an active part in all this opposition. Firmly adverse to the continuance of the Spanish troops in the provinces, he was no less adverse to the increase of the bishoprics. As he said afterwards,* it was only part of "one grand scheme for establishing the cruel Inquisition of Spain." He laboured by direct representation to the King, and otherwise, to avert such a disaster. He took the lead in all the movements against the measure. As yet, however, there were no relations of hostility betwixt him and Granvelle. They had been great friends, and they continued cordial relations long after Egmont and others had begun to resent the prelate's arrogance. They understood each other, and felt that if they once separated they separated for ever. "'Tis a man of profound genius, vast ambition, dangerous, acute, politic," Granvelle wrote of William to the King. On the other hand, William was bound to the Bishop by many personal ties. The bishop had used his influence in securing the young Prince's accession to his cousin's estates; his brother had been the Prince's governor; he was further concerned in the negotiation which preceded his first marriage to the heiress of the Count of Buren. So familiar was their intercourse, that it is said when "Orange arrived in Brussels from a journey, he would go to the Bishop's before alighting at his own house; and when the churchman visited the Prince, he entered his bed-chamber without ceremony, before he had risen; for it was William's custom through life to receive intimate acquaintances, and even to attend to important negotiations of State, while still in bed." *

It was not easy to break asunder ties of this kind; but the conduct of Granvelle, and the whole course of affairs after Philip's departure, surely tended in time to a rupture. Unlike Egmont, who on one occasion so far forgot himself as to draw his dagger to revenge the prelate's insolence, in the presence of the Regent, William was cool and forbearing; but he could not long see without offence Granvelle's encroachments, and evident determination to govern on his own authority. At length, in the summer of 1561, an open collision occurred betwixt them. Certain appointments to the magistracy of Antwerp, of which city he was hereditary burgrave, had been made without William's sanction. He resented the interference deeply; and from this time the old relations betwixt him and Granvelle rapidly changed.

Towards the end of the same summer William entered into his second matrimonial alliance. The bride was Anna of Saxony, daughter of the Elector Maurice, who had so distinguished himself by his opposition to Charles V. This is a significant event in his career, and deserves prominent attention. His year of mourning being ended, the King, the Regent, and prelate were all concerned in finding another wife for the youthful and powerful widower. Circumstances for a time seemed greatly to favour a relative of the King himself—a grand-niece of the Emperor Charles. William was favourable,

* Apology.

* Motley, vol. i. 285.

and matters seemed proceeding smoothly, when the negotiations were abruptly broken off. Walking in the park at Brussels one day, Philip suddenly announced to William that the Duchess of Lorraine, the mother of the young lady, was not disposed to accede to his proposals. The Prince then turned his attention to Germany, and fixed his thoughts on the young Princess of Saxony, as yet only sixteen years of age, and without any personal prepossessions, according to even the German accounts. Her figure was awkward, and her gait somewhat limping.* Her marriage portion, too, was inconsiderable, so that William's preference, save on the score of rank, is not very intelligible. Withal he encountered grave difficulties in carrying out his wishes. The lady was, like her father, a Lutheran; he was as yet a Catholic. This might have been supposed mainly an obstacle on his side. To wed with a heretic might have been thought obnoxious—if not to himself, yet to his Sovereign and the powerful minister so busy in carrying out his designs. Philip certainly did not like the marriage, and wrote to Granvelle to see whether it could not be stopped. But the chief trouble strangely came not from the Catholic, but from the Lutheran side. Especially the young lady's grandfather, old Landgrave Philip of Hesse, was indignant, and would give no countenance to the proposed union. The brusque Hessian Protestants exclaimed against it, and said, many of them, that "they would sooner give their daughters to a boor or a swineherd than to a papist." The bride lived with her uncle, the Elector Augustus, and he too had his religious scruples. But he saw at the same time the advantages of the union; and, to complete all, the lady herself became violently enamoured of her handsome suitor when he made a visit to Dresden to see her, and talk the matter over with her uncle. She inherited the impulsive and vehement character of her father, and had no idea of being thwarted in her inclinations. "What God had decreed," she said, "the devil could not hinder."

Many were the negotiations which the religious difficulty involved. William sought to win over the old grandfather, but he was inexorable. The marriage "was odious," he said, and he would have nothing to do with it. The Elector Augustus was alone responsible, and must "render account thereof to the Lord." On the other hand Augustus, uneasy under his responsibility, sought to get from Orange a written engagement that the religion of the Princess would not be interfered with; that she should be allowed to read books in conformity with the Augsburg Confession, and to go out of the Netherlands to receive the Sacrament according to the Lutheran form. He desired also conditions as to the education of the children that might spring from the marriage. The Prince refused to sign any such formal agreement. This point has been established by Mr. Motley beyond question;* but on the day of the marriage he gave a verbal promise to the same or a similar effect. The mind of William was evidently not much exercised on the subject. He thought of his promise mainly as a decent formality. The springs of religious interest were as yet feebly stirred in him, and he wished his wife "not to be troubled with such melancholy things." "Instead of Holy Writ," he said, "she shall read 'Amadis de Gaule' and such books of pastime as discourse *de amore;* and instead of knitting and sewing, she shall learn to dance a *galliarde,* and such *courtoisies* as are the mode of our country, and suitable to her rank."†

William was himself as yet more the gay cavalier than anything else. It appeared to him out of the question that his wife should be concerned with theological subtleties. He loved a rich and splendid and jovial life, and he wished her to share in all the gaieties of his rank. His letters at this time show his easy and somewhat luxurious temper. He fell in readily with the habits of his countrymen. "We kept St. Martin's joyously," he writes to one of his brothers, "and in the most jovial company. Brederode was one day in such a state that I thought he should certainly die, but he has now got over it." The occasion of his marriage, and the negotiations which attended it, gave opportunity for many a deep carousal betwixt the Germans and their Netherland cousins. And although Orange seems always to have taken care of himself, he had no denunciations for even the wild hospitalities characteristic of the time.

His marriage took place on the 24th of August, 1561, at Leipsic. Mr. Motley has given a long description of it, from which we extract a few characteristic touches. The affair was very brilliant and imposing. Many royal personages were present, either personally or by special envoy. The bridegroom was accompanied not only by his

* Ungeschickten leibes, wahrscheinlich etwas hinkend. Böttiger, 87, quoted by Motley, i. 297.

* P. 309. † Ibid.

brothers, John, Adolphus, and Louis, but by a large company of Netherland gentlemen, with the Baron de Montigny at their head, specially deputed by the Regent to represent the Provinces on the occasion. The royal and illustrious guests dined daily at the Elector's table, in the Town House, attended by groups of young gentlemen and pages, who received special instructions to conduct themselves with decorum, and to abstain from all drinking and talking themselves, while the sovereigns and potentates were at dinner. The city was thronged with soldiery, and high carnival was held everywhere.

The wedding ceremony was performed by "the Superintendent Dr. Pfeffinger." It took place, not in church, but in the grand hall of the town house used by the Elector for the occasion. Immediately afterwards, Mr. Motley says, "and in the same hall, the bride and bridegroom were placed publicly upon a splendid gilded bed, with gold-embroidered curtains, the Princess being conducted thither by the Elector and the Electress. Confects and spiced drinks were then served to them, and to the assembled company. After this ceremony they were conducted to their separate chambers to dress for dinner. Before they left, however, one of the German princes, on the part of the Elector, solemnly recommended the bride to her husband, exhorting him to cherish her with faith and affection, and "to leave her undisturbed in the recognised truth of the holy Gospel, and the right use of the sacraments."* A magnificent repast followed, accompanied by the "merriest and most ingenious music." Dances and more "confects and drinks" closed the ceremony. On the following morning the bridal pair went to church to receive further exhortation and blessing. "Twelve counts, each wearing a scarf of the Princess Anna's colours, with golden garlands on their heads and lighted torches in their hands," along with innumerable "fifers, drummers, and trumpeters," formed a procession, and conducted the illustrious company to their seats. The church was hung with tapestry, and a full orchestra performed various pieces of music. Dr. Pfeffinger again discoursed to husband and wife, and gave them the benediction of the Church at the altar; after which they and their attendants in procession returned to the town house. A tournament, which lasted for three days, and a masquerade, or "mummery," wound up the ceremonies. The Elector of Saxony is described as comporting himself with "especial chivalry" in the lists, and the masquerade was designed in compliment to the Netherlanders, who were supposed to be adepts in such performances.

* i. 316.

Amidst such circumstance and pomp William entered into an alliance which, whatever its temporary éclat, was destined to be a source of profound unhappiness to him. After thirteen years of wedded life, he separated from the Saxon Princess, and sent her back to her friends in Germany.

Meanwhile he returned from his marriage festivities to find the Netherlands more disturbed than ever. The Inquisition had spread throughout the Provinces, and produced a widespread terror and indignation. Its agents were busy everywhere. They "made havock" of the country, "entering into every house and haling men and women" to execution. Among them there was one Peter Titelmann, especially notorious for his brutalities. He discharged his infamous functions, says Motley, "with a swiftness, precision, and even with a jocularity which hardly seemed human." Being interrogated by a lay officer of justice how he could move about in the discharge of his terrible duties without an escort, he replied jocosely, "Ah, Red-Rod, you deal with bad people. I have nothing to fear, for I seize only the innocent and virtuous, who make no resistance, and let themselves be taken like lambs." The narrative of this man's wanton cruelties makes the blood run cold. No wonder that a powerful agitation had arisen. Granvelle's unpopularity too had greatly increased. His insolent treatment of the nobles grew with his power. They in turn deeply resented his insolence. Those of the more reckless sort, such as Brederode and his cousin Robert de la Marck, treated him on all occasions with defiant contempt. The former went almost nightly, in a state more or less of intoxication, to masquerades dressed as a cardinal. Others refused his entertainments, and kept persistently aloof from him.

It became absolutely necessary to call together some larger assembly than the Council of State with a view to supplies. Philip had decreed that the States-General should not be assembled, and a meeting of the Knights of the Fleece was summoned at Brussels in May, 1662. It was decided at the meeting to make an application to the several states for money. The application, however, was fruitless, and Granvelle was more perplexed and embittered than ever. To add to his troubles, Orange convened at

the same time at his residence a meeting of the Knights for private deliberation, in which the conduct of the Cardinal was furiously assailed, although he did not lack some warm defenders. The Baron de Montigny was deputed to proceed to Spain to represent to the King the unanimity of the opposition to Granvelle, and the necessity for some steps being taken to allay the prevailing discontent. Orange was the real leader in this constitutional opposition, which directed itself to the removal of an obnoxious minister, and based itself avowedly on the political privileges belonging to the several provinces, which were outraged both by the violence of the inquisitors and the minister's absolutism. In addition to all else, Orange, Hoorn, and Egmont addressed Philip by letter in the following spring (March, 1563) urging the intolerable character of Granvelle's usurpation and insolence, and intimating their determination to withdraw from the State Council altogether unless matters were placed on a better footing. The result was, after the strangest duplicities on the part of Philip, that the powerful minister was withdrawn. Even the Duchess had become tired of his arbitrary dictation, while he himself felt that he had strained his power to the utmost.

To meet the exigencies of the case an elaborate falsehood was enacted, which could hardly have deceived anybody. Philip professed to the nobles to be deliberating over the position, but at the same time he sent private instruction to Granvelle that it would be well for him to leave the country for some time. Granvelle professed to go on a temporary leave of absence to his paternal property in Burgundy. Even Viglius was not let into the secret, and the Cardinal in the course of his journey continued to write as if deprecating Philip's displeasure on account of his absence from his duties. He set out on the 13th March, 1564, from Brussels, and never returned. When he was really gone, the joy of the nobles "was excessive," and showed itself in forms hardly dignified. Brederode and Hoogstraten, as soon as they heard of it, took saddle and galloped after the Cardinal's carriage with the exultation of boys let loose from school. "They are young folks," he informed the Duchess afterwards by letter, "and one should pay little regard to their actions." No doubt this was the measure which Granvelle took of many of his opponents. He himself was far from being a lofty or great character; but he was a man of subtle and powerful brain. His nationality, as well as his training and talents, probably led him to indulge in undue contempt of the Netherland aristocracy, many of whom had little but their social position and brusque manners to recommend them. Even Egmont he regarded with something of compassionate complacency, and hardly resented the uncontrolled vehemence with which he had drawn his dagger upon him in the Council. Orange alone commanded his respect, and probably at last his hatred. Here it was brain meeting brain, adroitness and cunning matched by still deeper cunning, a larger policy, and sleepless vigilance. In parting with the Cardinal, one cannot help feeling that something of an intellectual, however arbitrary and vicious power, has gone from the side of Philip. With all his epicureanism and selfishness, there was a subtle genius in the man not without its attractions.

The struggle enters upon a new phase with Granvelle's disappearance from the scene. It is no longer a mere movement of statecraft, but enters deeply into the heart of the nation, and begins to show itself in violent popular agitations. For a little while, indeed, all seemed to go smoothly. The nobles resumed their position in the state council. They were forward in their offers of loyal assistance to the Regent. She, in her turn, cordially reciprocated these advances, and reported of their conduct favourably to the King. According to her representations the evil genius of the country had been removed in the shape of the Cardinal, and all seemed now likely to go well. But this apparent prosperity was of short duration. The national evils were too deeply rooted to be eradicated by any such process. The doctrines of the Reformation continued to spread actively, while the Edicts were everywhere enforced by bands of inquisitors. A wild spirit of resistance sprang up amongst the people, and dangerous symptoms of disorder appeared. The mob entered the prisons at Bruges and Brussels and released the prisoners. A friar, who had turned Protestant, was condemned to the stake. A crowd of sympathizers attacked the persecutors with stones and put them to flight, although not in time to save the martyr's life. A woman who had given evidence hardly escaped from them with her life. The report of these disturbances deeply excited Philip. He ceased not to urge his sister to severer measures, and so the resistance grew and gathered to itself force.

Then the finances of the country were in-

volved. The extravagant habits of the nobles, and the peculations of the governors, in which if their mutual recriminations are to be credited, Viglius and the Regent herself were conspicuous, had left the exchequer empty and destroyed public credit. The three Councils were at war with one another. The nobles desired to reorganize them, and bring the two others in subordination to the State Council. This again was opposed by Viglius and Berlaymont, who were at the head respectively of the Privy Council and the Council of Finance, and who may be said to have continued the tradition of Granvelle's policy. There remained in fact a party of Cardinalists, although the Cardinal himself was gone, and they were no longer formidable as a distinct power.



Matters, instead of mending, grew worse in the course of the year 1564, and when Philip resolved, after some delay, arising out of his displeasure with the Pope to promulgate the decrees of the Council of Trent in the Netherlands, as well as in Spain, a crisis seemed approaching. Even the clergy disliked these decrees, because they interfered with their privileges, while in many of the provinces, in Brabant especially, they were pronounced inconsistent with rights secured by charter.

In these circumstances the nobles resolved to send a special envoy to Philip, to represent anew the national grievances; and for this purpose their choice fell upon Egmont. Orange cordially supported Egmont's nomination, and when a meeting of the Council of State was called, to prepare his instructions, he took an active part in the discus-

sion which ensued. For the first time he took up something of a Protestant attitude. He declared with great warmth that it was no longer possible to enforce the edicts and maintain the Inquisition. For his own part he was at length convinced that "Princes had no right to control the minds of men, or to take away from them liberty of faith and religion."* Such sentiments produced a great sensation, and poor Viglius was so excited, according to his own report, that he could find no sleep all the following night, and in the morning, while dressing, he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, which left him shattered in health and spirits.

Egmont's visit to Spain proved a fatal one for himself, but had little effect in retarding the causes which were hurrying forward the revolutionary movement. He was so fascinated by the personal kindness with which he was treated at court, that he returned elated with the success of his mission, only to find after his sealed instructions were opened that he had made no progress in his negotiations at all, and that Philip was disposed to yield nothing. "I would rather lose a hundred thousand lives, if I had so many," he said, "than allow a single change in matters of religion." "The Count has been the dupe of Spanish cunning," exclaimed the Prince of Orange. He had been so too surely, for although he was deeply mortified with his want of success, and the manner in which he had been led to expect a different result, he yet never recovered the effects of his residence in Spain, and the flattery and kindness with which he had been there received. With all his vehemence and independence, Egmont was of a simple, genuine, and trustful nature, and his imagination and affection had been so wrought upon by Philip's artful devices, as to inspire him with a confidence which remained unshaken, notwithstanding all circumstances, and at last left him helpless before his terrible doom.

A strong reaction followed the failure of his mission. Disgusted himself, he kept in the background, while faithful to the loyal enthusiasm which his visit had engendered. Orange and others were moved by indignation or distrust. The spirit of persecution, which had been temporarily abated, broke out afresh. Philip never ceased from his Spanish privacy to urge it forward. No relentings moved his cold and base nature. "Rigorous and severe measures," he wrote, "are the only ones to be employed in matters of religion. It is only by fear that the rabble can be moved to do their duty, and not always then." But so wide-spread and dangerous was the popular rage, that public executions were no longer possible. The victims were sacrificed in private. Bound neck and heel, they were thrown into tubs of water, and left till they were suffocated.* The King himself had ordered or approved this new method of destroying heretics. From his retreat at Segovia, in the autumn of 1665, he issued his determination to uphold the Inquisition in the exercise of all the "rights divine and human" which belonged to it. While he professed to hesitate as to the changes in the Council of State, which the nobles had desired, he had no hesitations as to his duties as a persecutor. When his decision became fully known, consternation spread even amongst his most devoted supporters. "God knows," says Viglius, "what wry faces were made in the Council on learning the absolute will of his Majesty." The poor president, shaken by his recent illness, wished to conceal the communication from Segovia, till further remonstrance was made to the King. But William and the other nobles saw no good in this, "since the will of his Majesty was so unequivocally expressed." The Prince is represented, at the same time, as saying, "We shall now see the beginning of a notable tragedy."† He said this, according to Viglius, as if "rejoicing" in the prospect;‡ but this was merely the malicious afterthought of the president. The prospect, as everything proves, was one on which William looked with dismay and apprehension.

It is impossible to dwell on the great events which are crowded into the next two years, and it is the less necessary to do so because William, although more or less connected with all, was not the personal leader in the first popular movements of reform. He had no hand in the preparation of the famous "Compromise," which was the name given to the basis of a league formed chiefly by the lesser barons, burghers, and citizens against the cruelties of the Inquisition, which it declared to be "iniquitous, contrary to all laws, human and divine, surpassing the greatest barbarism which was ever practised by tyrants, and redounding to the dishonour of God and to the total desolation of the country." The leaguers bound themselves to resist the persecutions, but at the same time professed faithfulness and loyalty to the cause of the

* Vita Viglii., p. 42.

* Brandt, Ref., in Low Countries, vol. i. 135.
† Vit. Viglii., 45. "Egregiæ tragœdiæ initium."
‡ "Quasi lætus gloriabundusque."—*Ibid.*

King and of order. The author of this remarkable document is supposed to have been Philip de Marnix, Lord of Sainte Aldegonde, one of the most interesting and distinguished of the popular leaders—poet, orator, theologian, diplomatist, and soldier, whose valour was afterwards proved on many a well-fought field, and on whose clear and true spirit Orange was destined to lean in many a dark hour. But in the meantime he kept aloof from the movement of the lesser nobility, and even Sainte Aldegonde was not conspicuous. The three names appended to the document were those of Charles de Mansfeld; William's brother, Louis of Nassau; and Brederode. The first ere long withdrew himself from the cause; of Louis we shall hear hereafter as the captain of the revolutionary armies. Brederode for the present became the popular leader, and is more identified than any of the others with the Leaguers or Confederates, known under the name of "the Beggars" (les Gueux). It was Brederode who presented the petition to the Regent at the head of three hundred gentlemen. It was he who christened the Confederates by the name of "the Beggars." At a banquet held after their interview with Margaret, the question came to be what they should call themselves, Society of Concord, or what? There was a vast company, and the mirth and excitement ran high. When the question was proposed, Brederode —who had arranged matters beforehand—got up and recounted to his companions how one of the councillors had said to the Duchess when they presented their petition that they were "nothing but a crowd of beggars." The indignation was at first universal; but he cried out, "They call us beggars, let us accept the name.' Then summoning his page, he produced a beggar's wallet and a wooden bowl, such as were used by the religious mendicants in the Netherlands. The jest took immensely. The wallet was fitted on, and the bowl filled and sent round the company, who amidst a hurricane of applause drank to each other's health amidst cries of "Vivent les Gueux!"

Such was the origin of a name which was destined ere long to become terrible. The "Beggars" were found banded together in almost every city. To representation and remonstrance now succeeded threatening and riot. Brederode and his followers were but blind leaders of a blind multitude. The mutterings which had been so long swelling underground, at length burst in the iconoclastic excesses of Antwerp and Tournay.

All seemed like to be engulphed in the universal confusion, and the Regent prepared to take her flight to Mons. She was only prevented by the earnest entreaties of Orange, Hoorn, and Egmont. They offered to peril their lives in her defence, and Orange rendered the most valuable service in the pacification of Antwerp, where he went and interposed with the rioters at the risk of his life. The state of affairs had become so alarming that it was absolutely necessary to recognise so far the progress of the Reformation. The Accord of the 25th of August, 1566, was drawn up and signed between the Government and Louis of Nassau, along with fifteen others of the Confederacy. According to the agreement, liberty of worship was conceded to the reformers in places where it had been already established, while the members of the league or conference bound themselves, on the other hand, to consider their previously existing league as disanulled, and to lend all their assistance in the maintenance of the general tranquillity.

The "Accord" could not in the nature of things be permanent. When Philip heard of it and of the riots which had preceded and necessitated it, he tore his beard with rage, and swore by the soul of his father that it should cost the Netherlanders dear. He remained insensible to all representations, true to his motto that no inducement on earth would make him reign over a nation of heretics. Then Margaret had been forced into assenting to the agreement. She immediately wrote to the King that what she had been compelled to do had been done merely in her own name, and that she hoped he would have no respect to any supposed obligation thus incurred. She urged him to come with an army and take vengeance for the injuries inflicted upon his prerogative, and the dignity and rights of the ancient Church.

It was a part of Philip's wretched policy—a policy which delighted in falsehood for its own sake—to give out at this time that he meant once more to visit the Netherlands in person, and to allay its troubles like a "good and clement prince," who desired not "to ruin his subjects nor to put them into servitude, but to exercise all humanity, sweetness, and grace, avoiding all harshness." Such was the mockery of honeyed words in which this extraordinary man indulged at the very moment that he was in conference with Alva preparing the terrible cruelties which were soon to be let loose upon the provinces. There is a hideous treachery, a play of ferocity in Philip, which it is sickening to contemplate.

JOHN TULLOCH.

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.

By W. B. CARPENTER, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., President of the British Association.

PART I.—ITS METHOD.

IT has been said with great truth, that all progress in Science is dependent upon the improvement of its instruments. Without the Telescope, and the measuring apparatus attached to it, our knowledge of Astronomy would scarcely have advanced beyond that of the Chaldæan shepherds. Without the Microscope, we should be ignorant of that "invisible world" which is tenanted by a population far exceeding even in number and in mass that of the whole aggregate of visible Life; as well as of that history of the minute changes in our own bodies, of which a great part of modern Physiology consists. Chemistry has only taken rank as one of the exact sciences, from the time when it was made to rest upon the Balance; and in like manner the science of Heat rests on the Thermometer, and the still more delicate Thermo-electric pile.—Within little more than a dozen years a new instrument has been devised, which promises to lead to a greater extension of the domain of knowledge than any other single instrument of research yet invented; for there seems to be scarcely any department of science, in which it will not be found to have direct and most important applications. The Spectroscope is primarily an apparatus for the immediate recognition of the presence—in however minute a quantity—of those substances which the Chemist terms "elementary;" by means of the quality of the Light they give out when heated to brightness. By combining this instrument with the telescope, the Astronomer is able not only at once to determine the chemical composition of the Heavenly bodies, but to watch the ever-changing physical conditions of our great Solar source of light and heat, to measure the rates of movement through space of what we have been hitherto accustomed to call the "fixed" Stars, and even to unveil the mystery of Comets and Nebulæ: whilst by combining it with the microscope, the Physiologist is enabled to advance much further than before into the *penetralia* of Living bodies, and to study large classes of phenomena belonging to the border-ground between chemistry and vitality, which were previously hid from his view. There can be little doubt that notwithstanding the important results to which this new method of research has already led, the path has only as yet been opened; and that rich harvests of discovery are in store for such as may carefully and sagaciously follow it out.

In order to acquire a definite idea of this new method of investigation, and of the principles on which it is based, nothing more is necessary than to follow the history of our knowledge of that beautiful "bow in the clouds," which, in ancient times regarded only with wonder, has been more recently studied as a phenomenon of the highest scientific interest; the researches of Newton having shown that "the colours of the rainbow" are produced by the same agency as those beautiful iridescent fringes that give its special lustre to our ornamental glass, while they constitute the special difficulty of our constructors of telescopes and microscopes. The production of these iridescent fringes, like the production of magnified images by convex lenses, depends upon the *refraction*, or change of course, which rays of light undergo in passing from one transparent medium into another of different density; as from air into water or into glass, or from glass into water or into air: and nothing more is requisite than the remembrance of this general fact (of which we have an illustration in the apparent bend of a stick or oar partly immersed in water), for the understanding of all that is to follow.

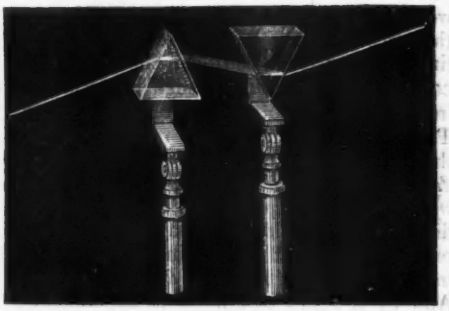
Newton's attention seems to have been very early drawn to the subject of Colour, in his attempts to improve the construction of the Telescope for the purpose of Astronomical observation. From the time of the invention of that instrument by Galileo, it had been observed that the images of objects formed by the front-lens, or "object-glass," when again magnified by the "eye-glass," were surrounded by coloured fringes, which very much impaired their distinctness; and various explanations of this phenomenon had been offered. At first it was thought that the production of these fringes was due either to errors in the figure of the lenses, or to want of uniformity in the substance of the glass; but the inquiries which Newton prosecuted whilst yet a student at Cambridge,—on the grinding of "spherical optic glasses," and on the errors of lenses, and the method of

rectifying them,—led him to suspect that neither of these was the true cause; but that the real secret of the colour-fringes lay in the different refrangibilities of light of different colours. And we learn from his own history of his Optical discoveries, that in 1666, on returning to Cambridge after the Great Plague, he purchased at the fair held at Stourbridge, near Cambridge, a glass prism, "to try therewith the phenomena of colours." He does not seem, however, to have followed up the inquiry at the time; for, if he had done so, it is scarcely conceivable that he would have aided Dr. Barrow in the publication of his "Optical Lectures," in 1669, without giving any intimation of the true composition of Light. The following passage from these Lectures is peculiarly interesting, as showing the state of knowledge, or rather of profound ignorance, of the real nature of Light and Colours, before Newton took up the subject. "White is that which discharges a copious light, scattered equally in every direction. Black is that which emits light not at all, or very sparingly. Red is that which emits light more condensed than usual, but interrupted by shady interstices. Blue is that which discharges a rarefied light, or one excited by a weaker force, as in bodies which consist of white and black particles arranged alternately (!), such, for example, as the clear ether, in which there float fewer particles that reflect light, while the rest take away light, the sea in which the white salt is mixed with the black water (!). Yellow consists of much white and a little red interspersed, and purple of much blue and some red." Of green, Dr. Barrow says that "it is somehow allied to blue;" but, he adds, "let wiser men find out the difference, I dare not conjecture."

It is now just two hundred years since Newton was engaged in those investigations on the Composition of Light, which, embodied in the Memoir presented to the Royal Society in 1675, would have conferred on him an immortality of fame, had he never written the "Principia." The prism which he had purchased at Stourbridge fair, and which in any other hands might have remained a mere toy, became, under the guidance of his penetrating sagacity, an instrument of profound research. Holding it in a horizontal position, with one of its faces uppermost, near a round hole in the shutter, through which a beam of light was admitted into a darkened room (Fig. 1, p. 360), he found that when this beam fell on one of the sloping sides of the prism, it passed out from the other side in a very much changed condition. In its first passage from air into glass, it was refracted, or bent from its previously oblique course into the horizontal; and then, having traversed the thickness of the prism, it was again refracted, on emerging from the glass into air, so as to slope upwards. But when it fell upon the opposite wall, or on a screen placed in the middle of the room, it made—not a round spot of white light, such as it would have formed if it had not passed through the prism,—but a vertical band about five times as long as it was broad, showing all the colours of the rainbow in regular succession, from red at the bottom to violet at the top. Thus it was proved that the rays which form the "Solar Spectrum," as Newton termed it, *differ in refrangibility*, that is, in the degree in which they are respectively bent out of their direct course by their passage through the prism; the Violet rays being the *most* refrangible, and the Red the *least* refrangible. And by a series of admirable experiments, Newton was led to these general truths, (1) that not only the differently-coloured rays of the "solar spectrum," but rays transmitted to us through glass of different colours, or reflected from surfaces of different hues, differ in refrangibility; and (2) that the white or colourless light of the Sun may be regarded as compounded of these differently-coloured rays, which, when separated from each other by the prism, in virtue of their different refrangibilities form the succession of "prismatic colours" in the Spectrum.

The proof of the composite nature of white light, which Newton got from the *analysis* or separation of its component rays by means of the prism, was completed by the *synthesis*, or putting-together, of those components; various methods of which were devised by him. Thus he found that if an observer takes his stand near the hole in the shutter of the darkened room, and looks at the Spectrum projected on the screen, through a prism similar, and similarly placed, to that which forms it, he will see—not the elongated band of prismatic colours—but a round white spot of light. It is obvious from Fig. 1, that the coloured rays in their return *from* the screen towards the observer, will be subjected to refractions precisely the counterpart of those which they sustained in their onward course *to* it; so that after passing through the second surface of the prism back into the air again, they come to the eye of the observer stationed near the hole in the shutter, exactly in the condition of the original beam; which is thus shown to be

compounded of all the coloured rays that have been brought together again in passing backwards from the screen through the prism, as they were originally separated by it in their passage from the hole in the shutter towards the screen. Precisely the same re-combination may be effected by placing a second prism near the first, but in a reversed position, as in this cut: for if the



coloured spectrum which has been produced by the decomposition of a beam of white light in its passage through the first spectrum, be received upon the oblique side of a second prism of which one of the edges is directed upwards, the effect of the first prism is precisely neutralised; the differing refrangibilities of the differently-coloured rays now tend to bring them together; and a beam of white light issues from the second prism, in a direction parallel to that in which the original beam fell on the first.

Thus Newton found that his prism might be used either to *separate* the beam of white light into the series of diversely coloured rays that form the spectrum, or to *re-combine* the entire series proceeding from that spectrum into a beam of white light. And while the precise correspondence between the "prismatic spectrum" and the "colours of the rainbow" suggested that the rain-drops must act as prisms in decomposing the solar beam, this explanation of the origin of the "bow in the clouds" was confirmed by the entire disappearance of its colours, when a rainbow was viewed through a prism so disposed as to re-combine them.

In these cases the re-combination is effected *optically;* that is to say, the second prism is so brought to act upon the differently-refrangible rays which have been "dispersed" by the first, as to make their differences tell in the contrary direction. And the same thing may be done by receiving the spectrum on a convex lens, which brings all its rays to one focus, and reproduces the image of the hole in the window-shutter, in white light.—But there is another mode in which this re-combination may be made *visually*, that is, by making use of the properties of the sensory apparatus, rather than of those of the prism or lens. Every one knows that if we whirl round a luminous body in the dark, we obtain a continuous circle of light; the visual impression having a certain duration (about one-eighth of a second), so that it has not faded before the impression is repeated by the return of the body to the same place. Now if we paint the surface of a disk with the colours of the spectrum, disposed in segments according to their due proportions (Fig. 2, p. 360), and then make this disk rotate so rapidly that the whole circle of colours passes over the part of the retinal surface on which its image is formed, before the impression of any particular coloured segment has had time to fade out, the effect produced is that of a white disk,—any shade it may exhibit being due to the impossibility of obtaining artificial colours as pure as those of the spectrum itself.

We have now to examine the properties of the Prismatic Spectrum more minutely. *Seven* "primary" colours,—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red,—having been distinguished in it by Newton, he set himself to determine whether each of these is to be regarded as a pure colour, or whether any of them may be regarded as mixtures; green, for instance, of blue and yellow, or orange of yellow and red. An aperture being made in the screen on which the spectrum was projected (Fig. 1), and a beam of any particular colour being allowed to pass through this, so as to fall on a second prism placed in the same position as the first, if that colour were pure, the luminous band which its beam would make when projected upon a second screen, would be all of one colour; whilst, if that colour were mixed, this further analysis would resolve it into its components. In this way Newton was led to the conclusion that all the seven "primary" colours are truly elementary, and that even the intermediate tints are not mere mixtures. For although (for a reason to be presently mentioned) he never could have found any part of the spectrum formed by the decomposition of a beam coming through a round hole, to be *absolutely* pure or homogeneous (that is, entirely composed of the rays of one primary colour); yet, as he remarks, when the difference of quality "was so little as it might be made by the said

experiments, that change was not sensible, and therefore in experiments where sense is judge ought to be accounted none at all."

It cannot but now be considered strange, that, notwithstanding the definite proof afforded by this and other experiments devised by the genius of Newton, of the homogeneousness of every part of the Solar Spectrum, the doctrine more recently promulgated by Brewster, that the "primary" colours are only *three* in number—red, blue, and yellow, all the others being mere mixtures of these in various proportions—should have gained general currency. It is doubtless true that white light may be produced by the combination of those three colours in suitable proportions; but so it may also by the combination of *two*, such as violet and greenish yellow, indigo and yellow, blue and orange, greenish blue and red. Either colour of each of these pairs is said to be "complementary" to the other, because it completes a white or colourless light when combined with the other in suitable proportion; and thus a disk whirled round with sufficient rapidity, may be made to produce white light, although painted with only two complementary colours, instead of with the whole rainbow series.

It was by the like method of experimenting, that Newton determined the *relative refrangibilities* of the differently-coloured rays of the Spectrum; for, by turning the first prism, he could bring any colour in succession to the hole in the screen, so that a beam of that colour alone would pass through that hole, to fall on the second prism. Now, by marking on a second screen the place of each coloured beam after its passage through the second prism, the degree of its deviation from its previous course could be exactly determined; and thus it was proved that the red rays were the least bent out of their course by refraction, the orange rather more so, the yellow next, and so on to the violet rays, which suffer the greatest refraction. Thus the conclusion, that the product of the spectrum was due to the separation of the beam of white light into rays differing in refrangibility, was fully confirmed.

The slight want of purity in the colours of Newton's spectrum was due to the fact, that an image of the round hole in his shutter was formed by the rays of each colour; so that there was a partial overlapping of the several images, producing a mixture of the coloured rays wherever that overlapping took place. But near the beginning of this century, Dr. Wollaston found that by using a narrow slit, instead of a round hole, a spectrum of much greater purity could be obtained; and this practical improvement led, as will be presently shown, to other most valuable results.

The study of the phenomena of Light and Colours, which, thus commenced by Newton, has been carried on by the greatest Mathematicians and Experimentalists of the last century and a half, has led to the general acceptance of what is called the "Undulatory Theory;" according to which the transmission of Light to our eyes depends on the undulations or vibratory waves of an "ether" pervading all space, just as Sound depends on the propagation, from the sonorous body to our ears, of undulations in the intervening atmosphere. And just as differences of *pitch* in musical tones are due to the rate of the undulations of air, so does it appear that differences in *colour* are due to the rate of the vibrations of the ether. It has been found possible, by mathematically-exact methods of measurement, to determine that the *number* of undulations which produce the visual sensation of Red is 458 millions of millions per second; whilst the number of those at the opposite end of the spectrum which produce the sensation of Violet, is 727 millions of millions per second. Of the several prismatic hues which can be distinguished between the red and the violet, every one has its own proper number, intermediate between 458 and 727 million millions. The *length* of each of these waves is inversely proportional to its duration: thus the wave-length of the extreme Red ray is 271 ten-millionths of an inch, whilst that of the extreme Violet ray is only 155 ten-millionths; the intermediate colours having a gradational succession of wave-lengths.

There is reason, however, to believe that the doctrine of the *three* "primary colours" is true to this extent—that, as was long ago suggested by Dr. Thomas Young, there are three distinct *physiological* actions (probably depending on three distinct sets of nerve-fibres in the retina), which, by their various combinations, produce our various sensations of Colour. Each of these actions seems to be excited by luminous undulations whose wave-lengths lie within a certain range; the strongest action being produced by undulations of a particular wave-length, whilst undulations whose wave-lengths differ considerably from this, excite that action either very feebly or not at all.

But further, the Spectrum is found to contain other rays, which, on account of either

the too slow or the too rapid succession of the undulations by which they are transmitted, do not produce any sensation of Light or Colour, but are detected by other means. While the illuminating or Light-giving power is greatest in the *yellow* portion of the spectrum, and diminishes rapidly towards the red on the one side and the blue on the other, its Heating power is very differently distributed. For while there is scarcely any heat in the blue portion of the spectrum, but little in the yellow, and much more in the red, its greatest intensity is found *beyond the red*, where there is no light whatever; thence diminishing rapidly with the increase of its distance from the luminous spectrum. In fact, about half of the Solar heat-rays falling on the earth are invisible.—The difference between the Luminous and the Heating rays depends, like the diversity of colours, on differences in their respective *rates* of vibration; the rate being less for the non-luminous heat-rays than it is for the red, just as it is less for the red than it is for the yellow.

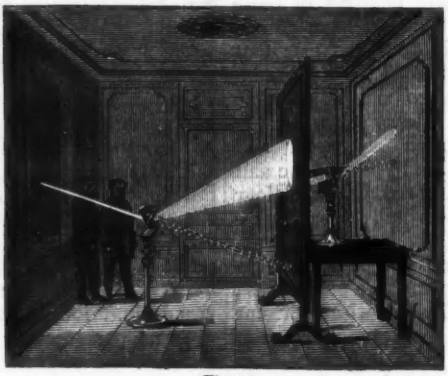


Fig. 1.

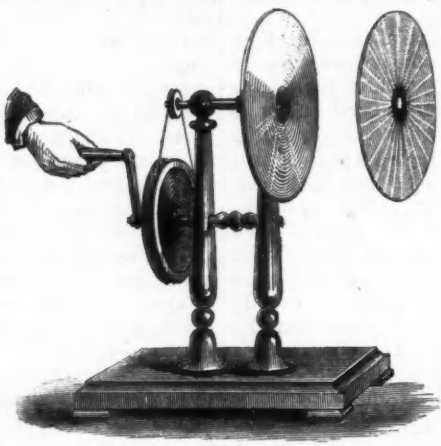


Fig. 2.

It is now known that there is yet another kind of rays in the Solar Spectrum, which show themselves neither in producing colours nor in raising the thermometer, but in producing Chemical changes; especially in blackening the salts of silver (on which action the ordinary photographic processes depend), and in enabling living Plants to decompose carbonic acid, retaining the carbon in their own substance, and setting free its oxygen. The red rays of the spectrum have scarcely any of this chemical power, and the yellow rays very little; but its greatest intensity is in the *blue* and *violet* portions of the spectrum; and the chemical rays extend, as invisible or non-luminous rays, *beyond the violet* end of the spectrum, just as the heating rays extend beyond the red; the rate of the vibrations which produce them being greater than that even of the violet rays. Thus the entire length of the Solar Spectrum is about double its visible length. As the presence of invisible rays beyond its red end may be made sensible by their action on a delicate heat-measuring apparatus, so the extension of invisible rays beyond the violet end may be made sensible by their blackening effect on the "sensitive paper" of the photographer. It was shown by Professor Stokes, in 1852, that certain substances have the property of being so acted on by these Chemical rays, as to become self-luminous. Thus, if a thick piece of the canary-yellow glass which derives its colour from oxide of uranium, be held either in the violet part of the spectrum, or in the dark space immediately beyond it, it gives out a faint nebulous light; and a similar effect is produced by sulphate of quinine, so that if a piece of white paper, washed in a solution of this colourless salt, be placed beyond the violet end of the spectrum, it gives out a bluish light. It is a very pretty experiment to write on a piece of white paper with this solution, and then to bring the paper into the dark ultra-violet portion of the spectrum; for the letters traced on the paper, which were previously invisible, now shine with a bluish light, as if they had been written with a stick of phosphorus. This beautiful phenomenon is termed Fluorescence.

Having thus shown the Solar Spectrum to

consist, not only of the diversely-coloured rays into which it was decomposed by Newton, but also of Heating rays and of Chemical rays, all of them differing from each other in their degree of refrangibility, we have next to point out that the mode and degree in which they are separated by a Prism, are greatly affected by the *material* of which that prism consists. Some of Newton's contemporaries who repeated his experiments, obtained results so greatly differing from his, as to occasion considerable perplexity; and a few even went the length of repudiating his conclusions altogether. After Newton's time, however, it was found that the amount of separation between the extreme rays, on which the length of the spectrum depends, does not bear that constant proportion to the "mean" or average deviation (or departure of the solar beam from its straight course), which Newton supposed it to do; and thus it was found that the "dispersive" power is essentially distinct from the "refractive" power, and may be combined with it in very different degrees. Thus while the Refractive power of *flint* glass (which contains a large proportion of oxide of lead) is very little greater than that of *crown* glass (such as that of which windows or mirrors are made), the Dispersive power of the former is nearly double that of the latter. And it is from this difference that it becomes possible to construct "achromatic" combinations of lenses for Telescopes and Microscopes; which Newton was so hopeless of ever obtaining, that he gave all his attention to the improvement of the Reflecting telescope. For we can neutralise the dispersive power of a *double* convex lens of crown glass, by a *plano*-concave of flint having about the same curvature; and as this will only neutralise half the refracting power of the convex crown, the effect will be to give the compound lens about the same magnifying power that a plano-convex lens would have, whilst doing away with the coloured fringes that surround its magnified image. Certain liquids, such as Oil of Cassia and Bisulphide of Carbon, are remarkable for their very high dispersive power; and advantage has been taken of this property in the construction of Spectroscopes,—as will be presently explained.

But further, the relative proportions of the different rays that enter into the composition of a beam of White Light differ greatly, according to the *source* of that beam. Thus, while the light of the Electric lamp is as white as that of the Sun, its coloured spectrum is by no means identical, as will be presently shown: the difference being greatest, however, in the proportion of the Chemical rays, which in the electric light are not only much stronger in the blue and violet, but extend much further beyond the violet; so that the length of the invisible band of chemical rays is equal to that of the whole visible spectrum. The same is the case in even a greater degree with the light produced by burning the metal Magnesium; for although this light is extremely white, yet, when decomposed by the prism, it is found to contain so large a proportion of chemical rays, both within and beyond the violet, that it may be turned to very good account for the purpose of Photography. This metal is now prepared on a large scale, and a lamp has been specially devised for burning it; by which means photographic pictures have been taken in places—such as the interior of rock-temples in Nubia and India—to which no Solar light can gain access.

We now come to that further most important stage in the development of Spectrum analysis, which commenced with the discovery made by Dr. Wollaston, near the beginning of this century, that the Solar Spectrum is crossed at different points by *dark lines*, which form breaks in its continuity; as if a set of wires were placed across the course of the beam after it has passed through the prism, so as to interrupt the course of the variously-coloured rays, and thus to project their shadows on the screen in different parts of the rainbow series. These lines can only be seen in the pure spectrum formed by the passage of the rays through a slit; and consequently they escaped the observation of Newton, who used a round hole, the various images of which overlapped each other. Wollaston only saw a few of the principal dark lines of the solar spectrum; but they were soon afterwards more carefully studied by the celebrated German optician, Fraunhofer, who published in 1814 an elaborate map, in which no fewer than 576 of these lines were laid down by careful measurement; and they have been known from that time as "Fraunhofer's lines." In our next paper we shall give a copy of his original representation of them, which has subsequently come to have an interest and importance that he could never have even dreamed of,—one of the most admirable of all examples of the ultimate value of all careful observation of the phenomena of nature, however unprofitable it may seem at the time or for long afterwards. Some

of these lines are broad, others narrow; in some parts of the spectrum they are crowded together, whilst in others there are wide spaces between them. The eight most conspicuous of these lines were distinguished by Fraunhofer (like the notes in music) by the first eight letters of the alphabet, beginning from A in the red to H in the violet; and by these designations they are still generally known. Fraunhofer further ascertained that though the relative distances of these lines are altered, as are the relative lengths of the differently-coloured bands which they cross, by changing the material of the prism, yet with the same prism their distances are uniform for all kinds of Solar light, whether the direct rays of the sun, the light reflected from a dark cloud, or ordinary diffused daylight; and on examining the spectra of the Moon and of Venus, he ascertained that *their* light also (which is reflected from the sun) exhibits the same lines in the same positions. But on examining the spectra of Sirius and of others of the more brilliant fixed stars, he found that each had its own set of lines, differing both from the solar spectrum, and from the spectra of other stars. And he was thus led to the important conclusion, that whatever might be the cause of these dark lines, of which he seemed to have had no idea, it lay *beyond* our atmosphere; for if the cause had lain *within* it, the spectra of all the heavenly bodies would have been affected by it in the same way, and would have exhibited the same lines. On the other hand, he observed that the spectrum from the light of a lamp contained none of the *dark* lines, though the orange band was crossed by a *bright* one corresponding to the D line of the solar spectrum; while in the spectrum of the electric spark a considerable number of *bright* lines were noticed, as they were also in that of a blow-pipe flame.

Forty years ago, Brewster, when writing on this subject,* considered it to be "one of the most important practical results of the discovery of these fixed lines in the solar spectrum, that they enable us to take the most accurate measures of the refractive and dispersive powers of bodies;" the distances between the lines A, B, C, D, &c., being capable of much more exact determination than the lengths of the coloured bands of the spectrum, which are not separated by defined edges. But it is the knowledge we now possess of the true meaning of these lines, which not only gives to the Chemist the power of detecting the presence of quantities of the elementary substances so minute that no definite conception can be formed of them; but also enables him to recognise the existence of those substances in the most distant regions of space from which light comes to us, and to determine whether it be emitted from vast solid masses (stars), from cloudlike collections of the separate smaller bodies known as meteorites, or from vaporous films (nebulæ). The principal steps in the series of discoveries by which that meaning has been ascertained, will now be described.

It has been long known that the introduction of certain substances into a flame otherwise colourless, would give particular colours to that flame; and in this manner were produced not only the "red fire" so continually used in our theatres, but the green, crimson, and yellow stars of our fireworks. Thus common salt, or any other salt of which Soda is the base, when introduced into the flame of a spirit-lamp, imparts to it a bright yellow colour. On the other hand, any salt of which Potash is the base, will give a pale violet to the flame. And in this manner, Chemists were accustomed to distinguish potash-salts from soda-salts, by the colours they respectively gave under the blow-pipe flame. Again, the compounds of Lime give a red colour, those of Barytes and of Boracic acid give a green, while those of Strontia colour the flame crimson. In 1822 it was proposed by Brewster to use a lamp for certain optical experiments, in which the light should be thus rendered *monochromatic*, or all of one colour; the most convenient way of obtaining such light being to burn spirit of wine, in which as much common salt has been dissolved as it will take up. Now, suppose that we throw the yellow light thus produced, upon letters painted of different colours; these will show various degrees of brightness; but they will all have the same colour, because rays of no other colour fall upon them. But if a small quantity of Magnesium powder be thrown into the flame, so as to make it flash forth a large quantity of white light, the colours of the several letters at once show themselves vividly,—that is to say, each reflects the rays of a particular degree of refrangibility, and no others.

About fifty years ago, this subject engaged the attention of Sir John Herschel and of Mr. Fox Talbot; both of whom pointed out that the spectra produced by these coloured flames have such characteristic peculiarities, that the substances whose presence gives

* Treatise on Optics in Lardner's Cyclopædia, p. 87.

rise to the colours are distinguishable in more minute quantities by this method than by any other. Thus Fox Talbot stated in 1826 that the "red fire" of the theatres gives a spectrum in which the red portion is crowded with bright lines having dark spaces between them; whilst another strongly luminous red line is seen nearer the red end of the spectrum, at some distance from the others. The former assemblage of lines is now known to be produced by the presence of Strontia, whilst the latter single line is due to some salt of Potash. Again, it was subsequently ascertained by Fox Talbot in 1834, that, while the (then) rare alkaline earth called Lithia communicates to flame a crimson tinge not distinguishable from that of strontia, the two flames produce very different spectra: for whilst the spectrum of the strontia flame shows not only numerous bright lines in the red portion, but also a bright yellow line in the yellow portion, and a very definite bright blue line in the blue portion, that of lithia shows only a single red ray in the red portion. "Hence," says Mr. Talbot, "I do not hesitate to say that optical analysis can distinguish the minutest portions of these two substances from each other, with as much certainty as, if not more than, any known method." It seems strange that, with such a clear indication of its value, Fox Talbot should have put aside Spectrum analysis for many years; but his whole attention seems then to have been given to the development of the art of Photography, which owes very much of its early progress to his persevering labours.

Another important step in the same path of research was made in 1835 by Wheatstone, who showed that the spectra produced by Electric sparks given off by different Metals are dissimilar. It had been previously ascertained by Faraday, that the luminosity of the electric spark entirely depends on the intense heat it imparts to the particles of the poles *between* which, and to those of the air or other medium *through* which, it passes. Thus, when we draw a spark from the brass knob of the conductor of an electrical machine, minute particles of brass are carried over, in the form of incandescent vapour, from the knob to the knuckle; while at the same time not only the oxygen and nitrogen of the atmosphere through which the spark passes, but the hydrogen of its watery vapour, and the carbon of its carbonic acid (when this is present in sufficient proportion), contribute to its luminosity, by the intense heat imparted to them in its passage. That the spark is produced, not by the combustion of the metal, but by its being volatilised into luminous vapour, was further proved by the experiments of Wheatstone; for he observed the same phenomena *in vacuo*, and also under circumstances in which no combustion can take place. So in the case of what is now known as the "electric light," produced between two carbon-points through which a continuous current of electricity from a powerful voltaic battery is being passed, the wasting of the carbon goes on as rapidly, and the light produced is as intense, when the process is carried on *in vacuo*, as when the carbon-points are freely exposed to the air: but in the latter case the heated carbon at once unites with oxygen, and goes off as carbonic acid; while in the former its particles are deposited, when cold, on the interior of the glass within which the points are enclosed. The easiest way, indeed, of showing the characteristic spectra of those metals which require a very high temperature to volatilise them, is to bring them into the "electric arc" between the two carbon-points: for whilst *its* spectrum is a continuous one (that is, not interrupted either by bright or by dark lines, save such as may result from impurities in the carbon itself), bright lines, produced by the incandescence of any metallic vapours raised by its intense heat, are distinguishable upon it. Although the lines observed and figured by Wheatstone in 1835, as produced by the volatilisation of different metals, are only the more conspicuous of those now known to be characteristic of them, and their respective places in the spectrum were not accurately determined, yet he, like Fox Talbot, may be said to have clearly indicated the future value of spectrum analysis, in the following pregnant remark:—"These differences are so obvious, that one metal may easily be distinguished from another by the appearance of its spark; and we have here a mode of discriminating metallic bodies more readily than that of chemical examination, and which may hereafter be employed for useful purposes." It must have been through the occupation of his attention by that admirable series of experimental researches which led to the invention of the Electric Telegraph, that Wheatstone was prevented from following up an idea which he was so eminently fitted to carry into practical application.

Both Herschel and Talbot, as well as others who followed up the same line of inquiry, were extremely puzzled by a con-

spicuous bright yellow line, which almost constantly showed itself, whatever might be the substance operated on; and as Water seemed "the only matter which these substances have in common," and as both Brewster and Herschel had observed it in the spectrum of the yellow flame produced by burning alcohol diluted with water, this conjecture had a certain probability. For although this line was very conspicuous when either Soda, or any of its salts, was introduced into the flame, yet it was also observed in other cases in which there was reason to believe that no soda was present under any form. It is now known with certainty that this conspicuous yellow line is really due to the presence of Soda, which is, in fact, so universally diffused, that it can with difficulty be excluded. This discovery was made in 1856 by Professor Swan, of St. Andrew's, who was engaged in the study of the spectra produced by the flames of coal-gas and other hydro-carbons; while previously to this date, the study of the spectra of the coloured flames produced by the alkaline earths had been prosecuted by Professor W. A. Miller.

This brings up the subject to the date of the great discoveries of Professors Bunsen and Kirchhoff, with which we shall commence our next Paper.

THE CHARITIES IN SOHO.

ONE of the most remarkable districts in London for the amount and worth of its charities, and the wonderful quality of the faith with which they are carried on, is that dingy, ill-cleansed, ill-conditioned corner called Soho. In no place of the same number of square feet are there, we believe, so many methods for dispensing charity and help; certainly in no parish of the like poverty is there more done to lighten it. Beginning with St. Mary's Mission we find five schools attached to it, of which two only (St. Mary's Girls' and Infants' Schools) are under Government inspection; their original home—"lean-to buildings against the wall of the church"—having been perforce abandoned. Of the others, St. Mary's Boys' School is held in a stable-loft; the Free and Industrial School is in a shop and cellar in Newport Market;* and the place of the Girls' and Infants' Free School is a "vacated gin-palace in Prince's Row." The cost of the whole five is upwards of £500 a year; and Government aid is given only to the first two. Besides the schools there are other charitable organizations, of special character and object. One is the Guild of St. Michael; "a society formed for the protection of the girls as they are growing up amidst the temptations of crowded homes." "It must be borne in mind," says the report, "that very few of the inhabitants of the parish have more than one room for all purposes." The members of this guild all pay a small sum weekly into a general fund, which is helped by annual subscriptions; and the money thus raised is expended upon relief in sickness, clothing to fit the members for service, tools for work, and the like. They have work and recreation meetings of an evening, with instruction in writing, arithmetic, spelling, &c. The Guild of St. Nicholas is the companion institution for boys.

The Society of the Holy Family is "for the benefit of fathers and mothers, to encourage them to bring up their children religiously, and to lead godly lives themselves." To this a small savings' fund is attached for the help of mothers during their confinement, and for all members in sickness and distress.

Two Mothers' Meetings enable poor women to hear a few words of comfort and advice every Monday afternoon; clothing clubs enable mothers and children to obtain clothing at cost price or below it; the children's dinner table, maintained entirely by the gifts of children of the upper classes, gives two or three good meals a week to the ill-fed, often starving, and often ailing children in the schools; the Lending Library has pleasant reading for those who can profit by the occasion; night schools for boys and girls (numbering fifty boys and sixty girls) help those who wish to learn and have to labour; the society for the Relief and Visiting of the poor; winter teas and treats; and summer excursions into the country, close the list of what we may call voluntary parochial work. All these are managed by the vicar and his curates, with such lay help as may come in the way; but all are in a sense official clerical charities.

Twenty-seven years ago, a few noble-minded people met together to devise a plan for helping distressed persons. They did

* The school is attended by the most destitute and neglected lads of the parish, who, besides their usual school-work, chop and prepare wood for sale, which they deliver at various houses. From time to time situations are found for these poor lads, according to their attendance and conduct.

not want to found any enduring home for the weak or the sickly; not indeed to give permanent support to any one; only to help these "distressed persons" until they had tided over their difficulties, and, aided by the charity, were enabled to start afresh. The idea took root, grew, and flourished; and now bears fruit in the well-known House of Charity, Greek Street, Soho. In the statement prefacing the last report of the "Warden and Council" we find the following explanatory clauses, which are best given in their integrity:—

"Generally, its main work is to *prevent* sin and misery. It is the only Home in London *gratuitously* afforded to such distressed persons as are of good character, upon a recommendation from some one who knows them. Thus many deserving persons are saved from the sufferings and privations which precede an application to the Casual Ward or Nightly Refuge, as well as from the degradation consequent upon their reception into such promiscuous places of resort. Among the various classes of distress relieved by this House are—

"Patients discharged from hospitals before they are sufficiently recovered to take situations. These find here a comfortable lodging and ample diet, and are generally successful in obtaining situations.

"Orphan or friendless girls, who have unadvisedly come to London in search of employment, or have accidentally lost their places, meet here with protection, counsel, and, in general, with situations.

"Widows, who have been reduced to the necessity of seeking a subsistence for themselves, are here recommended to places of trust or domestic service.

"Emigrants while breaking up their homes and converting their effects into money, wait here till they embark.

"Out-patients of hospitals, excluded, through want of room, or by regulations, from admission into them, are enabled to derive benefit while here by attending the hospitals for medical advice and treatment.

"In short, the House of Charity is a home for every kind of friendlessness and destitution which is not the manifest offspring of inveterate vice and profligacy. To assure the well-conducted that their ills are not forgotten and overlooked amidst the present zeal in behalf of refuges and reformatories; to prevent misery before remedial measures may be too late; to succour the falling, rather than wait till they are sunk into the lowest abyss of wretchedness and sin, is the great object of this institution.

"Four hundred and seventy-one such cases have been admitted in 1871 to a residence of various periods."

The list of the one hundred and ninety-eight men who have passed through the House during the year is a curious one. Two clergymen of the Church of England, and one Nestorian deacon; one student; fifteen schoolmasters and tutors; four medical men, including a chemist; three reporters and writers for the press; one musician; two draughtsmen and one photographer; two billiard-markers; one deaf and dumb negro; one organist and one organ-builder; fifty-nine men-servants; thirty clerks and shopmen, are about the most striking items. The rest are made up of ordinary trades, including a sugar-planter and a drillmaster, one policeman, two ship-stewards, and one house-steward. Among the two hundred and forty-three women we find twenty-six governesses and schoolmistresses; two professors of singing; thirty-two matrons, housekeepers, and nurses; fifty-six maids-of-all-work, and eighty-eight other servants; one major's wife; two surgeons' wives; one planter's wife—was she the wife of the sugar-planter in the men's side?—and one policeman's wife, who probably matched the destitute policeman X over the way. From the register we find that the sugar-planter's family had special cause to bless the House of Charity. He, his wife, three children, and black servant were found by the Charity Organization of St. Giles's in the deepest distress, and by them sent on to the House of Charity in Soho. Since their admission the wife died of consumption; the children were provided for, and the poor black servant was sent home. The father then tried to get admitted into Morden College, but unsuccessfully.

Another case relieved was that of the orphan daughter of a Norwegian merchant, with a sister depending on her; another was that of a lady's-maid, who had been run over by an omnibus and seriously injured—she was taken to the House on being discharged from hospital, and thence obtained a situation. One was of a family driven by a fire into the streets, and kept while a subscription was raised for them; another was that of a poor woman down with fever in her one poor garret where she herded with her eight starving children, seven boys and one girl: she died, and the children were taken care of. One case, again, was that of a young lad of eighteen left as the sole support of his three younger brothers; and some were French and German refugees, "in the utmost distress," for whom situations were ultimately found. 11,249 people (men, women, and children) have been admitted, relieved, and in all probability saved from destruction by this charity, in the twenty-five years that have passed between 1847 and 1871—for one of the distinctive features of the organization is not only to give food and shelter during a time of present distress, but also to find employment for the inmates, thus helping them to help themselves rather than suffering them to rely on extraneous aid.

During the time of my visit the most noticeable person there was a fine, handsome, well-mannered man, who had formerly

been a soldier in the 7th Hussars, but who, having left the army before his time for a pension, was now out of employment, and looking for a situation as in-door servant. He had a wife and three children.

One of the features of the House is, as was said, to help the distressed to help themselves; another is a children's dinner-table, which is supported chiefly, if not entirely, by the children of the upper classes. These dinners are given twice a week,—sometimes, for lack of funds, only once; and it is wonderful to see the difference which a short course of even this one weekly dinner makes in the sickly, half-starved little creatures. The dinners are given to the children of the charity schools, and boys and girls alternate. It was the girls' day when I was there; but a few cropped heads, and torn, dirty jackets, were sprinkled about among the bonnets and petticoats. One barefooted laddie, with a bright face, looked as if he might easily have been the petted darling of some rich house; another little mite, who had left his cap behind him and who came back for it, reminded me of Tom Thumb (not the dwarf, but the hero of the old cow and the plum-pudding), he was so diminutive, so pretty, so sharp. Most of the children were undersized; one girl of eleven not looking or weighing more than an average child of six; and all bearing the unmistakable marks of disease, semi-starvation, and some of brutality and ill-usage, on their pinched faces and wasted bodies. Some were in literal rags; some were clean, and, though poorly clad, yet tidily kept; one little creature had on a battered old bonnet bedizened with filthy ribbon and faded flowers, like a May-day queen. Some had neither hat nor bonnet at all. Here and there was a fair, refined, flower-like face; here and there a dark and handsome gipsy one. Some were fearfully bestial; some like weird changelings, more impish than brutish; but all had the one paramount claim of poverty. The dinner of which I made my luncheon was an appetizing stew of barley, vegetables, and Australian meat. It was sad to see the two extremes of ravenous voracity in some, and of languid inability to eat in others. These devoured their platefuls like wild beasts, casting about the table hungry eyes that had nothing human in them save intensity; those, pale and emaciated, just picked a few bits here and there, like birds—perpetual starvation having deadened in them even the sense of hunger; while others, again, ate with a hearty, natural appetite like ordinary children. After the meal was over, they all chanted a simple grace; when a few words of prayer were said by the Sister presiding; and then they filed out, dropping their courtesies and making their reverences as they passed the Sisters and the helpers; some turning up bright, smiling, happy faces of recognition and gratitude, others shrinking past with the downbent head and furtive glances of wild animals, suspicious of the very hand that feeds them. Sometimes they have a breakfast given to them, when the funds will allow of this; and then each child carries home with it a sweet roll.

The House further dispenses food to forty-five families and seventy-six boys, of whom some get peas-soup and some bread, as they most need. The dinner, "Irish stew, an apple dumpling, and a good hunch of bread for each child," is calculated at threepence-halfpenny a head, which is not an extravagant rate of living.

Besides this, there is an Invalid Kitchen, where special cases are relieved, and which gave upwards of sixteen thousand dinners to the sick and starving poor of the neighbourhood between the dates of October 29th, 1867, and April 6th, 1868. In the year following the receipts dropped one-third, and the year after (1870) nearly two-thirds; the large sums sent to the continental sufferers in the great war sensibly affecting all our home charities, and this among the rest.

It may be as well to state here, for the satisfaction of those who think it wrong to aid sinful poverty, however hungry, that all the Soho charities are given only to what are called the deserving poor; which is a saving clause grateful to the political economist and moralist alike.

Next in importance to the House of Charity stands the Newport Market Refuge, with the Industrial School attached. The Refuge is a place where comparatively moral and cleanly people may find a supper, bed, and breakfast for seven nights and mornings. During the year 1871, 9,423 nights' lodgings were granted to men and women, as against 11,922 in the previous year. This diminution in the number of inmates is assigned to three causes—(1) "The increased strictness in regulating the admission, and the exclusion of all idlers and worthless characters; (2) the good effect produced by the action of the Charity Organization Societies and other bodies in procuring labour for the unemployed; (3) the great activity in all branches of industry, in consequence of which many who, in ordinary winters, can only procure

occasional and precarious employment, are now happily in full work." The great value of the Refuge is not only in the temporary assistance it affords the houseless and foodless poor, but in the permanent good it does them. During the past year ninety-five men and one hundred and seventy women have been rescued by its agency from starvation, and placed where they can earn their own living; and in addition to these numbers one hundred and thirty-six women, "who have sought shelter in the Refuge from a course of sin, have been placed in Institutions and Homes." It must always be remembered, what was said before, that the people who are admitted into the Refuge must be comparatively virtuous. I do not suppose they insist on all the moral graces or conventional observances; but they do not give bed and board to known thieves or notorious women. The exercise of this sifting or eclectic process makes the charity better considered as well as more useful, and increases their ability to place the poor recipients where they may support themselves.

Attached to the Refuge—that is, under the same roof—is the Industrial School for Boys. They are not bad boys, not of the class for whom reformatories have been created; only destitute, whole or half orphans, and belonging to the industrious if unfortunate poor. They are boys who by the circumstances of poverty, unavoidable neglect, and unavoidable ignorance, would probably develop into good-for-noughts, or more vicious criminals; but who, by the timely interposition of the Industrial Schools are rescued from want, ignorance, degradation, ruin, and made into capable and efficient citizens. The average number in the schools is sixty; but such a constant system of drafting off into trades and professions goes on, that perhaps forty out of the sixty pass through the school in the year. Many go into the army, or rather into the military bands; the band of the school being one of its chief characteristics. A certain military air pervades the school discipline. The boys wear a kind of uniform, they are efficiently drilled, and those who show any musical aptitude are thoroughly well grounded in music. On the day when I went to see them they were not playing, owing to the dangerous illness of a woman in the court; but I was informed that their music is really excellent, and that the band is in great request when hired music is required. It is a pity that the school is not certified. The working of it is so excellent, and the condition generally of the boys so good, that, although technically objections can be taken to it and a certificate refused thereon, the results are equal to those of schools which have all the required conditions. Mr. Bruce regretted that he could not grant the certificate requested, as the "institution does not afford the means of exercise, and outdoor training, and recreation, which the regulations relative to Certified Industrial Schools require." But the committee answer that although "the school possesses no playground, the boys are sent out for upwards of an hour every day to one of the public parks, and on holidays for several hours to the public parks or Primrose Hill. When the weather is too wet to enable them to take out-door exercise, they have a spacious play-room for drill and gymnastics." These are certainly advantages that, as they say compensate for the loss of an open space, which in such a crowded neighbourhood as Soho must needs be of very limited extent. And the report of the medical officer bears this out. Such as it is, the school works admirably; and when we reflect from what a fate these poor boys are in all probability rescued, we may be thankful for the wise zeal and large humanity which has founded and still maintains so valuable an institution. Between this and the workhouse, this and the reformatory, we do not think any one can hesitate to choose. One has only to see the boys, with their happy, bonny faces, smart manners, and well-set-up look to feel something of the good of which the full amount could only be known by a long and careful examination.

Considering, then, that in the district of St. Mary's Soho alone, there are six thousand poor and not one rich—that the whole district is one of the lowest, most destitute, most difficult of all London—we cannot sufficiently admire the glorious fight being carried on against vice and misery by the devoted band of workers some of whose labours have been indicated. Physically as well as mentally their task is a hard one. Not the strongest women who enter on this arduous service of humanity can long resist the depressing influences of foul air for the one part, and the perpetual presence of misery for the other. They lose their appetites, just as the poor little children lose theirs; lose their sleep, their strength; and all the Sisters and helpers find it imperative to go out of town frequently to sleep in pure air, else they would "wilt" like stifled

plants, and those of more than ordinary excitability of brain would go mad.

I said that Soho was a difficult district. It is eminently so. It is one of the nuclei for distressed foreigners, who naturally bring with them their own dangers and temptations, and who render missionary work among the young girls more laborious and less efficient than in places where this special element is not in such abundance. Still, the greater the difficulty the greater the need; and the more good is done the more is rendered possible. The very presence of the Sisters among them has a humanising effect. I went through some of the most miserable little streets and alleys, and everywhere my companion was greeted with smiles and friendly nods—reminding me, save in its excessive squalor, of old days when "the parson's daughters" found a welcome in the poorest hovels of that mountain town, and were privileged visitors everywhere. My Sister companion was as safe among the lowest and vilest haunts of the district as if she had been guarded by a troop of dragoons. The poor houses that she and hers had blessed, the sickness they had soothed, the misery they had relieved, the unselfish surrender of all that the world counts happiness for the good of their kind, had not been without fruit; and we know that gratitude and respect for the teacher goes far towards rendering acceptable the lesson taught. The Sisters and those who aid in their work are among the few who live according to the Christ-plan. We would that the same kind of thing could be done by other branches of the one great Church with the same beautiful results, and without some of the accessories we deplore. But we all must see the difficulty in the want of a sufficiently strong motive for individual submission, which is the basis of successful organization. Among the ritualists the "priest," and the Lady Superior under him, are the recognised centres of authority to whom all the members submit, without a thought of independent action or the faintest sentiment of revolt. The problem, then, would be how to secure the same helpful obedience outside the charmed circle of spiritual absolutism, and how to frame the laws of an organization which should be imperative, yet which no member would feel it a *religious* obligation to obey against his or her own ideas of what was best and most expedient. Until such time, then, as we shall have workers in every essential respect as efficient as these dear Sisters and their "priests," we may accept the good they do with gratitude and love; holding the world more blessed for their pure presence in it, and helping them where we can in their desperate struggle with poverty and vice, with misery, ignorance, and sin.

E. LYNN LINTON.

SONNET.—LOVE FOR THE YOUNG.

NOT only for yourselves, but for the years
Which you, not knowing, bring to me anew,
Are you so dear that I consider you
With this persistency of quiet tears;
For many silent tones are in your speech,
And dead hopes rise and tremble when you smile,
Making me fancy for a little while
That hands I cannot clasp are in my reach;
And my soul cries, "What can I do or bear"
(I that have lost so much and wept so long),
"How make myself your servant, to remove
The sting and weight of that remembered Love
Which was my joy, but may have had some wrong
From slights unknown, ere Time had taught me care!"

M. B. SMEDLEY.

LADY BELL.

By the AUTHOR of "Citoyenne Jacqueline."

CHAPTER XXII.—KEEPING HOUSE TOGETHER.



LADY BELL and Mrs. Sundon were so well pleased with each other, that they agreed finally to take up house together. They liked the air and aspect of Nutfield so well, that they fixed on dwelling in the neighbourhood, though no longer under the wing of Miss Kingscote.

The two ladies rented one of the cottages *ornés* which were beginning to be built between the town of Lumley and Nutfield.

Summerhill had for its nucleus a one-storied erection of black and white timber, to which a wooden verandah had been added all round. The whole was set in a large enough garden and paddock to afford room for ingenuity to propose and execute a number of wonderful performances in the shape of winding walks, mounds, grottos, bowers, even a dovecot and a dairy.

The house was unfurnished, so that the tenants had another gain in fitting it up according to their tastes. Everything that Lady Bell and Mrs. Sundon ordered for their use was bright and tasteful. There was a good deal of white painted wood and white dimity, relieved by warm, deep-coloured carpet-work and rich embroidery. There were home-manufactured brackets, sconces, card-baskets, music-trays in abundance. These things supplied Lady Bell with endless employment, and were sources of pride and delight to her.

Lady Bell had thought to herself, first when she became a widow, that she should go softly mourning for her sins and her strife with Squire Trevor all her days. She was perfectly sincere then, as well as afterwards, and she did not cease to be sorry for having done wrong; but to her surprise, and a little to her shame, not only did her youthful spirits soon recover their elasticity, but in addition she was very happy—happier than she had ever been in her life before, not even excepting her early days with Lady Lucie Penruddock.

Lady Bell was not merely like one of those graceful creatures of the air which, casting the slough of the chrysalis, rises buoyant in its elegance and beauty. She had found a true mate, a companion and friend, a natural equal and ally.

Eventful as the last year had been, and calculated to develop her nature, Lady Bell was not past the age when girls like her have the strongest tendency to contract friendship with members of their own sex, when indeed for the most part the closest, firmest womanly friendships are formed. And that was the generation of women's friendships.

There was just the amount of superiority in years, experience, and acquirements on Mrs. Sundon's part, and the kind of essential difference between the young women to establish Lady Bell's romantic admiration for her friend, without preventing a free and full interchange of sentiment and opinion.

Lady Bell resumed gladly and with grateful acknowledgment of the support which she received from Mrs. Sundon, all her native pursuits, which had been so continually interrupted and baulked.

A modern girl commanding a thousand modes of cultivation, until she is oppressed by them, will find it hard to comprehend the self-respect and satisfaction with which Lady Bell returned to her studies; her French—in which Mrs. Sundon was a better qualified assistant, so far as speaking went, than Mr. Greenwood at St. Bevis's—her thrumming on a spinnet, her warbling of "Hark, the lark," and "Waft her, angels."

Mrs. Sundon kept up her connection with town and the world, and had not only fashions, but newspapers and parcels of books forwarded to her by the carrier and the bookseller in Lumley.

The ladies were abreast of their times, in which the war with America was taking more and more serious proportions, and of the literature of the day.

"Sir Charles Grandison" was becoming an oldish book, and "Evelina" had not yet come out. But Mr. Brooke's "Fool of Quality" was making its mark, and was warmly welcomed as a step in the right direction by all good men and women, including Mrs. Sundon and Lady Bell. In sermons the ladies read Porteous or Blair. In poetry they studied Mason's "Flower Garden" and Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," while in travels, Pennant's "Tour" seemed then to have extended to the extremity of the civilised world.

The absence, except at short intervals, of even a provincial theatre, which bulked so largely as an intellectual influence at the close of the last century, was supplied in a degree to Mrs. Sundon and Lady Bell. They had the vigorous notices and criticisms of the most popular plays and players; so that even while living at a distance, the ladies could enjoy at second-hand the heroics of "Douglas" and the nonsense of "Polly Honeycomb."

Lady Bell made many charming new attainments, so that the season at Summerhill was, after all, in the fullest sense, the spring time of her life, when she was learning something new every day, and was fast budding into fresh promise.

All Lady Bell's fine-lady gifts and graces had been originally overmuch of the town-townish. But Mrs. Sundon had been a fine lady of the country, as well as of the town, and could lead Lady Bell into elegant rurality, and even inoculate the girl with a true love of the country and a country life.

Under Mrs. Sundon's superintendence, Lady Bell became a lady gardener, and advanced with rapid strides from an apprentice to a journeyman, until, in addition to her old power of embroidering facsimiles of leaves and flowers, she could make carpets and canopies of the plants themselves, hang the verandah with them, grow living orange-trees in the window alcove of the sitting-room. She laid carnations and budded roses, and was as intent on getting seeds of Canterbury bells and slips of geraniums, as ever she had been on procuring patterns for aprons and chair covers.

Lady Bell and Mrs. Sundon had a kitchen as well as a flower garden. They had a white cow in the paddock in summer for their own and their baby's use, and they borrowed a brood of chickens from Miss Kingscote, that they might be sure of new-laid eggs for breakfast.

The ladies did not commit these acquisitions to their establishment entirely to the care of their modest retinue of two maids and a man.

Lady Bell learnt, and did not dream that the learning was derogatory to her, to pull peas and pick gooseberries—actually to milk the cow (in a perfunctory and not very effectual manner, it must be confessed), so that she could aver from her own personal knowledge that the syllabub, which she had also made with her own hands, was compounded as it ought to have been of milk warm from the cow. She made gooseberry-fool, as well as syllabub, and was very conceited about the deed and its success.

Had poor Squire Trevor been alive and at Summerhill, his wife could even have supplied him with his desiderated tansy pudding, at this higher stage of her education, and in her greater wisdom.

Mrs. Sundon and Lady Bell dabbled in all sorts of washes, balsams, simples, hot drinks, blackberry cheeses, sticks of saffron. Not being selfish unbelievers, and having ignorant and helpless poor neighbours, the two ladies became in their own way unquestionable Ladies Bountiful—clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, tending the sick, softening the rude, so far as their light and power went.

Lady Bell and Mrs. Sundon were the two women of highest rank and polish for a considerable circuit of miles, but they were not on that account disdainful and unsocial in their intercourse with their better-off neighbours, such as the vicar and the Mayor of Lumley, the retired military or naval officers and their families, who occupied good houses in the town and cottages similar to Summerhill on the outskirts. On the contrary, the two ladies were rightly judged models of urbanity, a reputation which no doubt they enjoyed, being gracious where nobody presumed on the graciousness, while they countenanced the Lumley weddings, house-warmings, christenings.

Mrs. Sundon and Lady Bell had a hay-making on their own lawn, to which the whole population, so far as the Summerhill grounds would hold them, were invited, and came and went in ecstasies with the entertainment.

Mrs. Sundon and Lady Bell became the reigning toasts of the neighbourhood.

It does not follow that the old world and the old town were sycophantish; consider the women and their circumstances.

Lady Bell Trevor, the daughter of Lord Etheredge and the widow of Squire Trevor, of Trevor Court in the adjoining shire, was a

beautiful, graceful, intelligent young woman of seventeen.

Mrs. Sundon was not more than four years older, at twenty-one very handsome, with an air of command, which had been born with her —command too well assured to be other than simple and self-denying, or to require haughtiness and arrogance to back its claims.

Mrs. Sundon was a woman living in separation from her husband, it is true, but by an act quite different from poor Lady Bell's hushed-up escapade. Mrs. Sundon's separation from Gregory Sundon did not affect her social position in the least—in effect rather elevated it.

It was perfectly well understood through the Mayor that the details did the greatest honour to Mrs. Sundon's dignity and discretion. And dignity and discretion were qualities very highly, but not unjustly, valued in a generation liable to run into extravagant flights and excesses.

Mrs. Sundon showed the same appreciable discretion in refraining from accusing her husband, in adopting, along with a chosen friend, a life of retirement as well as of virtue in the flower of her youth, and in bringing up her little girl—as it was quite understood Mrs. Sundon was bringing up the child, when Caro was not yet three months old—in the most meritorious manner.

The very peculiarity of the two ladies' position with the union of their forces gave them a freedom and weight in the society in which they moved which they could not have commanded had they been single women, which they could hardly have possessed had they been separate, though each had dwelt in the house of her husband.

With Nutfield Lady Bell and Mrs. Sundon maintained the most kindly, cheerful relations, long after use and wont had hardened Miss Kingscote to the sound of "my lady." When the ladies of Summerhill wished a little variety in their domestic routine, they had only to stroll over to Nutfield to bask in its homely cordiality, and to get a little permissible fun out of Miss Kingscote's uncouth whimsicalities.

Lady Bell and Mrs. Sundon could not have managed for themselves without Master Charles to act the part of a brother to them.

In those days when walking on country roads was not safe for ladies, when they could not attend a single public place with propriety, unless they were supported by male attendance, a gentleman who was a privileged friend, proved indispensable in every household of women.

Sometimes the friendships thus entertained were of a peculiarly gentle and chivalrous character, which the very scandal-loving world admitted and respected. It saw no objection—not even that of age—in the intimate association of a young man like Master Charles with two charming young women only a little above him in rank, since the one was a wife and the other a widow, and both deprived of their natural protectors.

CHAPTER XXIII.—FRIENDS IN NEED.

ONLY once did an interruption threaten to the brother and sister relations between Master Charles and the ladies of Summerhill, and that began and ended among themselves, and had nothing to do with on-lookers.

Master Charles called on his friends one day in a moody frame of mind. He looked over some debateable accounts which belonged to Mrs. Sundon's department of the joint housekeeping. He undertook to see and settle with the offending tradesman, and bring him to reason. He agreed to stay to the three-o'clock dinner, and relieve Lady Bell from the chicken carving. Still his mind was not lightened, so that his friends felt it necessary to press him to make a clean breast of it.

The young man admitted that he had been with a party of gentlemen on the previous evening, when horse-racing had been discussed, and bets had been freely given and taken over the wine.

He had been flushed and excited like the rest, and he had made such a book as he feared, without the greatest good luck, would be ruinous to him, when he had not yet got his property into his own hands, and any disgrace in money matters would put a stop to the exertions of the friends who were seeking to procure for him a pair of colours.

He was mad with himself, for he was not without sense and shrewdness as well as principle. He heartily wished that he had joined the army as a volunteer, sailed for Quebec or Boston in the first transport, and been taken prisoner by the Indians, before worse happened to him, and before he baulked the expectations of all who had taken an interest in so foolish a fellow. He hung his head as he made the confession.

"Worse shall not happen," Mrs. Sundon interposed with decision. "You are right in consenting to confide in us; indeed, we value your confidence, sir, and women are not always the worst counsellors. I shall speak to the Mayor to come forward and help you, if the worst come to the worst; he

will do something for my sake, as well as for yours. I shall have a little loan at your service."

"And I shall club every shilling I can muster with Mrs. Sundon's," proposed Lady Bell eagerly; "so pray don't be downhearted, Master Charles."

The young man only hung his head lower. He hated to lay women under contribution to pay for his recklessness, while he dared not, were it but for the sake of another woman—his sister Deb—decline the assistance offered to him in case of necessity.

The ready generosity of his friends melted him, so that he faltered with feeling, in place of declaiming glibly in the expression of his thanks.

"Don't speak of it," Mrs. Sundon forbade him; "only let this be a lesson to you in the future," she added with soft earnestness.

The young man went away subdued in his gratitude; but, when the crisis was over, he presented himself in a state of riotous glee, to free the ladies from their promises, and demand their congratulations.

Master Charles's three to one and five to two had turned out, after all, on the winning side. He had had amazing pieces of luck.

"By George! you ladies must wish me joy, and allow me the honour and felicity, as the town sparks say, of treating you to whatever takes your fancy, a prince's plume, my Lady Bell, a lace apron, Madam Sundon; sure you richly deserve it, and I can afford to please myself for once in my life, since in place of coming to grief by this little transaction, I vow I have made a very good thing of it," and he thrust his hands braggingly into the pockets of his frock coat.

"Yes, I claim my right to a return for my willingness to befriend you, Master Charles," cried Mrs. Sundon, before Lady Bell could speak. "I thought you were to have a lesson, but I find it to be a snare. I want no lace aprons, though I shall be happy to take one from you, if you like to grant what I ask. Promise me solemnly, sir, on the word of a gentleman, that you will both now and after you have entered the army, do your best to resist betting on cards and horses, at least round a supper-table in the heat of conviviality."

"But—but, Mrs. Sundon," objected Master Charles, taken aback, becoming immediately crestfallen, and colouring violently, "no fellow of spirit could be expected to give and keep such a promise. I am not soft in these matters, I think for a novice I have shown myself as sharp as my neighbours," he drew himself up and laughed, though the laugh was a little forced. "I think—I beg your pardon, but I do think you take advantage of your kindness, I own it was very great, to seek to bind me, as no man not a Molly Coddle and a nincompoop would be bound in the circumstances."

"Oh, Master Charles, think of Henry, Earl of Morland, in the 'Fool of Quality,'" implored Lady Bell, "and how you were of opinion he was a fine character, and ought to be imitated in this dissipated world."

"Such conduct is very fine in a book, and in theory, but it won't do for bloods in real life and in practice," he put her off impatiently.

"Master Charles, I trust you will know that there are brave men and gallant soldiers too, that no man would dare call Molly Coddles and nincompoops, who yet set their faces against the indiscriminate betting and gambling of this gambling age," Mrs. Sundon told him plainly; but that was not all—"Charles Kingscote," she said, appealing to him, face to face, and, soul to soul, as it were, when she addressed him thus by his Christian name and surname, and with her own fine pale face working with emotion and the anguish of remembrance, "if you only knew the misery and degradation wrought by this curse of gambling—what generous natures have been undone, what happy homes have been cast down in ruins, never to be built up again! Shall I lay bare the sorrows of my life to enlighten you and save you, if I can?"

"No, Mrs. Sundon," declared the young man quickly, and with pain in his moodiness. "I shall not allow such sacrilege for my fancied needs, and I should be an ingrate to deny your request as you put it, however difficult it may seem to me. I give you my word, as you desire, without farther parley—and now you will permit me to take my leave."

The moment he was gone, Lady Bell asked with a puzzled, pensive, rather scared anxiety, "Will he not keep his word, think you?"

"I hope he will," replied Mrs. Sundon, looking troubled still; "granting that it will cost him a great effort, he is manly and honourable enough in his youth to make such an effort; and he has not seen much bad company, that is a blessing, to corrupt him from the beginning. Poor boy! he was so happy when he came in, and we disappointed and mortified him. Do you know how he will regard me from this hour, Bell?" Mrs. Sundon inquired abruptly. "He is not bumptious or quarrelsome, he is a fine warm-

hearted good-natured lad, but he will begin to hate the sight of me."

"No, no," exclaimed Lady Bell energetically.

"Yes, yes," contradicted Mrs. Sundon quietly, shaking her head, "I know all about it. A man pretends sometimes to call a woman his mistress, but he cannot forgive her, if she ever really play the part. He will excuse almost any error in a woman sooner than her finding him wrong, and telling him so. She has humbled him then in his own eyes, and he cares for that still more than being humbled in hers. She becomes irksome to him, and he half fears her, half strives to deceive her, himself sinking lower and lower till he ends by hating her outright. When you marry again, Bell, if your main object be to preserve your husband's love, fondle and defer to him, and never admit by word or look that you recognise he has forfeited your esteem, as well as that of every honest man and woman, and is on the high road to destruction, carrying you and your unborn child along with him."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," protested Lady Bell, half crying at the idea. "I shall speak the truth and clear my conscience, whether I shame the devil or no. But on second thoughts, I shall not need, for I shall never think of marrying again and leaving you and little Caro, and ending our happy life here, dear," declared Lady Bell, turning eagerly to caress her friend.

"You will not think of it perhaps, but you will do it all the same," asserted Mrs. Sundon as she gave back the caress; "however, we may let sleeping dogs lie and not anticipate evil. To return to Master Charles, see if he do not avoid me from this day."

For several weeks it seemed as if Mrs. Sundon's prognostications were to prove correct. It was not that Master Charles intermitted his visits to Summerhill, and he was punctilious in his continued offers of service to the ladies; but somehow there was a change in the nature of the intercourse, and there was a dryness approaching to sullenness in the young gentleman's manner to Mrs. Sundon.

But at the end of these weeks Master Charles thought better of it, and came looking shamefaced yet, but frank and ingenuous as ever, and told Mrs. Sundon, "I have been compelled to be a little more particular in my company since the promise you made me give you, which, of course, I was resolved to keep, come what like of it. But I have reaped the benefit of it already, I have discovered that there are plenty of gentlemen of parts and spirit, good judges of horseflesh besides, who will not play at higher than half-crown points, and will not lay a wager on a horse, or a dog, unless it is so trifling a one, that they have no anxiety about it, and have all their minds to bestow on their proper affairs. They are ready to welcome me to their company when they see that I prefer it. You were quite right, Mrs. Sundon, I add my poor testimony to my promise."

The dryness and sullenness disappeared from that day.

Lady Bell was jubilant at the issue, and the restoration of their comrade, and disposed to crow over Mrs. Sundon.

"Oh! he is a good sort," as Miss Kingscote says, confessed the authority, "he is more generous than his brethren. I am thankful to have been of use to him." This was all that Mrs. Sundon said to Lady Bell, but in her own mind she reflected with apparent incoherence, "I could wish that he had been higher in rank, and Miss Kingscote more presentable. I don't think his being a little countrified would have mattered else."

As a supplement to all other interests and entertainments, Mrs. Sundon and Lady Bell had little Caro to play with,—to plan for with the deepest seriousness, to build castles in the air for with the highest hopefulness.

But Mrs. Sundon was different from many mothers. She not only did not expect Lady Bell to be engrossed with her little daughter, but she herself would have thought it exceedingly ill-judged and ill-bred, to bring forward the child, and cause her to fill the first place in the circle, forcing every other interest and satisfaction to give way to Caro's interest and satisfaction.

No; little Caro, while she was dearly prized and petted, was kept quite in her proper and purely subordinate sphere, and that under wholesome discipline, and was decidedly a happier as well as a more modest and artless child then and afterwards in consequence of her mother's public spirit in combination with her common sense.

Mrs. Sundon would not permit Caro, unless it was absolutely unavoidable, to interfere with a single study or pursuit; though the mother cared for the child incessantly, and spared no thought or pains upon her, Mrs. Sundon would not allow Caro's presence in the morning room—the company-room of the house, except at stated and limited intervals. Mrs. Sundon put an interdict on Caro and her nurses being a drag on walking and riding excursions.

Mrs. Sundon did not carry Caro to any public place whatever, but did not on that account withdraw from public places. Mrs. Sundon had an old fashioned notion that society and her friends had a claim upon her, just as Caro had a claim, and though Caro's claim, as her mother delighted to acknowledge, was the greater, Mrs. Sundon did not conceive that it ought on that account to swallow up the smaller. Mrs. Sundon sent Caro to bed betimes, and would not suffer this, or other excellent rules to be infringed on any pretence.

The desirable result was twofold, Caro from her earliest infancy was one of the healthiest, most natural, and "prettily behaved" of children. Mrs. Sundon had the reward of being assured that the child was regarded by all the friends of the family as a boon to be welcomed, and not as a bore or a plague to be endured.

So summer suns and winter moons rose and set on the house at Summerhill, and the two friends were "Bell" and "Sunny," like sisters to each other.

"Oh, Bell, this peaceful, rational, God-fearing time is good after the distractions of passion and the storms of life," Mrs. Sundon would say, stifling all yearning in her voice, and setting her strong will to make the best of the alleviations of her lot.

"Yes, Sunny," Lady Bell would answer brightly. "I get a better gardener every month. Our place will be a spectacle next year, only the French honeysuckle don't smell like our common honeysuckle; exactly as lupins are not sweet as blossoming beans. I am improving in my drawing. I propose to try painting when the weather will allow. Mayne in Lumley is to come out and give me open-air lessons. I shall paint our Caro nursing her foot in its red shoe under an apple-tree—you shall see what you shall see. But now I must tie on my hood, and run down the lane to Goody Amos's, with the plaister for her burn. Don't forget that there is a puppet-show in the town-hall, which we promised to attend this afternoon, before drinking a dish of tea, and staying for a bit of supper with Captain Craddock and his wife."

Very busy was Lady Bell—the true secret of happiness. Yet, walking home that very evening, escorted by the gallant Captain and the Summerhill man with a lantern, Lady Bell fell behind Mrs. Sundon and her cavalier, and began dreaming under the stars.

The dreams were not in the style of Dr. Young, though Lady Bell had been lately reading his "Night Thoughts," and admiring them, as everybody admired them then.

The dreams rather implied a vague sense of waiting and of want, and of stirring in the unfathomable depths even of a girl's nature. Was unruffled tranquillity, after all, the secret of life's best fulfilment?—whether was it worse to have been torn by warring passions like Mrs. Sundon, or that passion should never be awakened in the dead calm within? Might not the last be a greater loss to Lady Bell than the first had been to her friend?

Was Lady Bell to pass through life and have adventures, be sad and glad, poor and in comparative affluence, friendless and with many friends, a wife and a widow, and her heart still remain void of a history?

CHAPTER XXIV.—BOW BELLS AND THE FAMILY IN CLEVELAND COURT.

"BELL," said Mrs. Sundon one morning, looking up from a letter which she had been reading, "here is something for you. The Sundons of Sundon Green, who have always been on good terms with me, write to invite us to pay them a visit in town, as they have taken a house in Cleveland Court, St. James's, for the winter and spring. What have I to do with town sights and gaieties till Caro is a finished young lady? But your day is just beginning. This invitation is the very thing for you, since I hate to think of you being moped up here continually."

Lady Bell protested that she did not pine for change, and that to spend her life with her beloved and agreeable Sunny ought to be more than enough for her, as it would at one time have been beyond her wildest wishes.

Mrs. Sundon was bent on the change for Lady Bell. "You have no friends of your own to take you out," Mrs. Sundon pursued the theme, "but Lady Sundon will be quite pleased and proud to usher into the great world a young lady of title above that of a country baronet's wife. She is a worthy, cordial soul, in addition to her weakness for rank, and will be really kind to you."

Lady Bell tried to look indifferent, but her eyes sparkled, and Mrs. Sundon was resolute in carrying out the proposal. Nevertheless, Lady Bell was sentimental and almost rueful the night before she was to start for town, to which happily the Mayor of Lumley was bound in order to figure in a deputation, and Lady Bell with a young waiting-woman, who was to be about her person, were to make the journey with the Mayor in his semi-official capacity.

"Caro will have forgotten me in three months," reflected Lady Bell a little disconsolately as she sat idle, for a wonder, in the bright, pleasant room. "Goody Martin may have been carried off to a better world with her cough and rheumatism. Master Charles may have got his colours, and have marched to t'other end of this world, and been engaged in an 'affair,' as the newspapers call it, like the one at Lexington we were reading of. Your imitation Japan screens will be finished, but I shan't have seen every stage of the process."

"You won't miss much there, Bell," said Mrs. Sundon.

Lady Bell continued her catalogue. "You will have read out Plutarch's Lives, and I shall not have had the advantage of hearing your remarks as you went along. The spring will have come back, and be well established, but I shall have taken a leap over the first snowdrops, crocuses, primroses, and violets. I wonder if I shall gain enough to make up for the loss? I begin to wonder even if I shall be permitted to come back, and find everything as I have left it here, after I have been so mad as to quit, of my own free will, our dear, sweet home?"

"It is not in that you need fear change," asserted Mrs. Sundon cheerfully, "if you come back to us unchanged yourself. Bell, that is the question."

"Oh, as to that there is no fear," declared Lady Bell confidently, recovering her spirit. "I must ever be true to Summerhill. But ah, Sunny!" she relapsed the next moment, "we have been so happy here—so much happier than I ever was before. Does it not seem doubtful whether the same happiness can be again in this troublous world?"

"If not the same, then let us trust that there can be happiness of another kind to supply the place of the past happiness," Mrs. Sundon encouraged the girl. "Come, Bell, I will not have you low on this our last night."

Lady Bell forgot all her forebodings when she found herself drawing near to London again.

A hundred years ago, when communication was slow and difficult, and knowledge little spread, the civilisation of the country centred peculiarly in the capital. It was the source of every public movement, the winter seat of the court, the high place of noble and splendid society, the chosen resort of wisdom, wit, learning, accomplishments under every guise. It had its gross evils, no doubt, but so great were its counterbalancing advantages and its general irresistible fascination, that even the most modest and sober moralists and philosophers, of all ages and both sexes, sighed longingly to enjoy the benefits and charms of town life.

And Lady Bell was town bred. The very smoke smelt sweet, and the cries sounded melodious to her ears.

"Oh, sir!" she addressed the Mayor as they were drawing near the great city, while she was unable to resist putting her head out of the coach windows, "let us try to catch the first sound of Bow bells; let us make my woman Roger hear them. They do jingle so tunefully, one cannot wonder that they caused Whittington to return, even without the cat."

Lady Bell's arrant native propensity for the life, the stir, the variety of the town, was only subdued into a grateful, intelligent acknowledgment that the country also had its charms, it was not routed out of her. She was inclined to return to her first love.

Then, to add to the gladness of Lady Bell's return, she was coming back under different and happier auspices. Instead of the helpless, penniless child, driven off to the cold welcome of St. Bevis's, Lady Bell was an independent woman; and though she was not a rich young widow, as Messrs. Greenwood and Sneyd had once hoped for her, she was a young widow, with a modest but sufficient jointure, going to her friend's friends, who were to consider it a credit and satisfaction to entertain her.

The members of the Sundon family, who were in Cleveland Court, St. James's, were Sir Peter and Lady Sundon and her two stepdaughters. The only son of the family was a boy at school.

Sir Peter was sixty-four, lank and lantern-jawed, and ailing, as his appearance betokened. He had come up to town to be under some of the medical faculty there.

Lady Sundon was fifty-five, as halé as Sir Peter was the reverse, one of those hearty, brisk women who did not require rouge, she was so rosy in her matronly roundness of cheek; and did not want a stick or the page's arm, she was still so active in her fulness of figure.

The Misses Sundon were between twenty and thirty, daughters of Sir Peter by a former marriage; while the son and heir was Lady Sundon's only child. The Misses Sundon were young women to whom it seemed a matter of necessity to wear the highest heads and heels of the period, in order to lend distinction to their poverty of form and general colourlessness.

"You'll be after the sights, Lady Bell," said Sir Peter at supper. "Ah! they ain't worth the trouble and fatigue they give you," he ended, shaking his head, as he called the grapes sour which he could no longer reach.

"Bother! Sir Peter," cried Lady Sundon, "to go and daunt my Lady Bell, and she as fresh as a daisy and as nimble as a young colt. I'll warrant she'll be up to all the racketing, from the Queen's caudle-drinking to the opening of Ranelagh, which we can cram into the next two or three months."

"Not so bad as that, Lady Sundon," pled Lady Bell; "but though I've seen the sights, save it may be the newest, I confess I've come up to try a taste of town gaieties again."

"And do you think such a fine young woman as you are, will be let off with a taste, even if that were to content you, when every maccaroni left will be wild to make you take your fill of pleasure."

"La! Lady Sundon," interposed Miss Lyddy Sundon, who, in company with her sister, was as die-away as her stepmother was jolly, that they might thus establish a claim to refinement and a presumptive case of superficial grievance against Lady Sundon. For somebody had impressed upon the young women, that there must be hardships where there were step-relations, and Miss Lyddy and her sister had languidly taken up the idea as a source of interest which could not otherwise be found in their ordinary persons, characters, and prosperous lot. "Who would care for such rude draughts? Only a milkmaid or a ploughman could stand them. Polite people like Lady Bell soon have enough."

"A fig for your philosophy, Lyddy," protested the elder woman; "I never saw you abstemious in your draughts, and sure I never stint you. As for milkmaids, young women are very much alike, whether they are milkmaids or countesses, I take it—no offence, Lady Bell. I do love a noble name and a title, all the same."

"There is no offence," Lady Bell replied with a smile.

While Miss Lyddy insinuated a word of hurt feelings—"I wish your ladyship would explain what you mean by not seeing me abstemious in my draughts. I hope I know what a delicate woman owes to her nerves."

"Sister,"—Miss Sundon soothed the injured fine lady solemnly,—"Lady Sundon does not mean to speak unkind. She knows that we take after our papa, and have not her rude health and high spirits, which make her love her joke to the degree that she may certainly mislead Lady Bell Trevor."

"Oh dear, no," denied Lady Sundon with careless candour; "Lady Bell can see for herself that you are two poor creatures not able for much, though after all you are fit for more than you think for, only you have got it into your heads that it is not tonish to be natural and merry as grigs, which I was when I was like you. But it is all fudge, and you are clean out there, as Lady Bell can tell you, and as I could have told you myself if you would have listened to me. Ain't the great ladies madder than the country lasses? Han't I seen, since I came to town, when I had ridden out to Twickenham, her Grace of Devonshire marching in regimentals at the head of a company of fencibles? Now, I ain't so bad as that, Sir Peter," Lady Sundon challenged her valetudinarian husband.

"No, nor need be, my lady, so long as my bridle is on your neck," retorted Sir Peter dryly.

"You must have mistook," maintained the two Misses Sundon in a breath; "her Grace could never have done anything half so shocking. What! march miles on a filthy, miry road, in the company of hundreds of common men, followed up by the rag, tag and bob-tail of their wives and children; having no rest or refreshment, unless she could swig her can of ale with the fellows at the ale-house doors!"

"I ain't mistaken—I can credit my own eyes,"—Lady Sundon kept her point,—"and to march in regimentals, with a regiment of common men as honest as their betters, was none so shocking, after the stories I have heard told of card playing on Sunday evenings, Sir Peter, of masquerading, of appointments in Belsize Park, of Fleet marriages—Parliament hath forbidden the last—you have lost that chance, girls."

"Madam, would you ever liken us to it?" gasped the stepdaughters.

"Polly, your tongue wags too freely, remonstrated her husband, "and I won't have you run Lady Bell and the girls off their feet. Besides, what is to become of me?" he asked in a dolorous tone; "am I to be left to Jebb's gallipots and James's powders, while you are frisking about all day and all night? Is that what you call acting the part of a good wife, and training up these daughters of ours in the way they should go?"

"Oh, no fears—no fears of you, above all, my dear," Sir Peter's lively helpmate reassured him. "You'll be seen to, whatever comes of it. Were you ever forgotten? Indeed, to suppose so, is the unkindest cut you've given me and the girls this age." And then, failing

to be cut by the cut, Lady Sundon proceeded to plan a party of pleasure.

CHAPTER XXV.—A GAY YOUNG MADAM.

WITH so light-hearted a head of the house, just held in check by the mild selfishness of Sir Peter and the mild grumbling of his daughters, Lady Bell could not have a dull time of it during her stay in town.

No doubt there were the inevitable drawbacks, which make the realisation of our dearest wishes fall short of the expectation.

There was the tender pang with which Lady Bell, having hurried to the spot on the first opportunity, looked on the outside of her old home, Lady Lucie's lodgings in Bruton Street, occupied by strangers.

There was the pensive wonder and regret with which, forgetting the changes on herself, Lady Bell found that even a few years had been able to make havoc in Lady Lucie's circle. So many of the members were old, like Lady Lucie, and had soon followed her in death. The younger ones, engrossed with their personal cares, had all but forgotten little Lady Bell, who had so faithfully remembered them, and met her again with the indifference of exhausted acquaintance.



Page 374

Strange vicissitudes had overtaken some of the old familiar figures. But though they startled and affected Lady Bell for the moment, the victims had not been so much to her, that their memory should continue to weigh upon her mind, and the blanks which their absence made at first were soon supplied.

In like manner, if the very topics of conversation were changed, and nobody seemed to remember the old Princess of Wales's death, or the failure of Fordyce's bank, Lady Bell could catch the new cue and speak of the American war with the best.

The Sundons, of Sundon Green, were people of good account in their own county, and Sir Peter, invalided though he was, had considerable political influence.

Lady Sundon was generally popular, even among more fastidious and exacting people. Her good-humoured blitheness, dashed with coarseness and worldly-mindedness, had the manifest advantage that it did not rank high enough among the virtues to form a reproach to the halting virtue of anybody.

But Lady Bell possessed in herself, independent of her host and hostess, almost all the elements calculated to insure a season's success. She was a complete novelty, appearing at her age after years of rustication. She had the benefit of acknowledged birth and breeding, to which Lady Sundon led the way, in paying open, honest homage, as she frankly confessed herself Lady Bell's social inferior, and as frankly displayed her pride in taking Lady Bell about. And Lady Bell had a dainty, arch loveliness, which her youthful widowhood rendered peculiarly piquant.

The presence of the Misses Sundon in Lady Bell's company was the putting of two foils beside the little lady, while the foils were useful in dividing responsibility with her, and in rendering her security doubly secure.

Lady Bell was not rich to bribe suitors, but she was so well off as to make the pursuit of her, regarding her merely as an object of attraction, comparatively safe to the gallant fops, wits, and idle men of wealth and rank lounging or rioting through the hours, and ever ready to welcome a fresh interest.

As it happened, just at that moment, a belle's throne was vacant after the conjoint reign of the three great belles of late seasons.

Lady Mary Somerset was swiftly paying the penalty of a "wasp waist," and sickening to death under the burden of the honours of the Marchioness of Granby.

Lady Harriet Stanhope had become Lady Harriet Foley, and was on the way with her husband to Newmarket and ruin.

Of Lady Betty Compton, whose style and title remained unchanged, it might be alleged, much as it was said with regard to Aristides the Just, that the fashionable world had waxed weary of her name and fame.

Foolish Lady Betty! she ought to have inaugurated a change of some kind betimes, and married or died after the example of her sister queens; for there is nothing so mercurial as the wind of opinion which brings about the installation or deposition of such an airy sovereign.

And now Lady Bell Trevor grew the rage, until she was as universal a toast in town as she had been in humble provincial circles.

There is no denying that Lady Bell enjoyed her success, and the writing of it to Mrs. Sundon in the most off-hand manner.

The pleasures of the town, which might be vapid and worse,—tainted to more thoughtful, experienced people,—were very fresh and sparkling to Lady Bell; she found a thousand things to engage and delight her at the opera, the play-houses, the Court revisited, the ridottos, the private assemblies. It was no trouble and distress, but great pleasure to her to pay visits, attend auctions, and go a-shopping three mornings out of four. She might, probably she would, tire of it after a time, but she could not tire of it very soon.

And Lady Bell found it highly agreeable to be followed, besieged, even persecuted by the attentions of those men, some of them distinguished, whether for good or evil, or both, as elegant scholars, as daring travellers, as dead shots (when the game was not shy partridges or timid deer, but fellow-men, scowling in deadly enmity, pistol in hand, at twelve paces distance), bold riders and betters, three-bottle men who, drunk or sober, could remain masters of the situation, and make themselves listened to in the House, and out of it, compared to the least brilliant of whom Master Charles of Nutfield was but a comely, kindly rustic and ignoramus.

The great proportion of these men were little in earnest in their adulation; but Lady Bell was aware of the fact, and did not mind it. She could meet her admirers on equal terms, and like a child playing with fire, feared no danger. She liked, though it meant next to nothing, to be besieged for her hand in a minuette or a cotillon, for the honour of serving her with tea in the box of a coffee-room after the opera or the theatre, or of handing her to Lady Sundon's coach. She did not object to being spoken to, albeit the terms were exaggerated, of the felicity of being in her presence, and the despair of feeling her absence. She did not believe it, but it was a little intoxicating at the same time.

Lady Sundon, who had not enjoyed any reflected triumphs on her stepdaughters' account, was in the greatest glee at being chaperon to so favoured a young lady.

Mrs. Sundon, who had been brought up to the contemplation of these triumphs, considered them quite legitimate, and viewed them as the necessary finish to the rearing of a woman of quality, and the mode by which her future was most frequently rounded off and settled.

Lady Bell could have got into almost any set. Though she had no claims to dabbling in literature, she would have been granted admittance to the assemblies of the blues—in the drawing-rooms of Lady Charleville, Mrs. Boscawen, the great Mrs. Montague. But the truth was that Lady Bell did not altogether appreciate classical poses and coquettings with the muse, and did not care for the fine gentlemen who were so sensitive about her reading their poems, and the great

ladies who were so fond of hearing themselves speak.

Lady Bell had once taken a prominent part in an election, yet she was as guileless as most young women of eighteen of comprehending or caring for politics, unless, indeed, they bore on such sentimental, sensational questions as the imprisonment of the Queen of Denmark—the marriage of the Pretender—Lord Mansfield's decision that no slave could be sent back from England to the chain and the lash of a task-master. Still, that trifling deficiency might not have prevented her from entering the ranks of the fair enthusiasts, who, in the vacancy or the usurped possession of heart and mind, and in the craving for excitement which circumstances fostered, were already short-sighted partisans and reckless agitators for and against American independence, in sympathy with or in hostility to French philosophers. Lady Bell would have proved an acquisition even to the sisters Devonshire and Duncannon and to Mrs. Crew, who would have opened their arms to her; for they forgot to be rivals in their fervent worship at the one shrine of their half-splendid, half-brutified idol, who could guide alike a steed and a state.

But Lady Bell shrank from the wild devotion to the buff and the blue, or to any other colour of the rainbow. She contented herself with marvelling at Anne, Duchess of Northumberland, haranguing the populace from a window in Covent Garden, on the election of her brother-in-law, Lord Percy, and with freely owning that this performance far surpassed any of her own election achievements.

Lady Bell was too young, too pretty, and at once too rich and too poor, to take to the card-tables, which were still more enthralling than the hustings to their votaries, and which were the conspicuous accompaniments of every entertainment. She might have had gambling in her blood, through her relationship to Squire Godwin, but her life at St. Bevis's and Mrs. Sundon's experience had destroyed the constitutional predilection.

Lady Bell was instinctively wise in not allying herself so closely to any circle as to shut herself out from others, in preferring to shine as a charming visitor to each in turn. By this species of discretion, as much as by her graces, Lady Bell won the approbation of the master of assemblies to aristocratic London, whose notice was honour, and his approbation the seal of taste. The exquisite rattling-boned, grimacing Mr. Walpole condescended to commend her, asked to be presented to her, found out that she was his cousin a hundred times removed, and graciously invited her to the next theatrical representations at Strawberry Hill.

CHAPTER XXVI.—MAKING AN ACQUAINTANCE AT THE PANTHEON.

Lady Bell was with the Sundons at the Pantheon, which was in winter what "dear delightful Ranelagh" was in the season, to every town letter-writer of the generation.

Here too was to be met a considerable amount of picturesqueness, variety, and freedom in an age which alternated between excessive ceremonial and bursts of license. All the world could go to the Pantheon as to Ranelagh, and, if in consequence there were greater openings to folly and vice, there were better provisions for rational and innocent pleasure, than in more private and restricted places of entertainment.

The women who groaned under the barbarous encumbrances and entanglements of ruffled sacques, and immensely high and extravagant dressed "heads," at other fashionable gatherings, could come in an elegant undress to the Pantheon as well as to Ranelagh, walk about, listen to concerts, and form little social parties in the underground tea-room. There was a charming demi-toilette for such places, of gowns with worked neckerchiefs and little hats over the hair, hanging down in curls upon the shoulders; while the use of this privilege at a resort rendered so brilliant, was not held to preclude distinctive touches of gay knots of ribands, fans and sparkling jewels.

The gentlemen were not permitted the same relaxation in their obligations. They must have the triangular hats mostly carried under the arm when the hair was fully powdered, the silk stockings, the lace cravats. None save defiant bucks of high rank ventured to violate the traditions of the Pantheon or Ranelagh by presenting themselves in morning buckskins and short coats.

Lady Bell and the Sundons had arrived too early, Lady Sundon having a country mania for being in time at public places, to have collected any stray members of what Lady Sundon called Lady Bell's "pack."

The party with their single male attendant, a hobble-de-hoy nephew of Sir Peter's, had gone down-stairs to pass the interval in drinking tea, till the main body of the company should arrive, and the tuning of the musical instruments end. As other first comers followed the Sundons' example, Lady Sundon kept on the out-look to hail acquaintances.

Lady Bell was resting and anticipating, with lips apart and flickering smile what hero of her train would turn up soonest.

Miss Sundon was pensively helping Miss Lyddy Sundon to the last maccaroon on which the hobble-de-hoy squire had cast a covetous eye, and remarking with a sigh, "Sister, we need not have been so hurried as to take away the little appetites we have, scarcely a soul is to be seen. I understand it is the correct thing not to come till near ten o'clock. But you and I must do as we are bidden."

"And a good thing for you too, girls," proclaimed Lady Sundon in her slightly view-haloo voice. "What! wait till near ten and miss all the company coming, the best part of the pleasure, and the half of the concert—though I can't say I care for their Italian squalling; give me one of Lady Bell's lessons on the spinnet or a good English chorus. But my likings are neither here nor there. And no, say I, I shan't be cheated of half my treat, such as it is. There is somebody I ought to know. Heyday! it is my own cousin Harry Fane, come up from his ship at Portsmouth."

Lady Sundon whisked off her seat, unimpeded by her size or her years, as if she had been a girl of sixteen, and favoured by the thinness of the company succeeded in overtaking and tapping with her fan the shoulder of a gentleman in blue and white uniform, whom she arrested in his course, and brought back with her as a reward of virtue and early habits.

"See what I've got by coming betimes, girls; sure, we might never have set eyes on each other if the rooms had been full," Lady Sundon cried, and then she rattled on in one long sentence, with breaks for breath. "You know my stepdaughters, Harry, and this is Lady Bell Trevor, a friend of Mrs. Sundon, of Chevely (at least she used to be of Chevely, poor soul! before Greg Sundon went all to the dogs), who does us the honour of being with us this winter. All agog Lady Bell keeps us, I can tell you, so that neither she, nor we, can get peace for you men."

"Pray don't give me so bad a character, madam," objected Lady Bell demurely.

"It has been the same tune," maintained Lady Sundon, "since she was Lady Bell Etheredge, Earl Etheredge's daughter (I hope you are up in your peerage, Harry), she had to marry old Squire Trevor, for peace, when she was a chit of fifteen, but he is dead, and she is as bad as ever."

"Do you mean to fright your cousin, till he refuse to be presented to me, Lady Sundon?" Lady Bell cut short the tale of her conquests.

"He ain't such a lubberly coward as to deprive himself of what blue jackets, as well as red coats, are fighting for; if he were, he should get no harbour from me. Lady Bell Trevor, Captain Fane of the *Thunderbomb*. He may pull a long face at our frivolity, and pretend to find fault with us all, for being children playing with toys, but he is not such a bad fellow at bottom—as some of these misanthropes—mysogonists, what-d'ye-call 'ems."

"I am obliged to you for the character of a sage cousin," replied the gentleman with perfect gravity. "Lady Bell Trevor, will you permit me, so soon after being introduced, to take the liberty of pitying you, if my cousin is serious in her account."

"A humorist," Lady Bell commented to herself under her breath, "an animal that I detest, though I understand my dear Mrs. Sundon has rather a fancy for the species—there is no accounting for tastes—neither is the specimen handsome to excuse him for any form of conceit. I dare say he is clever in some dry, disagreeable way."

Captain Fane of the *Thunderbomb*, thus apostrophized and reviewed by bright keen eyes, was a young man of twenty-eight years. Although he was not strictly handsome, he had a good figure which his naval uniform set off, and his face with a thick cogitative nose, a wrinkle between the eyebrows and a tendency to squareness in the jaws, was lit up by a pair of fine eyes, and a pleasantness in his smile when he did smile, which was rather too seldom.

Captain Fane accepted Lady Sundon's invitation to join her party, he was on very good terms with his cousin, though she announced to Lady Bell, "He takes me off at no allowance;" and in accordance with this communication Lady Sundon was continually nodding her head, and snapping her fan in mock agreement with, or smart protest at, Captain Fane's strictness.

The gentleman was indemnifying himself for his concession to kindred feminine influence by the private reflection, "Here is a fine lady of fashion whom my 'merry wife' of a cousin has bagged by some chance. I'd better improve the opportunity of studying the latest shore and town follies, grafted on a woman's wilfulness and caprice, a heartless young dowager (why she looks little more than a child!) to have married an 'old Squire Trevor' and buried him to



"LADY BELL."

Page 360.

boot, and to be looking out for his successor, I warrant, with what she's been cunning enough to secure of the defunct Squire's goods. It is a bad, as well as a mad world, my masters, but of all things I can't abide an artful young woman, and this one looks so artless (which makes the art much worse) in the midst of her airs and graces."

"Harry don't think we women have a pinch of sense," Lady Sundon was saying, "besides the five senses we can't help having. As for him I tell him that except that he's as sober as a judge (and he a sailor!), and is fond of books and instruments, having his cabin fitted up with them like a pedagogue's den, he's a regular chip of some of the horrid old woman-hating admirals. You are a woman of spirit, Lady Bell. I do wish that you would serve it out to him, or take him in hand and do something to improve him."

"Pardon me, Lady Sundon, I have no time and I have also no talent in that way," Lady Bell excused herself with one of her airs, not approving of this proposal on so short acquaintance, to the young fellow's face.

"And I should not be worth the trouble, Lady Bell," he hastened to explain; "I am afraid that I am incorrigible to any fine lady's pains."

Though neither of them exactly meant it, they were both so disdainful, that it was a good deal like flinging down gauntlets on the first brush of their introduction—a mutual challenge, which was so far owing to Lady Sundon's blundering cordiality.

"Oh! not so bad as that, Harry," exclaimed the good lady, who really liked her cousin, as she liked pickles or the preserved ginger, with regard to which he had once been so mindful as to bring her a jar from the West Indies. "I am quite convinced, Lady Bell, that he needs only to be smiled and frowned upon by one of our sex, and to hang on the smiles and tremble at the frowns, to be properly humbled, and made a mighty agreeable fellow of."

"Indeed, ma'am," answered Lady Bell, in a tone which sounded very much as if she had said, "He may, or he may not; I'm sure I don't care."

"You are wrong, cousin," replied Captain Fane quickly; "I don't pretend to be worse or better than my neighbours, certainly; but I do profess that where neither my judgment nor my conscience is addressed, I am not particularly susceptible to the wiles either of smiles or frowns, or for that matter of tears."

"Oh, you wretch!" cried out even the Misses Sundon.

"Why, what would you have?" remonstrated Captain Fane; "you ladies must submit to the fact that there are some ill-conditioned rebels against the rule of blandishments, and sea-horses of all horses are the worst to tame. However, a truce to me and my nature, a monstrously uninteresting subject to introduce, Lady Sundon. What have you been doing with yourself lately?"

"Oh, we've been doing what we could when Sir Peter would spare us, so as to make the town and society the better even for my blowsy phiz; but I've had my day, Harry, I've had my day. We've seen Mr. Garrick take leave of the stage in the *Wonder*, and the new Italian singer—what's-his-name—make his first appearance in *Artaxerxes*. We've heard Dr. Dodd preach in aid of the Society for the Recovery of the Drowned, and been present at one of Madam Montague's dinners to the chimney-sweeps. We've walked in the Mall and Kensington Gardens whenever the sun would keep us in countenance, which was not too often, when the sulky rogue let the Thames be froze at Mortlake during the late fall of snow. We've been both to the Queen's House and the Mansion House, and to ever so many dinners and routs. We've even had our share of the new sickness, the influenza, which is all the vogue, though we could have dispensed with that token of fashion. I could not tell you all that we've been and done, Cousin Harry."

"I think you've told me pretty well, Cousin Sundon," quoth Harry. "I almost hesitate to propose that you should take a stroll, you must all be so knocked up; no wonder that Miss Sundon and Miss Lyddy look as if a breath of air would blow them away."

"A fiddlestick for their being blown away! They're quite hearty if they would only think it. Lady Bell makes no complaint, and she is always as fresh as paint when a new pleasure is spoke of. She is something like a girl; I have no patience with girls being vapoured, sir, it is a reproach on you men, if you understood it. Girls were different when I was young, and I ain't vapoured now that I'm old. If you were to cut and shuffle in a hornpipe, like a Jack Tar on the boards, I could caper the steps of 'Joan Saunderson' or 'Nancy Dawson' back again. Since you won't, let us go the round, and be seen by all means; what is life without a bit of pleasure?"

WINTER IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

EDITED BY CANON KINGSLEY.

NO. III.—CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR, AND WESTWARD AGAIN.



CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, and as it was many a long day since we had spent it together, we determined to give ourselves a treat. So, on the 20th of December, M. shut up his books and papers; I wound up my affairs, by taking my collection of snow birds now numbering eight to a neighbour, locking up my valuables, and putting on a clean gown; and at 12.30, we were in the cars *en route* for Denver.

When we crossed the Divide, the difference in climate showed strangely. With us at the Colorado Springs, the snow had never lain more than four days at the longest. North, the country was covered with a solid cake of frozen snow, two to twelve inches deep; and our Scotch friends on Plum Creek were in sad trouble about their cattle, most of them having run off before the storms to the rich pasture of the Arkansas river, a hundred miles south; and those that remained, were grubbing about in the snow for patches of buffalo or bunch grass, under shelter of the bluffs. To be sure, it was an exceptional winter; but it is a serious matter for the stock-raiser being liable to such a winter, if it only comes once in seven years.

Denver was looking wintry enough under six inches to one foot of snow: but it was full of life and bustle. The toy-shops were gay with preparations for Christmas trees; the candy stores filled with the most attractive sweetmeats; the furriers displayed beaver-coats, and mink, ermine, and sable to tempt the cold passer-by; and in the butchers' shops hung—besides the ordinary beef and mutton—buffalo, black-tailed deer, antelope, Rocky-mountain sheep, quails, partridges, and prairie chicken.

The streets were full of sleighs, each horse with its collar of bells; and all the little boys had manufactured or bought little sleds, which they tied to the back of any passing cart or carriage, and got whisked along the streets till some sharp turn or unusual roughness in the road upset them.

We found plenty of kind friends ready to give us a Christmas welcome; and before the week was over, had made many more. In the frank unconventional state of society which exists in the West, friendships are made much more easily than even in the eastern states; and, if one wants to have, as the Americans express it, "a good time," one must expand a little out of one's insularity, and meet the hearty good-will shown one with some adequate response.

There was no out-door skating to be had in Denver, as the snow had spoilt all the ice. But we found a capital substitute in the Roller Skating Rink, where, on a board floor, and with four-wheeled parlour skates, you can do every figure that is possible on ice. Every day a large party of us, both English and American, used to go down to the Rink, and great was the fun we had. The fact of being a first-rate skater on ice, does not help a bit on the roller skates; and when one had had a tremendous fall one's self, it was very comforting to see two distinguished performers, both over six feet high, skate hand in hand to the end of the hall, and, losing all control over their feet, rush against the wall, and fall on their backs side by side.

One evening we had a sleigh drive, the first I had ever had, and it was delightful. We were muffled up in blankets and buffalo robes, and all our furs. The thermometer was 2° below zero, the moon as clear as day; and, with a capital pair of horses, we flew over the smooth sparkling snow, our sleigh bells ringing merrily in the frosty air.

Christmas day was bright, and even hot in the sun; and we had to pick our way to church through rivers of melted snow. The Episcopal church looks rather like a wooden coach-house outside, but inside it is very nice, and was prettily decorated. The excellent Bishop of Colorado, Dr. Randall, was still in the East, getting together a number of clergy to come out to the Territory, or we should have had the pleasure of hearing our Christmas sermon from him. But even his absence mattered little to any one who had had no chance of getting to church for two months; the dear familiar service alone was quite enough to satisfy one.

My Christmas dinner I was asked to eat

at Colonel M.'s, where Miss J. boarded; and, simply from being her friend, every one in the house made me welcome.

Dinner of the orthodox turkey and mince-pie over, we were summoned to the Christmas-tree in the parlour, which was decorated with strings of raw cranberries and snowy pop-corns, pretty to look at, and nice to eat.

The evening passed with games and music, and suddenly our host turned round to me, and said, "Now, I'll sing something for you," and began the first verse of "God save the Queen." It sent a thrill over me, hearing it a thousand miles west of the Mississippi. And then I was made to sing it all through; for though the tune is familiar enough in America, no one present knew the right words. It was a pleasant ending to a pleasant evening.

On the 28th, we started for home, dropping half-a-dozen of our English friends at Plum Creek; and, on the Divide, I had a new experience, for there I saw my first Indian! At first he looked to me like the most ugly of all old Hampshire gipsy hags: but we got nearer to him, and then his hideousness was amazing. A smooth copper-coloured face, with a very long nose; straight black hair, the two front locks (the scalp locks) braided with beads; buck-skin moccasins and shirt; a buffalo robe inside out, wrapped round him, and fastened at the waist by a belt; and a bow and arrows in his hand.

M. and Dr. L. went and spoke to him in a jargon of Spanish and Indian, and he asked where Washington was. At first they thought he meant the city, but he said, "No, no; he is somewhere near;" and M. found he meant Washington, the old chief of the Northern Utes, and that Ulay, the New Mexican chief, was on his way up to have a "big talky-talky."

The day before we came home the most terrific windstorm began at the Springs, and people were sitting up all night expecting their houses to be blown down. The only harm, however, that it did, was to blow down or unroof a few shanties, and the day after we came back began in perfect calm. The thermometer was 52°, hot sun, and not a breath of air stirring; but over the top of Pike hung a small white cloud, a certain sign of mischief. And so it proved: for about three P.M., as I was sketching on the town site, half a mile from our house, down rushed the wind in a moment, and I had to pack up as quick as possible; and, with my face muffled and walking sideways like a crab, make for home. The wind was from west, and my course was north-west, so by taking advantage of every lull between the gusts, and making a dash up wind, the next gust didn't blow me quite out of my course. I could just keep my feet along the open: but coming to the business block where the houses stand, I saw the dust-storm coming too, and right in my face. I tried to cross the street, one hundred feet, to a boarding-house where I could get shelter: but midway the whirlwind caught me, bringing with it sand, bits of wood, and pebbles as large as a sparrow's egg. These missiles cut so, even through the thick veil, that I could only cover my face with both hands, and stand still. Staggering to the wall of the house, and hoping for shelter, I found it was rather worse than in the open; so I managed at last to creep round to the back-door, and came plump upon a terrified cow, who had gone there too for safety. My sudden appearance caused much astonishment to the inmates, but they forgave my unceremonious entry, and gave me house-room till the gust was over, and I could get home. All that day the storm raged, but abated towards evening, and the day ended with a splendid lunar rainbow between us and the mountains.

The New Year came in with bright sun, no wind, and cloudless blue sky. It was a marked day in the life of our little colony in more ways than one, for after two months of delays the Colorado Springs Hotel was opened, and pronounced by all to be the best house west of the Mississippi.

Then to many of us, and especially to our English friends Mr. and Mrs. L., who had arrived the day before, it was notable, as in the morning a swarm of Indians had come into the town. They were Utes from New Mexico, and M. recognised many old acquaintances among them. There were several squaws of the party, whose ugly faces we were glad to see, as their presence is a sure sign of peace; and for a few weeks previous, there had been rumours flying about of an intended outbreak among the Utes on the other side of the foot hills. The men and women were dressed very much alike; except that the women's hair was cut straight round just below the ears, and the men wore their long scalp locks, with little cases of beads (like a bouquet holder) surrounding them. Some of their faces were painted with red stripes, and one had red and yellow stripes on the cheeks, yellow being the second mourning for a near relation. When an Indian dies, the nearest of kin paint themselves entirely white, and retire to their lodges for ten days, during which time no one sees them. They then come out and

paint themselves red and yellow till the end of the month or moon, when the days of mourning are over. The Ute war-paint, which I did not see, is black and white.

The Indians were intensely interested in the railroad track—the first they had ever seen—and squatted down, rubbing the metals with their fingers. Some went up to Denver by train, and the rest camped up the Fountain, about a mile below Manitou, and hunted in the mountains. Two days later I saw their lodges, made of skin, supported by poles, as I drove the L.'s up to the Soda Springs; and one of the tribe was kind enough to scare the rather wild ponies I was driving, by standing in the bushes close to the road, with bow and arrow ready drawn. Horses, and still more mules, cannot bear the smell of an Indian, and will often "scare" at them, as the phrase is, when their driver cannot see one within a quarter of a mile.

But to return to New Year's Day. In the evening we determined to get up a "surprise party" for Mrs. F., one of our neighbours; and this is how it was managed. During the day we went to all our friends, and asked them to meet us at seven o'clock, and then in a body, and without giving our



Pike's Peak.

hostess that was to be any warning, we knocked at her door. The surprise was on her side, not ours, when she opened the door and found a dozen people outside wishing her a happy new year, and come to spend the evening. Of course she had been able to make no preparations for us, but that makes just the fun of a "surprise party:" one goes merely for the sake of a pleasant evening, and does not expect anything more than the hearty welcome one is sure to get.

In the beginning of January we had a spell of perfect weather, and took advantage of it to carry out a long-talked-of plan, of driving up into the mountains to see Berguns Park, which belongs to Dr. B. So, early on the 7th, we started in a buggy with two celebrated brown ponies of Governor H.'s. It was a bright, cold morning, but we were well wrapped up in buffalo robes and blankets, with our luggage in two small travelling bags, stowed under the seat.

At Manitou we stopped for breakfast with General and Mrs. P., and must have considerably astonished their New York cook by our mountain appetites, for a second supply of venison was sent for in five minutes, and many fresh dishes of biscuit.

Mr. B., who was staying there, volunteered after breakfast to go with us up the new road through the Cañon of the Fountain, while Dr. B. took the buggy over the Ute Pass, and met us where the old and new roads join. So we walked up the Cañon as far as the place where the workmen were blasting for the road, and then climbed down to the top of the lower Fall, a dangerous bit of rock work, as a slip would have dropped us into the stream below. However, we got down safe, and then crept along the right bank of the stream, sometimes on ice, sometimes swinging ourselves round the stem of a tree, and soon found ourselves at the upper or "Rainbow" Fall. The stream comes over a rock wall, about one hundred feet high, which shuts in the whole valley, and it is quite the most beautiful small fall I have ever seen.



Indians.

Then we turned up the mountain side to the right, as it is impossible to scale the rocks by the side of the fall. It was a hard climb; sheets of rock and pulverized granite, with here and there a tuft of grass, a cactus, or a scraggy oak or pine tree. The sun was intensely hot, and beat down on us unmercifully, and the slope was so steep it was a case of hands and knees in many places. When we got to the top, about five hundred feet, we were somewhat out of breath, and not at all sorry to rest, as going up hill in that very rarefied air is rather a difficult matter.

The way down to the creek was rough, through bushes burnt by some mountain fire, and over big boulders, and in one place we had to swing by a little tree down a rock, and alight on a sheet of ice. We were quickly down, however, and struck the trail for the new road by the creek, about a quarter of a mile above the Rainbow Fall, and soon came to a place where we had to cross the creek. Boughs had been thrown in to make a crossing-place: but the stream had risen, so we got fresh saplings of cotton wood and some logs which were lying about, and crossed dryfoot. What was our disgust when thirty yards on, round a corner of rock, we found a second ford, which also had to be bridged. Above this the road had been all graded and bridged, and we got along at a good pace. Here the Cañon narrowed, with rock walls on either side, several hundred feet high, of pink granitic hornblende. Huge Douglassii grew along the creek arching overhead with spruce and pine, or felled across it, their feathery branches cased in a delicate coating of ice, taking the exact form of each twig. Great boulders lay in the stream; the water rushed past them, or under sheets of ice; and overhead on the topmost rocks, and sometimes coming down to the road, was brilliant hot sunshine. It was the most beautiful road one could see.

We followed it about a mile and a half, and, as the rock walls grew lower, came upon the shanties of the workmen who were making the road. The men all came out and stared at us in speechless amazement, for we were the first passengers who had ever come

up the road, and it was some time before they could collect their senses enough to speak to us: but at last the contractor said we were only a quarter of a mile from the junction of the old and new road, so hurrying on we found Dr. B. and the ponies waiting for us, and, bidding farewell to our guide, we drove off again.

We now followed the Fountain up a fine valley, with rocky pine-covered hills on each side. In some places we were delayed by ice, having to get out and strew earth over it, and lead the ponies over: but we got safely, about 1.30, to Sales's saw-mill. Here the valley widened out, with grass slopes up to the edge of the pines; and four miles above we came to the fork of the roads, the left leading into South Park, the right to Berguns Park. We got into snow here, as the rise began, and soon reached the pineries of the Divide between the Platte and Arkansas. Quaking aspen, showing that we were near snow line, grew among the pines on the top of the Divide, which is just 8,000 feet above the sea where we crossed it. The ground under the pines was covered with the trailing arbutus of the Scotch Highlands: it is called by the Indians "Kinikinic," and is used by them as tobacco.

Immense quantities of trees had been cut for lumber; and we drove through the pineries for a mile or more till we came to a little grass park or opening, where Dr. D. has established his saw-mill, seventeen miles from the Springs, our resting-place for the night.

We pulled up at the new wooden shanty near the mill, and were taken into a nice large sitting-room, with open hearth and roaring fire, where the ladies of the family made us welcome. They were horrified, however, at our instantly setting out as dinner was not ready, to see a fine beaver dam up the valley. We waded through frozen snow about a mile and a half up a side stream, now sinking into a drift over our boots, now being flown at by a fierce dog from a solitary shanty; and finally, after crossing two streams, we came, in a narrow valley, to the dam, which amply repaid our rough walk.

It was all covered in ice and snow, so that we could walk all over it. It was an irregular semicircle about one hundred yards in width, thrown right across the flat part of the valley. The bank in front was about five feet high, thrown up like a fortification; a breastwork of earth, quite smooth and gently sloped back, with a wattle of sticks, from half an inch to an inch thick, along the top. Willow and oak bushes grew in the water behind the dam; and a dozen yards back from the edge was the beavers' house, three feet above the ice, with a little mud in the interstices of the sticks and logs.

All the streams in the mountains round there are full of beavers, and though one never sees them, their work is only too visible. Two families of beavers in December took possession of the Fountain Creek, close to Manitou, and in a fortnight had felled most of the largest cotton-wood-trees (some of them two feet thick), which we were watching with pride and delight as one of the ornaments of the valley. The families must have been cousins; for when the upper dam was finished, its makers came down and helped those at the lower one, who were slower at their work; and unless they are related beavers never help each other.

The sun had set ere we finished our exploration, and we hurried back to Glenwood Mills, to find supper ready for us in the kitchen. We had oysters, smoked beef, mountain raspberries of Mrs. D.'s own gathering and preserving, bread, and potatoes. There was neither butter nor milk in the house: but a few hours' fast is the best sauce in the world, so we ate our dry bread and drank our tea with great enjoyment, and sat chatting round the fire till bedtime. I was not sorry to get a few hours' sleep after our long day.

The cold towards morning was intense, and at a little after six A.M. we were all glad to roast ourselves by the fire; to get water from the pond, ice one foot thick had to be broken. While we were at breakfast the sun rose, lighting up Pike's Peak, which towered over the pineries, and by eight o'clock we were once more in the waggon, and off to Berguns Park.

We followed the valley about two miles through the snow, and then up a hill into the pine-woods, and through the boundary fence of the park. We kept in the forest for a mile and a half; and then down a steep pitch nearly two feet deep in snow, to a pretty grass glade with a stream down the middle, and woods of huge pine, spruce, Douglassii, and silver fir round it. The latter is, I think, the most beautiful of all the fir tribe when it is self-sown, a black and silver pyramid, without a twist or a single branch out of place. Then came another belt of wood, and we emerged into the Park itself.

It is about eight miles long, and in some places a mile wide. A fork of the South Platte runs through it, on each side of which the grass slopes up to the pineries and they again to the mountains. Looking

north, the park is shut in by the strangely jagged mountain known as the Devil's Nose; and south, you get a magnificent view of Pike's Peak, of which the engraving will give some slight idea. The stream is full of excellent trout, and we tried to get some from a family of Germans who have taken up a claim right in the middle of the park; but being surly, disagreeable people, and possibly feeling they had no right to be there, they would give us neither fish nor milk, though their cows were feeding on Dr. B.'s hay; so, after resting the ponies, and making a sketch, we turned homewards, reaching Glenwood at one P.M.

We got a warm by the fire, but no food, except one slice of dry bread, which we divided in equal portions, as our visit had completely cleaned out the larder; and, after ten minutes, started again. The snow on the Divide had melted somewhat in the hot sun, and balled a good deal, so that our progress was slow for some miles till we got clear of it; and then the road, being down-hill, we went along well, and reached the foot of the Ute Pass at three. There, of course, we all got out, and clambered up the hill. In many places there were sheets of glaze ice ten to twenty yards long, on a steep slope, which had to be strewn with earth before the poor ponies could be dragged over.

From the summit of the Pass we got a magnificent view of the Plains, stretching away like a ripe harvest field in the light of the setting sun, yellow and purple, while the mountains between which we saw them were all in shadow. It was a frightful road, steep as a house roof; and as our front axle was "sprung," and our break did not act properly, we had to walk all the way down the Pass to Manitou. We reached Colorado Springs at seven P.M., a starved, burnt, ragged, footsore set of travellers.

Towards the end of January, as the Reading-room was in want of funds, we got up a concert for its benefit. A large hall above a store, in which all meetings were held, was engaged; and we enlisted all the musical talent of the neighbourhood to help us. The day of the concert was one of intense excitement in our little community. Practice was going on from early morning; and we had a full rehearsal as soon as the southern stage came in, for it brought a bass viol and its owner from fifteen miles down the Fountain, who made a most imposing foundation to the "concerted pieces," for which we had two violins, a guitar, concertina, and piano.

The concert was advertised for 7.30: but we did not all get together till nearly eight, and by that time the hall was crowded with an audience of about a hundred and fifty. Everything went well; our prima donna and M. got rapturous "encores;" and all went home delighted with their evening—the result to the Reading-room being most satisfactory, as we netted sixty dollars (£12 sterling).

The weather was very severe about the time of the concert; for a fortnight the thermometer was below Zero every night, and once got down to 22° below; but in February it improved, and Valentine's Day was a typical spring day. I was staying at Glen Eyrie, and spent the whole morning in the Cañon, reading and writing; and then, with some friends, wandered a mile or more up it. The cotton-wood buds were bursting, and filled the air with an aromatic scent; the birds were singing in the rays of sunlight which here and there shot down between the narrow walls of the Cañon; and as we were standing by Daphne's Leap, a beautiful spring under a group of pines, a noble eagle flew over our heads, so close that we could see his gleaming eye looking down on us, as we held our breath with surprise and delight.

The last month of my life in Colorado was very pleasant, with this charming weather; and as all the railway officials had moved down from Denver, and the hotel was always full of visitors, we had no lack of good society. So it was with regret that in the beginning of March we prepared to leave what had been so happy a home for four months.

Important business connected with the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company required the presence of some of its leading men in Mexico. And General and Mrs. P. asked me to go with them, *viâ* San Francisco and the Pacific to the City of Mexico; to meet M. and the engineering party, who went overland directly south to the same point. So on the 5th of March we started north, bidding farewell to many of our friends at the Depôt, while others came half-way with us, and some as far as Denver; and on the 6th we steamed out of Denver on the Denver Pacific line, joining the Union Pacific Railroad at Cheyenne.

All the journey over the Rocky Mountains has been so often described, that I will not attempt more than a mere sketch.

Leaving Cheyenne, the road in thirty-two miles reaches Sherman, on the Black Hills, at present the highest railroad point in the world, being 8,370 feet above the sea. The snow was deep, and the line had been blocked for weeks. We, however, were very lucky, as we only got into one drift, and

"bucked" — *i.e.* forced our way — right through it. We stopped for supper at Laramie, a good-sized town in the centre of the Laramie Plains; and in the night crossed the Sierra Madre, the Continental Divide, without any delay by snow. On the 7th we ran all day through the alkali plains and the soft sandstone formation round Green River, which extends southwards between the Sierra Madre and Wahsatch Range as far as Arizona. Green River joins the Rio Colorado above the "Big Cañon," and flows into the Pacific Ocean.

We "snaked through" the Wahsatch Range by Echo and Weber Cañons, and reached Ogden late at night. As the hotel was crowded, we remained all night in the sleeping-car, which was left at the station; and early next morning went down the Mormon Railroad to Salt Lake City.

There we spent the day, and saw the wonders. The Tabernacle, which seats 13,000 people, and its organ, the third-largest in the States, built, with the exception of the key-board and a few pipes, in the city, and under the superintendence, I am sorry to say, of an Englishman from one of the large London firms, who has turned Mormon. The Temple, of finest black and white granite, which the Saints are building "for church purposes only," our guide said; the foundations alone are finished, and have already cost four million dollars. And Brigham Young's house, or rather houses, for he has a nest of buildings inside a long high wall, where his sixty-five wives live!

There is a museum in the town, where the natural products of the country may be seen; a theatre; and capital shops. Each shop bears this inscription—a golden eye, with rays from it, above which is written "Holiness to the Lord," and below, "Zion Co-operative Mercantile Society." The streets are one hundred and thirty feet wide, and have an irrigating ditch down each side, with a row of trees shading the side-walk. Each house stands in its own garden plot, with fruit-trees around it. The peaches and almonds were just coming into blossom, and grass beginning to show along the ditches.

We left Ogden at 5.30 P.M. on the 8th, and ran along the northern shore of the Great Salt Lake for eight hours and a half, waking on the 9th on the Sage Brush Desert, along the Humboldt River. We followed this river all day, till, at dusk, we came to the "Sink of the Humboldt," a lake thirty miles long, into which the river—like almost all in the Salt Lake Basin—flows and disappears.

During the night we climbed up 3,000 feet, and at daylight on the 10th were at Summit, the top of the Sierra Nevada, breakfasting by lamplight in the dining-room of the station, under sixteen feet of snow.

We sat on the back platform of the car when we started again, running through forty miles of snow-sheds, and from time to time catching glimpses of magnificent scenery through the gaps between the sheds—snowy mountains and black pines.

At Emigrant Gap we were almost out of the sheds, and every half-hour, as we ran down the steep grade, with steam shut off and breaks screwed down tight, brought us a week or two later in the year, till at the foot of the mountains we were in England in June.

Over the American River we saw the last of the snow, and looked down into the gorges, sometimes 2,000 feet and more below us, the river winding among blue shadowed pine-covered hills, with silver threads of mining streams gleaming down their sides.

At Dutch Flats we were in the midst of the great gold-mining district of Placer County. The hills in some spots had been entirely washed away by years of gold-washing; and two or three streams, one above the other, were carried round the hillsides in iron pipes, or ditches and flumes. Lower down again, the woods were glowing with pink Cyclamen, and the meadows blue and orange with Nemophila and Escolzia.

Truly, Californians are justly proud of their country. It seemed to us a veritable land of promise, with its noble wheat-fields, and rich pastures full of the finest stock. In the afternoon we reached Sacramento, at the head of the bay; and then, after a few hours through green meadows and corn flats, and over the Coast Range, we were at Oakland, and half-an-hour's steam took us across the Bay to San Francisco.

Here we stayed for nine days, and saw as many of its wonders as our time allowed. We drove out to the Cliff House, and looked on the Pacific Ocean, with the seals on the seal rocks, playing, barking, and fighting below us. We went up the bay to San Raphael, a beautiful village at the foot of Tamalpais, the head of the Coast Range. We went by rail down to San Mateo, to the south of the city, and spent a day with the hospitable owners of Belmont. All our preparations finally made, our luggage compressed into the smallest possible compass, and our party increased to six, we steamed out of the Golden Gates on Monday, the 18th, on board the good ship *Alaska*.

AT THE GATE.

OUTSIDE the open gate a spirit stood.
One called: "Come in." Then he: "Ah, if I could!
For there within 'tis light and glorious,
But here all cold and darkness dwell with us."
"Then," said the other, "come. The gate is wide."
But he: "I wait two angels who must guide.
I cannot come unto Thee without these;
Repentance first, and Faith Thy face that sees.
I weep and call: they do not hear my voice;
I never shall within the gate rejoice."
"O heart unwise!" the Voice did answer him,
"I reign o'er all the hosts of Seraphim.
Are not these Angels also in My Hand?
If they come not to thee 'tis my command.
The darkness chills thee, tumult vexes thee,
Are angels more than I? Come in, to Me."
Then in the dark and restlessness and woe
That spirit rose and through the gate did go,
Trembling because no angel walked before,
Yet by the Voice drawn onward evermore.
So came he weeping where the glory shone,
And fell down, crying, "Lord, I come alone."
"And it was thee I called," the Voice replied,
"Be welcome." Then Love rose, a mighty tide
That swept all else away. Speech found no place
But Silence, rapt, gazed up unto that Face;
Nor saw two Angels from the radiance glide,
And take their place for ever at his side.

G. E. MEREDITH.

LUTHER AND THE TWO STUDENTS.

THE following account of an evening spent with Luther, by two poor students, is to be found in a work of Gustave Freytag's, one of the most renowned writers of Germany, who has not only written excellent novels, but has also given to the world a most valuable historical work called "Aus dem Jahrhundert der Reformation." In the course of his book he gives an extract from a work that was left in manuscript by a man of the name of Kessler. It is entitled "Sabbatha," and the MS. is to be found in the library of St. Gall.

John Kessler was born at St. Gall of poor parents, in the year 1502. He studied theology at Basle, and in the spring of the year 1522 travelled with a companion to Wittenberg, in the hope of being taught theology by some one of the great reformers. In the autumn of 1523 he returned to his native town, St. Gall. The reformation was then but beginning to gain any hold upon the inhabitants of that town. Kessler could not, therefore, at that time, obtain a livelihood as a teacher of the reformed doctrines. In order to live, it was necessary that he should employ himself in some handiwork. He chose that of a saddler. He did not, however, neglect that work for which he felt he had a calling; and, while he still pursued his trade, he gathered around him a small company of the faithful, taught them, preached to them, wrote books, and finally became a schoolmaster.

Gustave Freytag says that Kessler was a man "of a pure, gentle nature, making no pretension of any kind, with a heart full of mild warmth, who took no active part in the theological controversies of his times." As Kessler's narrative has interested me much, I conjecture that it will interest others; and as I am not aware of its having been hitherto translated into English, I venture now to do so.

It begins thus:—

"As we travelled towards Wittenberg to

study the Holy Scriptures, we found ourselves at Jena, in Thuringia. God knows in what a fearful storm we were caught, and after making many inquiries in the town for an inn where we might rest for the night, we could not find any one. Everywhere lodging was denied to us, for it was the eve before Ash Wednesday, and no one had much care for pilgrims and strangers. So we were going out of the town again to continue our journey in the hopes of reaching some village where they would take us in for the night. Then, under the gateway, a respectable man met us, spoke in a friendly manner to us, and asked where we were going away so late—"Could we not, somewhat nearer, find any house or inn where we could be received before dark night should come on? Moreover," he said, "the road is one easy to miss; therefore he would counsel us to remain where we were."

We answered, "Dear father, we have been at all the inns that any one has told us of in this place, but we have been sent away from all of them, and have been denied admittance. Thus, we are obliged to proceed further."

Then he asked us whether we had made any inquiry at the inn with the sign of the Black Bear. We replied, "Dear sir, we have not met with any such inn. Tell us where we shall find it." Whereupon he pointed it out to us, a little way from the town. And as we came and saw the Black Bear, behold, though all the other innkeepers had refused us shelter, on the contrary, the landlord of the Black Bear came out and received us, declaring himself quite willing to give us shelter, and he led us into the inn parlour.

There we found a man sitting alone at the table, and before him a book was lying. He greeted us kindly, bade us come nearer, and seat ourselves near to him at the table. But our shoes were, if we may say so, so muddy and filthy, that from shame we did not like to enter the room; and we seated ourselves by the door on a little bench. Then he invited us to drink, which we could not refuse. Indeed, as we recognised his friendliness and kindliness, we sat ourselves near him, as he had asked us to do, at his table. Then we called for a measure of wine, with which we in our turn asked him to honour us by drinking it with us. We had no other idea but that he was a trooper, who, according to the custom of the country, sat there with a red leather cap, in hose and doublet, without armour, his sword by his side, his right hand upon the pommel of his sword, and the other holding the handle. His eyes were black and deep set, shining and sparkling like stars, so that you could not well look at them.

Soon he began to ask us where we were born. Then he gave himself the answer. "You are Swiss. From what part of Switzerland do you come?" We answered, "From St. Gall." Then he said, "If you go from here, as I understand you are going, to Wittenberg, you will find there good fellow-countrymen of yours, namely, Dr. Hieronimus Schurf, and his brother, Dr. Augustine."

We said, "We have letters to them," and then we asked him, "Good sir, can you inform us whether Martin Luther is now at Wittenberg, or at what other place?"

He answered, "I have certain knowledge that Luther is not now at Wittenberg; he will, however, soon come there. But Philip Melancthon is there; he teaches the Greek language, and there are others also who teach Hebrew. In truth, I would advise you to study both languages, for they are necessary, in order to understand the Holy Scriptures."

Then we answered, "God be praised! If God should spare our lives, we will not desist till we see and hear the man; for on his account it is that we have undertaken this journey. For we heard that he would overthrow the priesthood and the mass as an unwarranted service to God. Now we from our youth have been brought up by our elders to become priests: therefore we would willingly hear what kind of instruction he would give us, and how he would prove his proposition."

After this he asked, "Where have you hitherto studied?" (Answer) "At Basel." Then said he, "How goes it at Basel? Is Erasmus of Rotterdam still himself, and what is he doing?"

"Sir," we answered, "we know nothing more but that he is well: Erasmus is there, but what he is doing is hidden and not known to any man, for he keeps himself very quiet and secret."

Talk of this kind seemed to us very strange as coming from a trooper, that he should speak about the two Schurfs, of Philip Melancthon, and Erasmus. Also about the necessity of learning the Greek and Hebrew tongues. He had also occasionally uttered some Latin words, so that we could not but think that he must be a different person from a common trooper.

"My friends," he said to us, "what do they hold in Switzerland about Luther?"

"Good sir, there are there, as everywhere, various opinions about him. Many cannot

sufficiently exalt him, and thank God for God's truth made manifest through him, and that he has caused errors to be known. But many curse him as a profligate heretic, and especially the clergy do so."

Then, he said, "I can well believe it; those are the parsons."

In the course of such conversation he had become quite familiar with us, so that my companion ventured to take up the book which was before him and open it. It was a Hebrew psalter. Then he laid it quickly down, and the trooper drew it to himself. My companion then said, "I would give a finger from this hand to understand that language." The trooper answered, "You would soon learn it if you would be diligent; I too desire to have more knowledge of it, and I exercise myself daily therein."

Meanwhile the day declined, and it became very dark, when the landlord came to the table. As he had heard our desire and longing to see Martin Luther, he said, "Dear comrades, had you been here two days before, your desire would have been gratified, for he has sat at that table and—here he pointed with his finger—in that place." This vexed us greatly, and we were angry with ourselves that we had tarried; but we were chiefly angry with the miry and wretched road which had hindered us. Then we said, "Still we are glad that we are in the house and sit at the table where he sat." Thereupon the landlord could not help laughing, and he went out to the door.

After a little while the landlord called me; I must come to him outside the door. I was frightened, and thought to myself what I had done that was improper, or what innocent cause I had given for anger.

Then the landlord said to me, "Because I know that you have a strong desire to hear and see Luther:—he it is who sits beside you."

These words I took as a joke, and said, "You have pleasure in turning me into ridicule, and would satify my desire by a counterfeit Luther."

His answer was, "He it is indeed; but take care and do nothing to show that you recognise him."

I agreed to this, but I could not believe that it was Luther. I went back into the room, sat myself down again at the table, and longed to tell my companion what the landlord had disclosed to me. At last, I turned to him, and whispered secretly, "The landlord has told me that he is the Luther." But my companion also, like myself, would not believe it, and said, "He perhaps said it is Hutten, and you have misunderstood him." And I, since the guise and gestures of a trooper reminded me more of Hutten than of Luther, a monk, let myself be persuaded that the landlord had said, "It is Hutten," for the first syllable of both names sounds very much alike. What therefore I afterwards said, I said as if I were addressing Huldrich Von Hutten, the knight.

Meanwhile, there came in two travelling merchants, who also wished to stay for the night at the inn; and, after they had uncloaked themselves, and taken off their spurs, one of them laid upon the table by him an unbound book. Thereupon the trooper asked what kind of book that was. The merchant answered, "It is Dr. Luther's exposition of some of the Gospels and Epistles, just lately printed and published: have you not seen it?" The trooper said, "It will soon come to me."

Then the landlord said, "Now seat yourselves at the table; we must have our supper." But we begged the landlord that he would have forbearance with us, and give us something separate. Then the landlord said, "My dear companions, seat yourselves at the table with the gentlemen. I will deal with you reasonably." When the trooper heard this, he said, "Come here, I will see to the settlement with the landlord."

During the meal he spoke many pious friendly words, so that the merchants and we were astonished at him, and paid more attention to his words than to all the good things of the supper. And, amidst these sayings, he bemoaned with a sigh how the Lords and Princes were assembled at the Imperial Diet at Nuremberg on account of God's word to consider these imminent affairs and the burdens of the German nation; but were to nothing more inclined than to waste the good time in costly tournaments, sledgings, courtly pomp and wickedness of all kinds, which would be much better devoted to the fear of God and Christian prayer to God. "But these are our Christian Princes!" Furthermore he said that he was in hopes that the Evangelical truth would bring forth more fruit in our children and descendants who were not poisoned by papistical error, but were already planted upon pure truth and God's word, than it could do with the older ones in whom errors were so inrooted that with difficulty they could be uprooted. Thereupon, the merchants also gave their opinions, and the elder one said, "I am a simple, plain layman, I understand nothing

especially about this business; but I must say, now I look at the thing, Luther must either be an angel from heaven, or a devil from hell. I would with pleasure give him ten gulden if I might confess him, for I believe he could and would enlighten my conscience." Just then the landlord came to us and whispered, "Martin has paid for the supper for you." That gladdened us much, not on account of the money and the enjoyment, but because this man had made us guest free. After the supper the merchants rose up and went into the stables to look after their horses. Meanwhile Martin remained with us alone in the chamber, and we thanked him for the honour he had done us, and the cost he had been at for us, and we said that we had taken him for Huldrich Von Hutten; but he replied, "I am not."

Thereupon comes in the landlord, and Martin said, "I have become to-night a nobleman, for these Swiss take me for Huldrich Von Hutten!" The host said, "You are not that, but Martin Luther." Then he laughed so merrily. "They," he said, "take me for Hutten — you for Luther, soon I shall be Markolfus."

[Markolfus was a comical figure that delighted the common people, a sort of German Punch.]

After talk of this kind, he lifted up a beer-glass and said, according to the custom of the country, "Swiss, drink to me a friendly drink for a blessing." And as I was about to take the glass from him he changed it and asked for a glass with wine, saying, "Beer is not a home-drink of yours; you are unaccustomed to it, drink the wine." Then he stood up, threw his trooper's cloak on his shoulder, and took leave. As he did so he offered us his hand and said, "When you get to Wittenberg, greet for me Dr. Hieronimus Schurf." We said, "We will willingly do so, but we must give your name that he may know who it is greets him." He replied, "Say nothing more than 'He who is coming greets you.' He will at once understand the words." Then he left us to go to his chamber.

Afterwards the merchants came back into the room and called the landlord to bring them a drink, during which they had much discourse about the guest, who indeed he could be. Whereupon the landlord let them know that he took him for Luther. Then the merchants talked over the matter, and vexed themselves greatly that they had spoken in so unseemly a manner before him. And they said they would get up early in the morning, before he took his departure, and would beg him not to be angry with them, and not take it ill that they had not recognised his person. This they did, and they found him in the morning in the stable; but Martin answered them, "Last night, at supper, you said that you would give ten gulden to Luther to confess him. When you do confess him, you will well see and know whether I am Martin Luther." Further he did not allow himself to be recognised; but rose up and went to Wittenberg.

On the same day we set off for Naumburg, and we came to a village (it is situated on a hill, and I think the hill is called Orlamunde, and the village Nasshausen), and through it there ran a flood, which had broke forth by reason of the great rains, and it had partly carried away a part of the bridge, so that no one could pass over it on horseback. We returned to the village, and chanced to find the two merchants in the inn, who also, for Luther's sake, paid our reckoning.

On the next Saturday, the day before the first Sunday in Lent, we paid a visit to Dr. Hieronimus Schurf, to deliver our letters of recommendation. As we were called into the room, behold, we find the trooper Martin, just as he was at Jena. With him were Philip Melancthon, Justus Jodochus, Jonas Nicholas, Armsdorf, and Dr. Augustine Schurf. They were telling him what had happened at Wittenberg during his absence. He greets us, and laughs, points with his finger, and says, "This is the Philip Melancthon of whom I spoke to you."

Thus ends this interesting narrative. The remark of Gustave Freytag upon it is, "In the true-hearted representation of Kessler nothing is more worthy of notice than the serene peacefulness of the strong man, who is riding through Thuringia under the bann of the Empire, with passionate care at his heart in respect of the great danger which threatened his teaching from the fanaticism of his own partisans."

I would venture to add that nothing is more remarkable in this true-hearted narrative than the exceeding kindness, and even politeness, which the great man showed to these poor students, even manifested in such a little thing as providing for them their accustomed beverage, wine, when they drank together the cup of benediction on parting for the evening.

ARTHUR HELPS.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

I.—HYMN FOR A LITTLE CHILD.



GOD make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best.

God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith—that never waxeth dim,
In all his wondrous ways.

II.—CHILDREN'S EVENING HYMN.

The little birds now seek their rest;
The baby sleeps on mother's breast;
Thou givest all Thy children rest,
God of the weary.

The sailor prayeth on the sea;
The little ones at mother's knee;
Now comes the penitent to Thee,
God of the weary.

The orphan puts away his fears;
The troubled hopes for happier years;
Thou driest all the mourner's tears,
God of the weary.

Thou sendest rest to tiréd feet,
To little toilers slumbers sweet,
To aching hearts repose complete,
God of the weary.

In grief, perplexity, or pain,
None ever come to Thee in vain;
Thou makest life a joy again,
God of the weary.

We sleep that we may wake renewed,
To serve Thee as Thy children should,
With love, and zeal, and gratitude,
God of the weary.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

LETTERS FROM H.M.S. *CHALLENGER*.

I.

BERMUDA, *April* 7, 1873.

IT may perhaps be well before going into the story of our own experiences, to sketch in a few words the train of circumstances which led to the despatch of H.M.S. *Challenger* on a voyage of scientific research and discovery "round the world." The wonderful project of establishing a telegraphic communication between the old world and the new directed the attention of practical men to a region about which, up to that time, but little was known with certainty, and about which there was a great deal of hazy misconception—the bottom of the deep sea. To procure information sufficient to enable them to prepare for the laying of a telegraphic cable, sounding expeditions were organized by both of the Governments specially interested, across the Atlantic Ocean. Ingenious contrivances were suggested and applied, not merely for determining the exact depth, but for bringing up samples of the bottom sufficient to test the composition and character of the deposits in process of formation on the sea-bed.

In the meantime another class of students, working for the increase of knowledge, though perhaps with less immediate bearing upon the progress of the human race or the advance of their own interests, had been investigating the forms and natures of living things, the external conditions upon which their frail lives depend, and the laws under which they are localised or distributed upon the surface of the earth; and, judging from the scanty data laboriously accumulated with the imperfect appliances at that time at their disposal, had come to the conclusion that life at the bottom of the sea was confined to a narrow border round the land; that at a depth of one hundred fathoms plants almost entirely disappeared and animals were scarce, and represented those animal groups only which are among the most simple in their organization; while at three hundred fathoms the sea-bottom became a desolate waste, the physical conditions being such as to preclude the possibility of the existence of living beings.

Samples of the sea-bottom, procured with great difficulty and in small quantities from the first deep soundings of the Atlantic, chiefly by the use of Brook's Sounding Machine, an instrument which by a neat contrivance disengaged its weights when it reached the bottom, and thus allowed a tube, so arranged as to get filled with a sample of the bottom to be recovered by the sounding line, were eagerly examined by microscopists; and the singular fact was at length established that these samples consisted over a large part of the bed of the Atlantic, of the entire or broken shells of certain foraminifera, and the bulk of the evidence seemed to be in favour of the animals which inhabited these shells having lived in the situation in which they were found, and not, as was at first supposed, having lived in the sunshine on the surface of the sea, and having gradually sunk into the abysses after death. Dr. Wallich, the naturalist to the "Bulldog Sounding Expedition" under Sir Leopold M'Clintoch, reported that star-fishes with their stomachs full of the deep sea foraminiferæ, had come up from a depth of 1,200 fathoms on a sounding-line, and doubts began to be entertained whether the bottom of the sea was in truth the desert which we had hitherto supposed it to be, or whether it might not prove a new zoological region open to investigation and discovery, and peopled by peculiar faunæ suited to its most peculiar conditions.

This new view however progressed but slowly, for it was almost as difficult to believe that creatures comparable with those of which we have experience in the upper world could live at the bottom of the deep sea, as that they could live in a vacuum, or in the fire. Of many of the conditions at great depths we as yet knew nothing, but some of them were as easily determined by calculation as by direct experiment, and we knew that an animal at a depth of one thousand fathoms must bear a weight of a ton on the square inch, and one at a depth of three thousand, the almost inconceivable weight of three tons; and we had every reason to believe that the sun's light is almost entirely cut off at a depth of fifty fathoms, and that therefore the existence of plants upon which animals primarily depend for their food is impossible at great depths. These considerations alone seemed almost sufficient to place this question beyond the region of reasonable inquiry, and it was not until a considerable amount of evidence had been brought forward, that what was called the "antibiotic" prejudice was in any degree overcome.

About this time, another class of facts which gave the whole subject a singular interest, were forcing themselves upon the attention of naturalists. Some dredgers, particularly our indefatigable brother-naturalists

of Scandinavia, pushed their dredging operations to the utmost limit practicable in the northern seas by ordinary means, to depths of from three to four hundred fathoms, and they found, contrary to the general impression of the British school, that at these depths there was no lack of animal life, and that further, many of the animal forms were new and unfamiliar, while many showed a much closer relation to the inhabitants of the seas of former geological periods than to the marine fauna of the present day.

In the year 1868, when this question was then undecided, Dr. Carpenter and I, looking at the matter chiefly as one of scientific interest, but at the same time fully recognising the practical importance of many of the results of such an investigation, induced the Council of the Royal Society to apply to the Admiralty to place means at our disposal to go into the whole question of the physical and biological conditions of the sea-bottoms in the neighbourhood of the British Islands, but beyond the range of ordinary boat work. The Admiralty assented, and, in the autumn of 1868, through about two months of wretched weather, we knocked about in the *Lightning*, a somewhat precarious little gun-boat, between Scotland and Faëroe.

Nine tolerable days fortunately checkered the uniformity of the heavy weather, and on these we registered some remarkable results.

We found that there was abundance of animal life at the bottom of the sea to a depth of six hundred fathoms at least, and that the life there was not confined to the more simply organized animals, but extended very irrespectively through all the invertebrate classes, and even included some true bony fishes. We found that the general character of the fauna at these depths was not such as to indicate a mere gradual disappearance of the known fauna of the British ocean, but was in many respects peculiar, and presented many characters in common with the faunæ of older times. We found that instead of having a constant and universal temperature of 39.5° F. beyond a certain depth, as had previously been very generally supposed to be the case, the sea was warm or cold at all depths, according to the source from which the particular layer or current of water was derived, and that in accordance with this arrangement we might have two regions separated from one another by an invisible and impalpable boundary of liquid contact, differing widely in climatal conditions, and showing all the consequent wide differences in faunæ; we found that from the surface to the bottom the water of the sea contained organic matter in solution, or in suspension, and that therefore the Protozoa which appear to pave the floor of most parts of the sea in a continuous sheet, derived by surface absorption the soft jelly of their bodies with the same ease and from the same source as they derive the carbonate of lime and the silica of their outer casings.

These results and many others were attained or suggested by our first season's very imperfect work, and they were regarded as so interesting and suggestive that with even greater willingness than before, the Admiralty placed a gun-boat at the disposal of a committee, consisting of Dr. Carpenter, F.R.S., Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys, F.R.S., and myself, for the two succeeding summers, during which time one or more of us prosecuted the same line of inquiry, confirmed the result of the previous years, and added many new facts. The *Porcupine*, which we used in 1869 and 1870, was much better suited in every way to our purposes than the *Lightning*. The weather was more favourable, and we succeeded in dredging to the depth of 2,435 fathoms, and establishing the fact that even at that depth the invertebrate sub-kingdoms are still fairly represented.

Another great advance was made at this time. The registering thermometers which we used in the *Lightning* gave uncertain indications, and on submitting them to experiment in a hydraulic press, it was found that their error depended upon their bulbs being irregularly compressed by the enormous pressure to which they were subjected, the fluid being thus forced up mechanically in the tube and giving an indication higher than that due to heat; the amount of excess depending upon the thickness and uniformity of the glass of the bulb. On our return the late Professor W. A. Miller devised a plan of defending the bulb from external pressure by inclosing it in an outer shell of glass with fluid, and a bell of vapour between. With this construction the outer wall bears the whole of the pressure, compressing in turn the included bell of vapour and relieving entirely the enclosed thermometer bulb. This "Miller-Casella" modification of Six's registering thermometer has given to deep-sea temperature determinations the element of accuracy previously unfortunately wanting.

Public interest was now fairly aroused in the new field of research. The rapid development of ocean telegraphic communication made all these results which affected telegraphy in any way—the precise depth, the

nature and composition of the bottom, the presence or absence of animals capable of making inroads into hemp or gutta-percha, the temperature of the water through which telegraph cables might have to pass—of the highest practical value; while the novelty and peculiarity of many of the observations awakened a wide-spread curiosity and interest in even the purely scientific bearings of the inquiry.

Our cousins across the Atlantic had been working along with us *pari passu*, and ere long several of the European States sent out deep-sea expeditions more or less effective. None of these were attended with any great amount of success, and it seemed evident that England must give at all events the first broad outline of the physical conditions of the bed of the ocean. How this was best to be done was a matter of the most serious consideration and frequent consultation among those to whom the earlier stages of the inquiry had been entrusted; and finally Dr. Carpenter addressed a letter to the First Lord of the Admiralty, urging the despatch of a circumnavigating expedition thoroughly equipped and with a competent scientific staff to traverse the great ocean basins and prepare sections showing their physical and biological conditions, along certain lines. Dr. Carpenter's letter was referred in due course to the Hydrographer to the Navy, who at once threw himself cordially into the project and prepared a report which resulted in the Lords of the Admiralty agreeing to the despatch of such an expedition if the Royal Society recommended it, and provided them with a feasible scheme. A committee was appointed by the Royal Society, and a comprehensive scheme was drawn up. The sagacious Minister who holds the purse-strings, somewhat contrary to public expectation but thoroughly in accordance with his usual policy, regarded this as an important matter beyond the reach of private enterprise, and expressed his willingness to provide for its being carried out well.

The committee of the Royal Society, with Admiral Richards as one of its most influential members, met from time to time, and offered practical suggestions.

The *Challenger*, an iron-decked corvette of 2,306 tons, with auxiliary steam to 1,234 horse-power and usually mounting eighteen 68-pounders, was chosen for the service; and Captain Nares, a surveying officer of great experience and singularly well suited in every way for such a post, was selected to take command. When it was suggested to me at the commencement of the negotiations to join the expedition as director of the Civilian Scientific Staff, the sacrifice appeared at first in every way too great; but as the various arrangements progressed, so many friendly plans were proposed on all sides to smooth every difficulty, that I finally accepted a post which to a younger naturalist without the ties of a family and a responsible home appointment, would be perhaps among the most delightful the world could offer. A staff of officers, many of them surveyors and already distinguished by their knowledge of various branches of practical science, were carefully selected from a large number of applicants, and a scientific staff, consisting of three naturalists and a chemist, were appointed on the recommendation of the committee of the Royal Society. The ship was entirely remodelled. A commodious room was fitted up as a work-room for the naturalists, and provided amply with instruments of all kinds used in their craft, including several microscopes of the best construction, all appliances for mounting and preserving objects, and a select and very valuable library of books of reference.

Another room, likewise on the main-deck, was furnished as a laboratory, and the arrangement of all the delicate and fragile instruments for the analysis of water and air, and for the determination to the last degree of exactitude, of specific gravity, and temperature, so that each flask and tube, retained in position by wedges and buttons, or swinging free on gimbals, might defy the motion of the ship, was an operation requiring ingenuity and care.

All the large guns, except two, were taken out, and the "villanous saltpetre" of the magazines yielded to innocent tiers of cases of wide-mouthed bottles, gaping for sea-beasts.

A twelve-horse "donkey-engine" was erected amidships for taking in the dredging and sounding lines, and two other small engines fitted to the pinnace and the launch occupied stations on the upper deck. Hundreds of miles of line, of strength and material suited to different purposes, was reeled and coiled in every available spot. A skilful photographer was established with his light and dark rooms opposite the laboratory, and all the spaces left on the main deck were lumbered with such of our gear as would not pack into the work-rooms. Among the more prominent of these are the apparatus devised by Mr. Siemens for telegraphing the temperature from all depths, and his apparatus for determining, by the exposure of

sensitive paper for a certain length of time, the depth to which the chemical rays of the sun penetrate into the water of the sea; brass cylinders constructed on various plans for bringing up water from different depths; and a great iron cylinder in which by means of a hydraulic pump a pressure can be got up equal to that of the sea at its greatest depths, and our various instruments can be tested on board for the error due to pressure.

Mr. Buchanan reigns alone in the laboratory, and Dr. Von Willemoës-Suhm, Mr. Moseley, and Mr. Murray, divide between them the special responsibility of the zoological work-room; whilst Mr. J. J. Wild, my secretary, to whose facile pencil we are indebted for beautiful illustrations of our novelties, sits with me in the fore-cabin where we gather in the different threads and combine them as best we may into a symmetrical web.

Under the guidance and direction of Admiral Richards this expedition has been wisely and liberally organized in every detail, practical and social. I am now writing three months after our departure from England, in a calm on the verge of the Sargasso Sea, between St. Thomas and Bermuda. The boats are out collecting crabs and cuttlefish from the gulf weed, which floats by us in great pale olive feathery patches, which contrast exquisitely with the deep sapphire blue of the sea. I know by the perpetual "burr burr," of the donkey engine, which reaches me in a very subdued form where I am sitting at my stern-port, that the captain is superintending the recovery of a freight consisting of a "hydra"-tube, a water-bottle, and two Miller-Casella thermometers from a depth which we have already ascertained to be 2,600 fathoms. Wild is sketching a coral in the "drawing room" outside my cabin door, in a position of the danger of which he is happily unconscious, under some heavy bunches of fragrant pine-apples, loosely hung up by far too slim a strand of twine to ripen. We have made one complete section across the Atlantic, and have sounded and dredged to a depth of 3,875 fathoms, and the organization of the expedition has as yet failed in no single respect.

The *Challenger* was ready for sea early in December, 1872, and before she left Sheerness some of the Lords of the Admiralty and the committee of the Royal Society visited the ship.

A party of sixty sat down to luncheon in the handsome ward-room where we now have our general mess, and good wishes and hopeful anticipations were warmly exchanged. We shall not soon forget the hearty British cheer of encouragement which rang out from a chorus of the voices which must influence the destinies of their country and their time, as our illustrious guests bade farewell to the *Challenger*, from the deck of the steamer which was to take them to the shore.

Thus, with every possible advantage, and in the highest hope of being able to fulfil her difficult mission, the *Challenger* cast off from the jetty at Portsmouth, at 11.30 A.M., on Saturday, the 21st December, 1872. Leaving England with the drum up in the middle of an unusually trying winter, it was not to be expected that we should escape without roughing it a little. This we certainly did for a week or so in the mouth of the Channel and the Bay of Biscay, and with this good result, that we ourselves and all our manifold apparatus and machinery, experienced at the beginning about as rough usage as we are likely to meet with during the voyage. This at once brought all our week points to light, and it is well that we got into quiet water again with increased confidence in the stability of our arrangements.

Off the coast of Portugal we took one or two casts of the dredge, more to test our machinery and to get into this way of working, than with any hope of making any useful observations on the fauna, for the weather was still heavy and the swell such as to render all dredging and sounding operations in deep water difficult and hazardous. We were well aware that we had many difficulties to contend with before we could get so complicated a system into full working order. There seemed to be special difficulty in dredging and taking deep-sea observations from so large a ship. The roll of the ship, her height above the water, and her want of flexibility of movement when compared with vessels which had previously been used for the purpose, raised new questions as to method of working, which it would require some time to settle, and it would likewise take some time before each of us fell into his place and laid out a line for himself, as part of a general programme. We therefore determined very early in the cruise to consider everything done during the voyage from England to the Canary Islands as tentative and introductory, and to regard the first section across the Atlantic, from Teneriffe to the West Indies, as the commencement of the true work of the expedition.

J. WYVILLE THOMSON.

PICTURES OF ITALIAN LIFE.

No. II.—OSTIA.

ROME, March, 1873.

IT was in the freshness of an early morning of most brilliant sunshine, that we drove out of the old crumbling Ostian gate now called Porta San Paolo, which Belisarius built and where Totila and Genseric entered Rome, and passed beneath the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, which for nineteen hundred years has cast its pointed shadow over the turfy slopes, where foreign Christians, gathered from so many distant lands, now sleep in Christ. This pyramid, St. Paul looked upon as he was led out to execution beyond the city walls, and it may be considered as "the sole surviving witness of his martyrdom." A little further and we pass the "Chapel of the Farewell," which marks the site of his legendary leave-taking with St. Peter, and is adorned with a bas-relief of the two aged martyrs embracing for the last time, and inscriptions of the words they are reported to have spoken to one another. Then we reach the great basilica, once surrounded by the flourishing fortified village of Joanopolis, but now standing alone in solitary abandonment, even the monks who scantily occupy its adjoining convent, being obliged to fly into the town before the summer malaria. Outside, the restored church has no features of age or grandeur, but within, as the eye passes down its unbroken lines of grey columns, surmounted by a complete series of papal portraits, it may rest upon the magnificent mosaics of the tribune, and the grand triumphal arch of Galla Placidia, relics of the venerable basilica which perished by fire on the night of the 15th of July, 1823, on which Pius VII. lay dying. He had long been a monk within its walls, and the watchers by his death-bed never told him the great catastrophe with which the sky was red, though in his last moments he is believed to have seen it in a troubled vision.

Beyond San Paolo, and indeed all the way from thence to Ostia, the road was once bordered with villas, but now there are only three cottages in the whole distance. It leads through the monotonous valley of the Tiber, where buffaloes and slow-moving *bove* feed amid the rank pastures, now white with narcissus. Here and there a bit of Tufa rock crops up crested with ilex and laurestinus. A small Roman bridge called Ponte della Refolta is passed. At length, on mounting a slight hill, we come upon a wide view over the pale blue death-bearing marshes of the Maremma, here called *Campo-morto*, to the dazzling sea, and almost immediately enter a forest of brushwood, chiefly myrtle and phillyrea, from which we only emerge as we reach the narrow singular causeway leading to Ostia itself. It is a strange scene, not unlike the approach to Mantua upon a small scale. On either side stretch the still waters of the pestiferous lagoon, called the Stagno, waving with tall reeds which rustle mournfully in the wind, and white with floating ranunculus. To the left, a serrated outline of huge pine-tops marks the forest of Fusano; to the right we see the grey towers of Porto, the cathedral of Hippolytus, and the tall campanile which watches over the Isola Sacra, where, with a feeling fitting the mysterious sadness of the place, Dante makes souls wait to be ferried over into purgatory. Large sea-birds swoop over the reedy expanse. In front the mediæval castle rises massive and grey against the sky-line. As we approach, it increases in grandeur, and its huge machicolations and massive bastions become visible. The desolate causeway is now peopled with marble figures; heroes standing armless by the wayside, ladies reposing headless amid the luxuriant thistle-growth. Across the gleaming water we see the faint snowy peaks of the Leonessa. On each sandbank rising above the Stagno, are works connected with the salt mines founded by King Ancus Martius twenty-five centuries ago, and working still. They have always been important, as is evidenced by the name of one of the gates of Rome, the Porta Salara, through which the inhabitants of the Sabina passed with their purchases of Ostian salt.

Every artist will sketch the castle of Ostia, and will remember as he works, that Raphael sketched it long ago, and that, from his sketch, Giovanni da Udine painted it in the background of his grand fresco of the victory over the Saracens, in the Stanza of the Incendio del Borgo in the Vatican, for here the enemy who had totally destroyed the ancient town in the fifth century, were as totally defeated in the reign of Leo IV. (A.D. 847-856). Procopius in the sixth century wrote of Ostia, as "a city nearly overthrown." The present town is but a fortified hamlet, built by Gregory IV., and originally called by him Gregoriopolis. It was strengthened by

Nicholas I. in 858. In the fifteenth century Cardinal d'Estouteville employed Sangallo, who lived here for two years, in building the castle, and Giuliano della Rovere, afterwards Pope Julius II. and then cardinal bishop of Ostia, continued the work. Here he took refuge for two years from the persecution of Alexander VI. Afterwards he imprisoned Cæsar Borgia here in 1513, but the captive's escape was connived at by Cardinal Carbajal, to whose care he was intrusted. Nothing remains of the internal decorations but some mouldering frescoes executed by Baldassare Peruzzi and Cesare da Sesto for Cardinal della Rovere, but the outer walls are so covered with the escutcheons of their different papal owners as "to form a veritable chapter of pontifical heraldry." Conspicuous amongst these grand coats of arms are the oak-tree (Robur) of the Della Rovere, and the wreathed column of the Colonna. On the battlements above, masses of the blue-green wormwood, which is a lover of salt-air and scanty soil, wave in the wind. Artists will regret the destruction of the tall pine, beside the tower, so well known in pictures of Ostia, till it died in 1870.

The tiny town, huddled into the narrow fortified space, which forms as it were an outer bastion of the castle, contains the small semi-Gothic cathedral, a work of Bacio Pintelli, with a rose-window, but scarcely larger than a chapel, and seeming out of keeping with the historical recollections which we have of many mighty cardinal-bishops. Some accounts state that this most ancient see was founded by the apostles themselves; others consider that Pope Urban I. (A.D. 222) was its founder, and announce St. Ciriacus as its first bishop. It is the bishop of Ostia who has always been called upon to ordain a pope who has not been in priests' orders at the time of his election, and who bears the title of "Dean of the Sacred College."

A quarter of a mile beyond the mediæval town we enter upon the ancient city. It is like Pompeii. The long entrance street, now quite unearthed, is paved with great blocks of lava closely dovetailed into one another, and is lined with the low ruins of small houses and shops, chiefly built of brick set in *opus reticulatum*. Here and there a tall grey sarcophagus stands erect; but no building remains perfect in the whole of the great town, which once contained eighty thousand inhabitants. Thistles flourish everywhere, and snakes and lizards abound, and glide in and out of the hot unshaded stones. After a time we turn into other and smaller streets, in some of which there are remains of pillared porticoes. A temple of Mithras, supposed to be of the date of the Antonines, has been identified by the inscription on its pavement, "Soli Invict. Mit. D. D. L. Agrius Calendio." Three statues of Mithraic priests were found near its altar. Baths, decorated with mosaics, have also been discovered.

In the streets, the marks, the deep ruts of the chariot wheels—obliged by the narrow space to run always in the same groove—remain in the pavement. The ground is littered with pieces of coloured marble, and of ancient glass tinted with all the hues of a peacock's tail by its long interment. The banks are filled with fragments of pottery, and here and there of human bones. Emerging from the almost oppressive confinement of the ruined streets, upon higher ground still unexcavated, which stretches away in ashy reaches to the mouths of the Tiber and the sea, we find a massive quadrangular building of brick, which is more stately and perfect than anything else, and is supposed to have been a temple of Jupiter. It contains its ancient altar.

Ancus Martius was the original founder of Ostia, which then stood upon the seashore, and for hundreds of years it was the place where the great Roman expeditions were embarked for the subjugation of the provinces. Chief among these were the expedition of Scipio Africanus to Spain, and that of Claudius to Britain. It was in the time of Claudius that the town attained its chief importance. He dearly loved his seaport, often stayed here, and it was from hence that he was summoned to Rome by the news of the iniquities which led to the death of Messalina. In his time sand was beginning to accumulate at the mouth of the Tiber, and Ostia was soon after ruined. In consequence of the changes in the mouth of the Tiber, which has no longer the graceful course and the woody banks described by Virgil, it is difficult to ascertain the site of the ancient harbour. It is even disputed through how many channels the river entered the sea; Dionysius, in his "Periegesis," declares it had only one; Ovid alludes to two.

But from these classical recollections the Christian pilgrim will turn with enthusiasm to later memories, as precious as any that the Campagna of Rome can afford, and he will see Augustine, with his mother Monica, sitting, as in Ary Scheffer's picture, at "a curtain window," discoursing together, very sweetly, and inquiring in the presence of the Truth of what sort the eternal life of

the saints was to be, and "gasping with the mouths of their hearts" after the heavenly streams of the fountain of life. Then, as the world and all its delights become contemptible in the nearness into which their converse draws them to the unseen, he will hear the calm voice of Monica in the twilight telling her son that her earthly hopes and mission are fulfilled, and that she is only waiting to depart, "since that is accomplished for which she had desired to linger awhile in this life, that she might see him a Catholic Christian before she died." And he will remember that five days after this conversation, Monica lay in Ostia upon her death-bed, and said to her son, "Here thou shalt bury thy mother;" and that to those who asked whether she was not afraid to leave her body so far from her own city, she replied, "Nothing is far to God; nor is it to be feared lest at the end of the world He should not recognise whence to raise me up." The bones of Monica were moved afterwards to Rome, to the church which was dedicated to her son's memory; but it is Ostia which will always be connected with the last scenes of that most holy life, and at Ostia that Augustine describes the "mighty sorrow which flowed into his heart," the tears and outcries of "the boy Adeodatus," as the beloved mother sank into her last sleep; how Euodius calmed their grief by taking up the Psalter, and how all the mourning household sang the psalm, "I will sing of mercy and judgment to thee, O Lord," around the silent corpse; and how the body was carried to the burial, and they "went and returned without tears—for the bitterness of sorrow could not exude out of the heart."

With these recollections in our mind, let us leave Ostia. It is a curious and deeply interesting, but not a beautiful place, and it is a strange contrast, when we have returned once more to the old fortress, and, turning sharply round its walls, traversed the two miles of desolate campagna between it and the pine-wood, to find in Castel Fusano an absolute climax of poetical loveliness. The peasants do all their field labour here in gangs, men and women together, and most picturesque they look, for the costumes which are dying out in Rome are universally worn here, and all the women have their heads shaded by white *panni*, and are dressed in bright pink and blue petticoats and laced bodices. They have hard work to fight against the deep-rooted asphodels, which overrun whole pastures and destroy the grass, and they have also the constantly recurring malaria to struggle against, borne up every night by the vapours of the marsh, which renders Ostia almost uninhabitable even to the natives in summer, and death to the stranger who attempts to pass the night there.

A bridge, decorated with the arms of the Chigi's, takes us across the last arm of the Stagno, with an avenue of pines ending on a green lawn, in the midst of which stands the desolate Chigi palace, occupying the site of the beloved Laurentine villa of Pliny. No road, no path even, leads to its portal; but all around is green turf. Round the house, at intervals, stand gigantic red vases, filled with yuccas and aloes. Over the parapet wall stone figures look down, set there to scare away the Saracens, it is said, but for centuries they have seen nothing but a few stranger tourists or sportsmen and the wains of beautiful meek-eyed *bove* drawing timber from the forest. All beyond is a vast expanse of wood, huge pines stretching out their immense green umbrellas over the lower trees; stupendous ilexes contorted by time into a thousand strange vagaries; bay-trees bowed with age, and cork-trees grey with lichen—patriarchs even in this patriarchal forest. And beneath these greater potentates such a wealth of beautiful shrubs as is almost indescribable—arbutus, lentisc, phillyrea; tall Mediterranean heath, waving vast plumes of white blossom far overhead; sweet daphne, scenting all around with its pale pink blossoms; myrtle growing in thickets of its own; smilax and honeysuckle, leaping from tree to tree, and forming themselves into a thousand lovely wreaths; and such a carpet of pink cyclamen, that the air is heavy with its perfume. A road, a mile long, paved with blocks of lava plundered from the Via Severiana leads, from the back of the palace to the sea, and we must follow it, partly to see the famous rosemary which Pliny describes, and which still grows close to the shore in such abundance, and partly for the sake of a glimpse of the grand Mediterranean itself so refreshing after the close air of Roman streets, which rolls in here with long waves upon a sandy shore, where a few fishermen have their huts, built of myrtle from the wood. It is well worth while to follow on horseback the heavy road which leads through the forest to Porto d'Anzio, by Pratica and Ardea; but it will be necessary to have permission to sleep at Castel Fusano. Such an excursion will give leisure to dwell upon beauties generally seen hurriedly, and Virgil should be taken as a companion.

A. J. C. HARE.

THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON.

By MRS. PARR, Author of "Dorothy Fox."

CHAPTER XVIII.—JEST AND EARNEST.



BOTH Sir Stephen and Hero felt it a relief when Sharrows came in sight, and they saw the outline of two figures waiting at the gate for them to come up.

Their walk from the Sands had been almost a silent one. Sir Stephen had learnt that he had never seen the man to whom Hero had given her love; that the engagement was unacknowledged, that it had been entered into by themselves, and that even her father's sanction had not been formally asked.

He refused Captain Carthew's invitation to come in, under a plea that the hour was too late; and then, when the door had fairly closed upon them, he deliberately retraced his steps back to where he had so recently heard his hopes crushed.

Leaning his arms on a rocky projection, he stood, going over the whole scene again. Surely he had a right to feel rebellious. Was his love never to find a resting-place? He had been so confident, so secure—seeing no one whom Hero cared for, he had felt sure that she cared for no one. Who could it be? Who had forestalled him in securing the love he now longed and thirsted after with an intensity of feeling before unknown to him? Every now and then his fancy took a wild flight, and he imagined some catastrophe—absence—time—a thousand obstacles snapping the chain which bound the object of his desire to any other but himself. He could do anything, wait any time; but he could not give her up. He would not forego hope. Surely, in that moment when their hearts seemed to beat a language for which the tongue finds no utterance, he had read her rightly. If so—come what might, she should be his.

Hero in the meantime was screening her pale face and darkly circled eyes under that woman's shield, a headache. She said she must go straight to bed, she could hardly speak, she felt so ill; and Alice promised in her stead to light the Captain's pipe, and talk to him while he smoked it.

Betsey, with the intuitive sharpness which love bestows upon all, saw something had gone wrong with her darling; but she never asked a question or hazarded an inquiry. She waited upon her and undressed her with motherly care, and finally putting her great strong arms round her, as she had done when Hero was a little child, she called her her pride, her cosset, "Betsey's dear, she was," until the icy hold which gripped the girl's quick emotions melted away, and, clinging to her old nurse, she sobbed as if her heart would break. She did not ask herself why these tears came. She only knew that it was a relief to give vent to her misery, and to take her fill of sorrow. In the midst of all her troubles, her one definite thought was that Leo was coming back either to-morrow or the day after; then their engagement must be made public—there must be no more concealment—and her tears flowed afresh, feeling that the one who should have known it had only learned it too late. Love is blind in more ways than one. Sometimes the mischievous urchin closes the eyes of his victims to his own presence, lulling them into a security which he employs in forging the fetters which, until felt, are seldom seen.

Knowing the hour that Sir Stephen and her father had appointed to start on their boat-buying expedition, Hero contrived that before that time arrived she and Alice should have left home with the avowed intention of issuing the invitations for the following Wednesday.

"Here, I say," said the Captain, suddenly noticing Sir Stephen's haggard face; "why, you look as if you'd been draining the blood of a turnip field. Why, what's the matter, eh?"

"I don't think that wine suited me last night," said Sir Stephen. "Somehow, I never can drink port."

"I see!" and the Captain eyed him mournfully; "you're a bad ship to put a good cargo into. Well, upon my life, if I know what you young fellows are coming to. You do look uncommonly seedy, though; perhaps we'd best put off going for a day or two."

But to this Sir Stephen would not listen. The sail to Cargill, he said, would do him good—not that there was anything the matter with him.

"No, no," laughed the Captain; "you only feel as if the cat had got you, and the Emperor of Rooshia had got the cat. I know all about it. But you must brisk up as we go through the village, or they'll give us credit for having been three sheets in the wind last night; for they know I dined up at Combe. And how are the ladies this morning?"

"I have not seen either of them. I spoke to my mother through the door, and heard that she was all right; but I was off for a good spin before they were down."

"Then you'll be tired before we return, for I suppose we are to go on to Dockmouth?"

"Yes; I want to see Truscott. I must begin to set this place in order without delay. I shall find plenty to occupy me for months to come. I daresay," he added, after a pause, "that you will not think it is saying much for myself, but do you know that until quite recently I never knew that this property was anything but a handsome incumbrance?"

The Captain indicated his surprise by a comical pursing up of his face.

"Of course," Sir Stephen continued, "if I had taken the slightest trouble to find out, I should have seen that the reason of my receiving next to nothing from Mallett was, that it was all but drained dry to keep up Pamphillon, which my uncle left in a terrible state. My mother sold what property she possessed to raise money. Combe she could not sell, but the lawyers contrived to make it contribute pretty freely to the general fund without its getting the slightest credit."

"Terrible fellows, those lawyers!" said the Captain.

"Oh! it was not their fault. I ought to have come down here long ago, but somehow I was brought up with a prejudice against Combe. My mother never could bear to hear the place named—not that, except by hearsay, she knew anything of it."

"That's the way," laughed the Captain. "Give a dog a bad name, and hang him. However, we won't talk of what you might have done; here you are now, and better late than never."

Sir Stephen did not answer. He could have said, that having delayed so long, it would have been for his happiness now had he never set foot in the place. Everything he did and said seemed to connect itself with the bitter disappointment uppermost in his mind. All the while he was talking to the Captain, he was longing to ask after Hero, but something made it impossible to mention her name, without the Captain seeing that he was making an effort to appear the same as usual. At length he got out—

"Miss Carthew has stolen a march on us this morning?"

"Yes, she is asking her friends for Wednesday. I tell her she must brisk up a bit before then; she complained of not feeling well this morning. Betsey says she's not been well for a week, but I didn't notice it before."

"She complained last night," Sir Stephen said, with a mingled feeling of pity and exultation. If she had no love for him, surely she would not take his sorrow so to heart.

"Your cousin, Mrs. Labouchere, is an uncommonly fine woman," said the Captain.

"Yes."

"She must have married very young. What did her husband die of?"

"Well, I am not quite certain—old age, I think."

"Old age! pack of stuff and nonsense! don't tell me that she married an old man. What in heaven's name made her do that?"

"Ten thousand a year is the supposed inducement."

"By Jove! what a sacrifice!"

"Oh, I don't know; she has what she married for. He left her everything he possessed—an estate in Scotland, and a place near the lakes."

"I say," said the Captain, with a confidential nod of his head, "I should throw in my hat there. A fellow doesn't often get such a chance, eh?"

Sir Stephen laughed at the meaning conveyed. "She flies too high for me," he said.

The Captain gave a low whistle. "Nothing short of a prince of the royal blood, I suppose?"

"Oh! I don't mean that. I don't think she cares much for rank—indeed, I believe she has refused a title already: but she has too much money for any poor man—that is, speaking personally. Unless I loved a woman very much, I could not stand being dependent upon her."

"'Twould be a shame for her to marry a rich man, though."

"Well, perhaps yes. She must find some one willing to be saddled with her benefits."

"I think I could find two or three who'd stand pretty quiet under the burden," laughed the Captain, "though I won't answer about kicking over the traces after. You know the old proverb, 'Set a beggar on horseback——' Halloo!" he exclaimed, looking up a lane towards a pretty cottage, "a soldier at Aunt Lydia's? Then I suppose Mr. Leo is back again."

But Sir Stephen took no heed of this remark; his thoughts had gone back to Hero. What was she doing, feeling, thinking—and was she, like him, heavy-hearted?

Could he have read the innermost thoughts of Hero's heart, it is probable that he would have been satisfied, for never had the poor girl passed such a miserable day. She had learnt from Aunt Lydia that Leo was expected to arrive during the afternoon, and she sat in nervous anticipation of their meeting, and of the conversation she intended having with him. Mr. Joslyn had early taken Alice back to Winkle, so that Hero was able to enjoy alone the full misery of her own companionship. She dreaded, yet longed for Leo's presence; her heart beat violently with each sound, and died away when she discovered that her fears were unfounded. Sometimes she thought that she would go up and see if he had arrived; then she would fancy she heard his step; until five o'clock struck, and she knew that if he did not soon come, she had little chance of seeing him alone. While she was wondering whether he had been delayed, Betsey came in to lay the cloth for dinner, and before these arrangements were completed, Captain Carthew arrived.

"I wanted Sir Stephen to come in," he said, "but he wouldn't; he isn't the thing at all to-day. I could hardly get a word out of him."

Hero bent her head to avoid her quick colour being seen.

"Oh, by the way, has Leo been down? He's back."

"No, I have not seen him."

"Ah, he'll turn up soon, I daresay," said the Captain, with the unpleasant conviction that there was no getting rid of almost the only visitor to whom he could not always give a cordial welcome.

Hero tried to assume an interest in all her father had been doing; he, in his turn, asked if everybody was coming on Wednesday.

"Very nearly. Aunt Lydia won't; she says she does not like meeting strangers."

"Who does she call strangers?"

"Mrs. Prescott and Mrs. Labouchere, I suppose. I cannot fancy why, but she always seems to speak slightingly of Sir Stephen, as if she did not like him."

"Like him! Why, she doesn't know him. Oh! she's jealous, poor old body; she fears that he'll take the wind out of Leo's sails. Ah, it would need a pretty stiff breeze to do that, in his own opinion."

"Don't say that, papa."

The Captain gave a something between a grunt and a sigh; and then, fearing he had wounded his daughter, he said, "But, my dear, I don't know that I think worse of the young fellow because he thinks well of himself. I never met a redcoat yet that I shouldn't have liked to buy at my price and sell at his own. It's a way they've got in the army." Then turning the conversation, he began telling Hero the different good points of two boats which he and Sir Stephen had seen, and between which their choice still halted.

After dinner old Mr. Jamieson and Captain Thomson dropped in, and finally Leo Despard appeared.

"I expected that I should have seen you before this," Hero said in a low tone. "I waited in all the afternoon."

"I am very sorry, but it was not my fault. I was obliged to go up to the Forts first. I found everything at sixes and sevens. During my absence nothing seems to have been attended to. I expect I shall have to spend a great deal more time there than I bargained for. It is an awful nuisance that none of those fellows can be trusted."

This excuse was Leo's first step towards curtailing his visits to Sharrows; and so much had it cost him to keep away, that he felt quite aggrieved at being taken to task for his self-denial. Without either of them uttering a word which did not sound kind and cordial, each was sensible of a difference, and by mutual consent they studiously avoided their eyes meeting. Gradually, as Hero became silent, Leo, with the desire to seem perfectly at his ease, grew more than usually talkative; and in answer to the Captain's questions as to how he had enjoyed his visit, he gave an animated account of the whole party, how they had spent their time, and what the place was like.

"I hear that the Combe people have arrived," he said, turning towards Hero. "What are the ladies like—have you seen them?"

"Seen them! I should think so," answered

the Captain. "Sir Stephen's mother is a very nice woman—just like him—no nonsense about her; and as for his cousin—

'She's—all my fan—cy painted her,
She's lovely, she-e-e's *di-vi-ne.*'

I say, Jamieson," he added, addressing his old shipmate, "do you remember, when we were at Cadiz, in the old *Thetis?* Well, she puts me just in mind of that Spanish girl Tommy Holmes was so nuts upon."

"But Mrs. Labouchere is so fair, papa."

"Yes, they're different there; but Jamieson 'll see what I mean—just built on the same lines."

"Tommy found out that the old don he took for her father was her husband," said Mr. Jamieson.

"By jingo! so he did," exclaimed the Captain; "and strange to say, that this one married an old fellow with one leg in the grave then—and both now;" and he laughed, heartily pleased at his joke, and the still further similarity between the two beauties. "Would you believe it, that woman's worth £10,000 a year—*ten thousand a year*," he repeated. "Sir Stephen was telling me the whole thing this morning. The old man left her every penny he possessed, and two estates in the bargain."

"Of course Sir Stephen intends sharing the benefit," Leo said, wanting to hear how the land lay there.

"Not he—she has too much money for him. He says he is too poor to be dependent."

"Quixotic creature!" and Leo laughed derisively; "he has come to that conclusion very lately, then. Some men at Dunross knew them both, and they gave rather a different version of the story."

"I don't know what you may have heard," said the Captain, "but I am sure that whatever Sir Stephen told me was the truth. I asked him if she was waiting for the Prince of Wales, and he said no—that she had refused several tities, and he didn't think she cared much for rank."

"Ah! doubtless that was her reason for refusing the greatness he sought to thrust upon her," and Leo laughed more heartily still, as if all this bore upon some excellent joke which he possessed, but did not intend imparting.

He continued to rattle on with an unusual appearance of high spirits, hoping to keep down the gnawing canker at his heart. With his anger rose his love, and though he determined to punish Hero for sitting silent and, as he thought, sullen, never had she seemed so dear to him; and in the midst of the stories he was repeating, and the jokes he was retailing, he found opportunity to assure himself that he could not give her up, and that it was of no use trying.

All this while Hero was wondering what had wrought this change in his manner, and while her attention was diverted from the general conversation, a footstep outside made her heart stand still, the blood rush to her face, and every sense seem obscured until she heard herself saying, "Mr. Leo Despard, Sir Stephen Prescott!"

CHAPTER XIX.—WIDELY OPPOSED.

SIR STEPHEN excused himself from staying beyond a few minutes at Sharrows by saying he had only strolled out to have a cigar, and that finding himself at the gate, he thought he would ask Betsey to send Joe Bunce up to him the next day; the truth being that from the moment dinner was over he had done nothing but make and break resolutions.

He would have been ashamed to acknowledge to himself how many times he had turned back from Sharrows gate, trying to keep to his purpose of not seeing Hero that evening. He had petulantly said that he was behaving like some lover of eighteen, possessed by a first mad passion, which submits to everything but common sense and self-control, two things which told Sir Stephen it was best and wisest not to seek another immediate interview. But what was the strength of these elderly spinster virtues compared with the young giants, who made his eyes hunger, and his ears thirst, for a sound or a look from her, who suddenly seemed to have cast out every object in life, and to have taken sole and undisputed possession of him. He must go to her, he would ask for a further explanation—who was his rival, what were the circumstances of an engagement, which hope said was perhaps nothing but a form. He would tell her that, until he began to try and quench his love, he had never dreamed of the mastery it had gained over him; that with her his happiness must stand or fall; and then he would entreat her to be frank with him, and to tell him everything, and if aught but love of that other were the obstacle, nothing on earth should keep her from him. And these thoughts filling his heart, he walked swiftly on into her presence, and found himself face to face with Leo Despard. It needed but a glance at Hero to tell him who this new guest was; and, after that one look, he kept his gaze steadily

averted from her until he said good-bye; then the coldness of her hand irresistibly drew his eyes towards the poor little face, which, the hot colour having died away, looked like a faded flower, white and ashen.

"Leo Despard—Despard—Despard," and Sir Stephen repeated the name over and over to himself as he walked slowly and moodily along. "I have heard that name somewhere before, but I cannot think where," and he stopped, took his hat off, and stood straining his memory; but it would not serve him, until, when he had nearly reached home, and was thinking about something else, it suddenly flashed across him that it was the name of the late rector of Mallett. "He was called Despard, of course." He remembered now that, after his first visit, his mother asked him whether he had met any one of that name. Perhaps she meant this young man, and, anxious to hear something more of him, he turned his loitering pace into a quick walk, and soon reached home, where he ran up at once to the drawing-room, hoping to find his mother; but Mrs. Prescott had already retired, and he had to wait until her maid had left her, then he knocked at the door, and asked if she would admit him.

"Certainly; come in, my dear. I am only reading."

Sir Stephen sat down opposite to her, and after a few indifferent sentences, he said—

"By the way, mother, you once asked me if I had seen any one called Despard here. Who did you mean?"

The book in which Mrs. Prescott had been placing a mark fell out of her hand, and as she stooped down with unusual alacrity to pick it up, her son caught sight of her face.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Matter, my dear?"

"Yes, you looked as if something had given you pain."

"Oh, my head; it often does when I stoop."

"Then why do you stoop? I would have picked it up," and then he looked at her for an answer to the question he had asked.

"Oh, yes, the Despards. Well, Mr. Despard was an old friend of your uncle's, and I gave him the living of Mallett."

"Had he sons?"

"I don't know, I know nothing of them, except that, because he was your uncle's friend I gave him the living."

"But he has been dead for some years. He died when I was in Canada. I recollect it because I was so vexed to think that the living had not been given to Carr."

"It was much better to give it to the man who has it," said Mrs. Prescott decidedly.

"Well yes, according to your showing, it seemed, after he had done the duty with that prospect for so long, to be almost his right. Then who were these Despards you asked if I had met?"

"My dear Stephen, don't I tell you I know nothing of them? What makes you ask?"

"Simply because at Captain Carthew's I was introduced to a fine-looking, soldierly young man, called Despard; and, remembering that when I returned from Mallett you asked me if I had met any one so named, I considered you would probably know who he is. You could not have supposed I had seen an old man, who, you knew, had been dead for years; therefore, when you made the inquiry you had certainly some one in your mind."

"Some one in my mind!" repeated Mrs. Prescott. "Really, Stephen, I think it rather hard for me to be questioned and taken to task as if I was a child. I tell you," she continued, speaking with unnecessary emphasis, "that I know nothing of these people. How should I, pray?"

"I don't know; but surely, mother, there can be no possible reason why I, premising this young man to be the son of the late rector of Mallett, should not ask you if you can tell me whether such is the case. Really you appear to take it quite as an offence that you should be thought to know anything of the place, or the people."

Sir Stephen was not in a pleasant humour, and was ready to take umbrage at a thing he would, at another time, have passed over as his mother's odd way of taking things.

"Don't let us misunderstand each other, my dear," Mrs. Prescott said soothingly. "You know that I never intend to vex you."

"Perhaps not; but you have done so since we came here," and, bent upon relieving his feelings, he added, "Last evening I thought you anything but cordial to Miss Carthew, although I had told you how very kind they were to me."

Mrs. Prescott hesitated; what should she do? Tell her son her suspicions? No; for if he meant nothing serious by his attentions she might be putting it into his head; so she said—

"Well, Stephen, to be candid with you I was disappointed in Miss Carthew. In the first place, I expected to have found her far prettier than she is; and secondly, I had pictured a simple, timid, artless girl — an *ingenue* in fact."

"Well!"

"Well, my dear, I found a young lady quite able to hold her own and give her opinion, and not at all backward in doing so either."

"Why should she be?"

"Oh, I have nothing to say against her, only your taste was so utterly opposed to anything like hoydenism or fastness."

"So it is now, and there is not a trace of either in Miss Carthew. She is perfectly natural, simple, and unaffected, exactly what a woman ought to be."

"Indeed! I am rather old to have opinions thrust upon me in this way, Stephen. I should have considered, and, in spite of what you may think, I still do consider, myself quite equal to forming a correct opinion of my own sex, and I say that if you met Miss Carthew in any drawing-room she would be described as uneducated, inclined to be loud, and not in good style."

"Then the description would be utterly false."

"Ah, people see differently."

"They do indeed, but I am very sorry that you and I should find ourselves so widely opposed."

Mrs. Prescott saw that she had let her temper outrun her discretion. Altering her tone, she said—

"Surely, Stephen, I can speak to you as I speak to myself. You know me too well to suppose that I am going to make myself disagreeable to any friends of yours, for I suppose you and this young lady are only friends?" and she looked fixedly at her son.

Sir Stephen gave an off-hand kind of "Certainly," over which his mother rejoiced greatly, feeling confident that if he had any intention of making Hero his wife, he would not have treated the question in that way. She was softened at once, and going up to him she put her arms round him, saying—

"Let us have no more discussions of this kind. Perhaps I have been a little severe, and said more than I meant, but I will make amends for it, and you shall not again have cause to complain of my coldness towards Miss Carthew. Come, Stephen, you must not be vexed, I always tell you that you have to make the best of a foolish old mother."

But though Sir Stephen put his arm round her, he did not entirely relax, as was his wont under these circumstances.

"You look so pale, dear; what is the matter?" and she looked up at him with nervous anxiety.

"I told you something in my dinner, or the wine disagreed with me. I am bilious, I suppose. I have not been able to touch anything to day."

"Is that *all*?"

"All! and enough, surely. I do not know when I have felt so thoroughly out of sorts."

"You had best take a dose. *I* can give you——"

"Nothing, thank you. A dose of sleep will be my remedy, so good night."

"Good night, dear. You are quite sure nothing has worried you?"

"Quite. What could I have to worry me here?"

"Ah, my dear, don't think Pamphillon is the only place with troubles and anxieties attached to it. Annoyances will find you out here as well as there."

Sir Stephen only repeated his good night, walked off to his own room, about which he moved for some time, trying to master himself, and think of anything rather than the heavy burden which was lying close to his heart. Suddenly he flung himself into a chair, and resting his arms on the table, he buried his face in them, and sat there for a long time immovable. When at length he raised his head he was paler than before.

"It's the old story over again," he said. "I didn't think I should have taken it like this. I'm a greater fool than ever."

Somehow, the sight of Leo seemed to have crushed all the hopes he had before been entertaining. The first glance at his handsome face and soldier-like bearing filled him with the dreary certainty that such a man was safe to call forth love. He had pictured a young fellow similar to those whom he had lately been introduced to; but here was a rival of quite another kind. Then he began speculating how long this attachment had lasted. If he was the rector's son, most likely they had known each other from childhood, and he sighed hopelessly, feeling it would be utterly vain to cherish any illusions about setting aside the claims of such a suitor as Leo. Hero would naturally care for a good-looking, pleasant young fellow like him; and *he*, particularly if he had seen much of the world, how he must value her—worship her. Hero's fresh, unaffected gaiety gave her a peculiar charm in Sir Stephen's eyes, a charm which, unknown to himself, he admired now far more than if he had been ten years younger. His spirits seemed to rise to the level of hers, his heart grew light in the sunshine of her joyousness—she

seemed able to infuse into him that youth which his great disappointment had prematurely quenched. He saw that she was neither so clever, nor so beautiful, as many of the women he constantly met; but all she said and did seemed to find an echo within him, and was thus invested with an interest, which daily grew more and more necessary to his happiness.

That same night, after leaving Hero, Leo on his part underwent a tolerably sharp struggle with, in his case, that most formidable of all opponents, his own inclination. This prompted him to go the next day, and upbraid Hero with her coldness and ill-temper. But if he did this, there would be an end to all his plans and schemes; for, of course, after a quarrel would come the making up, and he would have to be more lover-like than ever. And then that fatal tempter, the temporising spirit, stepped in, and whispered a suggestion that he should defer all this until Wednesday, when, having met Mrs. Labouchere, he would be in a better position to judge how he should act. He might see that he had not the ghost of a chance, and then the matter would be settled, and he could indulge in quarrelling with and forgiving Hero to his heart's content. But suppose that chances seemed favourable, what then?

"I don't know that I could give her up," he sighed; and, after a pause, he added, "If I only thought of myself, I should let things stand as they are; but a man of honour is bound to think of the woman who loves him. Who knows, Sir Stephen might take a fancy to her, though I would not give much for his chance? His title and fortune would be nothing in Hero's eyes. Poor darling! she has seen too little of the world for that, and it is this makes it so difficult for me. Ten to one if she would believe I was sacrificing anything for her good."

His reflections finally ended in the decision to go to Dockmouth on the morrow, and so try for the present to avoid a *tête-à-tête*.

The next morning, therefore, Hero received a note from Leo, saying that he was going to Dockmouth on duty. He was obliged to start at once, and if Hero had any commissions for him, would she give them to the orderly, who would meet him on the Hard?

Hero experienced a momentary feeling of relief, that the explanation, which was to end in a general announcement of their engagement, must be deferred. Still, come it would, and the sooner it was over the better.

Poor Hero! it is hard to brood over sorrow—to sit casting it away one moment to hug it closer the next—to battle with it—to sink under it—but each is easier than when, with these very feelings combating for mastery, one stands, as it were, apart from self, and refuses to recognise the cause for struggle. The most bitter tears are sweet, compared with the efforts made to bring the smiles and mask the woe.

Happily for the avoidance of scrutiny, Betsey was up to her eyes in the business of preparation, and well pleased to find that Hero was so willing to lend her a helping hand in the various delicacies, which she was bent upon setting forth before the Combe ladies. To Hero's suggestion, that it might be advisable to get a few additions to the table from the pastry-cook's at Dockmouth, Betsey would not listen.

"Lor', don't 'ee let's have no cotch," she said; "they have enuf o' that sort o' trade up to London. When they gets a chance o' wholesome vittals, why, do 'ee let 'em have their fill o' it, poor souls."

"I hope it will keep fine," Hero said, looking anxiously at the sky; "I don't mind for the others, but it would be dreadful to have it wet with Mrs. Prescott and Mrs. Labouchere here."

"Why, they b'aint salt nor sugar, to melt under a drop o' rain, any more than other folks."

"No; only Mrs. Prescott seems so afraid of damp, and the gravel here gets so wet if it rains."

"Suppose it do; the place 'aint a church nor chapel neither, where you'm made to lave your pattens outside. Nonsense, my dear, nobody can't fly in the face o' Providence; and the whole blessed day that old bull o' Jackman's has bin a belving and the donkeys a hootin', and sooner or later they allays brings the rain."

CHAPTER XX.—AT MALLETT.

BETSEY'S unlucky auguries were doomed in this instance to be falsified, for never did a more lovely day dawn than the auspicious Wednesday which was to make the gentry of Mallett acquainted with their new neighbours. The pleasure at the fineness of the weather was but natural.

Hero had said, "If we can only be out, I hope all who can will come; for if we can entertain Mrs. Prescott and Mrs. Labouchere, we are sure to be able to amuse ourselves."

Of this no one had any doubt, and armed with this certainty, the guests began to arrive, and were received by Hero, whose smiling

face betrayed nothing of her heavy heart; its heaviness, for the time, considerably lightened by the unusual excitement, which made her eyes sparkle, and her colour brighter than usual. She looked very pretty, standing in her fresh muslin dress, with a background of the thick fuchsias, hydrangeas, and dark-leaved myrtles, with which the front of the house was adorned.

The Combe party had not yet made their appearance, and, in consequence, the other guests, instead of wandering off, remained grouped near, that they might be duly presented. Each approaching footstep down the gravel walk caused a little stir, but at length the sound of wheels was heard—the sound suddenly stopped, all doubt was at an end; they were coming. A silence fell upon those around, and in a few minutes their anxiety was relieved by seeing Sir Stephen, with his mother on his arm, and his cousin at her side. Then a soft buzz went round, the unmistakable meaning of which caused Mrs. Prescott's face to flush, and a pleased expression to come into her eyes; and, remembering her promise to her son, she returned Hero's greeting so warmly, and the Captain's so cordially, that any lurking distrust as to whether they should like her died out, and the admiration was universal. Mrs. Prescott confessed afterwards that Miss Carthew showed to great advantage in her own house; and certainly Hero was possessed of that true basis of good breeding, the desire to forget everything but the comfort and amusement of those she had gathered around her. Aided by Sir Stephen, she so dexterously managed to introduce Mrs. Prescott to most of the people present, that instead of being fatigued or bored, as the good lady had prognosticated, she was quite amused, and in good spirits. In truth, she found it rather pleasant to be the centre of so much homage, springing, as it evidently did, from admiration of everything which belonged to Sir Stephen. Mrs. Labouchere inspired far more awe, and, do all she could, Hero found it impossible to get any one to talk to her freely and unconstrainedly. Her stately beauty and magnificence completely overwhelmed the youth of Mallett; and Leo, upon whom Hero had placed her greatest dependence, had not yet arrived. Egged on by Hero, Jervis Randal had plucked up courage enough to ask, would Mrs. Labouchere like a little scramble over the rocks? But Mrs. Labouchere, with her sweetest smile, had said she thought not, it was so very pleasant sitting where she was; and then, as he stood near, wondering what he had best say next, she begged he would not allow her to detain him, as she found sufficient amusement in watching the others. Whereupon he bounded off like a cricket-ball, and as suddenly stopped to consider whether he had done the right thing. Perhaps he had best go back, and offer some other attention; but while he debated in what form this should be, he caught sight of Leo Despard coming down the path, and with a feeling of relief, that the question of who should entertain Mrs. Labouchere was now decided, he hastened on to join Alice, who had until now discreetly attached herself to a party of four. The Captain was attending to some of the indoor arrangements, Sir Stephen had gone to get Miss Batt some tea; so that, beside the group surrounding Mrs. Prescott, there was only Mrs. Labouchere sitting a little apart with Hero, who was trying to interest her by pointing out the different headlands.

"Here is another friend," Hero said, as an excuse for leaving her; and she walked towards the gate, and, after listening to Leo's apologies for being so late, she took him up, and said, "Mrs. Prescott, will you allow me to introduce Mr. Despard to you?"

Mrs. Prescott bent in acknowledgment. Leo murmured something about the great pleasure it gave him, and the next minute Mrs. Grant was saying in a whisper—

"Our late rector's adopted son—really his nephew."

"His nephew!" echoed Mrs. Prescott, with a cough, which brought Mr. Jamieson stumping up to inquire if he should bring a glass of water.

"Oh dear, no—nothing but a tickling;" and she looked at Mrs. Grant for her answer.

"Well, there's some little mystery about him; and old Miss Despard (the rector's sister, only she wasn't well enough to come to-day) never likes to speak of the matter. I fancy he was the son of some one who was not a credit to the family."

"It is not known, then, who his father was?" Mrs. Prescott said, looking towards Leo, now standing in front of Katherine.

"Well, not positively. I *believe* it was a brother, but the old gentleman never alluded to the mother;" and a significant shake of the head conveyed Mrs. Grant's suspicions.

"He is a fine-looking young man."

"Very." And here Hero's approach caused the *tête-à-tête* to cease.

"I hope," she said, "that Mr. Despard will persuade Mrs. Labouchere to have a stroll. I left him assuring her that the paths are perfectly easy, and he trustworthy."



"THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON.

Page 409.

"Ah! he won't tempt her."

"I don't know; see, she is getting up."

"So she is! Why, Katie, dear, you are never going to venture on the Sands?"

"I am just going a little way, aunt," and Mrs. Labouchere began laughing.

"What are you laughing at, dear?" asked Mrs. Prescott, who felt as if a sudden weight had been lifted off her, and that she could join in any one's mirth.

"Mr. Despard is offering to carry me over the rough places. I tell him he volunteers for rather a heavy burden."

Leo of course protested against this assertion, and slowly the two began to descend.

"Now, you must not be in a hurry," he



Page 40.

said, as, gaining confidence, she grew more independent. "Stay one moment, or," he added, as he freed her light dress from a sharp angle, "your dress will suffer, and I should not easily forgive myself."

"I ought to have worn something thicker. I see that this one is not quite appropriate."

"I only see that it is very charming," Leo answered, "and that the young ladies ought to be very much obliged to you."

"Why?"

"Because it may improve their taste a little. It is high treason, you know, here, to say one word against Mallett or Mallett people; but did you ever see such a gathering in your lifetime?" and he pointed to the various groups below.

Mrs. Labouchere could not refrain from laughter. Certainly they were not exactly the every-day guests she was in the habit of

meeting; added to which, she was somewhat weary of listening to the praises of everything and everybody connected with Mallett with which Sir Stephen had rather overdosed her. To Katherine's disappointment, the sudden accession of intimacy between them, on the day when Captain Carthew dined at Combe, had not been followed by any other result than the most cousinly intercourse; and she did not find herself in a humour to take quite such a rose-coloured view of Mallett as she had then done.

"You do not live here, I suppose?" she asked.

"Thank heaven! no. I had a dear old uncle, who was rector of the place, and brought me up; so that I spent my boyhood here, and now I am superintending the buildings of those Forts close to Combe. I don't know if you have noticed them."

"Yes, we have driven past them every day; but I have not seen you there."

"No, I have only just come back from Dunross. I have been shooting there with Lord Skipwith."

"You must find it very dull here," Mrs. Labouchere said, after a pause. "How do you get through your time?"

"Well, really I can hardly tell you."

"Perhaps you admire Miss Carthew. My cousin says she is very attractive. I suppose that is when you know her. Do you think her pretty?"

Leo hesitated for an instant.

"Yes," he said, "I do think her pretty; but she wants style."

"That is just what my aunt and I said; but my cousin insisted that she had a style of her own—which she certainly has." And the tone in which she said this put a stop to any praise Leo had thought of bestowing.

"Sir Stephen Prescott seems an enthusiastic admirer of Miss Carthew," Leo said, laughing to cover his slight confusion.

"I do not know that he is quite that; but he thinks her simple and unaffected."

"Indeed!"

"Why, don't you?"

And Katherine looked up rather sharply as she asked the question.

"I? Well, really, I never considered the question—perhaps because I care very little for nature unadorned."

Leo felt that he was sinking deeper with every word; but, in conversation the pathway of small deceits had become so familiar to him, that he slided down it without much self-reproach, and any slight sting he now felt arose soley from Hero's close proximity. He tried to draw Mrs. Labouchere from the subject, by asking her if she knew various people, to whom he had lately been introduced; but, after answering his questions, Katherine returned to the subject which she had at heart—the determination to find out all she could about Hero.

"Miss Carthew is by far the prettiest girl I have seen here," she said. "I suppose she has a great many admirers?"

"There are very few men here to admire her," said Leo.

"Is she engaged to anybody?"

"Really, you must not ask me," he answered, laughing. "I have not been taken into her confidence."

"But in a place like this, where everybody knows everybody else's business, you would be sure to hear whether she is or not?"

"No, I have never heard it spoken of."

"Then we may conclude that it is not the case."

"Yes, I think we may. Sir Stephen may safely continue his eulogiums on her simplicity."

In spite of himself, Leo said this with a sneer—a sneer which made Katherine give a little laugh as she said—

"I fear I have aroused your jealousy, Mr. Despard."

"My jealousy, Mrs. Labouchere!—how? What makes you say that?" And he felt his face was betraying his vexation.

"Unless casual remarks give pain or pleasure, they are seldom remembered. But you need not try and defend yourself," she added playfully, "for I could excuse the falling in love with one's own shadow here. That is the mischief of these places; they dispose one towards sentiment, and afford no eligible object on which to bestow it. That, of course, does not apply to Miss Carthew."

Leo made a poor attempt at seeming to be amused.

"I see you are bent upon teazing," he said. "Well, as long as it amuses you it amuses me."

"Thanks," said Katherine, with a smile at the hit she had unsuspectingly made, for in her own mind she felt convinced, that unless she had gone pretty near the truth, Leo would not have been so anxious to assure her that she was mistaken. She was not nearly so easy as she had been about Sir Stephen. His manner of speaking about Hero did not please her, and she saw that during his former stay he had evidently made himself very much at home. In another man this might stand for little; but in Stephen it

meant a great deal, as, unless he cared very much for people, he never broke through a certain air of reserve, which had been a barrier to his forming quick friendships.

"My cousin seems to have made a very favourable impression here," Mrs. Labouchere said, after she and Leo had been chatting together on various subjects.

"Yes, I found him the universal topic of conversation. I daresay he pays rather heavily for his popularity. These sort of people must bore him terribly."

"Oh, dear, no! On the contrary, he admires them immensely, and threatens to settle here altogether."

"But I thought he had another place much larger—Pamphillon?"

"So he has, but he does not care for it. He says he much prefers his tenantry here, they suit his tastes better."

"Ah! more simple and unaffected."

Mrs. Labouchere nodded her head.

"I see you cannot forget or forgive that," she said. "I must warn my cousin that he has a rival."

"He has a great many, I fear."

And Leo directed a look towards her which made her say—

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing—only a little bird at Dunross whispered all manners of secrets about a certain cruel lady who said No to a certain poor gentleman, who let concealment——"

"You are speaking enigmas," Katherine said coldly.

Though she did not intend Leo to see it, she was none the less pleased, that Sir Stephen should still be thought a disappointed lover; and, as the reward of imparting pleasant news is a certain connection with the pleasure, Mrs. Labouchere said, with a favourable disposition towards Leo—

"I think it is time for us to return to the house. I have quite enjoyed our quiet stroll."

And when they reached the top, Katherine, after saying a few words to Mrs. Prescott, asked—

"Has Mr. Despard been introduced to you, aunt?"

"Yes; Miss Carthew kindly made us known to each other by name," Mrs. Prescott answered; and then, knowing what was expected by this question, she added, "I hope Mr. Despard will allow me an opportunity of extending our acquaintanceship. My son will be very pleased to see you at Combe. Stephen," she called, as she caught sight of Sir Stephen hovering about in Hero's vicinity, "I have been telling Mr. Despard that we shall be very pleased to see him."

"I hope that Mr. Despard will avail himself of your invitation, mother. Miss Carthew has promised to come to-morrow," he added, slightly lowering his voice. "Perhaps you will come with her."

Leo did not remove his eyes from Mrs. Prescott, but he wondered greatly whether Hero had betrayed him. He repeated his thanks for their kindness, and said, that if he could be of any use to Miss Carthew, and if she would accept him as an escort, he was at her service; and then, finding that Mrs. Labouchere wished to sit near her aunt, he found her a chair, and left Sir Stephen free to wander off to his unsatisfactory occupation of dogging Hero's steps, and hanging about any place she was nearest to.

"You'm looking at Miss Hero, Sir Stephen," said Betsey, who had come up from behind him, unobserved; "and no wonder, neither. I dessay you'll doubt whether I speaks the truth, when I says that not a bite nor sup hasn't passed her lips the whole o' this blessed day, and as for sitting still a moment, you might so well ask it from anybody with the St. Vitus' dance. Her'll be laid up, that'll be the end o' it; I told the Cap'en so to-day. But lor'! men never sees nothin' till it comes to pass, and then it's, 'Who'd a thought it?' Do 'ee think that you could tempt her, sir, with anythink?" she added, after a pause; "'tis o' no use my speakin'."

"I'll try, Betsey."

"If her'd only take a drink o' tea 'twould be somethin' in her inside," Betsey said lugubriously; and so urged, Sir Stephen went over to where Hero stood talking to Mrs. Jamieson.

"Miss Carthew," he said, "will you grant me a favour?"

"If I can I will."

"Then drink a cup of tea which Betsey has for you in the next room."

"Yes, do, my dear," said Mrs. Jamieson. "Go now, like a good girl. I know what it is when one has friends—self is the last one attended to; and, as my dear old father used to say, Sir Stephen, 'An empty sack can't stand.' He had been brought up in the country, and he never forgot his early days. Dear me! I often think of his funny sayings."

"I will leave you to take my place then," said Hero.

"Oh, no! I must see that you fulfil your promise. Mrs. Jamieson will excuse me, I am sure."

"My dear, don't you stop here on my account. You go with Hero, and see she takes something to eat with her tea—or else," she added, with a significant nod, "we shall think a certain gentleman has taken away her appetite."

"I recognise who Mr. Despard is, Hero," Sir Stephen said as they moved away. "You can never guess how all my hopes vanished at sight of him. Ah! he little thinks how I envy him."

"Now, whoever have you got call to envy, Sir Stephen?" exclaimed Betsey, whose quick ears had caught Sir Stephen's last remark.

"I was envying Mr. Despard, Betsey," he answered, taking the tea from her to give to Hero, who had sunk down wearily on a chair near.

"Then you needn't for to, I'm sure. As I often says, 'tis a thousand pities folks can't be turned inside out, then they'd be know'd at their proper valley. Not that I want to say anythink agin Mr. Despard—far from it," she added, glancing down at Hero; "for I've know'd un since he was a boy, and he comes nat'ral to me. But handsome is as handsome does, Sir Stephen, and Brag's a very good dog, as the sayin' is, but Holdfast's a better."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Leo himself, who came to say that Mrs. Prescott thought it would not be prudent for her to stay longer; and," he continued, "as I have to go up to the Forts, Mrs. Prescott has very kindly offered to take me through the park. I am sure you will be glad to be quiet," he said, bending over Hero's chair. "You are looking more tired than I ever saw you. Promise me to take some rest."

But Sir Stephen could not endure to listen to another word. The under inflection of Leo's voice seemed like pouring oil on the fire of his jealousy, and he walked away.

"My poor darling," Leo began, seeing they were out of hearing; but Hero checked whatever sympathy he intended to offer by saying, as she looked at him with a face pale and resolute—

"Leo, I want to speak to you very particularly; I have not had an opportunity before, but to-night you will be disengaged. Come here after you have left the Fort, and I will walk down to the beach with you."

"Certainly; but I may be rather late."

"Never mind if you are; I shall wait for you."

"Very well."

And so they parted, Leo filled with conjecture not unmixed with dread, lest it should be to say she wished to give him up. Forgetting all his own resolves, and recently planned schemes, he tried to reassure himself by saying—

"It cannot be *that*—impossible! Hero is not the girl to break a man's heart, and she knows how I love her."

When the carriage reached the gate at which Leo was to descend, Sir Stephen got down also, saying he would walk up to the Forts with him.

"Will you be detained here long?" he asked.

"No, I shall not be ten minutes."

"Then if you are going home, I will walk back with you. I want a cigar."

Leo hesitated.

"Well," he said, "I am not going straight home. Some of those dissipated people at Sharrows made me promise to make one of a moonlight party for the Sands."

"In that case, good night."

"Good night," Leo said. "I am sorry that we cannot have a stroll together. I feel much more inclined for that, and to go quietly off to bed, than anything else; but I could not well refuse."

"Oh, of course not;" and Sir Stephen had hard work to get his voice to sound as it sounded before,—"then I shall walk back at once."

Instead of which, an hour later found him within sight of Sharrows, and there he remained until two figures slowly descended towards the Sands below. He watched them until they were out of sight, and then turned away with a gloomy face and heavy heart; for the two were Hero and Leo Despard, and they were alone.

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.

By W. B. CARPENTER, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., President of the British Association.

PART I.—ITS METHOD (*continued*).

THE analysis of Light by means of the prism, commenced by Newton two centuries ago, and continued by Wollaston, Fraunhofer, Brewster, Fox Talbot, Wheatstone, Stokes, and others, during the first half of the present century, had given the following results:—

1. The *de*composition of a beam of white Solar light into a series of rays, which, being separated from each other in virtue of their different degrees of refrangibility, form an elongated Spectrum: which not only exhibits the "colours of the rainbow" in regular luminous succession, from red below to violet above; but has its *heating* power almost exclusively limited to its red end, extending also over a dark space beneath it; whilst its *chemical* power is limited in like manner to the violet end, and to a non-luminous extension above it.

2. The *re*composition, or putting together of these scattered rays of the spectrum into a beam of white light, by causing them to pass through the prism in the opposite direction.

3. The determination of the fact that the different refrangibilities of the rays are connected with the different *lengths* and *rates* of the undulations by which they are propagated: the *heat* rays, which are the least refrangible, having the longest and the slowest waves; whilst the lengths of the waves of the *chemical* rays are only about half, and their rates about double, of those of the heat rays—the lengths and rates of the *coloured* rays being intermediate.

4. The discovery by Wollaston that the Solar spectrum is crossed by *dark lines*;—a discovery greatly extended by Fraunhofer, who mapped no fewer than 576 of these lines by careful measurement (Fig. 3), distinguishing eight of the most conspicuous among them by the letters A—H (Fig. 4, 1).

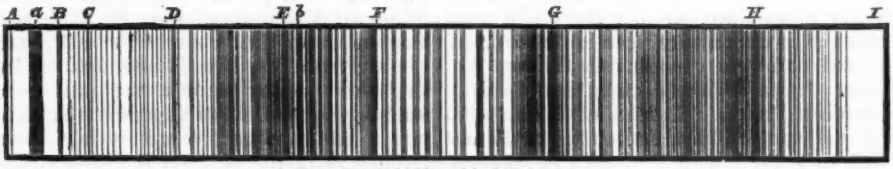


Fig. 3. Fraunhofer Lines of the Solar Spectrum.

5. The discovery by Fox Talbot, that flames coloured by substances which can be raised into vapour by the heat of ordinary combustion, give spectra showing peculiar *bright* lines crossing their coloured bands: and the parallel discovery by Wheatstone, that the spectra of Metals which cannot be volatilised by an ordinary flame, but can be converted into luminous vapour by the electric discharge, consist of distinct bands, showing different colours, and having different positions in relation to the ordinary continuous spectrum. Both these eminent physicists distinctly indicated the use that might be made of this method of "optical analysis," in the recognition of Chemical Elements,—Wheatstone characterizing it as *a more ready means* of discriminating them than any other; while Fox Talbot laid special stress on the *extreme minuteness* of the quantities that can be thus distinguished.

6. To these should be added Brewster's discovery, that certain Gases and Vapours have the power of *absorbing* particular rays of the light transmitted through them; so that the spectrum of such light shows special *dark* bands and lines, not visible in the ordinary solar spectrum. This was noticed by

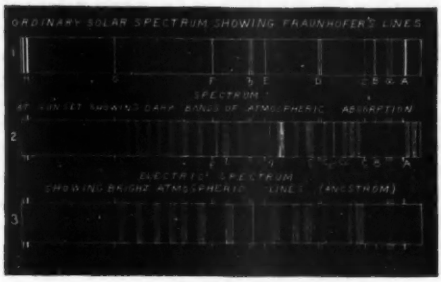


Fig. 4.

Brewster in regard to the Atmosphere as far back as 1833; his determination of the dark lines that are due to atmospheric absorption being made by comparing the dark lines seen in the spectrum of the sun when near the horizon, with those which are given by its light when high in the heavens—the solar

rays having to pass through a much greater extent of the earth's atmosphere in the former case than they have in the latter. In Fig. 4, 2, are shown the chief of the *dark* atmospheric lines, as compared with the chief of the proper solar lines, and also with the *bright* lines seen in the spectrum of the "Electric arc," when it is formed in Air; these last being due to the intense heating of the Oxygen and Nitrogen always intervening between the carbon-points, unless the arc is formed *in vacuo*. The red gas commonly known as Peroxide of Nitrogen, was found by Brewster to be specially remarkable for the absorption-bands that are shown in the spectrum of the light which has passed through it.—These observations, like Fraunhofer's, will be presently shown to have an importance never dreamed of by the distinguished philosopher who made them.

In the investigations made by Fox Talbot and his successors, on the spectra of the Alkaline Metals and other substances capable of being easily volatilised, the results were obtained by introducing the substance to be examined into a flame having a luminosity of its own; so that the bright lines which it produced were seen on a *luminous* ground, and were consequently far from distinct. It was by the distinguished German Chemist, Professor Bunsen of Heidelberg, and the eminent Physicist, Professor Kirchhoff, that the method of viewing upon a *dark* ground, the *bright* lines characteristic of Metals and other substances raised by heat into the gaseous condition, was devised; and this great improvement may be considered as having at once given to Spectrum Analysis the very highest rank as a means of research. **No more elaborate contrivance is required for this purpose, than the use of a non-luminous but very hot flame; that of a Bunsen gas-burner (in which, by mixing coal-gas with air before it enters the burner, a very powerful Heat is obtained, with scarcely any Light) being the best; while that of undiluted Alcohol is the next best. By introducing into either of these flames a minute portion of the substance to be examined, upon a loop of platinum wire,** its characteristic bright lines are immediately seen, while the continuous spectrum of the lamp-flame is so faint as to be scarcely discernible. The bright lines thus produced by the compounds of Potash, Soda, Lime, and Barytes are shown in Fig. 7 (p. 417), as well as they can be without colour; and it is seen that the two *bright* red lines in the Potassium-spectrum correspond in position to the two *dark* lines A and B in the red portion of the Solar spectrum; while the *bright* yellow line of the Sodium spectrum has the like correspondence with the *dark* line D in its yellow portion.—The significance of these and other facts of the like kind, in the interpretation of the meaning of the Fraunhofer lines, will be presently apparent.

The fundamental principle of the construction of the instrument, now termed a Spectroscope, by which these lines are examined and their positions determined, is extremely simple. A prism of dense flint-glass having a high dispersive power, or a hollow prism of glass filled with bisulphide of carbon, is set upright on the top of a pillar carrying three arms, as shown in Fig. 5 (p. 416). The arm on the side opposite to the observer carries a tube which has its extremity closed by a shutter containing a very fine slit, the breadth of which can be very exactly regulated by a fine micrometer-screw; while, at the end nearer the prism, is a convex lens, which serves to collect the rays issuing from the slit, and to render them parallel before they fall on the prism. The substance to be examined is introduced into the flame of a Bunsen-burner just outside the slit; and the ray from it which is admitted by the slit, after passing through the prism, and suffering dispersion by its agency, is received into a telescope of low magnifying power, through which the observer is represented as looking. Only a portion of the spectrum can be seen at a time; but the arm which carries the telescope has a horizontal motion round the pillar, so as to be adjustible to any part of the spectrum; and as the circle round which it moves is divided into degrees, &c., the angular distance between the different lines successively brought into the centre of the field of the telescope can be very exactly measured. Another method of measurement is the placing in a third tube, which here projects towards the front, a graduated scale photographed on glass: a candle being placed in front of this, an image of the scale formed by a lens within the tube is thrown upon the prism, in such a position as to be reflected into the telescope of the observer; who sees the scale projected brightly on the background, and can thus read off the position of each of the lines by which he sees the faint spectrum to be traversed.

If very exact observations are required, two or more prisms are used, so as to lengthen the spectrum by repeated disper-

sions, as shown in Fig. 6 (p. 416). In this manner, not only are the lines more widely separated from each other, but many of those which with a single-prism spectroscope appear as single lines, are found resolvable into two or more. This is notably the case with the bright-yellow Sodium-line. Mr. Lockyer employs, in his study of the wonderful Solar phenomena to be presently described, a Spectroscope of this kind in which *fourteen* prisms are thus combined. In Solar observations it does not answer to use hollow prisms filled with liquid bisulphide of carbon; since the great heating power of its rays produces currents in the liquid, which impair the performance of the prisms. But such prisms may be very advantageously used (on account of their high dispersive power) in observations on other spectra containing but a smaller proportion of Heat-rays.

PART II.—ITS RESULTS.

A few examples will be given in the first place, to show the extraordinary value of this new and very simple method of visually recognising the presence of *elementary substances*, in amounts so minute as almost to surpass belief; so that the Spectroscope has now become as necessary an instrument as the balance, in the laboratory of the Chemist.

Of all substances yet examined, there is none that is more universally diffused, or that can be more readily detected, than *Sodium*. Even in the luminous spectrum used by Professor Swan, it was shown that the bright yellow soda-line could be distinguished, when the quantity of that substance raised into vapour was no more than 1-2,500,000th of a grain; and when it was projected by Bunsen and Kirchhoff upon a dark background, they found it possible to distinguish by its presence a quantity so minute as 1-180,000,000th of a grain. "The chemist," as they justly observe, "possesses no reaction which will in the slightest degree bear comparison with the determination of the presence of Sodium by Spectrum analysis." It is difficult, in fact, to project any spectrum, in which a faint Sodium-line does not show itself. For the dust that is constantly floating in our atmosphere, and forms the motes in a sunbeam, almost always contains sodium; so that if a dusty book (for example) be struck, or a coat be beaten, at some feet from the flame, the bright yellow sodium-line immediately flashes out. Even a platinum wire from which every particle of sodium has been driven off by heating it in the flame, will again show the sodium reaction after being laid by for a few minutes without touching anything, in consequence of the settling-down of dust upon it; and will also exhibit it after being once drawn between the fingers or through the mouth, showing that the cutaneous perspiration and the saliva contain soda-salts.—The cause of this universal presence of Soda in the Atmosphere at once becomes obvious, when we consider that two-thirds of the surface of the globe are covered with salt-water; that every wind which traverses the surface of the ocean, carries up a film of that surface in the form of fine spray; and that while the watery vapour is held in solution by the air, the particles of salt it contains will be diffused through the atmosphere, and will be carried by its circulation over every part of the surface of the land. The presence of Soda in the air of the neighbourhood of the Sea has long been suspected; for there are land plants which require so large an amount of it, that they will only grow within a limited distance of the shore; whilst, on the other hand, there are others which will not grow near the sea, the presence of soda in the air to any considerable amount being injurious to them. But it is only by Spectrum-analysis, that its universal diffusion through the Atmosphere, even in the interior of continents and on high mountain-tops, is capable of being demonstrated.

Another interesting result that was early obtained by the use of this new method of research, was the general diffusion of the alkaline earth termed *Lithia*. This had previously been known to exist in only four minerals; and a demand having sprung up for it, in consequence of the valuable results obtained from its use in the treatment of gout, this limitation of the supply rendered it very costly. Now a very minute quantity of this earth, when introduced by itself into a non-luminous flame, at once imparts to it a brilliant red; but as it is always naturally found mixed with soda and other substances which are present in much larger quantity, the stronger colour which they give to the flame masks the red of the Lithia. When, however, a minute portion of any such mixture is introduced into the flame of the spectroscope, the presence of lithia is at once revealed by a bright line in the red portion of the spectrum, whilst the presence of soda is recognised with equal certainty by its bright yellow line, and that of any other substance by its own line or combination of lines. And thus it has been found that, in virtue (as it would seem) of the great

solubility of its compounds, Lithia, though seldom occurring in large quantities, is one of the most widely distributed of all substances. It is present in sea-water, and in that of most springs (a single spring in a Cornish mine having been found to pour it forth at the rate of 800 pounds of chloride of lithium every twenty-four hours); and being taken up by Plants from the water of the soil, it passes from them into the bodies of Animals. Thus, it is found in bread; in almost all fruits and vegetables; and in wine and beer. So, too, if the end of a cigar be held in the spectroscope flame, the presence of lithia is at once indicated by its characteristic red line. The flesh, blood, and other fluids of animals will contain it; and the rapidity with which it is absorbed and diffused through them has been experimentally shown to be such, that within ten minutes after a solution of lithia had been injected beneath the skin of a guinea-pig, it was found in every texture and fluid of the body, except the crystalline lens of the eye, which is not penetrated by blood-vessels; while in a few minutes more, it had penetrated even *its* substance. The experiments of Bunsen and Kirchhoff have shown that as little as 1-6,000,000th of a grain of Lithia can be detected with certainty by spectrum analysis. It is, moreover, a fact of great interest, that lithia has been thus detected in Meteoric stones; so that we may safely presume upon its extensive diffusion, as one of the materials, not only of the Earth and its inhabitants, but of all the bodies composing the Solar system.

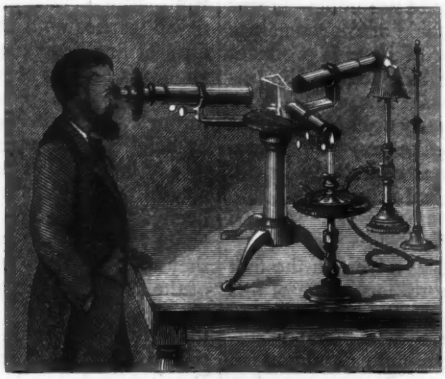


Fig. 5. Single-Prism Spectroscope.

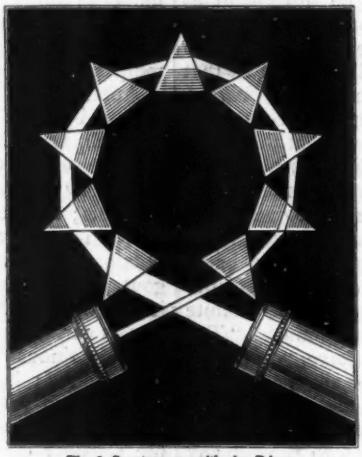


Fig. 6. Spectroscope with nine Prisms.

But, further, it was soon found by Professor Bunsen, that when certain Mineral Waters of Germany were submitted to Spectroscopic analysis, bright lines were seen in their spectra, which were not referrible to any known substance; and following up this indication, he evaporated the enormous quantity of forty-four tons of these waters, and then, by the application of his great chemical skill, he separated from the solid residue all known elementary substances. About two hundred grains remained behind; and by the careful examination of this further residue, he found it to consist of the salts of two new Alkalies, to the metallic bases of which he gave the names of *Cæsium* and *Rubidium*. Both of these closely resemble Potassium in chemical properties; and, like it, they communicate a violet colour to flame. There is also a certain analogy in their spectra; but the special character of each is very distinctive. Rubidium indicates its presence by two splendid deep red lines, which lie nearer the red end of the spectrum (that is, are produced by light of less refrangibility) than the potassium red line; whilst it also gives two lines at the violet end of the spectrum, by which it can be distinguished with certainty, even in very minute quantities. Cæsium is specially characterized by two blue lines, not far from each other, which are remarkable for their brilliancy and sharpness of definition. Rubidium seems to be almost as widely diffused as Lithium; having been found not only in various minerals and mineral waters, but also in beet-root, tobacco, tea, coffee, and cocoa.

Soon after the announcement of the discovery of these new metals, a similar clue was followed up with like success by Mr.

Crookes; who was struck with the presence of a peculiar bright green line in the spectrum produced by a certain mineral used in the manufacture of sulphuric acid at Tilkerode, in the Hartz. He soon perceived that this green line indicated the existence of a new substance; and having separated it out by chemical means, he found it to be a metal resembling Lead in weight and in many of its properties, but resembling in its ready volatilisability the light metallic bases of the Alkalies. This metal, when introduced into a non-luminous flame, was found to give it an exquisite green tint; and Mr. Crookes accordingly gave it the name *Thallium*, from *thallus*, a term used in

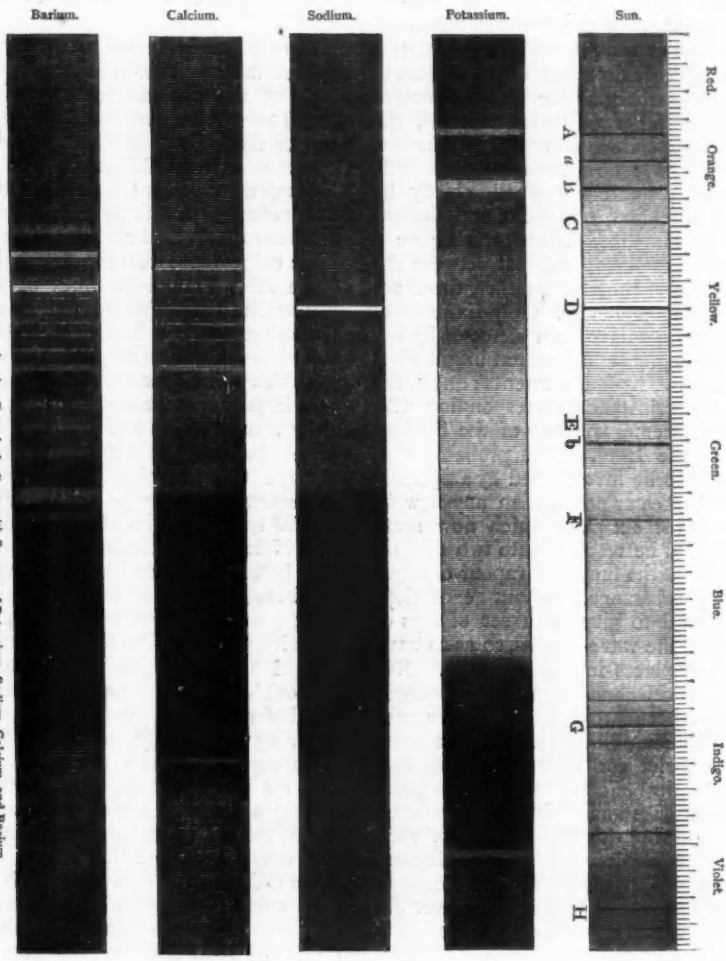


Fig. 7. Continuous Solar Spectrum, showing Fraunhofer-lines, with Spectra of Potassium, Sodium, Calcium, and Barium.

Botany to distinguish a green expansion.—A French chemist, M. Lamy, made the same discovery almost contemporaneously with Mr. Crookes; finding thallium in large quantities in certain varieties of iron pyrites, the mineral from which nearly all our sulphuric acid is now made. The crystals of its salts are very beautiful objects under a Polarising Microscope.

Another new metal was thus discovered in 1864 by Professors Reich and Richter, of the celebrated mining school of Presburg; who detected in the spectrum of certain zinc ores two indigo-coloured lines, one in the blue and the other in the violet portion of the spectrum; and these were found to be due to the presence of a silver-white metal about seven and a half times as heavy as water.

This metal, *Indium*, has as yet been only found in very small quantities.

This method, however, has its limits: for a considerable proportion of the ordinary Metals cannot be thus raised into vapour by the flame of the Bunsen-burner, requiring the much higher temperature of the Electric arc to volatilise them; and the quantity of gold, silver, copper, zinc, iron, or arsenic, which is required to produce the characteristic spectrum of each when thus treated, is many times larger than that which suffices to indicate the presence of the Alkaline metals.

By one or other of these methods, the spectra characteristic of nearly all known solid bodies have now been most carefully studied and accurately mapped, chiefly by Professors Kirchhoff, Angström, and Thalen, and by Dr. Huggins. Most metals give a great number of lines; and yet between the lines of one and those of another, there are scarcely any coincidences. Only six cases of such coincidences have been detected by Dr. Huggins among several hundred bright lines produced by twenty-four elements; one of the Zinc lines, for instance, corresponding with one of the Arsenic, and one of the Sodium with one of the Lead. It is probable that if these were to be investigated by a Spectroscope of still greater power than any now in use, each of the six pairs which now seem identical would be resolved into two distinct lines; and that the luminous vapour of every Elementary substance, without exception, would be found to give off a set of rays of fixed and definite wave-lengths, so as to have their distinct places in the spectrum. Not only has each substance its peculiar *luminous* rays:—a like peculiarity exists in those rays of very high refrangibility, which are projected beyond the violet end of the spectrum, and produce Chemical effects. The bands peculiar to each substance may be rendered visible by throwing this dark portion of their spectrum upon a piece of paper moistened with a solution of quinine, the "fluorescence" of which will cause it to shine wherever the chemical rays fall upon it; and they may also be made to imprint themselves on photographic paper, in virtue of their chemical action upon it. The non-luminous rays proceeding from the combustion of iron, aluminium, and magnesium, or from electric sparks given off from poles composed of these metals, are so numerous and highly refrangible, as to form distinct bands at a distance beyond the violet ray which is equal to ten times the whole length of the *visible* spectrum, from the violet to the red.

It is also by passing the electric discharge through Gases—oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, &c.—that their characteristic spectra have been ascertained, and the remarkable fact determined that these spectra in many instances vary considerably according to the *pressure* to which the gas is subjected at the time. This fact will be shown to have a most important application in Solar Chemistry.

We now reach the last of those great discoveries in Spectrum Analysis, by means of which its use was extended from the study of the Terrestrial elements, to that of the components not only of the Sun, but of the remotest bodies in the Celestial universe; and by which not merely their composition, but the incessant changes of which they are the subjects, have been discovered and exactly measured.

The coincidence in place between certain of the *dark* Fraunhofer lines of the Solar spectrum, and the *bright* lines given by certain chemical substances, had been noticed, and speculations had been formed as to the meaning of this coincidence, when Kirchhoff took up the inquiry systematically in 1859. This he did by arranging his Spectroscope in such a manner, that one half of the field of view of its telescope was occupied by the *natural* or Solar spectrum, and the other half by the *artificial* spectrum which he wished to compare with it; so that the *bright* lines contained in the latter were thus placed alongside the *dark* Fraunhofer lines of the former, both having passed through the same prism, the dispersive power of which would act on both alike. Now having in this manner compared the double Sodium line with the double Fraunhofer line D, when the two spectra were lying side by side, and having found that they occupied precisely the same place, he threw the one spectrum *upon* the other, by bringing a flame coloured with sodium in front of the slit, which had been narrowed to admit only a moderate quantity of sunlight; and he then saw the dark lines D change into bright ones. But when he allowed the full sunlight to shine through the sodium flame, so that the solar spectrum overpowered that of the metal, the lines appeared intensely dark. He then substituted for sunlight the Oxyhydrogen or lime-light, which gives a continuous spectrum having no dark lines; and when its beam was made to pass through a flame coloured yellow by common salt, *dark* lines were seen in its spectrum, having the precise position of the Sodium lines, and exactly resembling the Fraunhofer lines of the Solar spectrum.

Hence Kirchhoff concluded that the Sodium flame—that is, the incandescent vapour of sodium—*absorbs* rays of the same degree of refrangibility as those which it *emits;* so that it filters out these rays (so to speak) from any luminous beam containing them which is projected through it, and thus leaves deficiencies or dark bands showing the absence of those rays, in what would otherwise be a continuous spectrum. And he was hence naturally led to the inference that the same would hold good of *all* gases and vapours raised to the state of incandescence or luminous glow; the spectrum of any such gas or vapour, consisting of bright lines upon a dark ground, being *reversed*, or showing itself as a series of dark lines upon a bright ground, when light of a sufficient degree of intensity, giving a continuous spectrum, is passed through it.

This inference has been confirmed by the reversal of the spectra of so many substances capable of being readily raised into incandescent vapours, that there can be no reasonable doubt of its being universally true; so that whenever we find the series of *bright* lines produced by the vaporisation of any substance, to bear a precise correspondence with a series of *dark* lines in the Solar spectrum, we may regard the latter as resulting from the reversal of the former, although the like reversal has not been yet obtained in that particular case. Hence when every one of the 460 *bright* lines mapped by Kirchhoff and Angström in the spectrum of Iron, was found to have its precise counterpart in a *dark* line in the solar spectrum—not merely the respective places of these lines being the same, but their respective breadths and intensities—it is inconceivable that the presence of any *other* substance than the Iron which gives the bright lines, can be the cause of the appearance of the dark lines in the solar spectrum, one of them being the Fraunhofer line E. And hence the presence of these lines in the Solar spectrum may be justly regarded (to use the words in which Kirchhoff originally published this capital discovery) as proving "the presence of Iron vapour in the Solar atmosphere, with as great a degree of certainty as we can attain in any question of natural science."—As many as *seventeen* Metals have thus been already recognised in the luminous atmosphere of the Sun; some of them by the coincidence of so large a number of lines, as to afford a certainty scarcely less complete than that which we feel in the case of Iron. Thus at least 170 lines in the spectrum of the rare metal Titanium, 75 Calcium lines, 57 Manganese lines, and 33 Nickel lines have been found to correspond in position and character with dark Solar lines. In the case of other metals, however, the evidence is less conclusive; but much addition to our knowledge on this point may be expected from the use of more powerful instruments and more exact methods of observation.

The study of the spectra of those elementary substances which are only known to us in the *gaseous* state, has to be prosecuted in peculiar modes. Suppose that the electric discharge be passed through an atmosphere of the gas, between poles of metals whose lines are known; we can subtract from its spectrum the lines due to the presence of the incandescent particles of these metals in the spark, so that the residual lines will represent the spectrum of the gas through which it passes. Or we may enclose a very small quantity of the gas in a highly rarefied state, in a glass tube of very small bore, and transmit through it a strong continuous electric current, which heats the gas up to incandescence, so that it gives off its peculiar rays in a line of brilliantly coloured light, just as a fine platinum wire made to form part of the circuit becomes heated to glowing whiteness. Now when the spectrum of Hydrogen is examined by the first method under the ordinary atmospheric pressure, or by the second method when the gas is moderately rarefied, it is found to consist of four *bright* lines, which are respectively red, bluish-green, indigo, and violet; and these are found to correspond precisely with the dark Fraunhofer lines, C, F, G, and a line near H, in the corresponding parts of the solar spectrum. But it has been recently shown, that the character of this Hydrogen spectrum is greatly changed either by an increase in the intensity of the electric discharge, or by a reduction in the pressure of the gas; under both which conditions hydrogen can be made to give a *continuous* spectrum, apparently in consequence of the greater elevation of the temperature of its particles.—It will presently appear that the study of the Hydrogen spectrum has already afforded, and seems likely to afford in the future, information of a more unlooked-for kind, than that of any other elementary substance.

The researches of Kirchhoff having led him to conclude that the *dark lines* of the Solar spectrum are due to the absorption of light by the metallic and other vapours contained in the solar atmosphere; the question next arose in his mind what is the source of the white light proceeding from the luminous

Photosphere of the sun itself, and forming the *continuous* spectrum on which these dark lines are projected? That this light must be given off from substances raised to an extremely high temperature, there can be no question; but whether these substances are in the *solid* or *liquid* condition, is a point not yet determined; and from what has just been stated in regard to hydrogen (which is true also of some other gases), it seems possible that the photosphere may be really formed of *gases* raised by intense heat to a degree of luminosity sufficient to give a continuous spectrum.

BIRTHDAY THOUGHTS.

BY THE LATE NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

"There is a time to be born, and a time to die."—ECCLES. iii. 2.

THESE words may teach us how the sovereign power of God determines our birth and death without our wills being asked to agree or disagree. Assuredly, whatever our birth and death may be to others, they are events of tremendous importance to ourselves. The rise or fall of empires, with all the revolutions recorded in history—the quickening of all the creatures who have ever lived, or their burial in the vast tomb of the past—the formation of the universe itself, or its burning up with fervent heat—are all, in a sense, nothing to each one of us in comparison with our own birth and our own death. And yet we were never asked whether we would be born or not, nor shall we be asked whether we shall die or not. All has been arranged for us—who the parents should be who were to bring us forth, whether poor or rich, dwelling in palaces or wretched cellars, holy or profane, savage or civilised. So have been determined also the time and place in which we were to enter into the world's history, whether we were to be born in early or later ages, before the flood or before the millennium, in Asia Minor or in Britain, with the Koran or the Bible, with a patriarch or priest to instruct us. Those circumstances must tell on our opinions, habits, feelings, life; yet so are we born, and so hath it ever been with each child of man. Nor is it otherwise in regard to death. New, unalterable, eternal is the change which that event must bring. Yet come it must. No question is asked. Men may possibly hasten it—they cannot possibly prevent it. Shall it come in childhood or in old age, by flood or fire, by the hand of murder or of nature, by sudden accident or slow decay, by plague or fever, at home or among strangers? All is silent. No voice answers the question. God's purpose is beyond our ken. The time of birth and the time of death come irrespective of the will of man. And thus we cannot choose, but feel ourselves to be creatures, in the hands of One above and beyond us. We may rave against it like madmen, wish it otherwise, sullenly submit to what we call fate or destiny; but the mighty will of God hems us in as granite walls hem in the sea or bound a river in its flood. God rules our birth and death; and we can neither help nor hinder.

But let us think a little more about those two birth-days in our history—the one into this world, and the other into the next. How shall we deal with these events? What shall we make of them?

First, as to our birth into existence. The mere fact that our existence is endless makes, of itself, our birth unutterably solemn. To live and breathe, if but for an hour, is a pledge of life for ever and for ever. We say we were born on such a year or day, and in that room, at that minute indicated by the clock which yet ticks on, we began our journey. When shall it end? This room was large enough for the child, but no mere house can satisfy its wants now. It has grown, and must grow and increase like a mighty river, until the infinite alone can be large enough to contain and satisfy its being.

"I am" is the utterance of God. Yet so awful is this gift of existence which God has given us, that each man may with beating heart and in solemn thoughtfulness whisper to himself, "I too am, and I shall be, everlastingly, world without end. I think, and I shall think for ever. I remember, and I shall remember for ever. I anticipate, and shall look forward for ever. I know and am known, I shall know and be known for ever. I love or hate, I fear or rejoice, I am happy or unhappy now, and for evermore must this bosom heave with emotion of some kind. I form, and shall for ever form, a portion of universal history. All the volumes that exist have not pages enough to express a fraction of all that could be written or said of my life and actions through eternity.

The world would literally not contain the books necessary for my biography. And all this follows from this one fact—I exist." "*I exist*"—repeat those words, and with meditative eye look through them as through a telescope, and behold the infinite sea on whose shore you were born, and on which you are to sail on for evermore. Do not point to mountains and stars, and smile at our littleness. These are to human life as bubbles to the great ocean. The whole solar system, world on world, is no more to be compared to me than the rooms of the house I live in or the dust that cleaves to my feet. The time I was born marked the addition of an endless life—of a mighty being, be he saint or devil,—to our universe. Men fear death, think of death, fight against death. It is nothing to birth; for death does not alter the fact of existence, no more than the tunnel alters the railroad, or the street which leads from the harbour to the ocean changes the waters of either. Yet death is also a great event in a man's history. It is so strange and mysterious, that I should leave the body in which I have as yet ever been, and neither see with it, hear with it, act with it, think with it any more. That I should leave my house, family, business, enjoyments, all that I ever saw of earth or sky, and go away,—how I know not,—to see, and hear, and act, and think among a new order of beings, in a new state of things, *for ever*, while the world will see my name mentioned with others as dead, bury my body, and mark its resting-place. And so I pass away as if I had never been. The raindrops that fell at the deluge are as well known and real as I shall be.

And now comes another thought—how, and in what light ought we to recognise our birth into the world?

I reply at once, as a gift from God—a gift to ourselves, a gift to society, a gift to the universe. In this light I view the existence of *every* human being. Do you start at the thought? "A gift!" you say. "How can the existence of one who at the best is a depraved creature, perhaps weak and suffering in body or mind, perhaps born among wickedness and crime, perhaps born to be a curse to himself and friends, and society, perhaps—" But why add another word to describe a wicked and miserable man? It is true, alas! that there are such, and also true, that their second birth at death shall possibly be an entrance into deeper darkness and a deeper misery than they left; and thus it may be said of more than of Judas, "It were better for this man that he had never been born." It is indeed a fearful thing to hear a man curse the day of his birth, and to imagine him cursing the day of his death. And yet with all this horror on my mind—with some realisation of what existence is to many, and of what death may bring them, I stand on the ground of the love of God and of the grandeur of all His purposes, with calm confidence, and affirm that life is a glorious gift from Him, and that it is good to have been born.

Life is God's gift, and therefore it is good for every one. It is too awful, too sublime a thing to come from any but God. And just because it is God's gift, it must be a good gift, intended for good, and therefore for happiness. With my whole heart I believe that "Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever."

From whatever aspect I look at existence, I see God's love in it. If I look at this outer world into which we are born, it seems to me a palace. Who can fully appreciate the grandeur and beauty of the building? What magnificent rooms; what superb courts; what exquisite furniture; what carpets, and embroidery, and tapestry; what works of divine art; what innumerable colours, and forms, and music, and odours; what storehouses of food and of luxuries; what a dome of azure; what a flood of splendour by day, what a galaxy of lights by night! As I leave the crowded city and the works of man, and in this burst of summer wander among some of its many mansions,—as I look around me and above me, and think, "In this house I have been born—this is the home of my infancy;" I cannot but feel what love there is in such a fact. I should have no eyes to see, no heart to feel, no ears to hear did I not perceive goodwill in being born within a palace, and not in a prison, with its darkness, and chains, and all that is abhorrent to every feeling.

I see a blessed ray of light from heaven reflecting the love of God in the universal joy of children. They at least appreciate the house God has placed them in. In every room in this palace, wherever they are, soon as they begin to see, and hear, and speak, and move, they are full of laughter and joy.

> "Trailing clouds of glory, do we come
> From God, who is our home:
> Heaven lies about us in our infancy!"

Do you feel inclined to sigh, and moan, and weep, as you look at children? Do you pity them as not knowing what they do? Do you feel inclined to stop their mirth

and say, "Children, weep! you are born into a den of thieves, and your gladness is only possible because of your ignorance?" This does not seem to me to be the mind of God; for He, who knows the world and all its wickedness, and knows too what human sin and human iniquity mean as we cannot know them—it is He who has so constituted children that they cannot choose but be happy. Be assured that He never works out of harmony with the truth of things. Take heed how you say practically that it would have been better ever since Adam fell, and death reigned, and sin triumphed, if men had ceased to be. This is not God's mind. Knowing all, foreseeing all, arranging all, He rejoiced, before the mountains were settled, in the habitable parts of the earth, and his delighting anticipations were with the sons of men. And after man had fallen, the same God said, "Increase and multiply, and replenish the earth." And so, I repeat it, the birth of human beings is a glorious gift from God, intended to add to the good and to the true happiness of the universe, and to make men rejoice that they have been born.

But you again remind me that life is a wretched burden to many a man; that there are those who have to carry from their birth to their death the burden of a body of sickness and pain; or to earn their bread with the sweat of their brow; or to have the sweat ever on their brow, and their body bent, and wearied with labour, without earning the sufficient bread. There are some from whose eyes blinding tears, and the mists and darkness of calamity have concealed all beauty and joy. Millions have so abhorred the day of their first birth into this world as to seek to escape it by hasting on the day of their second birth into the world beyond. "Nay," you ask, "is not every man born with a depraved disposition, conceived in sin? Does he not every day bring forth sin, and is not the Cain mark of our nature on his brow? And unless he repents and turns to God, and becomes a new creature, has he not sufficient cause to look forward with horror to the time in which he must die, and to curse the day in which it was said of him that a child had been born into the world?" I admit these facts, and would be compelled to admit ten thousand others worse than these which enter into the life of man. But yet, as in spite of all the darkness that may exist in dens and caves of the earth, I can look up to heaven and say, "The sun shines and the earth is a noble work of God," so can I look up and say, "God is love, and humanity is His work, and I rejoice in the sure hope of seeing the glory of God in it all."

But without speculating on problems we cannot yet solve, I rather wish to look at the momentous practical question, how existence can be realised as a great gift by ourselves. Standing between the two times which form essential periods in my history—the time to be born and the time to die—can I thank God for both in spite of all that has been or may be?

The gift of God is one thing, our use of that gift is another. God's expressed wishes regarding us may be, "I will not that you should perish; how often would I have gathered you!" but yet we may will to perish, and refuse to be gathered. And so it has been. The whole world has abused the gift of God. The whole world, every man and woman, has received His gift of life, and converted it into a power of death. They have made their first birth the beginning of a life which makes their second birth, into the other world by death, a horrible thing, a sign of punishment, an entrance into death eternal. Oh! this sin, this selfishness, this turning away from God, this bankruptcy of our glorious riches, this sad failure of the end of life! For what a failure, what an utter bankruptcy, what a miserable abortion, is our existence without God! To be born, merely to live for self, to be born to be the slave of the basest lusts that war against the soul; to be born to labour for the mere pleasures of time and sense, to play the fool, the king or beggar, on the stage of life; to cast off all sense of responsibility to the God who made us, in whom we live, and move, and have our being—Oh! how can we think that such an existence as this was God's end in creation,—that it meets His wishes, and satisfies His heart? A wise man would not be satisfied with it. Could he create such a world and such beings and be satisfied, we would despise his power, question his sanity, and deny his moral worth.

But let us look at existence from a happier point of view. The gift of existence, as a source of good and joy, is and has been ever in God's counsels, inseparably connected with another gift—"Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given!" It is that birth in the cradle of Bethlehem, which enables angels to sing the song, and us to join in it, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth Peace!" It is that birth, too, of His from the tomb, which enables us to anticipate

with peace and joy our future birth into eternity through the womb of death. The unspeakable gift of Jesus gives a meaning to every birth and death now, for it is the light of life to the world. I do not now speak of those who have never heard of Christ, or may have misunderstood the meaning of the Gospel. It is sufficient for me to believe that they will be judged in harmony with the holy and loving mind which has been revealed in Jesus, and may therefore be regarded as objects on whom—unconsciously, indeed, to themselves—the same light of mercy shines which shines on us. But without faith in the gift of Jesus as the Redeemer of men from the death of soul and body, I could not understand life at all. I could see nothing to rejoice in. The world's beauty would be like the gilding of a condemned cell; happy homes, daily mercies, all that we call gifts from God, would seem but as handkerchiefs bound round the eyes to conceal the drop or the axe of the executioner. But when I know and believe that God sent His Son into the world to save sinners—that He died on the cross to atone for the world's guilt—that He has revealed and is willing to bestow truest life *on every man*,—then I begin to breathe freely again, and to rejoice that ever I was born. For this Jesus brings to me the most precious gift He can bestow,—even the gift of His Holy Spirit through Whom I can be born again, and Who will produce within me all good and secure it for ever. Without Him it never could have been mine, but when He gives this, He can give nothing more excellent, more glorious, for it is His own Spirit, to dwell in and be with me for ever.

And thus you see there is a new birth between our first and our last on earth; and whether that new birth is ours or not, will determine whether we can rejoice or sorrow for the one, and fear or hope for the other. God has never bid me rejoice in mere existence. He has never said that a time to be born to endless existence is necessarily a time of entrance upon endless joy. But with the one gift, He offers me the other. And just as I accept or reject His higher gift of life in the Spirit, will my birth in time be sorrow or joy. And so as each year our birth-day is repeated, we should rejoice in having been born. But this can only be, if we are born again. Alas! without this, how sad and dreary a thing is existence! No wonder men who refuse to be little children in faith and love to God, should look back to the time when they were little children in their early home as to an earthly Paradise. Gone is that sweet innocence, that transparent purity in the eye, that rosy flush of shame for sin—like the ruddy glow which an unseen sun casts over the clouds of earth; gone are the unselfish and ardent affections to home friends and relations, the comforting nestling in the parent's bosom, the heaven in a parent's smile; gone are the songs that ever and anon burst from the lips with the unconscious freedom of larks singing as they fly; gone are the thousand innocent excitements which made life's every day delightful and the future a constant sunrise. Ah! the vision has fled, and in its stead,—dull hearts, knit brows, pleasure clogged with sin, Legion dragging his victim to the tombs; avarice ever gathering, never having; ambition ever getting, never possessing; senses palled, feelings soured, life a burden; old age, blind, weak, tottering, peevish, with a horrid dark noisome grave yawning before the eyes, and beyond it all,—a birth into an unknown world! "Blessed and sweet childhood," they say, "could we only bring thee back, we would rejoice in having been born!" Blessed be God, this is His very gift, for it is His desire to make us all little children again,—His own children,—and to restore our youth with a beauty and strength which our first childhood never experienced; to give us with the knowledge of evil, which was our ruin, the real love of good, which is higher and better than the innocence of ignorance; to restore to the heart fresh affections, deeper, wider, nobler, purer, than ever grew in an infant bosom; to invest creation with a light and glory never seen in the brightest dreams of early childhood; to fill our souls with the daily expectations of future labours and of future joys, such as youth could neither conceive of nor anticipate. What is the sweetest childhood of men, when compared with that heavenly childhood produced by the gift of God?

This all of us may enjoy, as some do enjoy it already. "Marvel not that ye must be born again;" marvel only at the evil which makes it necessary, at the grace which makes it possible, at the promise which makes it certain to all who wish it. Without this we are "children of wrath," because children of disobedience; with it, "we are followers of God as dear children." And let the deepest longing of our souls be to receive and obey the Spirit until "Jesus Christ is formed in us as the hope of glory;" then "all things are ours, whether life or death."

And now, with this light shining on life, what should we think of our birth-day?

I will not speak of the confusion and darkness which sin has occasioned. Misspent years, abused mercies, talents buried in the earth, noble faculties uncultivated, means of usefulness neglected, evil done by speech and by silence, miserable sloth, contemptible vanity, base selfishness. We must not forget all this or a thousand times more, lest we call evil good. But there are other things as true, and fuller of joy. God has sustained until now the body that was then born, and has every day and hour nursed it with a parent's tenderness, even as a fond mother might seek to heal the wounds and bruises of a profligate who might strike her in his frenzy. God has preserved our minds with their wondrous powers, and could we recall all the days since we were born, and trace the ten thousand mercies He has given us, what days of thanksgiving should our birth-days be!—the sunny seasons of buoyant joyfulness amidst the beauties and glories of the earth; the numberless hours of congenial companionship; the numerous kind and loving friends to whom we were an object of interest, and to some of whom we are as dear as life; the good we have done, the happiness given, the evil we have been kept from doing; the faithful stripes with which God has visited us if we sought to injure our souls; the smiles with which He has greeted every earnest endeavour in doing his will; add to all this, that He has revealed to every one of us His pardoning mercy, His redeeming grace, and counselled us to believe and be saved. Think of this, and more than I can utter—for to tell of a Christian's mercies is to speak of the history of every hour in his inner and outer life—think, I say, of this, and say, do you not bless God that you are born? And when the second birth from the grave is over, and earth itself heaves with the travail of all her children on the resurrection morning; when we stand before the throne of God, and have reached the stature of the perfect man in Christ; when our whole nature will have been perfected—our intellect clear, and strong, with endless truth to engage it; our affections set upon the worthiest and best in the universe, without a selfish thought to mar perfect love to God and our neighbour; hope anticipating an endless future of joy, the eye seeing, and the ear hearing, the perfection of all that is most beautiful in sight or sound; when, in short, the end of creation according to the purpose of God has been realised, and we at last glorify and enjoy him for ever, what shall we say of our birth-day then? What shall we think of existence as the gift of God? What of the love to us of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit? Shall we not, with hearts bursting with unutterable gratitude and joy full of glory, praise God the Father that we were born and died into a better existence, and God the Son that He was born for us and died for us, and God the Holy Ghost that we were born again and that He quickened our mortal body so that we are born from the grave, to live for evermore with Father, Son, and Spirit, one God. And thus I myself now on this day bless God that I was born!*

* This MSS. bears the following characteristic note:—"Finished at 12.30 A.M., June 3, 1860, as I end my forty-eighth and enter my forty-ninth year. Amen. Glory to God!"

IN THE WOODS.

OH, the balmy woodland
In the month of June!
Never did the birds sing
Sweetlier in tune!
Rich the roving blossoms
Hang from branch and spray—
'Tis an ever-new delight
The live-long day.

Sweet surprises meet us
Everywhere we turn;
Hyacinths, like blue eyes
Peeping thro' the fern.
Half we grudge to gather
Beauties that we prize;
But we seek for offerings
To gladden weary eyes.

ALICE HAY JENNER.



"IN THE WOODS."

THE ALTAR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

[THE Communion Table or Altar of Westminster Abbey has had a long and varied history. In the first Abbey, as built by Edward the Confessor, it stood at the eastern extremity of the church. In the Abbey, as rebuilt by Henry III., it stood where it has remained ever since, in front of the Confessor's shrine. Of this Altar the only remnant now existing is the richly-painted frontal, discovered by accident some years ago, and now in the south aisle of the church. In the fifteenth century the screen was erected behind the Altar; shutting off the shrine of Edward the Confessor from it, as was common at that epoch. Of this screen or reredos the eastward or hinder face still remains, with the legendary life of the Confessor carved on its frieze. The westward front has long ago perished; and has been since replaced, first, by the marble altar-piece of the time of Queen Anne; then—when this was removed in 1824—by a plaster screen, intended in some degree to imitate the ancient forms; and this was finally replaced within the last ten years by the present reredos, which was erected under the direction of Sir Gilbert Scott. The Communion Table, which now stands in the position which it has occupied since the Restoration, is of cedar wood, carved by Messrs. Farmer and Brindley. The frieze of the reredos consists of sculptures of the history of our Lord, corresponding to that of the life of Edward the Confessor on the other side. The space beneath is filled by a large mosaic, from a design of Messrs. Clayton & Bell, representing the Last Supper. On each side of this are four statues—which, as well as the frieze, were executed by Mr. Armstead. In the centre are St. Peter and St. Paul, the two Apostles to whom the Abbey is dedicated, representing the two divergent tendencies of Christianity; on the north is Moses, as the Lawgiver, looking towards the north transept, which contains the tombs of the statesmen; and, on the south, David, as the Royal Psalmist, looking towards the south transept, containing the tombs of the poets. Of these statues and their meaning an account is given in a sermon, on "The Religious Aspects of Sculpture," published in the *Good Words* of May, 1871. The porphyry, which furnished the three circular slabs in front of the Altar, was brought from the East by Lord Elgin at the same time as the Elgin marbles, and was presented to the Abbey by his grandson in 1870. The last additions were the gilded canopies above the mosaic picture, and underneath it heads of the holy women of Scripture—Ruth, Anna, Elizabeth, the Virgin Mary, Mary Magdalene, Martha, and Dorcas. The whole work was completed on Easter Day, 1873; its earlier portion had been completed on Easter Day, 1867, and the substance of the following sermon was preached on both those occasions, in the presence of those who had been concerned in the sculpture, carving, and arrangement of the whole.]

"On the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared; and they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre."—LUKE xxiv. 1, 2.

On this Easter Day, when we once more open to view the accustomed place of our Holy Communion, on which so much care and labour has been spent, these words seem not unsuited to express our thoughts. They came, that faithful band, to pay their tribute of affection and respect to the place where the Lord was laid; they came, as one of their number had come before, with an alabaster box of ointment, of spikenard very precious, as she beforehand to anoint His body for the tomb, so they to anoint and guard it afterwards. They knew well the sacred spot—they knew the little garden, outside the city walls—they knew the rocky hill, out of whose ancient face was hewn the sepulchre wherein never man before was laid; they knew its deep recesses; they had seen the clean linen cloth enfolding the frame, and the napkin wrapped about the head; they had watched the huge stone door drawn across the mouth of the cavern; and now, as the first light of the sun broke over the dark summit of the Mount of Olives, they approached the tomb once more with their charge of aromatic stores, to honour the memory of Him whom they had lost.

It was the natural reverence of the human heart for great recollections and sacred places—it was the natural reverence of the Christian heart for all that belongs even to the outward service of our Divine Redeemer. This reverence is not itself religion—far from it. Even the Holy Sepulchre, which they thus came to adorn, has been the cause of some of the most cruel wars, and the scene of some of the most senseless discords, that have ever disgraced the Christian name. When the Angelic voice invited the women on the morning of Easter Day "to come and see

the place where the Lord lay," their thoughts were immediately directed upwards. "He is not here; He is risen." Still, with this reservation the feeling is permitted—it is the common instinct of mankind—it is part of the natural gospel (so to speak) of Him who took our nature upon Him.

I propose therefore to set forth some of the reasons which give a special significance to the glorification of our Altar.

It has been sometimes said that the history of the sacrament of the Eucharist might be made a history of the Christian Church. So it might be almost said that the history of the Holy Table in this Abbey might be made a history of the English Church. The original form and position of the Table of the early Christians had long passed away before the erection of our first altar. It stood at the extreme east end of the building, thus representing the period when the primitive idea of the early church had been effaced, but before the more complex doctrine and structure of the Middle Ages had arisen. Then came the period from the Plantagenets to the time of the House of Lancaster, during which it was brought to the almost central position that it now occupies, recalling something of the original arrangement of the Basilica; but entangled with the various forms of strange devotion with which those ages abounded. Then, as these fantastic forms multiplied, there sprang up the screen, which parted it from the Eastern chapels, and divided asunder the building, as with a wall of partition, unknown to earlier times, forming, after the manner of that perplexed age, church within church, division within division, in ever narrower circles. Then descended the tempest of the Reformation, scattering right and left the ancient figures that stood around, and planting in the place of the old altar the plain wooden moveable table, in imitation of the original primitive usage, sometimes standing where it now stands, sometimes in the midst of the church. Next, in the reign of Anne, when the arts took a new turn, when the classical dome of St. Paul's Cathedral was rising from its ruins, and our own Western Towers were added by the hand of the great architect of that period, were raised the sculpture and painting—highly esteemed in that age—and lasting down to times within our own memory in the beginning of this century, when it too vanished before the first faint revival of mediæval antiquarianism. Each of these changes coincided with the development of fresh thoughts and fresh feelings in the Christian Church—each containing much that each succeeding age lamented, whilst receiving the footprint of new ideas through the changing periods of the history of our Church and nation. Each, were this the time to enlarge upon it, has some peculiar lesson of its own. But there is this lesson belonging to them all.—We sometimes think that it is the Transitory alone which changes—the Eternal which stands still. Rather it is the reverse. The Transitory stands still, decays, falls to pieces. The Eternal, though changing its outward form again and again, endures. It is therefore, as we might have expected, that whilst the subordinate parts of the Church have remained comparatively unchanged, or changed only by the mouldering lapse of time—this, the most sacred part, has continually kept pace with the altered feeling of each succeeding period. Those memorials of mortal men, as the Apostle freely spoke of the patriarch David, are dead and buried—after they had served their own generation they fell asleep, and were laid with their fathers and saw corruption and decay. But He whom God raised again saw no corruption. The memorial of His life and death has been changed it may be according to the poor contrivances of men—but remains still alive, and kept alive by its inherent vitality.

The everlasting mountains are everlasting, not because they are unchanged, but because they go on changing their form, their substance, with the wear and tear of ages. "The Everlasting Gospel" is everlasting, not because it remains stationary, but because being the same, it can adapt itself to the constant changes of society, of civilisation, of humanity itself. Such a new step we have now again made, in accordance with the feelings of our own generation; and we would take occasion of it to ask, What are the reasons—why, according to the principles of our Church, and according to the natural instincts of Christendom, this Holy Table should be the chief point of attraction and interest in this our ancient and splendid sanctuary?

I. It is the LORD'S Table.

Whatever else is the purpose of that sacrament which we here celebrate, its main object is to bring before us Christ our Saviour. Other consecrated spots there may have been in this church, other objects of reverence, which, from time to time, have attracted deeper attention. There have been times when the main interest of the congregation was centred on the tomb or shrine, now of this king, now of that—now of this

illustrious hero, now of that; or, again, when the preacher was more regarded than any other part of the service, and every eye and ear hung on the pulpit; or, again, when the throne of our sovereigns has been the centre of all the thoughts and feelings of the vast assemblage gathered in these walls. But in our ordinary worship this is not so; the Holy Table must always be the chief object of our interest, for this simple reason—that it brings before us Christ, the Lord, and no one else.

Take away the belief in Christ, and all meaning vanishes from this spot; take away this sacred table, and there will remain no other outward object in the church which specially reminds us of Christ—the Lord in the fulness of His Spirit—the Lord, not in any one aspect of His appearance, but in the whole of it. To grasp the entire spiritual truth of Christ's manifestation, to make it the food of our souls, and the strength of our minds, is the justification of this sacred ordinance—is the glorification of this sacred place. This is the true secret of the mysterious power of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper,—that more than prayer, more than meditation, more than any other single holy act or word, it brings us into close communion with the Divine Person, whom truly to know is life eternal.

It is He who invites us to come. No Man, no Priest, no Church, steps between us and Him. It is the Lord's Table—not the table of any particular school or minister;—each communicant draws near on his own responsibility—for his own good—on the dictates of his own conscience. Our Table is not fenced by any artificial discipline. It is not guarded by any fantastic scruples. Whosoever cometh to it, and to Him whose Table it is, "earnestly repenting of his sins, in love and charity with his neighbours, and intending to lead a new life"—shall in no wise be cast out by the wise and merciful Saviour whose strength he seeks to gain. And this remembrance of the pre-eminent greatness of Christ our Saviour, dear to Christians everywhere, ought to be specially precious to Christians and to Englishmen in this church. Here, where we not only live, but worship in the midst of so many recollections of a stirring past, so many thoughts of a stirring present, it is doubly needful to have constantly kept before us that there is One Name, which is above every name—One Master in whose presence no one else is master—One whose faith we hold without respect of persons—One whose Spirit, rightly understood, is the source of all the strength, and freedom, and light, which makes our country great and glorious—One whose Cross is a rebuke to all our selfishness, and ignorance, and narrowness. Look at these marbles and colours; and when, as after the Passage of the Jordan, your children shall ask their fathers, now or in time to come, "what mean" those stones of porphyry and alabaster, those golden canopies, those glittering mosaics, then shall you let your children know that they tell us of the glory of Christ our Lord, that is, of the glory of Justice and Truth, Purity and Love; the glory of the love of God to man, the glory of the love of man to God. It reminds us that the kingdoms of the earth which have their throne and seat in this place are become the kingdoms of the Lord and of His Christ. It reminds us that communion with Him and following in His footsteps is the highest blessing that can be sought for any worshipper under this roof, from the Queen to the peasant.

II. It is the Lord's TABLE. That word recalls to our minds at once what is the special act of His life which it commemorates. It is His farewell to His disciples—it is the fact that in that last farewell, He blessed to their use, and sanctified by His blessing, common bread and common wine, our ordinary fare. It is the constant memorial that Religion and Common Life are mixed together, one and indivisible—that our common joys and sorrows—the joys of social intercourse, the sorrow of parting and bereavement are all sanctified by our Christian hopes and fears.

The *Table;* its very name and shape and material reminds us of that simple repast in the upper chamber at Jerusalem. So it was always called in the early ages, so it is still called in the Eastern Churches, so it is always called in our own Prayer-Book. In itself we need care little of what it is made—wood or stone, or gold or brass; yet, assuredly, if for a moment one may dwell on such a mere outward detail, it is interesting to remember that wood, the usual material of our ordinary tables, was the material from the earliest times, in East and West, of our holy Tables also; that such, too, after a long interval, it again became at the Reformation; and that such in the midst of all these brilliant surroundings it is still in this place. Our richly-adorned Table is the successor of the plain board which served for the last Supper at Jerusalem—of the rough planks which still at Rome represent what is believed to be the holiest and most venerable

Altar in the City of St. Peter—of the simple oaken table which, from the Reformation almost down to the present century, stood in this place. Despise not the name, or the thing, or the form; the more we remember how homely it was in its origin, how primitive in its outward shape and fashion,—the more does it deserve to be honoured as the monument of the most sacred and pathetic parts of the Christian story. It is the fittest memorial of Him, whose home was the home of the humble workman, the carpenter Joseph,—of Him who was Himself a carpenter, labouring with the toil of an Eastern workman, under the hot sun of the East, till the day's work was over—of Him who adorned by the first miracle that He wrought the festive gathering at Cana—who declared His acts of mercy chiefly by His feeding the hungry multitudes—who was known to His disciples chiefly by the breaking of bread—by the sacred meal in which He parted from them, by the sacred meal in which He met them again in the joy of His Resurrection. They who kneel before it, who receive from it the strength which its sacred ordinance gives, will remember that its holy and elevating power depends on its homely significance—the Table of all our common tables, as the Bible is the Book of books.

III. Another name by which we call the Lord's Table in common speech is the COMMUNION Table. This name, though not expressly sanctioned by the law of the Church, indicates a peculiar truth of which we sometimes lose sight. "The bread which we break," says the Apostle, "is it not a communion"—that is, a *joint partaking*—"of the body of Christ? The cup of blessing which we drink, is it not a communion"—a *joint partaking*—"of the blood of Christ?" The whole force of the word and of the Apostle's argument, is that it is a communion with each other, through our joint, common, mutual partaking of the same bread and the same cup. Round that Table, we become one with each other, because we become one in Christ. And here, again, the original position of the Table in all the older churches of Christendom was a testimony to this solemn truth. In all the churches, where the ancient arrangement has been preserved, the Table stands not at the Eastern extremity of the church, but in the centre—the clergy seated on one side, and the congregation on the other—literally in the midst of the whole congregation. So also it was placed in all common English churches for the first century after the Reformation. So also during some portions at least of that period it was in this Abbey. But even before that time—in fact, since the thirteenth century—it has, owing to the peculiar conformation of the building, been far more nearly in the midst of the church, than in most cathedrals; and, though this arose from other causes, yet when we look at it in its present position, with the long vista extending behind it eastward, and before it westward, we may remark that this central situation represents to us the original idea of the primitive Eucharist, the centre of the whole Christian worship; the meeting-point, as of old, between the clergy and the laity, so here, between the past and the present—between the dead and the living—the dark shades which lie in solitary chapels and mouldering tombs, behind it;—the living stir of human souls, spreading to the right and left, before it. In this sense may the blessed Sacrament, which is here administered, be for ever a bond of union between all the different classes of our countrymen—between the thoughts which belong to ages past and gone, and the thoughts which belong to ages present and to come. It is the pledge and sign of the duty of carrying on, as best we can, this great Christian Society which we have inherited; every grade of social life, every mode of thought, every temper and disposition continuing to help forward every other in the cause of good.

IV. We are thus brought to one other word which we apply in common language to the Holy Table—the ALTAR. This is a title which, unlike the others of which I have been speaking, has no direct warrant from Scripture, from the primitive Church, or from the Prayer-Book. The name "Altar" is not applied to the Holy Table in any part of the New Testament, or in any author of the first three centuries, (with perhaps two doubtful exceptions,) or in any part of the Prayer-Book. But it is so commonly employed, that we may well ask whether there is not a sense in which it may, after all, be lawfully used. If the name may be anywhere lawfully used, it is here. In the Coronation Service which has the authority of the Privy Council of the Sovereign, and which is used within these walls and nowhere else, our Table is called "an Altar." This one exception, therefore, will justify us in considering in what sense the word "Altar," according to common usage, may be employed for our Sacred Table—what additional reason is hereby given for its embellishment and glorification.

"An Altar" means a place where Sacrifice is offered. Is there any sense in which the

Bible and the Prayer-Book acknowledge the offering of Sacrifice at our Holy Table? There is one passage, most impressive and most important in our Communion Service, and one alone, in which the word "Sacrifice" is so used. It is that prayer in which, after the Communion, we offer to God "the reasonable, holy, and living sacrifice of ourselves, our souls and bodies," to be accepted, notwithstanding our manifold unworthiness, "as our bounden duty and service."

This is the true Christian Sacrifice—which may well entitle any place where we offer it to be called an Altar. This sacrifice, not made by the Priest or Minister, but by the People, this offering not of dead or dumb materials, but of living, spiritual beings, this pledging of ourselves to our Master's service, is that which specially belongs to the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and which may make the spot at which we offer it to be, in an especial sense, the true Altar of the Christian's worship.

And well may it thus be called in the one service of our Church, where, as I have said, it is so called—in that great solemnity in which the Sovereign is pledged to maintain the welfare of the people and the faith of Christ in this sacred ordinance. That is indeed the sacrifice of the prayers and praises of a whole nation, the sacrifice of the highest life in this Church and realm to the good of man and to the glory of God.

And how much is the solemnity of this Sacrifice of ourselves enhanced, when we make it on the same spot and in the same ordinance, as brings before us the great Sacrifice of Christ our Saviour! That Sacrifice is finished — it is full, perfect, and sufficient in itself—it belongs to the past—it lives only in our grateful memory, or in its lasting consequences. But, in the sense in which I have been speaking, it can, and ought, in its measure, to be repeated by ourselves, that is, by the Christian congregation, every time that we approach the Sacred Table. The Holy Sacrament is the holy "oath" or pledge of Christian soldiers to their heavenly Captain. Each one as he kneels there, with all the past mercies of God full in his remembrance, and all his present and future duties full in view, declares himself ready to follow in the steps of the great Self-sacrificer.* "Each one, when he hears the "words, 'This is My body which is given for "you—do this in remembrance of me,' de-"clares himself as answering, 'Yea, Lord, I "am ready in remembrance of Thee to give "also myself for the advance of Thy king-"dom.' Each one as he hears the words, "'This is my blood which is shed for you "and for many for the remission of sins,' "ought to make the answer in his heart, 'Yea, "Lord, I am ready to shed my blood also, if "thereby the sins of many may be blotted "out.'"

So viewed, the Holy Table does indeed become an Altar in the grandest and highest sense, for it combines within itself the memory of the historical Sacrifice of Christ long ago, and the perpetuation of the moral and spiritual sacrifice of Christians now. "Hereby perceive we the love of God because He laid down His life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

And there is yet one other sacrifice, mentioned in the same prayer in the Communion Service, which I reserve for the last, because with this I will conclude. Our Sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. This is the true *Eucharistic* sacrifice. "Eucharist" is thanksgiving. "It is meet and right, and our bounden duty to give thanks to God at all times and in all places, but chiefly" in this sacred ordinance, when we commemorate the innumerable benefits of Christ's death and passion, chiefly on this day, when we have brought to its desired completion the work which has been wrought out with such loving care by those who planned and by those who executed. They who, month by month, and week by week, have watched its rise, and raised it like a tender plant,—whose hands have made and fashioned its delicate work and traced its gracious forms, they who in their different stations, and with their different crafts, have laboured with exceeding toil to bring it to its final completion—they may well offer to God their grateful thanks for having been permitted to bring to a successful issue the work which they may well call their own. In it their name and fame, their labour and their skill are enshrined as a gift to God. "We, God's humble servants, entirely desire His fatherly goodness to accept these" as our oblation—our Easter offering. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof,"—everything that there is of beauty in sculpture, poetry, painting, or architecture—everything that there is of skill in mechanical contrivance, has its religious side, has the link, if it can be found, which binds it round the throne of God and the gates of heaven. The alabaster from our Midland quarries, the marble from our Cornish rocks, the mosaic colours from the isles of

* These words are taken from a highly instructive passage in Wilson's Bampton Lectures on the Communion of Saints.

Venice, the porphyry from the shores of the Nile or of the Bosphorus, the jewels from the far-off coasts of Asia and America, combine as truly now in the service of Him, who has "given us the heathen for our possession, the uttermost parts of the earth for our inheritance," as did the gold of Ophir and the sandalwood of India for the temple of Solomon. It has been our endeavour not to destroy the old, but to retain from every age that which can still be used for good,—and to add only that which was required by our increased insight into Divine Truth, our increased growth of human knowledge. Our forefathers did what they could in former times, according to their light; we have done what we could in our day according to our light. It is the privilege of our time that we can admire the shell, without believing it to be the kernel—that we can, whilst we cherish the form, retain the spirit—that the truest worshipper is he who, whilst he does not despise the accompaniments of earthly beauty, remembers that appreciation of the past may be combined with hope for the future—that art may be made to minister, not only to the lower objects of religious reverence, but to the worship of the One Supreme Good and the One Supreme Truth—that the spiritual and inward is a thousand times more precious than the material and the outward—and that the simplicity and sincerity of our service is a thousand times more beautiful than any decoration however gorgeous, or any form however graceful.

It is the last change which this our sanctuary has witnessed—the last probably that this generation will witness. Let us hope that every sacrament celebrated under its newly-raised tabernacle may become more and more what every spiritual communion, and every spiritual sacrifice, ought to be—a sacrament, or ordinance, in which the outer form is less and less thought of, and the inner spirit more and more. Let us hope and pray that the centre of this Abbey, thus adorned and thus beautified, thus bringing before us in all its grace and simplicity that which is the centre of all Christian doctrine—the life and death of Christ—may become the focus and spring of Christian light and life to the ever-multiplying population around us. Let us hope and pray that every marriage of which that Altar witnesses the celebration may grow more and more into the fulness of an English and a Christian home. Let us hope and pray that when in far distant years, in each succeeding reign, the Crown of England is taken from that Table to be placed on the Sovereign's head—every time that the throne is placed before it to receive the new occupant, every time that the blessing of Christ in His holy ordinance is thus invoked on this our kingly Commonwealth, let us hope that the happiness and peace of our Church and Kingdom may spread wider and deeper, as from a more glorious centre, as from a purer spring, as from a higher source. 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates of future times, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors of the greatness of England, of the opportunities of Christendom—and the King of Glory shall come in.' Who is the King of Glory? It is the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battles, the Lord who has been victorious in a thousand battles over sin and evil in all their forms; who in the great battle-fields of the world has put down our ancient foes of slavery and superstition, and cruel tortures, and oppressive tyranny, and who will put down no less our present and future foes,—indifference, intolerance, drunkenness, anarchy, respect of persons, party spirit, and luxurious selfishness.

It is the Lord of hosts, the Lord of all the armies and all the soldiers, who ever have fought, and ever will fight for the cause of God—the Lord of the beneficent ruler and of the enlightened statesman,—of the heaven-inspired poet and of the skilful artist—the Lord no less of the humble and faithful servant, of the artizan honest in his calling—of the father, husband, son, and brother, struggling each in his own vocation, to build up a pure and happy home—the Lord of those Warriors and Priests of the ancient faith, who served the old Altar which has passed away, no less than of those Pastors and Teachers who shall have ministered at the new Table which has risen in its place. The Lord of hosts, He is the King of Glory—of a glory which belongs to every deed and thought of secret goodness, to every humble striving after truth—the glory which we "whether beholding or reflecting as in a glass, "are changed to the same image from glory "into glory by the Spirit ofthe Lord."

A. P. STANLEY.

CANADA TO THE LAUREATE.

"And that true north, whereof we lately heard
A strain to shame us, 'Keep you to yourselves,
So loyal is too costly! friends, your love
Is but a burden: loose the bond and go.'
Is this the tone of Empire?"
TENNYSON'S *last Ode to the Queen*

WE thank thee, Laureate, for thy kindly words,
Spoken for us to her to whom we look
With loyal love, across the misty sea;
Thy noble words, whose generous tone may shame
The cold and heartless strain that said, "Begone,
We want your love no longer; all our aim
Is riches—*that* your love can *not* increase!"
Fain would we tell them that we do not seek
To hang dependent like a helpless brood
That, selfish, drag a weary mother down;
For we have British hearts and British blood,
That leaps up, eager, when the danger calls!
Once and again our sons have sprung to arms,
To fight in Britain's quarrel, *not our own*,
And drive the covetous invader back,
Who would have let us, peaceful, keep our own,
So we had cast the *British* name away.
Canadian blood has dyed Canadian soil,
For Britain's honour, that we deemed our own;
Nor do we ask but for the right to keep
Unbroken, still, the cherished filial tie
That binds us to the distant sea-girt isle
Our fathers loved, and taught their sons to love,
As the dear home of freemen, brave and true,
And loving *honour* more than ease or gold!

Well do we love our own Canadian land,
Its breezy lakes, its rivers sweeping wide,
Past stately towns and peaceful villages,
'Mid banks begirt with forests to the sea;
Its tranquil homesteads and its lonely woods,
Where sighs the summer breeze through pine and fern.
But well we love, too, Britain's daisied meads,
Her primrose-bordered lanes, her hedgerows sweet,
Her winding streams and foaming mountain becks,
Her purple mountains and her heathery braes,
And towers and ruins ivy-crowned and grey,
Glistening with song and story as with dew;
Dear to our childhood's dreaming fancy, since
We heard of them from those whose hearts were sore
For home and country, left and left for aye,
That they might mould, in these our western wilds,
New Britains, not unworthy of the old.

We hope to live a history of our own—
One worthy of the lineage that we claim;
Yet, as our past is but of yesterday,
We claim as ours, too, that long blazoned roll
Of noble deeds, that bind, with golden links,
The long dim centuries since King Arthur "passed;"
And we would thence an inspiration draw,
To make our unlived future still uphold
The high traditions of imperial power
That crowned our Britain queen on her white cliffs,
Stretching her sceptre o'er the gleaming waves,
Ever beyond the sunset! There were some
Who helped to found our fair Canadian realm,
Who left their cherished homes, their earthly all,
In the fair borders that disowned her sway,
Rather than sever the dear filial tie
That stretched so strong through all the tossing waves,
And came to hew out, in the trackless wild,
New homes, where still the British flag should wave.
We would be worthy them and worthy thee,
Our old ideal Britain, generous, true,
The helper of the helpless. And, perchance,
Seeing thyself in our revering eyes
May keep the worthier of thine ancient name
And power among the nations. Still we would
Believe in thee, and strive to make our land
A brighter gem to light the royal crown
Whose lustre is thy children's—is *our own*.

CANADENSIS.

WILLIAM THE SILENT.

PART III.

THE confederacy of the "Beggars" spread consternation throughout the Netherlands. Not only the Government, but all friends of order were alarmed. William stood aloof from the movement, although his trusted brother Louis and many of his friends were deeply engaged in it. He even took a conspicuous share in the enforcement of order. Dissatisfied as he was with the Government—so much so that he threatened to resign all his offices rather than enforce the edicts—he yet hesitated to throw himself into the popular movement, or assume its guidance. In their hot zeal, the confederates regarded his conduct with impatience. "Your brother is too slow and lukewarm," wrote one of them to Louis. "He would have us employ only remonstrance against these hungry wolves, against enemies who do nothing in return but behead, and banish and burn us." It is important to observe this position of William. There is a wonderful reserve and patience in him; his convictions mature slowly. He is still honestly a Catholic, and his instincts of opposition to the Government are the instincts of a patriot statesman as yet, and not of a religious reformer. His feeling of justice rebels against oppression; his clear and manly common sense recognises the infatuation, the impracticable absurdity of the bigoted and *fainéant* policy dictated at Madrid. "The King orders," he wrote to a friend, "not only obstinate heretics, but even the penitent to be put to death. I know not how I can endure this. It does not seem to me that such measures are either Christian-like or practicable." So little did he realise as yet the part he was destined to play. The crisis, however, rapidly approached. Philip would yield nothing in favour of religious liberty. It was equally plain that the country would not submit to the Inquisition. For a little Philip professed to yield, but only to gain time. While instructing Margaret that he was willing to abolish the Inquisition, he was at the same time quietly taking measures for vengeance, and protesting in a secret document that the concession was wrung from him against his own free will, and was therefore not binding. His deception prevailed with others, but not with the Prince of Orange, who had already established an espionage upon his most private actions, and was therefore well informed as to his real intentions. Whatever may be thought of William's conduct in this respect, there can be no doubt that it was his only chance against the duplicity and cunning of the Spanish monarch. A less wary spirit would certainly have been caught in the same wiles which ensnared Egmont and Hoorne, and with smiles and gracious promises detained Berghen and Montigny in Spain till their doom closed around them.

The crisis brought out all the strength of William's character. At first slow to pledge himself, he at length saw with clear, sagacious, and comprehensive mind the nature of the struggle. He came to feel how truly it was a struggle between religious liberty and depotism, and that he must make his choice on the religious no less than the political side. How far he was as yet inclined to Protestantism, or his spiritual life touched by its truths, is doubtful; but already, as shown by his speeches and conduct, the great idea of his life—the idea of toleration—had dawned upon him. His calm and broad sagacity had led him to the conclusion that it was possible to deal fairly with conflicting religionists, to grant to all their rights, and to teach them a mutual respect for each other's convictions. The idea did not rise upon him with any sudden and illuminating force; it did not come by any flash of moral genius; it seems to have grown up in him simply as the inspiration of his common sense and large-minded justice. It was an instinct of his magnanimous nature, developed by his peculiar circumstances, more than anything else. And hence the easy tenacity with which he held to it, amid the opprobrium of enemies and the misunderstandings of friends. He was not to be moved from what his whole nature felt to be a true instinct. No argument touched him, and he did not care to reply. He felt that he was right, and he kept his ground.*

It is difficult for us now to realise what a wonderful advance the mind of Orange thus made by an easy and apparently intuitive step. It seemed nothing remarkable to him to render justice to the religious convictions of others; it came to him as a natural result

* "He censured the severity of our theologians," says a Catholic contemporary, "because they keep strictly the constitutions of the Church without conceding a single point to their adversaries; he blamed the Calvinists as seditious and unruly, yet had a horror for the imperial edicts which condemned them to death; he said it was a cruel thing to take a man's life for sustaining an erroneous opinion."

of statesmanship in the peculiar circumstances of his country; yet the idea was the greatest that had dawned upon any mind since the introduction of Christianity. No man was to be excluded from the rights of citizenship on account of his belief. The idea is commonplace enough now, but it was then a novelty that disturbed Catholics and Protestants alike. The Calvinists regarded it with a horror equal to the Romanists. Even Sainte Aldegonde was in despair that the Prince would not exclude the Anabaptists from citizenship. But he remained firm. He answered sharply, "This is not to be done, unless we are willing to confess that it *was just for the Papists to compel us to a divine service which was against our conscience.*"

While Orange was thus taking up his final position, Egmont and Hoorne were no less driven to take up theirs, unfortunately not alongside of Orange. They were, in fact, men of a very different character from him, and especially of far inferior intellect. They had their own wrongs against the Government. Orange warned them, and especially Egmont, of the approaching danger. But neither of them had penetration to discern the true character of the struggle, nor convictions that could make them embark in it. Egmont continued, as he had ever been, a zealous Catholic. He retired to his Government of Flanders, and there carried out the royal edicts with a cruel and unrelenting severity. He ordered executions of image-breakers, and of those suspected of Protestant opinions, and a sanguinary secretary aided him in his persecutions. It was impossible that there could be much hearty sympathy or co-operation between the hero of Gravelines thus turned persecutor and our hero. Yet there was a deep and sincere friendship between them, and there are few passages of history more affecting than their final interview. Orange had urged Egmont by private letter; he had held a conference at Dendermonde with him and Hoorne and his own brother Louis, all without effect. Egmont had replied that "it was wrong to entertain any such ill opinion of so good a king as Philip." The fatal fascination of his visit to Spain was still upon him. He could not see through the coils of statecraft as William did. He had not, for one thing, the same means of judging. William's secret information already assured him of the King's plans—that the campaign of Alva had been settled, and the fate of all the conspicuous nobles predetermined. In their last memorable interview at Willebroek William urged this upon Egmont, who spoke of the royal clemency. "Alas, Egmont! the King's clemency of which you boast will destroy you. Would that I might be deceived, but I foresee too clearly that you are to be the bridge which the Spaniards will destroy, so soon as they have passed over it to invade our country." These were his last words to his old friend, and as he felt that he would never see him again, he flung himself upon Egmont's neck, embraced him closely, and the two friends mingled their tears before separating for ever.

A new oath which Margaret sought to enforce upon all the members of the Government gave Orange the opportunity which he desired of resigning all his offices, and finally separating himself from the administration. After his interview with Egmont he renewed his resignation by letter to Philip, and prepared to take his departure from the Netherlands. He set out for Germany in the end of April, 1567,* and already the Spanish forces were mustering for the invasion of the country.

The first part of the struggle was played out. The confederacy of "Beggars" was broken up. The Great Beggar, Brederode, was himself reduced to sue for terms. All his bluster and drunken riot had ended as valour like his usually ends—in vapour. His exit is as characteristic as his entrance. Upon the 25th April (1567), three days after Orange's departure, he entertained a party of his friends at his hotel at Amsterdam, and then embarked amidst an escort bearing lighted torches and singing bacchanalian songs. He retired to Germany; but, before the end of a year, hard drinking and disappointment had done their work, and he was no more. Others were left to fight out the battle, which his wild excesses had done so much to embitter. The melodrama of the "Beggars" passed into a deep tragedy of pathetic and courageous suffering.

When William left the Netherlands, all his household accompanied him save his eldest son, the Count of Buren, a boy of thirteen years of age, who remained at the University of Louvain pursuing his studies. The father and son never again saw each other. The latter was transferred to Madrid by Philip's orders, where he was educated in habits of thought and religious sentiment entirely at variance with those of his father. His temper seems to have little resembled that of

* This is the date, strictly speaking, at which the second period in William's career, which we styled in our first Part the period of "Constitutional Struggle," ends. That period therefore should stand 1560—7, not 1560—8.

his heroic race. "When he returned to the Netherlands, after a twenty years' residence in Spain, it was difficult to detect in his gloomy brow, saturnine character, and Jesuitical habits, a trace of the generous spirit which characterized the house of Orange-Nassau."* The second son, Maurice, who had inherited the father's genius, became also, fortunately, the inheritor of his name and power. Before setting out on his sad journey, William addressed letters of farewell to both Egmont and Hoorne. Not content with what he had said to Egmont at Willebroek, he wished his friend to have clearly before him the reasons for the line of conduct which he had followed. It was impossible, he explained, that he should take the new oath and thus sacrifice, as he believed, the liberties of his country. He was resolved to make any other sacrifice rather than this. "I hope, therefore," he said, "that after weighing my reasons, you will not disapprove of my departure. The rest I leave to God, who will dispose of all as may most conduce to the glory of His name. For yourself, I pray you to believe that you have no more sincere friend than I am. My love for you has struck such deep root into my heart, that it can be lessened by no distance of time or place. And I pray you in return to maintain the same feelings towards me which you have always cherished."† It is impossible to doubt that this is the natural expression of a true and deep affection; and there is something beautiful in the warm friendship of these two men, widely separated as they were in character and in policy.

William settled at Dillenburg, where he had been born, and where a little court of faithful friends and followers soon gathered round him. The most prominent among these were his own brothers, Louis and Adolphus, and the Counts Culemborg, Van der Berg, and Hoogstraten. There he busied himself in the study of the doctrines of the Reformation. The Landgrave, William of Hesse, is found communicating with him on the 17th of June, 1567, regarding a preacher of the Gospel from whom he desired to receive instruction.‡ Here also he prepared the first of those apologetic statements which he published to the world in defence of his conduct. In reply to the sentence issued against him by the Spanish authorities, he gave forth a "Justification," in which he declared his readiness to be judged by his peers, the Knights of the Golden Fleece, or by any other lawful tribunal. He vindicated himself from any participation in the disorders which had arisen in the Netherlands, but denounced the tyranny and persecutions which had provoked these disorders; and, finally, assailed Philip for his ingratitude and disgraceful abduction of his son, whom he had left behind him, trusting in the honour of his sovereign.

In the meantime Alva had invaded the doomed country with an army of Spanish veterans, ready to execute vengeance upon the troublesome heretics. He marched across the Alps, threatened Geneva for a moment on his way, and finally entered Brussels in the end of August, 1567. He took up his quarters, with a strange coincidence, in the very house* where "the Beggars," only eighteen months before, had held their revel and christened themselves by their famous name. An extraordinary change had come to the country in a brief space. Death-like silence had succeeded to popular agitation. The vague gloom of approaching vengeance weighed upon every heart. Nor were the results less dreadful than the anticipation. Scene after scene of pathetic tragedy, appalling massacre, and desperate heroism pass before the reader. Nowhere does the page of history present a more impressive array of great events and striking and powerful characters.

In the foreground there is the dark, erect figure of Alva himself, lean and sallow-faced, with hard eye, barely hiding its ferocity in assumed indifference or simulated complacency; ill-formed and gloomy mouth, without a trace of sensibility in its frowning outlines; a great soldier, of unfaltering aim, knowing not only when to fight and win, but when to refrain from fighting. No man in the world could have been found so fitting a representative of Philip—so appropriate an instrument for executing his purposes. Sharing his master's fanaticism, cruel in heart as himself, he was entirely free from Philip's dilatoriness and hesitations. He went right to his object, straight and swift and unrelenting. No baseness of treachery appalled him, no tears moved him, no shedding of blood deterred him. He could embrace Egmont at the moment he had given orders for his seizure. With smooth words he wooed Hoorne back to his doom, assuring him with cunning mockery that he would find he was not forgotten by his friends. When the Countess of Egmont

* Motley, ii. 157.
† Archives et Correspondance, ii. 70.
‡ Ibid., p. 100.

* Culemborg House.

cast herself at his feet imploring her husband's life, he is said to have rid himself of her importunities by a deliberate equivocation.* When Alkmaar, undismayed by the fate of Harlem—in which two thousand three hundred human beings had been murdered in cold blood—refused to capitulate, he wrote to Philip, "If I take Alkmaar, I am resolved not to leave a single creature alive; the knife shall be put to every throat. Since the example of Harlem has proved of no use, *perhaps an example of cruelty* will bring the other cities to their senses." Philip's gloomy vengeance assumes a species of sublimity in Alva. The treachery in which both lived rises in the latter to a pitch of persistent daring which is at times magnanimous. Nothing in the monarch ever stirs admiration or even respect. With all his cunning and ferocity, his character has no elements of strength. His very pertinacity of wickedness is feeble in principle, his cruelty frequently imbecile in motive—tremendous as it is in result. An unvarying meanness is stamped on all that he says and does. But the wickedness of Alva towers into a fiendish strength. Before his firmness of will and consistency of resolution all obstacles for the time give way. If he shuffles or delays, it is never, like his master, from weakness, but merely the better in the end to secure his object. He had his work to do, and he did it without tremor or misgiving. It is hard to contemplate such symmetry of wickedness without some sense of admiration, something of the same feeling with which the reader of Milton contemplates the portrait of the real hero of "Paradise Lost." Alva is a lower hero of the same type—the incarnation of a powerful and persistently evil will.

Around this central figure are grouped appropriate satellites, some of them Netherlanders already familiar to us—Berlaymont and Noircarmes, but the most conspicuous, Spaniards like their chief, trained in the same fierce and fanatical school in which he had been reared. One of these, Juan de Vargas, deserves to stand beside his chief, and may be said even to outvie him in sheer ruthlessness of character. "To shed human blood," according to Mr. Motley, "was the only important business, the only exhilarating pastime," of this man's life. He revelled in the work of slaughter, and found food for jesting in the most diabolical cruelties. He mutilated Latin as he mutilated human limbs, and settled everything by the formula, "Heretici fraxerunt templa, boni nihili faxerunt contra, ergo debent omnes patibulare" ("The heretics destroyed the temples, the good men did nothing to prevent it, all therefore ought to be hanged"). The cry of the "gallows" was constantly on the lips of the members of the council which surrounded Alva—which came to be known as the Council of Blood. It was the great solution for every difficulty; and it is sad to think that there were Netherlanders who joined in the cry. One of these, by name Hessels, did little more. Being allowed, says Mr. Motley, to take but slight share in the deliberations, he was accustomed to doze away his afternoon hours at the Council table, and when awakened from his sleep in order that he might express an opinion on the case before the court, was wont to rub his eyes and call out, "Ad patibulum, ad patibulum" ("To the gallows with him, to the gallows with him").

In immediate front of Alva and his followers, are Egmont and Hoorne, so soon destined to be his victims. For a time the Duke played as it were with the unconscious hero of Gravelines till he had drawn not only him but his friend into his net. He had received repeated warnings of the fate in store for him. At the last moment, Alva's natural son, Don Ferdinando, who had accompanied his father in command of the cavalry, urged Egmont to make his escape, to "take the fleetest horse" in his stable, and depart without delay. But a blind confidence possessed him, which was only shaken when at the close of an interview with Alva, who had received him with special courtesy, he found himself a prisoner. This was within less than a month after the Duke's arrival. The same fate having overtaken Hoorne, both languished in prison for nearly nine months. It would lead us away from our subject to detail the process of their trial. Having made a vain effort to repudiate the tribunal which arraigned them, they resigned themselves with dignity to their doom. There are few incidents in history more touching than Egmont's execution. It is one of those scenes which stamps itself with undying interest on the historical imagination; the heroic gallantry of the sufferer; the sweetness, patience, and even loyalty with which he yielded to his fate; the thought of his wife and fatherless children, mingling with his prayer at the last moment and wringing from him the deeply natural confession, "Ah! how wretched and frail our

* Motley allows at the same time that there is some doubt of the truth of this story (ii. 199).

nature, that when we should think of God only, we are unable to shut out the images of wife and children!" The tender exaltation of his spirit and the fervency of his prayers, awed the multitude who stood around the scaffold weeping. Even the Spanish soldiers shed tears as they looked on. Stripped of his mantle and robe, he resigned himself to the executioner, saying as he did so, "Into thy hands O Lord, I commend my spirit." A single blow severed his head from his body while the multitude broke wildly through the ranks of the soldiery to dip their handkerchiefs in his blood, and to carry away the stained ensign as a symbol of love and of vengeance.

Opposed to Alva and his associates, on the side of liberty, stand our hero and his brothers. William is the main figure, but Louis, Count of Nassau, is also conspicuous. Chivalrous, impulsive, and noble-hearted, he has all the brilliant aspects of his brother's character; the same noble and princely bearing, somewhat careless humour, and love of personal magnificence, but without his depth, subtlety, patience, and comprehensiveness of nature. There is more dash and picturesqueness in his figure—less solidity and strength. He is the prominent leader of the patriot army on the outset, and gained at Heyligerlee in the spring of 1568, the first and most decisive victory that awaited it. While Hoogstraten and Cocqueville were both defeated, and William was unable from lack of funds to make a start with the army of reserve which he was collecting at Cleves, Louis and his brother Adolphus, at the head of a force partly German and partly Flemish penetrated into Groningen. The province was defended by Count Aremberg, a brave old soldier, who had been one of Charles V.'s favourite officers. He had at his command a fine force of Spanish infantry, that looked with contempt upon the motley and disorderly army with which Louis confronted them. Their commander would fain have waited till reinforced by a body of cavalry in his rear, but the impatience of the Spanish soldiers breaking through all remonstrances compelled him, against his better judgment, to advance to the attack. The result was fatal to the Spaniards. Louis had posted himself in a strong position, conscious of the doubtful quality of his troops, superior as they were in numbers. The imprudence of the Spaniards gave him an advantage which he quickly followed up to their signal defeat. Their gallant commander fell mortally wounded. The loss, however, was compensated on the patriot side by the death of Count Adolphus of Nassau, a younger brother of our hero, who fell fighting bravely. There was a story that he and Count Aremberg had fallen in single combat; but of this there is no evidence.

Unfortunately, Louis's success led to no definite results. He was unable to consolidate his forces, which were more intent upon their pay than the triumph of the patriotic cause. Only two months later he suffered a disastrous defeat at Jemmingen, in which his army was nearly annihilated, and he himself only escaped by swimming the Ems with a few followers. Seven thousand are said to have fallen in this engagement, while only seven Spaniards were killed. The slaughter was indiscriminate and fearful. Numbers had taken refuge during the night in an island in the river. In the morning the Spanish soldiers waded to their place of concealment, and put every one of them to the sword. "Not a soldier," says a Spanish authority, "not even a lad who wished to share in the victory, but could find somebody to wound, to kill, to burn, or to drown."*

Nothing can be more disheartening than the successive defeat or failure of the armies levied by William and his gallant brothers. All the policy of the one and all the bravery of the other were destined to constant collapse. Army after army was collected, negotiation after negotiation was opened with Germany, France, and England; but the veteran genius of Alva on the one hand, and the coldness or treachery of professed friends on the other, foiled the movements both of war and diplomacy. Save the brief and unfruitful triumph at Heyligerlee, there is hardly any success on land to recount. William's first campaign in 1569 remained without result. The quiet determination of the Spanish general to maintain his ground and run no risks baffled all his efforts. His second campaign in the summer of 1572 was frustrated by the tragedy of St. Bartholomew. He had been courting the alliance and partly receiving the aid of Charles IX., when this dread crime confounded all his dreams of French aid, and broke asunder the thread of his negotiations. He was more than once reduced to the utmost extremities. In 1570, the year following his first campaign, his fortunes seemed desperate. "Orange is plainly perishing," said one of his friends. It was even reported that he had fallen, and Viglius gave vent to his congratulations. "If this report should prove true," he said. "we

* Mendoza, 72.

shall all of us have less cause to tremble." He was at this time without money, friends, or troops. Accustomed to lavish magnificence in everything, he was now destitute of almost the necessaries of life. He writes to his brother John in the beginning of the year, "Send by the bearer the little hackney given me by the Admiral. Send also my two pairs of trunk hose: one pair is at the tailor's to be mended, the other pair you will please order to be taken from the things which I wore lately at Dillenburg. They lie on the table with my accoutrements. If the little hackney be not in condition, please send the grey horse with the cropped ears and tail."

The prospects of the patriotic cause seemed very gloomy. Even the sudden capture of Mons by Louis—the second of his brilliant achievements—led to nothing. The city was forced to capitulate within a few months, and the capitulation was followed by the usual appalling atrocities. A Council of Blood was established in imitation of that of Brussels, and victim after victim was sent forth to execution. "You can do me no greater pleasure," wrote Noircarmes to the Council, "than to make quick work with all these rebels." It is stirring to follow the dashing career of Louis, and see him received with flattering distinction in Alva's camp—the capitulation having expressly secured free egress for him and his English and German soldiers; but it is also pathetic to see how little comes of all his gallantry and heroic daring. Within little more than eighteen months from this time his sun has gone down, and all his headlong and brilliant bravery closed in darkness. He perished on the fatal field of Mookheath in the spring of 1574. Essaying to join his brother with his forces, he was met by the Spaniards on the banks of the Meuse, which they had suddenly crossed. All the circumstances were unfortunate. He was taken unawares; his troops were merely mercenaries, mutinous for pay. There had been omens of disaster—a phantom battle seen by some of the soldiers in the heavens. The result too surely corresponded to their gloomy auguries. After a partial success at the head of his cavalry, his army was driven back in every direction, and total rout ensued. The Count gathered a little band around him, amongst whom was his brother Henry, little more than a youth, and together they made a final and desperate charge, from the confusion of which neither ever emerged. It was unknown whether they were killed outright or drowned in the marshes or the river. They were never seen again. It was a dark day for the patriotic cause, and a dark day for the house of Orange. Louis, from his frank and genial and open-handed bravery was the favourite of the family, the idol of his mother. The worthy mother of many worthy sons, her heart yet clung to him more than all. She addressed him as her "dearly beloved, her heart's cherished Louis." "You must come soon to me," she wrote in the last year of her life, "for I have many matters to ask your advice upon, and I thank you beforehand, for you have loved me as your mother all the days of your life, for which may God Almighty have you in his holy keeping."*

Such a succession of disasters might well have overwhelmed any cause. There seemed no hopes of success to the patriot armies in the field. But when we turn our eyes elsewhere we behold a different picture. Defeated on land, the patriots were victors at sea. On what might be called their native element, they achieved success after success. The old confederacy of Beggars had perished, but there arose in their place a far more powerful and not less terrible force, known as the "Beggars of the Sea." They were found everywhere. The waters were their home and their strength, for "of their ships," as one has said, "the Hollanders make houses. Here they are born, here educated, here they learn their profession." Under the leadership of De la Marck and Treslong—the former a daring but savage and truculent seaman, whose excesses Orange was compelled to disown—they laid by their successes the first foundation of the Dutch republic. Appearing before Brill one day in the spring of 1572, famished for food, they summoned the city—the magistrates and chief inhabitants of which fled at the terror of their name and a false report of their numbers. They took possession of it, and raised the standard of the republic in its centre. Flushing responded to the patriotic success of Brill, and one by one all the important cities of Holland and Zeeland—Oudenard, Dort, Harlem, Gouda, Alkmaar—followed the example. A triumph in itself almost accidental was the signal for the revolt of whole provinces, which from this time remained true to the great name with which they identified their liberation.

But more than anything, save the indomitable spirit of the Prince himself, was the fire of patriotism kept alive by the success which attended the memorable defences of the cities of Alkmaar and of Leyden. The ac-

* Archives, iv. 174.

counts of these might occupy many pages, so stirring and picturesque are they. Never did the bravery of endurance, nor the ingenuity of a desperate patriotism rise higher. The Spaniards, victorious in many battles, felt at length that they were dealing with a foe that they might defeat, but that they could not subdue. The spirit of freedom, as Motley says, had retreated to these cities as to a lair, and there it crouched, wounded, smitten, well-nigh despairing, yet resolute not to yield—to die rather in a common destruction by breaking down the sea dykes, and drowning the country beneath the ocean from which it had been rescued.

After the arrest put on William's movements by the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Spanish forces had taken not only Mons, but Mechlin, Zutphen, Naarden, and after a protracted and heroic defence, Harlem, crowning their capture of all these cities by frightful butcheries. The same fate was preparing for Alkmaar. Alva had resolved, we have seen, not to leave a single creature there alive. The citizens of Alkmaar knew what they had to expect, and they resolved to submerge their city rather than allow it to be taken. The work had been commenced. The dykes were so far broken down, when the Spaniards under Don Frederic, son of Alva, profoundly impressed with the stern and unconquerable spirit with which they had to deal, raised the siege. The moral result was more than equal to a victory in the field.

In the following year this extraordinary plan of defence was actually carried out, and Leyden saved at its last extremity. The great dykes were broken down, and the fleet of the "Sea Beggars" sailed up to the gates of the beleaguered city. The famished citizens were reduced to their last straits for food—dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin having become luxuries. Patiently they waited till dyke after dyke was swept away, and the sea should advance to their rescue. It seemed after many days that there was no promise of its coming, and muttered curses arose. Taunts were heard from the few Royalists within the city. "Go ye up to the town, ye beggars, and tell us if ye can see the ocean coming over the dry land to your relief." The royalists treated the project of the Prince as a dream, and the hearts of the patriots misgave them at the long delay. Day by day they ascended the ancient town of Hengist, and searched with despairing eye for the signs of the approaching relief. But at length, with the rise of a strong easterly wind, the terrible sea piled itself in huge waves over the drowned land, and on came the fleet of the "Beggars"—a wonderful sight. The amazed Spaniards fled in consternation, while the wild Zeelanders, rushing from their vessels, pursued them with harpoons and such weapons as they could command.

During all this time William was secretly or openly guiding the struggle. He was the inspiring soul of it, even when his presence was not seen or felt. All looked instinctively to him; and when Holland and Zeeland acquired their independence, by the help of the "Sea Beggars," in 1572, he was virtually invested with sovereign authority. The fiction of Philip's sovereignty was still preserved—it was found useful as a counterfoil to the tyranny of Alva; but all real power passed into the hands of William as Stadtholder. This office, to which he had been appointed in 1559, he now resumed by constitutional right; and thus the new government, while throwing off the foreign bondage under which it had so long groaned, retained the old forms, and consolidated more rapidly in consequence. The Estates claimed nothing more than the practical liberties which were secured to them by charter. They had no revolutionary aims, and some of the great cities were only too conservative of their ancient immunities.

While William was thus laying laboriously the foundations of the Dutch republic, his character was growing in strength and magnanimity, and his religious convictions slowly but decisively ripening. He embraced at length, in all their fulness, the principles of the Reformation, and placed himself at the head, not only of the patriotic, but the religious impulses, which were moving so powerfully the best minds of his adopted country.* Yet he never passed to any extreme of religious enthusiasm. He remained always the statesman more than the reformer. His convictions were moral and practical rather than theoretical and dogmatic. He discriminated principles. He did not sharply distinguish doctrines. Above all, he was animated by a sense of religious independence, while he was no less willing to concede to others than to claim for himself. This characteristic kept him aloof from religious controversy. It enabled him to maintain in a still higher form the same equanimity of mind and firmness of spirit towards all parties which he had already done while still a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

* He adopted the Reformed worship very gradually, and did not join in its communion, it is said, till the autumn of 1573.—Motley, ii. 243, note.

The change in his religious views was connected with a deep change of religious feeling. He became a religious man in a different sense from what he had been before. His misfortunes, and the responsibilities of the great cause in which he was engaged, gave a sadder colour and more thoughtful interest to his whole life. The idea of God's will and providence, and of himself as a humble agent in doing God's will, became constantly present to him. His letters reveal everywhere this change of feeling. They are full, not only of pious resignation for himself, but of patient and earnest concern for others. To his brother Louis after his miserable disaster at Jemmingen—against the chances of which he had strongly counselled him—he writes with deep sympathy, and without a word of reproach. "You may be well assured that I have never felt anything more keenly than the pitiable misfortune which has happened to you . . . Nevertheless, since it has thus pleased God, it is necessary to become patient, and not to lose courage, conforming ourselves to His divine will, as for my part, I have determined to do in everything which may happen, still proceeding onward in our work, with his almighty aid."*

The most remarkable, perhaps, of all his letters at this period (1569) is one to his wife, Anne of Saxony, whose conduct long before this had given him deep cause of shame and offence. Her ill-regulated temper had gradually developed into something like madness. She would pass weeks confined to her room, and burning candles night and day. Her language was coarse and abusive in public as well as private. Instead of sharing his misfortunes, she separated herself from him, and finally formed an illicit connection with the father, it is said, of the famous painter Rubens. A more painful picture of folly and conjugal unfaithfulness can hardly be imagined.† Yet the prince for long bore patiently with her. The letter which he addressed to her in the end of 1569 from Dillenburg shows this fully, and how truly tender and noble was his conduct in the circumstances. "I have seen," he says, "by your letters, and heard by my secretary, the reasons which prevent you joining me—reasons, however, which would hardly suffice to a wife which felt the duty and obligations which she owed to her husband; for, before you promised, as you say, not to return to this country, you had promised before God and the Church to forsake all things to follow your husband. I say this, not so much to persuade you to come here, since it is so contrary to your wishes, as to remind you of your duty, which I am bound to do, both by the command of God and the affection I bear you, in order that, happen what may, I may have the satisfaction of having dealt rightly with you, especially in such a time when I am in such troubles as you know, and when nothing consoles a man like the sympathy of his wife, and the patience with which she is willing to endure the cross which the Almighty has seen fit to lay upon her husband in those very things in which he sought the glory of God and the liberty of his country. . . . . Since it has pleased God to send me such miseries, I should have much wished the pleasure of seeing you for a few days. I would have been then more content, I think, to bear my misfortunes. But I set out to-morrow, and when I shall return or when I shall see you again, I cannot on my honour, say with certainty. I have resolved to place myself in the hands of the Almighty, that He may guide me according to his good pleasure. I see well enough that I am destined to pass this life in misery and travail, with which I am well content since it thus pleases the Almighty."*

Thus he wrote, still looking forward to the struggle before him, and in the heat of it his faith did not forsake him, nor his patience grow weaker. When the beleaguered citizens of Alkmaar were in their last struggle, and the Lieutenant-Governor Sonoy communicated with him on the subject, he responded with lofty enthusiasm: "You ask if I have entered into a firm treaty with any great king or potentate. I answer that before I ever took up the cause of the oppressed Christians in these provinces, I had entered into a close alliance with the King of kings, and I am firmly persuaded that all who put their trust in Him shall be saved by his Almighty Hand. The God of armies will raise up armies to do battle with his enemies and our own."

It needed only this glow of spiritual enthusiasm to raise the character of our hero to a higher elevation, and add to it a more tender and lofty interest. With such a depth of patience and trust, and such a noble faith in the righteousness and ultimate triumph of his cause, there is no wonder that he gathered to himself the affectionate hopes and enthusiasm of the country. It remains in a concluding chapter to show how fully he did so, becoming the martyr as well as the hero of Dutch independence.

JOHN TULLOCH.

* Archives, &c., iii. 277.
† Motley, iii. 22—24.
‡ Archives, iii. 327—329.



"THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON."

Page 441

THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON.

By MRS. PARR, Author of "Dorothy Fox."

CHAPTER XXI.—HIDDEN MOTIVES.



WITH the exception of a few of the Captain's particular cronies, all the guests had taken their leave, and Hero had already gone outside the house to wait for Leo's arrival.

The wind, which had considerably freshened since the moon had risen, caused the flying scud every now and then to obscure the light of the lover's lamp. The air felt chilly and cold, yet Hero was glad to take off her hat, and let the breeze play about her head. Her impatience to have this conversation over increased the hot fever which had all day oppressed her. She thought that after she had spoken to Leo she should feel more at ease, and she clung to the hope that in some way he would help her.

At a sound of footsteps she rose, walked to the gate, and listened; it was Leo, and they turned at once down the same pathway by which he had lately led Mrs. Labouchere. They soon reached a grassy ledge planted with shrubs, which formed a screen behind, while a projection sheltered it from view in front.

"We will stop here," Hero said, leaning against the rock, so as to bring herself face to face with Leo.

"And now what have you to say to me?" he asked, trying to hide his nervousness under a smiling demeanour. For a moment Hero did not answer; she was trying to gather up her courage, and swallow down the great lump which threatened to dissolve into an outburst of passionate tears. She longed, but feared, to obey her natural instinct, which said, "Tell him all; say that your love has been tempted, but only to show how greatly it stands in need of him to cling to." Had Leo's love been staunch and honest, he would have had no cause for distrust; for out of the truthfulness of her nature came these promptings, and from the moment her confession reached his ear any rival would have ceased to exist.

"Hero, darling, what is the matter?" for Leo could not withstand the troubled beauty of the sweet face before him.

If Hero had known every art of bewitchment she could not have looked more dangerously lovely than her grief had this night made her. The slightly-swollen lids, and the dark circles round her eyes; her cheeks white as her low forehead, round which the breeze was tossing the little dark rings of stray hair, the drooping curves of the sad mouth, the quivering lips, told without words the workings of her sorrowful heart.

"Hero!"—and this time the answer came; not prefaced as she intended, for Leo's tender looks and tone stirred up something within her which made her feel secure and certain of herself. She knew that when, as Leo's future wife, she took her place by his side, openly and before the whole world, nothing would make her swerve again; and acting upon this she raised her tearful, trusting eyes, and said—

"I want you to make our engagement public, Leo; let every one know about it."

Leo gave an involuntary start of amazement. This request was the last one he had expected her to make. Since she had told him that she wanted this conversation with him, a dozen conjectures had entered his mind; some of them (such as a suspicion that she intended giving him up for Sir Stephen) making him feel angry and bitter, but that she only wanted to say this about the engagement was what he had never once dreamed of. Was she jealous of Mrs. Labouchere? and so determined to settle these misgivings at once! Leo's nature was not a generous one, and certainly one not given to judge others more highly than himself; and these thoughts, clashing as they did with his recent plans, considerably damped the present ardour of his love, and his voice sounded quite differently as he asked—

"Why, Hero, what is your reason for saying this now?"

"Because I feel that people ought to know it."

"I think there are very few people in Mallett but do know that I love you, Hero."

"Yes, and because of that—before it did not matter, but now—when strangers to us have come here, it would be better to have it properly understood. I wish it to be so, and you have no objection, have you?" and she looked earnestly at him, and then drew back a step.

"Objection! what objection could I have? only, upon my word, I do not know quite what there is to say. It seems rather awkward to go up to Mrs. Prescott and Sir Stephen—I suppose it is to them you allude—for the purpose of telling them that I am in love with you, and that some day—God knows when!—we hope to get married." "You judge these people," he added, seeing the changed expression in her face, "by your own warm heart, Hero; whereas, among that class, they care nothing about what you or I are going to do. The amusement of the hour is all they want from us; not to be bored with our hopes and plans. Ah, my darling! I know them, and have suffered from them too. Fellows often say, 'Despard knows such a heap of swells; he's sure to get his promotion.' So I thought once," and Leo sighed hopelessly; "but though they are glad enough to laugh and be entertained, just attempt to hint at a favour from them, and see how soon they'll choke you off."

"I don't think you would find the Prescotts are of that class, Leo."

Leo shook his head.

"You do not know the world, dear. If I were to go to Combe to-morrow, and say, 'Miss Carthew has promised to marry me as soon as I get my captaincy,' the first thing that would occur to Sir Stephen would be, 'This fellow wants me to use my interest for him,' and there'd be a change in his manner at once."

Hero did not answer. Leo's words and tone jarred upon her. A vague feeling of distrust came into her mind, and with it a shadow of resentment against him. She stood with her eyes fixed upon the ground, unconscious of the look of mingled love, pain, and humiliation which her companion had turned upon her as he told himself it was best not to put the question beyond doubt, and proclaim the toils in which his love still bound him. Every feeling pleaded on the side of her who had never before seemed so necessary to his happiness.

"Oh, Hero!" he exclaimed, allowing his tongue this time to give utterance to his thoughts, "how a man like Sir Stephen is to be envied! What wonder if a poor beggar like myself is miserable and discontented? He can do what he likes; can have what he likes; can marry when and whom he pleases. I'd freely give the best half of my life to exchange places with him at this moment."

"You might not find the position so very enviable," Hero could not help saying.

"Pshaw!" and Leo gave a contemptuous movement of disbelief. "You will put faith in the bosh he tells you." Jealousy was successfully drifting him away from love now. "You really seem always to have more pity for him than you have for me."

"I do not see anything to particularly pity you for."

"You don't? Then I'll tell you. While you have been light-hearted and happy here, I have been scheming and striving to see how it was possible for me to get my step, or whether, by any means, I could scrape together the purchase money—who would help me—whose interest I could get: until what with dwelling morning, noon, and night on the one thing; trying to secure this one's favour, and the other's patronage; full of hope one day, to be cast into the depths the next—my brain has been pretty nearly distracted. Not see anything to pity me for! If that is not enough, I'll tell you something more, Hero, and it is this—that looking the whole thing fairly in the face, I see no possible chance of being promoted for ten years to come; and instead of going to Combe, and saying that 'Miss Carthew has promised to wait for me,' the only honourable thing left for me to do is not to breathe a word about the matter, so that at any time you may release yourself from a promise which I ought never to have drawn from you. I always said and knew it was wrong to fetter a girl, more especially one who is safe to have the opportunities you have; but love makes most men cowardly, and I was so full of hope that something would surely turn up—" He paused for Hero to speak, but finding she remained silent, he went on—"All that is over now. It is folly trying to deceive myself any longer, and worse than folly, it is dishonourable to deceive you."

"I am not deceived," Hero said coldly; "I quite understand you. Before, you wished for the engagement; now, from something which has happened, you wish for it no longer."

"Hero! do I hear aright—can you be say-

ing these words to me?" and Leo turned towards her.

Hero clasped her hands in distress. Was she wronging him? Something within her said he was deceiving her. Could he be doing so, or was it the knowledge of all she had lost by his tardy avowal which was making her bitter or suspicious? Yes, perphaps that was it, and laying her hand on his arm, she said—

"Leo, if I wrong you, forgive me. I have no wish to believe my suspicions are true; only be frank with me, and if you have any reason for this—this determination, tell me what it is."

"I have told you my reasons," he answered, without lifting up his head; "and if I had not by my original selfishness given you cause to suspect my honour, you would never have thrown such an accusation at me."

"There was nothing dishonourable in what you did, Leo. You used no persuasions, nor did you need them. I was as willing to wait as you were. From the first you told me you had an objection to a formal engagement—I never saw any, and that is the only mistake we made; it should have been open, or not at all."

"And that is all I have said and all I have to say. I am not in a position to be engaged—no man is until he sees a prospect of marriage; therefore I have no right to bind you." Then, after a pause, he added pleadingly, "But why need things be altered, Hero? We have always been happy—why not continue so? All I want to feel certain about is this, that I am not a drawback to you in any way—not standing in your light, darling. Many who have loved as dearly as we two love, have been separated by circumstances which they had not foreseen; and I cannot tell what may happen. For instance, somebody in a better position or better off might make an offer to you, and I don't know whether it would not be right that you should accept, or at least that I should counsel you to accept, what would be for your advantage." Then catching sight of her face, he broke out, "Hero, how hard and cold you are!—bent upon misunderstanding me, feeling nothing but resentment in return for the sacrifice I am striving to make. Most women would take it as a proof of love, that a man offers to give up his dearest hopes rather than be a dead weight round her prospects. I gain nothing by setting you free. You know well enough, perhaps too well, that do what I may I can never love you less. All I ask is to remain as we are, trusting to fate and each other. But to draw down the strictures which such people as the Prescotts would make—to have my actions doubted, and my honour questioned, I could not stand it."

Leo had by this time lashed himself into the talk by which nothing is ever accomplished. Hidden motives are very prone to garble speech, and lead the conversation straying into channels by which, though the end may be gained, the way is not the smooth path along which it was intended to go. To explain his motives to himself would have been a hard task for Leo. Believing that her request arose solely out of jealousy, his faith in her remained unshaken. Had he entertained the barest suspicion of the truth, Leo would have proclaimed their engagement from pole to pole, rather than have given up one, whom he loved with all the strength and fervour of which he was capable.

After delivering his last speech he had turned away, and a silence of some minutes reigned between them. At last Hero said, in a weary, saddened voice—

"Don't think that I am reproaching you, Leo—I have more cause to reproach myself, perhaps. I suppose we cannot help changing."

"I can never change towards you," Leo said.

"We must be friends in future," she went on, not heeding him.

"Friends!" he echoed bitterly; "and you can say this, Hero, so calmly?"

"Yes, Leo, as long as we live we can never be anything but friends. I see, now, that neither of us knew the other; and as we were, we never should have known each other."

"I think you should speak for yourself," Leo said. "I am glad to say I am no more mentally than physically blind."

He felt that he could afford to take a higher stand, now that Hero was displaying "all this temper."

"I am not going to be frightened into giving in," he said to himself. "If I get a chance the next time we are all together, I'll give her something to be jealous of. I'll seem to take her at her word now, and see how she likes that." So he said—

"You seem to look upon this as a final separation between us?"

Hero nodded assent.

"Then you are as fickle and heartless as the rest of your sex!" he exclaimed; "and I believe you never gave me the love you professed. I would have sworn that, come what might, you would have been true to

me—that it would have broken your heart to have given me up; but I find I was mistaken—I deceived myself."

"No, you did not—at any cost I should have been true to you, and I have never said a word to you that was not from my heart. But, Leo, I distrust you—I cannot help it. What you have said, and the reasons you have given me, may be just and true, but they are utterly unlike you."

"Thank you," he said angrily. "One of the first privileges of friendship is the right to be candid with your friends; and at length I have the pleasure of hearing your true estimate of my character. This is something quite new."

Hero gave a sigh. The excitement of the last few days had been too much for her, and a weariness such as she had never felt before took possession of her.

"I must go home," she said, "I seem to be tired out," and she quickened her steps, and began to reascend the path,—Leo walking silently and moodily behind her, fighting a little internal battle between love and discretion. Love said, "Make it up;" discretion said, "If you give way now, she will take you to task again." They reached the house. Leo stopped, and said sullenly—

"I suppose others are to know nothing of this alteration between us."

"No. People will gradually come to see, and know, that we are changed. Of course I shall tell papa, and you will tell Aunt Lydia. They are the only two who have any right to be further informed."

"May I still come and see you?"

"Come whenever you like—only say good-night now, for I feel as if I could not say another word."

CHAPTER XXII.—"CROOKED AS A RAM'S HORN."

"I AM sorry that our excursion has fallen to the ground to-day," Leo said, as, luncheon over, they sat chatting together at Combe.

"Yes," said Katherine; "but as Miss Carthew is absent, and my cousin unexpectedly engaged, perhaps it is better to postpone it; besides which, I doubt if the water is quite as smooth as it was yesterday. You are going to buy a boat, are you not, Stephen?"

"Yes; it is that calls me away this afternoon."

"I hope you have engaged a safe man to go out with you and take care of it, Stephen," said Mrs. Prescott anxiously.

Sir Stephen nodded. "Make your mind easy, mother; I am to have one of the best sailors in the village, Joe Bunce," he said, turning to Leo; "you know him, of course?"

"What! Betsey's friend? Oh, yes. He's a first-rate fellow."

"Who is Betsey?" asked Mrs. Prescott.

"Ah!" laughed Sir Stephen, "you have a treat to come in Betsey—she is Captain Carthew's old servant and factotum—quite a character."

"You surely don't mean a plain elderly woman who stood at the table?" said Mrs. Labouchere. "Why, Stephen, she was my horror. She did nothing but press me to eat all sorts of things."

"Well, there was nothing horrible in that. You may depend upon it that she only offered you what was good. She is a capital cook."

"I wondered at the time how Miss Carthew could endure such a person about her. I fancied she must have come up from the village. I never thought she could be one of the servants."

"Complimentary to the opinion you have formed of the village!" said Sir Stephen, not caring to enter into a discussion of the Sharrows household.

"Well, you must allow that they are dreadfully uncouth and rough," said Mrs. Labouchere. "I can afford to discuss them with you now," she added, smiling, "for Mr. Despard is quite of my opinion. He says that ships only touch here on their way to England."

"Oh, too bad!" and Mrs. Prescott shook her head at them, "particularly from you, Mr. Despard."

"Yes," said Sir Stephen. "It is your native place, is it not?"

"Oh, no!" and Leo wished the conversation had taken any other than a personal turn. "I came here a small boy with my uncle when he got the living."

"I regret that I did not know your uncle," said Mrs. Prescott, "he was a great friend of my brother-in-law—the late baronet," she added, seeing Leo did not seem to understand to whom she alluded.

"Was he? my uncle was rather eccentric in many things; his reticence at last became really painful, and he seldom or never spoke of his young life. I believe one motive for this was, that he wanted me to look upon him as my father, and he could not bear to enter upon any subject which might lead to my asking any questions."

"Really!" exclaimed Mrs. Prescott,

"then you know very little about your own parents?"

"Nothing, except that my mother died when I was a baby, and my father," he added with a little laugh, "waited until he had spent all her money and his own, and then he very obligingly died and left me on his brother's hands. I have an aunt still who lives here, but she perfectly worshipped my uncle, and holds his slightest wish as sacred, so that knowing how it would pain her to refuse me, I have never asked her any questions."

"And quite right," said Mrs. Prescott, while Sir Stephen, who was fidgeting to get away, wondered if his mother would sit listening to this uninteresting gossip all day.

"Why don't you offer Mr. Despard a seat to the Forts, mother?" he said, "you are going that way."

"I shall be most happy, but perhaps Mr. Despard will not care to go round by the road. I do not feel equal to that hilly lane to-day."

"I don't want to get to the Forts before five o'clock, and if you will have me I shall enjoy the drive immensely; I was thinking how disinclined I felt to walk."

This was said under the certainty that Mrs. Labouchere intended to accompany them; but, to their surprise, she asked—

"Are you going to walk across the park, Stephen?"

"I? Yes. Oh, don't mind me. You know I hate driving. I want a walk."

"So do I." And the hearts of the two men sank as the words came out, "If you will have me, I will go with you?"

"Now I feel I am inconveniencing you."

"You see I am going down the village on to the Hard," Sir Stephen and Leo exclaimed together.

"Then I will go as far as the top of the lane, Stephen."

"No, indeed," she said, turning to Leo. "I am much obliged to you for going with Mrs. Prescott; I wanted to walk. Shall I get ready now, Stephen?"

"Yes, do."

Sir Stephen tried to assent cordially; for, after thinking and arguing with himself during the past three hours, he had arrived at the conclusion that it would look very odd if, after Hero had sent an excuse to his mother of not being well enough to lunch with her, he did not go down and inquire after her. He would not go in, that he was determined upon. The engagement to see his boat was quite an impromptu one, which any other time would suit as well. Of course, as he said to himself, he had no right to complain that Hero had chosen to go with Leo, and yet he longed to unburden himself of his bitter jealousy. Anyhow, Katherine would be completely *de trop*.

Leo was equally disgusted at having to spend a couple of hours with that "stupid old woman," who wanted, he could see, to pry into everything, and find out all she could about everybody. How he wished that he had known Mrs. Labouchere was not going! he would have seen her aunt at Jericho before he would have wasted his time upon her. He might have gone down to Sharrows, inquired after Hero, and left his card. He would not have gone in, and that would have rather touched her, for, of course, he knew why she stayed away from Combe. While the two ladies were getting ready, Leo and Stephen were left alone.

"I am sorry to find Miss Carthew is not well," Sir Stephen said, apropos of nothing leading to the subject. "I suppose that moonlight excursion was too much for her?"

"Oh! she did not go," Leo answered.

He rather prided himself on the coolness with which, if a lie had to be told, he told it, and, of course, where a woman was concerned, any denial was admissible.

Sir Stephen felt his face get crimsom, but, as without seeming to avoid his questioner, Leo did not look him straight in the face, the surprise manifested passed unnoticed.

"Did not anybody go then?" Sir Stephen asked, after a moment's pause.

"No; I was detained at the Fort longer than I expected; and when I got back, with the exception of two or three old chums, everybody had left."

"What a fine old fellow Captain Carthew is!" Sir Stephen said, after a pause, intending to give Leo a chance of seeing that he knew more of his affairs than he thought.

"Yes, quite one of the old class of sailors—looks upon steam as the ruin of the navy, and a 'boiler buster' as a creation of the devil."

"I took a very great liking to him when I first came down here; he and Miss Carthew made me so thoroughly at home."

It was Leo's turn to become inquisitor. "I'll find out," he thought, with a twinge of sudden jealousy, "what he really thinks about her."

"I heard that you admired Miss Carthew immensely," he answered.

"*You* heard! From whom?"

"Oh! Mrs. Labouchere told me so yesterday."

And Leo laughed at the surprise his announcement had caused.

"I do admire Miss Carthew," said Sir Stephen, "and I have spoken of my admiration to Mrs. Labouchere; but she is hardly warranted in speaking of it to a stranger—for such you were yesterday."

"Means nothing serious, and is afraid of being misunderstood," Leo thought, with a feeling of relief. Hastening to soften down Katherine's share, he said—

"It is hardly fair to say that of Mrs. Labouchere's simple remark. The truth is, she noticed herself how very superior to most of the Mallett ladies Miss Carthew is, and I agreeing with her, she began a little teazing, and laughingly told me I had a rival. I made more of it to you than I was warranted in doing."

"I don't know that—if you had a right." And Sir Stephen hesitated.

"A right!" echoed Leo. "What do you mean?"

"He is trying to pump me," he thought as he added—

"I have the same right that every other man has to admire the young lady."

"Nothing more?"

"No, certainly not. I don't understand what you mean."

But Sir Stephen had abruptly turned from him, and was speaking to the groom.

Before Leo had time for further reflection, Mrs. Prescott joined them, and a few minutes after they had started on their different ways.

"A well-mannered man this Mr. Despard," Katherine said. "I rather like him."

"I don't," said Sir Stephen in his most decided tone.

"No? Why not?"

"Oh, for no particular reason except that—well, that I don't like him."

"No other but a woman's reason," quoted Katherine; "I think him so, because I think him so. He does not admire Mallett as much as you do; but then," she added, laughing, "he knows it better, and—though I am not drawing a similar inference—he does not particularly admire your friend Miss Carthew. He thinks she wants style—which she certainly does—and he laughed when I said she was simple and unaffected."

"His mirth is easily provoked," said Sir Stephen, not daring to give vent to his indignation, for fear of betraying Hero and himself.

But should Hero sacrifice herself to such a man as this?—never; and, in his excitement, he so quickened his pace, that his cousin exclaimed pettishly—

"If you are going to run, Stephen, I will give in at once. I generally walk at a tolerably brisk rate, but this is rather too much for me."

"I beg your pardon. I did not know that I was walking so quickly." And he slackened his pace to suit his companion.

"I suppose most of these paths lead to the water below?" she said, as they neared the gate.

"All of them do."

"Are they tolerably easy? Could one sit half way down?"

"Certainly; and very pleasant it would be. I cannot offer to go down with you; but, if I am not detained too long, I will join you."

"Then I will turn down the one we are coming to."

"Very well," said Sir Stephen, well pleased that she had not accompanied him to Sharrows. "I will get done as soon as possible—only you will not wait for me. Let that be understood—directly you feel inclined, you will go home."

"Yes; au revoir."

They parted, and Mrs. Labouchere slowly descended the path she had pointed to, her thoughts all the time following Stephen. His altered looks, his variable spirits, had not escaped her quick eyes; and since she had seen the way he had hovered about Hero, she had connected the change some way with her. What it could be she could not fancy. It was hardly credible that Stephen should be playing rejected lover to a little commonplace country girl, who would regard being my lady as second only to being the queen. "Still, if I find that he has made excuses to me, and gone there, I shall know there is something between them." And with an angry feeling within her, she hastened on as fast as she dared, and, gaining the sands, walked along, wondering which path would take her to Sharrows.

It had seemed easy enough to find while she was above, but below she could see nothing but the overhanging cliffs. Suddenly her ear caught sound of a voice, and looking, she saw a man seated on the sands busily employed in some occupation, over which he was singing,—

"Oh what a dis-i-mal state was this!
What horrors shook my feeble frame!"

"Can you tell me the path by which I shall get to Sharrows?"

But though she was nearly close up to him,

he neither raised his head, nor seemed to notice her approach, but continued—

"But, brethren, su-urely you can guess—"

Here Mrs. Labouchere's impatience overcame her dislike of touching such people, and she gave him a little shake, which made him look up, and, in his amazement, while regarding her over his horn spectacles, say, rather than sing—

"For you perhaps have felt the same."

"Can you tell me the way to Sharrows?"

"Ay, ay, my lady!" for the singer, who was Jim, having by this time recognised her, proceeded to bundle his bits of sail-cloth together, disengage his hook from its office of keeping his patch taut, and get on his legs as fast as he could.

"I have missed my way," Katherine said in explanation.

"I reckon you must speak up a bit more than you'm used to, my lady, for I'm terrible hard o' hearin'. Do 'ee want to go 'pon the watter?"

"No!" roared Katherine, exerting herself far more than was necessary; "I want to know the way to Captain Carthew's house."

"Iss, sure," replied Jim. "Will 'ee please to come along o' me?"

"Can't you tell me the way to go?"

"I could—iss—but you'd niver git there. You'd better let me go with 'ee, me lady."

Mrs. Labouchere nodded her acquiescence, and they proceeded on side by side.

"Might ye be goin' to see Miss Hero?" asked Jim.

Mrs. Labouchere gave a haughty little movement of her head—not lost on Jim; for he added, by way of apologizing for his curiosity, "'cos' her's out. I met her not more than half n'our agone goin' to ole Miss Despard's."

Mrs. Labouchere stopped.

"Did you?" she said. "Are you sure it was Miss Carthew?"

"What! sure about it bein' Miss Hero? Lor', mum!" added Jim, after a surprised pause, "why, I've a know'd her ever since her was born. Her's like our own to us about here. 'Twould be like the snappin' o' our heart strings the day she was a took from among us."

"Is she likely to go, then?" asked Mrs. Labouchere, with sudden interest in Jim's conversation.

"Well, me lady, not as I knows by, though there's many hard after her, as I daresay you, bein' a married lady, don't doubt."

Katherine smiled; and Jim, launched on one of his favourite topics, continued—

"'Tis a matter o' prayer with me that her chice 'll be guided; for, notwithstandin' he'd a uncle who's, depend upon it, me lady, a saint in glory—though he was a church goer—Mr. Despard ain't fitted to tie her shoe-string."

"Mr. Despard?" said Katherine.

"A tallish, fine-looking young chap," Jim explained, "up to the Forts."

"Oh, yes, I know him; and is he Miss Carthew's lover?"

"Well, me lady, it's bin goin' on ever since they was boy and girl. 'Tain't reg'lar gived out that they'm walkin' together, you know, but anybody with half a eye can see he's got the measure o' her tread."

"Is the liking all on her side then?" Katherine asked, sauntering back with Jim; for his information had decided her upon not paying her visit.

"No, not by no means, me lady; 'tain't for me to say that he ain't fond, but he arn't a got the same ways as your gentleman has. Lord! *he* wouldn't let a fly pitch upon her, he wouldn't."

"You mean Sir Stephen Prescott," Katherine said, feeling inwardly disgusted that she should stoop to gain her information from such a source.

"If it ain't a takin' too great a liberty, me lady——"

"Oh! I know," said Katherine, struggling to seem gracious, "that he is very fond of Miss Carthew, and Captain Carthew also."

Jim looked his delight at this intelligence.

"If so be you could bring it round, me lady, there's many 'ed be beholden to 'ee, for it don't want a Malletter to see they'm cut and dried for one another."

"Any of these paths will take me back into Combe park?" said Katherine, stopping suddenly.

"I reckon you comed down by that one," said Jim, pointing out one they had just passed.

"Yes, you are right: I will return by the same, thank you," and she held out a half-crown.

But instead of taking it, Jim shook his head, "Excuse me, me lady, but I'd rather not take it; 'taint what we've bin used to hereabouts. If I've a bin o' any little service to 'ee, 'tis my dooty to thank *you*, me lady, which I humbly do, and begs God's blessin' on you and your belongings."

"Thank you," said Katherine; then giving a doubtful glance at the old man's face,

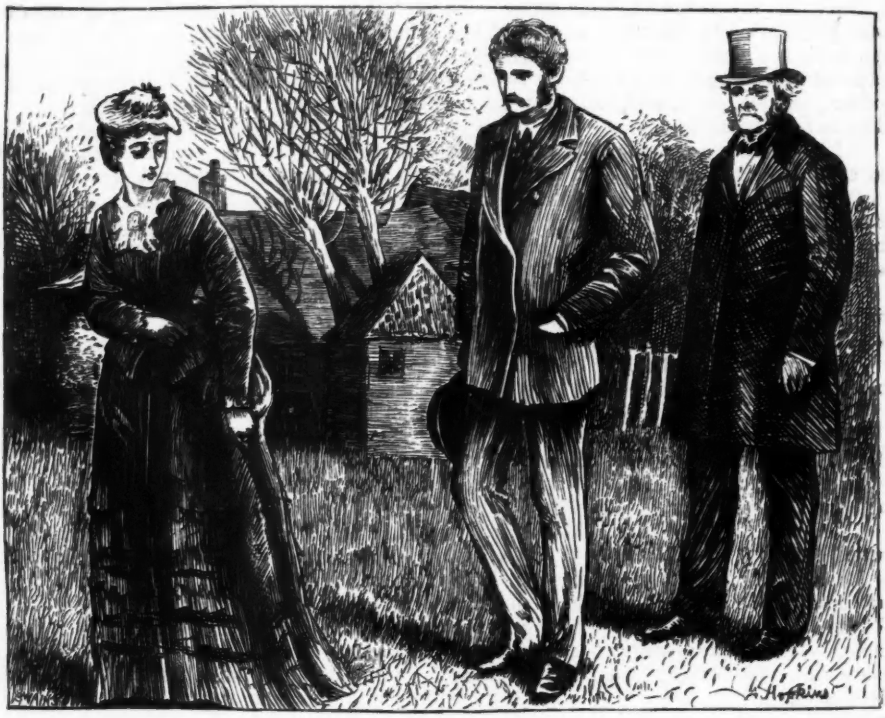
and another at the money, she returned it to her purse, and with a parting inclination towards him she began reascending the cliff.

From Mrs. Labouchere Sir Stephen had gone straight on to Sharrows, to be met at the gate by Betsey, who exclaimed—

"Well, I niver! if things baint so crooked as a ram's horn, to-day, sir. There's Miss Hero just a gone out."

"Gone out! where? I thought she was too ill."

"And so her was this mornin', Sir Stephen, cruel bad, and you'd ha' said so, too, sir. I was all for sending off for Dr. Cross, for when anybody near to 'ee ails, 'tis fly to the doctor, as if he'd a got the orderin' o' folks' insides. I don't trouble 'im much about mine, that's one thing; a dose o' salts, or a cup o' organ tea, and after that put your trust in a higher than a human hand. I can't abide their pills and drenches. Winkle churchyard has a taught me a lesson there:—



Page 452.

'If daily draught and nightly pill
Us mortals saved, I've took'd my fill:
But, reader, as sure as you'm alive,
I was sent here at twenty-five.'

And you may read that headstone any day, Sir Stephen."

Sir Stephen, who had been waiting to get in a word, now managed to ask where Miss Hero had gone.

"Up to the ole Miss Despard's; her sent down to say her wanted Miss Hero most particular. I dessay 'taint nothin' after all," she added, vexed that Sir Stephen should be disappointed, "but you'd think the world was made a purpose for some folks and their nevey. I s'pose you don't happen to be goin' back by Shivers Lane, sir, do 'ee?"

"No; why?"

"Because you might by chance ha' met Miss Hero; her promised to leave a message at Mrs. Kemp's for me, that's to the bottom, just afore the farm turnin'."

"Shivers Lane, let me see, that is the second turning to the left?"

"Yes."

"No; I shall not be able to go that way to-day, I fear. Good-bye, Betsey; tell Miss

Hero that I only called to inquire after her."

"And that you'll call again?" Betsey added coaxingly; "do 'ee, Sir Stephen, and cheer her up a bit; her'll look as spry as two after you've comed, sir."

But Sir Stephen shook his head.

"Not to-day, Betsey," he said, as he turned away.

CHAPTER XXIII.—LEO'S MYSTERY.

AUNT LYDIA'S summons was for Hero to come to her that afternoon, as she was alone, and wished to see her most particularly. The poor girl did not feel very equal to going, but she was anxious to retain the old lady's love and esteem, and she could not tell how far this difference with Leo might endanger both.

Directly they met, Aunt Lydia's manner betrayed her changed feelings, and Hero began wondering how much of the truth Leo had seen fit to tell her. For, between standing much in awe of her nephew, and having a very humble opinion of her own powers of comprehension, it was nothing unusual for Hero to be summoned to explain some announcement which Leo had made, and which Miss Despard could not understand.

"You had best take off your hat while you stay, Hero," she said, as soon as they were alone; "for what I have to say to you cannot be put into a few words."

Hero did as she was requested, and seated herself on the chair which Miss Despard pointed out opposite to her own.

"Well, Hero," said Miss Lydia, "to make a short beginning to a long story, I have not been pleased with you of late."

"No, Aunt Lydia?"

"No, my dear, I have not; and as you know it is my way to say what I think, you must not take offence if I speak plainly."

Hero gave a movement significant of willingness to take in good part Miss Lydia's candour.

"Perhaps," continued the old lady, who found it a very difficult task to find fault with her favourite, "what you have done has been done thoughtlessly; for I cannot suppose that you would willingly wound or hurt any one, least of all"—and here her assumed firmness grew somewhat quavery—"my dear boy."

"How does he say I have wounded him?" asked Hero, in a manner which conveyed to Miss Lydia's mind an idea that the culprit meant to defend herself, and thereby instantly brought back all her anger.

"He does not say anything, Hero; but I am not blind, neither am I deaf, or I should not have heard remarks and observations, which, directly Leo told me that your engagement with each other was over, made me know the reason, although he would not say one word as to the cause."

"I assure you I do not know what you mean, Aunt Lydia, nor can I imagine the reason you allude to."

"Oh, don't say that, Hero," and Miss Lydia shook her head reprovingly. "You must know how everybody has been talking about you and Sir Stephen Prescott. It was only the day before yesterday that Miss Batt said, that she had heard several say, that it was generally remarked how much attention Sir Stephen paid you."

"Indeed! I think people might mind their own business," exclaimed Hero, her face turning scarlet.

"Well, I don't know but that it is the business of every one to comment on actions which call forth remarks. Perhaps you think that it is no business of mine to interfere, and that I ought to sit quietly by and see my poor boy's heart broken, and his peace of mind destroyed. But I cannot do it, Hero. Who is Sir Stephen Prescott, I should like to know? If every one had their right, and God's laws were the world's laws, as good a man as he would be in his shoes, I can tell him that."

"I don't understand you, Aunt Lydia."

"Perhaps not, Hero; but your friends at Combe would, though I beg you don't repeat a word I may say either to them or to Leo. Oh, Hero, I cannot tell you how disappointed I am in you. I would never have believed that you could be turned on one side by riches and vain-sounding titles." And in spite of her efforts to control them, the tears came rolling down Miss Despard's thin cheeks, melting away every spark of Hero's indignation.

Rising hastily from her seat, she knelt down by the old lady's side and said—

"Aunt Lydia, tell me exactly what you mean, and what Leo has said to you; then I shall know if you understand him."

"He spoke words plain enough to be understood this time," sobbed Aunt Lydia. "I'm sure he looked like a ghost this morning, and didn't care to speak a word. I couldn't think what had put him out until I began to say something about you and him; and then, Hero, he said I was not to speak as I did, for it was nothing of the kind, and that you were not engaged to each other, and you

were free to marry whom you pleased; no one should say he was standing in your light. Then I knew that he had either seen or heard something. You'll repent it, if you do, Hero," she added, following out the flight her fancy had taken; "you may marry a dozen Sir Stephens, but they won't be Leo Despards—mark my words, if they are."

"Do you suppose, then, that I am engaged to Sir Stephen, Aunt Lydia?"

"No, I don't think as badly of you as that; but I do think your head has been turned by a prospect which may never come to pass, for men were deceivers ever, and that you may prove to your cost, yet, my dear. You and Leo never fell out before—why should you now?"

"We did not fall out, Aunt Lydia. I will tell you the exact truth, as I intend telling papa. You and he are the only two who have any right to be told. You know that, though there was no formal engagement between Leo and myself, we looked upon ourselves as engaged."

"Certainly; that is how I have thought and spoken of you."

"From different things, I wanted it now to be known by everybody, like other people's engagements are, and I asked Leo to speak openly of it."

"Well?"

"Well, he objected. He said that he should not get his promotion for years; that he had tried all his friends, upon whose interest he had formerly depended, and none of them would or could help him; therefore it was dishonourable to openly bind me to him, and rather than do it he would accept the alternative—that for the future we should be only friends."

"And you could take him at his word?—oh fie, Hero!"

"I did not object to anything but secrecy, Aunt Lydia. I had made up my mind that I would have no more of that. I only told Leo that we must be properly engaged, or not at all."

"And what objection had he to make?"

"The objections I have given you—that he should not be promoted for ten years to come. He says he has been wretched about it for a long while, because he has tried every means, and all have failed. I don't understand him; he always seemed to me so over sanguine, that I do not know why he should suddenly become so cast down—do you?"

Aunt Lydia did not answer. She sat with a troubled, far-off gaze, intent upon the working of her thoughts. At length she murmured—

"What is best—what is best? If Antony could but tell me how to act—surely he would say, do anything, to secure our boy's happiness."

"Leo would not allow you to sacrifice your income, Aunt Lydia, I feel sure of that."

But Aunt Lydia did not seem to hear, so rapt was she in arguing some question with herself. Suddenly she said—

"I suppose these Prescotts hardly know the beginning or end of their wealth?"

"I don't know. Sir Stephen often says he wishes he had more money to spend on Mallett."

"Their proper estate is a magnificent place. I remember, in former days, my dear brother often speaking of the splendours of Pamphillon."

"I thought the rector knew about the Prescotts," said Hero, "and I told Sir Stephen so; but he did not seem to remember Mr. Despard."

"A short memory is sometimes very convenient," said Miss Despard sarcastically. "How did he and his mother meet Leo yesterday? Did Mrs. Prescott seem to be taken aback at all?"

"Mrs. Prescott!" said Hero, with a look of surprise. "No; she was the same to Leo as she was to everybody else, very kind and nice. I wished so much that you had come."

"Oh no, my dear, I have no wish to be mixed up with them in any way. All I want is justice to whom justice is due, and while they'd never miss it, it would be the saving of Leo."

"Oh, Aunt Lydia!" exclaimed Hero, fearing the old lady's fondness was affecting her senses; "I really do not see what they have to do with Leo—a perfect stranger. Sir Stephen is a most generous man, but——"

"Sir Stephen is nothing of the kind," said Miss Despard with a flushed face and excited manner. "There may be a great deal of brag and boast, but actions speak louder than words; and, so far from being generous, neither Sir Stephen nor his mother are just. No, not commonly just to those claims which nature imposes upon all."

But before she could say more, a knock at the outer door caused her to stop, and at the sound of a voice she said—

"Oh dear, dear! How unfortunate! it is Mrs. Grant. I dare say she has come to stay. If so, Hero, you must run up again to-morrow morning; and then I shall have

decided what is best to be done. In the meantime not a word to Leo, or to anybody."

Hero, who did not want to be detained longer, hurried on her hat, and stood up ready to take her leave.

Mrs. Grant was announced, cap-bag in hand.

"For, my dear, if you will have me," she said, "I've come to tea, thinking you'd like to hear how all went off yesterday; but I expect mine is stale news," she added turning to Hero, who reassured her by saying she had only come up to ask Aunt Lydia a question, and they had not had time to enter upon any descriptions.

"To-morrow, about twelve," Aunt Lydia whispered at parting. "Remember your promise."

Hero walked slowly away from the house, filled with an uneasy dread lest Aunt Lydia had become suddenly demented. She would have felt almost certain that such was the case, but that she recollected how persistently the old lady had always refused to meet Sir Stephen; how doubtful she had seemed to be of his good qualities, croaking forth, in a fashion not at all usual with her, proverbs concerning new brooms sweeping clean, and a flourish of trumpets, &c. Then she began to wonder, whether the speeches Leo made had any deeper foundation than jealousy. But what could they know about him, or if they did know anything, how could they know it? Her thoughts grew more and more perplexed as fresh recollections occurred to her. The road which led to Shivers farm was an unfrequented one, so that her reverie was not likely to be broken in upon, and Hero slowly walked along, turning over the events which had recently given such a different colouring to her life. Suddenly a shadow in her path caused her to start, and, looking up, she saw Sir Stephen.

"I have been watching you for a long time," he said.

"Have you? I never saw you."

"I know you did not. I was wondering what you could be thinking about. Are you better?"

"Yes, much better than I was this morning; but not quite well. I should not have gone out only Aunt Lydia wanted to see me."

"Aunt Lydia? Oh, I remember. Mr. Despard's aunt, the late rector's sister."

Both Sir Stephen and Hero felt a certain awkwardness at finding themselves alone.

Their minds were fixed upon one subject, which they mutually dreaded the nearest approach to; and, in the desire to avoid it, Hero asked a question which at another time she would have hesitated over.

"Do you know anything of Miss Despard's family?" she said.

"No. I do not. My uncle and her brother were friends, and, knowing that, my mother gave Mr. Despard the Combe living."

"Mrs. Prescott knows them, then?"

"She knows no more than I have told you. Why, what makes you ask?"

Hero did not answer. It was true that Aunt Lydia had desired her to say nothing to any one; but, if by speaking to Sir Stephen, she could show the good old soul that she had misjudged the Prescotts, Aunt Lydia would be the very first to thank her for so doing. And somehow this accusation against Sir Stephen lay rankling within Hero, and so sure did she feel that it was false, that she longed to wipe away the faintest trace of reproach from one, whom, unknown to herself, she was beginning to regard as the model of most perfections.

"Aunt Lydia has been talking about you to me," she began, with a little hesitation. "She spoke as if you knew her nephew before you came here, and had not treated him properly—had been unjust to him in some way."

"I! Oh, the poor old lady's mind must be affected. Until I met him at your house I never saw or heard of Mr. Despard."

"She did not seem to be referring to the present time, but as if it was something long ago. Poor Aunt Lydia!" and Hero looked quite troubled about her old friend's state.

"Mr. Despard told us that his father was the late rector's brother," Sir Stephen said, after a pause.

"Oh! was he? I never knew who his father was," Hero answered innocently.

"It is very odd," said Sir Stephen, with a puzzled look. "I'll ask my mother again; but I know she told me the other evening that she knew nothing whatever about them. Has Mr. Leo Despard ever alluded to this in any way?"

"Never. And Aunt Lydia made me promise not to mention to him a word that she had said."

"You must tell me if she says anything more to you, and I will——"

But here Sir Stephen was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Mr. Truscott, who said he was on his way to Combe.

"But, perhaps," he added, "you would rather that I came another day, Sir Stephen."

"I am going to say good-bye here," Hero

said. "I have to call at the farm for Betsey."

"In that case we will walk across the fields together, Mr. Truscott. I shall tell my mother that she may expect to see you to-morrow," he said, taking Hero's hand. "Good-bye."

The business upon which Mr. Truscott had come being rather complicated, upon reaching the house Sir Stephen ran up-stairs to say—

"Mr. Truscott will dine with us to-day, mother."

"Certainly, my dear. I have asked Mr. Despard to return, as he did not seem to know what to do with himself."

"All right," and Sir Stephen returned to business, which occupied him until dinner-time.

"I am sorry I was not able to join you, Katherine," he said as they seated themselves, "but up to the time I met Mr. Truscott I was fully occupied, and I knew you would excuse me."

Here Mr. Truscott, who was endowed with the happy talent of saying the wrong thing in the right place, murmured in the voice which he reserved for those who, he boasted, made him feel quite like one of themselves—

"I can assure you, madam, that Sir Stephen had a very fair excuse, for I met him with our friend, Miss Carthew," and he turned a most significant look upon Leo, while a dead silence gave point to his remark.

"I thought Miss Carthew was too ill to leave the house," said Mrs. Prescott; "her indisposition must have been of a very transient nature;" and the ruffled way in which she drew herself up determined Mr. Truscott to withhold any more praise of Miss Carthew.

"She is still far from well," said Sir Stephen. "I met her coming from an appointment she was obliged to keep, and she desired me to say to you how sorry she was to forego her engagement, but she hopes to call upon you to-morrow."

Mrs. Prescott said no more, Mrs. Labouchere entered into conversation with Leo, and Sir Stephen began asking questions relating to the estate. This lasted until the ladies left the dinner-table, after which Leo sat about a quarter of an hour, and then got up, saying—

"I will join Mrs. Prescott now, and leave you and Mr. Truscott to finish your business."

"Mr. Despard is a nephew of the late rector's, is he not?" Sir Stephen asked when Leo had left them.

Mr. Truscott gave a little laugh.

"I think you had best not be too particular about his family history, Sir Stephen, for, strange to say, no one knows anything more about that young man's origin than you do yourself. All sorts of stories have been reported, but nothing substantiated. I once took it upon myself to say something to the rector, but he took it in bad part."

"He told my mother that he was old Mr. Despard's brother's son."

"Nothing of the sort. He may say so to you, Sir Stephen, but that won't do here. Why, the rector himself never said that; he spoke of him as a friend's son, and when he got about fourteen, and was sent to the classical school at Dockmouth, the old gentleman entered him under his own name, and only from that time was he called Despard. His brother's son!" repeated Mr. Truscott derisively; "I daresay, if Mrs. Prescott had charged her memory, she could have told him that he was drawing the long bow there, for old Mr. Despard was known to your mother, Sir Stephen."

"Not to my mother; he was a friend of my uncle's. My mother never knew him."

"But at one time she used to write to him."

"Ah, perhaps so; that was when she gave him the living."

"And long after that," said Mr. Truscott, with a positive shake of his head. "Why, let me see, eight—yes, certainly not more than eight years ago, for it was the last time I saw the old man, I walked with him as far as Collins, the outfitter's, where he had left Master Leo being measured for his first suit of regimentals, and his business with me was to get your address, that he might write to Mrs. Prescott. That was only a little before his death; and when Mrs. Prescott wrote and said you wished that the living should be given to some one who was a native of the place or about these parts, my eye fell on Mr. Jago at once."

"He had been doing the duty?"

"Oh, dear, no."

"But he was Mr. Despard's curate?"

"Bless your heart, Sir Stephen, no—nothing of the kind!" and Mr. Truscott laughed complacently to think how much information he was able to impart. "Mr. Despard never had, nor wanted, a curate. Mr. Jago was doing duty at St. Winnols, and when I rode over to sound him on the matter of the Combe living, you might have knocked him down with a feather."

"Oh, I've got hold of the wrong end of the story, it seems," Sir Stephen said, passing the decanter.

"No more, Sir Stephen. No, I never exceed my third glass—*quantum suf.*, sir, that is my maxim. Certainly, I am ready, if you are."

"I want to speak to you, mother," Sir Stephen said, after Mrs. Labouchere had left them the same night. Closing the door, he continued, "I want you to tell me what was the connection between Mr. Despard and our family."

"Connection, Stephen!" Mrs. Prescott stammered, while her face changed under her son's scrutiny.

"Yes; there is some mystery in all this—what is it, mother? I must insist upon knowing."

"Really, Stephen, you are speaking to me in a most extraordinary manner. I do not understand what you mean," for Mrs. Prescott's presence of mind had returned. "Once for all, I never saw old Mr. Despard, neither did I know anything about him."

"You never heard from him, or wrote to him?"

"I write to him, Stephen?"

"Yes, mother. I can see you are trying to hide something from me," he exclaimed impatiently; "what it is I do not know, but from something I have heard from Miss Despard, unless you choose to be explicit with me, I shall see her to-morrow, and from her have a full explanation."

Something like a groan escaped Mrs. Prescott. Starting up, she said hurriedly, "No, Stephen—you must not, shall not, go—it would kill me. I will tell you what there is to tell. There is no mystery," and she sank into a chair as if overcome by her agitation. "This young man is——"

"Who?" exclaimed Sir Stephen, scared by her emotion.

"Your—your—" but in spite of her efforts the rest of the sentence died away, and Sir Stephen saw that she had fainted.

SPRING IN MEXICO.

EDITED BY CANON KINGSLEY.

NO. IV.—ROBBERS AND REVOLUTIONS.

IN May, 1871, the temporary peace of Mexico, which had lasted since the Emperor Maximilian's death, was once more disturbed by a presidential election. The candidates were Don Benito Juarez, Señor Lerdo de Tejada, and Don Porfirio Diaz. Juarez was elected (for the fourth time). Señor Lerdo (the present President of Mexico) retired quietly from the contest, and lived in the City of Mexico. But Diaz, persuaded against his will by over-zealous friends, most unfortunately for himself and Mexico, consented to put himself at the head of a revolutionary movement, and, as they say there, "pronounced" against the Government in October, 1871.

The contest proved more serious than was at first anticipated; and for between eight and nine months the whole country was overrun with guerilla bands, who made the revolution an excuse for highway robbery and murder, besides requisitions on every estate for food, forage, arms, and money.

In this state of things it may seem a very rash undertaking for a small party to have attempted to make their way nearly six hundred miles overland. But when we left San Francisco, the telegrams from Mexico declared that the revolution was at an end, and Diaz killed; whereas he had only slipped out of the country somewhere on the east coast, gone to New York, thence across to San Francisco; and, though we only knew it a fortnight later, he actually travelled with us down to Manzanillo, and landed there; and on his return the revolution flamed up more fiercely than ever. It was necessary, for various reasons, that the route from Manzanillo to the City of Mexico should be traversed, in preference to any other; so as we were sure of getting an escort whenever we were in need of it, the die was cast, and on the 26th of March we stood on Mexican soil.

The harbour of Manzanillo, though small, is very good and safe, with water twenty feet deep close to the beach. It consists of two bays, the inner is almost landlocked, the entrance to it being between two lofty rocks, covered with scrub and cactus. To the north of the bay is a belt of low, thickly-wooded land, from which rise the feathery heads of the coquito palm, backed by blue mountain ranges one above the other till the last is half lost in the clouds. Facing the

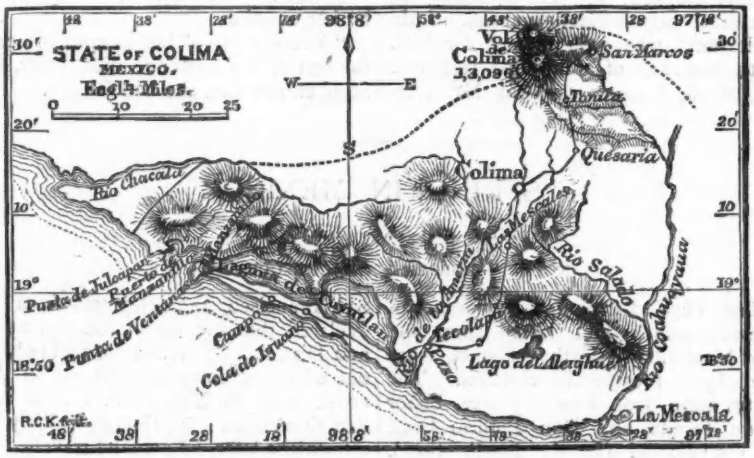
west lies the little town, consisting of two large warehouses with deep verandahs and red roofs, and a few dozen small houses and huts, mostly thatched with palm leaves, along a narrow strip of sand. Behind the houses rise wooded hills between the sea and the Laguna de Cuyutlan, which lies two hundred yards behind the town, and is reached by a narrow gap in the hills.

The beach was gay with groups of children in bright-coloured cotton clothes, playing in the sand; women passing along with earthen water-jars in their hand, their "*rebosas*" (a long cotton scarf) drawn gracefully over their heads, with the right end thrown over the left shoulder; and men dawdling about, dressed in pink or white cotton shirts, white trousers, the universal broad-brimmed palm-leaf sombrero, and a "*serape*," or blanket, of various colours thrown over one shoulder.

The water of the bay looked bright under the tropic sun, and made us long for a sea bath after the heat of our voyage, till we saw an ominous black fin appear above water within thirty yards of shore, and then learned that the bay was full of sharks.

We spent the hot hours of the day in the hospitable house of some German merchants, and made acquaintance with several Mexican dishes, which we were fated to know only too well during the following weeks.

First of all, and best of all, was the chocolate brought to us soon after we landed by a barefooted Mexican boy, with "*pan de huevos*" (literally, "egg bread"), a sweet



light cake. The chocolate is thick yet light, with a head of delicious brown foam, which melts in the mouth as you drink it.

Then, at the midday meal, were the inevitable "*frijoles*," a small black bean, which forms the chief food of the lower orders throughout Mexico, and without which, under one form or another, no meal is considered perfect. With them appeared the other standing dish, "*tortillas*," very thin cakes made of maize. They are made by boiling the maize and then rubbing it into a fine paste on a Lava stand called a "*metate*." When the paste is perfectly smooth, a piece is taken in the two hands, and patted and slapped till it is as thin as half-a-crown, the size of a breakfast plate, and about as tough as an ordinary sheepskin. It is then baked for a moment on a griddle and served hot; but quite limp. It is used as a spoon and fork to eat the frijoles; thus you tear off a corner, and divide it in two, doubling up one half as a receptacle for the beans, which you push in with the other bit, and eat spoon and all together. A common joke takes its rise from this, "that the Mexicans are so proud and so rich that they never use the same spoon twice."

In Mexico the day begins early, with a light meal about six A.M., called "*Desayuno*," when you take a cup of chocolate and "*pan dulce*." Then about twelve comes "*Almuerzo*," breakfast, a heavy meal with several courses of meat. And about five P.M. is "*la Comida*," dinner, a lengthy proceeding, with endless courses of meat, which are all served alone, excepting the "*Puchero*," boiled beef with a mixture of every imaginable vegetable in the

same dish; and dinner ends with small cups of excellent Café noir.

Manzanillo, though such a small place, does a large trade. It exports coffee, rice, indigo, various kinds of woods, and coquitos, the nut of the coquito palm used for making oil and candles. In the outer bay of Santiago large quantities of pearl oysters are found; and all along the coast are the finest eating oysters: but, owing to the difficulties of transportation, no use is made of them.

At four P.M. our cavalcade started, creating no small excitement. General P., General R., Mr. Y., and Mr. A., with two officers of the Custom House, who accompanied us as far as Colima, were mounted on pretty little Spanish ponies, which looked half buried in their trappings; and Mrs. P. and I set off in a dilapidated old phaeton, drawn by two mules, and were oddly enough the first people who had ever driven out of Manzanillo, the road having only been finished two days before. Usually passengers go by a small steamer, or in canoes, up the Laguna to Cuyutlan Sillo; but this year, owing to the extreme dryness of the season, it was too shallow for navigation.

Passing through the single street of the town, we came suddenly on a magnificent view of the Laguna, with a belt of brilliant green fringing the water and a background of blue mountains. The lake, bathed in evening sunlight, was literally covered with wild fowl and white cranes; while here and there a black log turned slowly over in the water, and as it disappeared we found we had been watching a caïman or alligator. Our road wound along the shore of the lake, bordered with mangrove trees, raising themselves from the poisonous swamp on stilted roots, three to six feet high. On the right rose the rocky hills of the Puenta de Ventanas (the Cape of the Winds), covered by huge Organo Cactus, forty feet high, with single stems three feet in diameter, standing like giant candelabra in the bush.

The road itself baffles description, being still in process of making; suffice it to say that we were bumped and jolted over rocks, stones, and hills till we came on what was if possible rather worse—deep sand on the narrow strip of land dividing the sea and the Laguna. Then, for two leagues (about six miles), we had to go at a foot's pace, smothered in blinding dust. But wherever the road was good we enjoyed the drive, as the vegetation was much greener than on the hills at Manzanillo, and we soon had our hands full of lovely flowers. The air was rich, and heavy with that peculiar scent which you find nowhere but in the tropics; parrots flew screaming and chattering overhead; and from time to time we heard the roar of the surf on the shore to our right.

At Campos, a picturesque village of open palm-thatched huts, we halted at sunset, and got a capital supper of eggs, coffee, and *pan de huevos*.

After supper we changed into a three-seated ambulance with no springs to speak of; a wooden roof just too low for my head, so that I had to lean forward all the time; four mules, and an intensely stupid driver, called Guadalupe. We went off at a good pace in the darkness, through the woods, along a road which had just been cleared, having to keep the curtains down tight to avoid scratches from the frightful thorns every tree seems to bear in the tropics.

One or two of the party managed to get snatches of sleep: but I was a little too tall to curl myself up on the floor as Q. did, and never closed my eyes. The hours went by slowly, as we now crept through sand, now jolted through a clearing over all the stumps, then dashed across an open bit of dry swamp. Here and there we passed an ox or mule train halting for the night, beside a bright fire; and then came an interchange of compliments between the drivers, and with a "*buenas noches Señores*," on we rattled, Guadalupe making the night hideous with grunts, groans, and yells of "*hecha mula, ar-r-r-hé*," and cracks of his long whip.

At one A.M. we reached Cuyutlan Sillo, the end of the Laguna, and crossing a long dyke, stopped to change mules. The ground all round was white with salt; by which the people round get their living, collecting and sending it inland. It was a malarious place, and we were glad to leave it, and make the best of our way to el Paso del Rio, where we were to have a few hours' rest.

The Rio de la Armeria, when we reached it at 3.30 A.M., was nearly dry, having only about a hundred and fifty yards of water at the ford: but though it was only three feet deep, the passage was sufficiently alarming, as the river-bed is nothing but huge stones. However, we got through somehow, and half a mile more took us to the house of Don Ignacio Lagos, where we were to stop.

It did not look inviting; nothing does, I think, at four A.M. after twelve hours' travelling. But at last we managed to knock up the inhabitants, and got two rooms, bare of furniture, it is true, save sacking beds and a table, but tolerably clean: and with our own

blankets, and clean sheets which Señora Ramonsita Lagos brought us, with pillow-cases trimmed with deep lace of her own work, we soon made ourselves comfortable.

Sleep, however, was out of the question for me, as an incessant noise was kept up by *burros* (donkeys), cocks, mules, cicadas, and human beings, who seemed to get up just as we went to bed.

By eight A.M. we were ready for breakfast. It was prepared in the palm-thatched portico of the house, which was built round the farm-yard; so we had plenty of company in the way of fowls, dogs, and pigs. Our breakfast was delicious; we had "*pollos*" (chickens), eggs, tortillas, frijoles, chocolate, and coffee. The Colima coffee is the best I have ever tasted. As it is kept in the little husk which surrounds the two berries, and is husked and ground fresh each time it is wanted, it loses none of its delicious aroma by keeping. It was the first time that most of us had eaten a meal, every item of which was produced in the country.



Woman making Tortillas, p. 454.

A little before ten A.M. we started again, sending back the saddle-horses, and going on in the two carriages. We drove for four miles over a grass plateau about fifty feet above the river, with fine mountains on three sides and the ocean on the fourth, though we were not quite high enough to see it. Then leaving the plateau, which is many miles long, and good grazing land, the road took us without a turn for several miles through the woods. These were very disappointing after a former acquaintance with tropic woods in the West Indies. The only flowers to be seen were here and there a yellow acacia, or a cactus flower like a ball of living flame. However, we were told that in the rainy season, which lasts from May or June till November, the country is completely transformed.

One A.M. brought us to Tecolapa, a pretty village with a grove of coco-palms, where we stopped to change mules. Señor P., the commandante at Manzanillo, went out to forage for provisions, and soon returned with two señoras. One was old and ugly, but bore on her head a tray of excellent eggs and tortillas. The other was a lovely girl of seventeen, by name Catalina, dressed daintily in a white gown, little pink apron, red shoes on her tiny feet, and a blue cotton rebosa covering all her face save her large brown eyes. She seemed as handy as she was lovely, for "*los frijoles con queso de Catalina*" (beans with grated cheese) were perfection.

Leaving Tecolapa, and getting a last view of the Pacific, we began a steep ascent through woods to the mountain pass at Los Molos, where begins the descent into the valley of Colima. The woods were much greener in the mountains, and palms and bamboos grew among the hardwood trees. The summit of the pass was 1,470 feet above the sea. The descent looked so uninviting that most of us preferred walking down a mile. Strange to say, the ambulance when we reached it had not upset, nor had the wheels come off, as we expected; so we drove on, and about five P.M. approached Las Mescales. Here, as we emerged from the mountains, burst upon us one of the most sublime sights of nature I ever saw. From a plain twenty miles broad, and less than a thousand feet above sea level, rose the volcano of Colima, 13,396 feet high, with a crown of smoke pink in the setting sun against the clear blue sky, and wreaths of light clouds

floating along its sides. It far exceeded all our expectations, and coming upon it so unexpectedly greatly increased the effect of the view.

From Las Mescales, with a "*remuda*" or relay of three ponies and a mule, all with horribly sore backs, which seemed to make no difference to their owners or drivers, we started along a good though dusty road up the last rise before reaching Colima. The ground in one place was covered for acres with black volcanic stones, an unpleasant donation from the beautiful volcano we had so admired. From the rise we looked over the fertile valley, with its watercourses shaded with trees, its rows of coco-palms, and rich fields; and about seven P.M. we reached the town, and rattled through the streets. We went to the hotel; but the proprietor came out, and with many bows and pretty speeches said that Señor H. expected us at his house, which he had with true Mexican hospitality placed at the disposal of our party.



Bell Tower at Colima, p. 458.

Next morning we were fairly puzzled to know where we could be, buildings, trees, and people were such a strange mixture of the old and new eastern and western worlds. From our sitting-room, with its fresco-painted walls, tiled floor, and large windows opening into the iron balcony, we looked out upon the Plaza des Armes, a large square. On the east side was a church with picturesque stone belfry and the state prison, with a dozen soldiers lounging by the door in blue and red, with white kepis. On the south and west side ran single-story buildings with arches in front of them, and our host's house, with a fine Moorish front, took up the whole of the north side. The rooms were on the first floor, above stables, offices, &c. Under the "*portale*," or arcade in front of it on the ground-floor were a series of shops, and on the pavement beneath the lofty arches were "*cajons*" (boxes) as they call the booths where common goods of the country are sold.

In the centre of the Plaza was a fountain, with a group of idlers, gossiping with the water-carriers; and round the carriage-road ran a tiled pavement, with orange-trees in full flower and fruit planted every eight or ten feet, each protected by a double stone seat.

Far away lay the blue mountains through which we had come, with a foreground of coco-palms rising over the red-tiled roofs, and in the cloudless blue sky sailed some score of turkey-buzzards.

Patient little burros jogged by, with loads of green maize fluttering in the hot breeze, or earthen water-jars in wooden panniers. Under the orange-trees the sellers of *rebosas*, *serapes*, and *fajas* (sashes) were chaffering with their customers, asking, after the manner of the country, three times as much as the article was worth, and coming down gradually to the lowest possible price. Then came a man crying, "*Pastèles, pastèles*," with a tray of sweet cakes on his head, or another crying over his fruit in the most heart-rending of all Gregorian tones, "*Buenas naranjas de Chi-i-na-a-a*" (fine China oranges), "*sandias*" or water-melons, sweet limes, bananas, and zapotes.

After "*la Comida*" we walked to the Alameda, the public garden or park, without hats or gloves, and only a light shawl over our evening dresses. All along the streets ladies were sitting on the pavement at their doors, while black-eyed señoritas looked out of the iron-latticed windows and talked to the "*señores caballeros*" who lounged against the bars, in their broad felt sombreros heavy with silver trimmings, dainty short jackets,

and buckskin silver-buttoned "*pantalones*," open from the knee over full white drawers. The whole scene was like a series of Phillip's Spanish pictures. In the Alameda the band of a battalion just arrived from Guadalajara was playing, and playing extremely well, but it had to stop while the retreat was beaten at the barracks close by. And of all hideous and indescribable noises Mexican martial music bears away the palm.

Among the many beauties of Colima are the "*huertos*," or fruit orchards belonging to the different residents; and one evening our kind host proposed to drive us out to his, which was one of the finest. It was about a mile from the plaza, and just outside the city where the ill-paved streets and long rows of one-storied houses had changed to sandy lanes with a few miserable huts. In the high wall a large gateway led into the garden-house with a cool-tiled piazza, where Don Juan told us he sometimes gave dinners to his friends. Thence through a bower of roses and flowering creepers a narrow walk hedged on either side by scarlet hibiscus, took us to the garden proper. This consisted of rows of coffee, oranges, limes, mangos, bananas, and zapotes; and everywhere the slender stems of the coco-palms rose through the lower growth, their broad heads of leaves forming a dense roof overhead. Returning to the garden-house, the gardener's little barefooted boy had prepared for us each a glass of "*agua de coco*," the clear water from the green coco-nut, standing in a plate in the midst of a wreath of roses and hibiscus.

After a week in beautiful Colima, on the 3rd of April we set forth again on our journey, our party increased by the pleasant addition of Mr. M., the United States consul. At three A.M. our host woke us, and in half an hour all was bustle and confusion in the house. By five A.M. we were ready, and our start was one of the prettiest scenes possible. Pack-mules were kicking and twisting; saddle-horses held by armed servants; our party all armed with Henry rifles, carrying sixteen shots, and with revolvers; the crowd of lookers-on standing gaping round; Señor H. on his grey pony, with a huge umbrella strapped to the saddle; Ali, the Newfoundland dog, bustling about to see all was right, and the first crimson streaks of sunrise behind the old bell-tower.

Mrs. P. and I were both armed, and it was a queer sensation, buckling on a revolver for the first time: but a vigorous system of pistol-drill on board ship had taught us how to avoid shooting our companions: and before many days were over I came to look on my Smith and Wesson as my best friend.

Mrs. P. and I drove the first ten miles in the same old phaeton that brought us from Manzanillo, and then changed horses; but finding that our "remuda" had never been in harness before, and as the harness was mostly tied together with pieces of string, we soon decided to get on our mules. Mine was a brown one, and very ugly, but a solemn and patient beast, who jogged along most comfortably if allowed to choose his own road. Q. rode a little black one, who, in memory of our Colorado pets we called Baby. They paced about four miles an hour, and passing through fields of maize, frijoles, and sugar-cane, we came at eleven A.M. to the La Quesaria, a large hacienda or estate, 3,820 feet above the sea.

Here we breakfasted, and got all the information we could about the products of the estate. Among these the most remarkable was "chicken wine." As any one may imagine, we greeted the hapless discoverer of this new beverage with shouts of derision: but he stuck to his statement; and soon, to convince us, a bottle was produced with "*Vino de Pechuga*" (a chicken's breast) on the label. We tasted the decoction, and found it very bad rum, without any perceptible flavour of feathers. Three barrels are made daily, worth thirty-six dollars each, and two chickens are boiled in every four gallons of the wine. Such is the fact; but the reason why remains a mystery.

At one P.M. we started again, quite an imposing array. Seven of ourselves, seven armed and mounted servants, and five pack-mules. A priest at La Quesaria told us the road was "*muy peligroso*," very dangerous, from bands of robbers; so three of the servants were sent on ahead, and we all kept a sharp look-out in crossing four deep cañons on the road. At Tonila we reached the slopes of the Volcan de Colima, which towered up above us with its two peaks of "*fuego*" and "*nieve*," fire and snow. Smoke poured from a fissure low down on the side, and near San Marcos the ground was quite grey with the dust which had fallen in clouds five weeks before, during the eruption of Feb. 26th. The country was open and bare of trees, except along the streams, which all cañon as they do in Colorado. We were also pleasantly reminded of our northern country by the reappearance of the Spanish bayonet or yucca. Here it grew to twenty feet, with many branches and fine heads of flowers.

About four P.M. we reached the large hacienda of San Marcos. The owner, Don Mauricio G., received us most hospitably; and we stayed two nights to rest and make examinations of the country.

San Marcos is a sugar plantation covering 22,000 acres, the lands extending to the top of the Volcan, whose slopes are covered with pine-trees. It was just the middle of "crop time" when we arrived; so the whole place was in a state of the greatest bustle and animation. The "*Alto*" (high place), a small mound of rock a hundred feet high, is surmounted by a beautiful old Spanish castle, reached by a long flight of steps from the "*Patio*" (court) below. All round the Patio are low buildings inside strong walls—the sugar-mills, stables, corral for mules, a small church and the long suite of rooms where we were lodged.

The morning we left (the 5th) we had to get up at three A.M., but were amply repaid for the trouble by the picture which met our eyes as we came out into the piazza. The whole court was lit up by two huge fires in iron cressets to light the men at the mill, for they were grinding cane all night; and the red glow and dancing shadows played upon the walls and towers of the Alto. Close by our servants were saddling the mules and horses under the orange-trees. Our host, followed by a troop of dogs, was overseeing everything; servants ran about with cups of chocolate and plates of cakes; and some sleeper was still swinging in his hammock at the end of the piazza.

At four A.M. we set out to cross the famous "*Barrancas*," or cañons as they would be called in Colorado. A road between fields of sugar-cane hedged with bananas, led us in half a mile to the brink of the Barranca of Tuspan. It is about 700 feet deep, and the road is zig-zagged down the almost perpendicular sides. We preferred dismounting and walking, and even so could hardly keep our feet. At the top of the Tuspan we struck a long barren plateau of volcanic ash, and then descended into the Barranca of Beltran, and kept some way along its "bench," a flat valley a mile wide, 500 feet below the upper plateau, with the river in a yet deeper cleft on the right, and beyond it the mountains of Michoacan, full of robbers and "mountain lions."

The trees were full of parrots, and the Chachalapa, a handsome game-bird as large as a cock pheasant; everywhere the Alamanda was in blossom, and Baby's black head was soon decorated with bunches of its lovely yellow flowers. But the heat was great, and the dust intolerable; and after climbing up and down the cañon sides and riding for miles through pine barrens, meeting and passing hundreds of mules laden with stores from the coast or country produce, we were truly thankful to reach the Barranca of Atenquique, at the bottom of which was a "*paradero*," or stopping place.

Here we rested an hour outside a miserable palm-thatched hut, and at the top of the Barranca found a wretched old coach waiting for us, and an escort of eight mounted police. We were desired to have all arms in readiness, as the country was swarming with robbers: but met with no worse misfortune than one break-down in a stony place; and after five hours' jolting we reached Zapotlan in safety.

The news which met us here was anything but encouraging. The day after we left Colima it had been attacked by the *Pronunciados* (revolutionists) under Don Gulio Garcia, a great ruffian. He had been defeated and was now marching on Zapotlan by the route we had come, to join La Bastida, who was in the neighbourhood of Seyula. Don Gulio was expected in front of the city by the afternoon of the 6th. The telegraph lines were cut, scouting parties out round the city, and all the troops under arms. As for ourselves, the stage for Guadalajara could not start till one A.M. on the 7th. So we had to pray that Don Gulio might be detained—as indeed he was—and amuse ourselves as best we could in the meanwhile.

Zapotlan is a thriving town of 25,000 inhabitants, who get their living by manufacturing soap, and also by making "*pulque*," the national beverage, which the Mexicans say is "preferred by angels to wine." It is made from the sap of the maguey or great American aloe (Agave Americana), which we met with here for the first time. With no great feeling of regret we left Zapotlan at two A.M. on April 7th, in a comfortable stage-coach. Our only fellow-passenger was an old lady who sat peaceably puffing cigarettes in the corner all day long. For the first two hours all the light we had was from the stars. The Southern Cross was especially distinct. We did not attempt to sleep, as the road was reported to be very dangerous from robbers, and a regular plan was arranged in case we were attacked. "Fire low and keep cool" were the orders. Then we three ladies were to throw ourselves on the floor and fire from under cover, while the gentlemen got out to fight. Just before dawn, as we were going down a hill between high cactus hedges, we

had a "scare," for in the grey light we saw a man drop suddenly into the ditch beside us. He was evidently on the look-out for us, but not liking the muzzles of the rifles out of the windows, let us go by untouched. At sunrise we reached Seyula, a pretty old town, and changed mules. Here the news was worse and worse. The Government troops were marching south on the town, beyond them the Pronunciados were in force on the road, and beyond them again the country was swarming with robbers in great bands.

Leaving Seyula, all the arms were hidden in hopes of saving them should the Pronunciados catch us. The rifles were wrapped in a serape and stowed under the back seat: but we kept our pistols on us, concealing them under our clothes.

A little way from the town we struck the Lago de Seyula, a salt lake, with soda flats all round. A few miles along the lake we met the Government troops, a fine body of cavalry, and their colonel confirmed the reports of the road we had heard. The alkali dust scorched the very skin. At eleven A.M. we drove into the village of Cebollas (onions). We pulled up in front of a poor-looking house where breakfast was preparing, of which we were in need, as a cup of chocolate at starting was all we had tasted since five the day before. Severo, our servant, and Galindo, the captain of Don Ramon V.'s private escort, who came with us from Zapotlan, were left to watch the coach; and we were just settling down to a very uninviting meal, when two Pronunciados rode into the patio and dismounted. In a moment two more and an officer appeared in front of the windows, and then sent in word they wished "our permission" to search the coach for arms. All our gentlemen went out instantly: but expostulations were in vain, and resistance out of the question. So with dismay, the next thing we saw was the five rifles and two pistols handed in through the window, to be taken by the women who were serving us, and stowed in an inner room. After a long argument Chavarin, the major, gave us back the pistols, and promised to go with us to meet his colonel on the road, and confer with him about giving us back the rifles. He came in to breakfast with us and sat by me. He was well armed, and dressed in a linen jacket and high embroidered boots over linen *pantalones*. His men were a despicable set of ruffians, wretchedly armed with old muzzle-loading carbines, and all dead drunk.

We set off again with heavy hearts, which were not lightened when Chavarin rode up to say his colonel had gone off to Zacoalco, leaving a scout to tell him; so there was an end of our rifles. He promised, however, to escort us himself through the worst robber country, which we were just approaching, till we could get a regular escort. In a little, however, he and two of his men disappeared; and then the other two rode up and saying they must go too, demanded our ammunition. That, of course, was refused; and fearing they might get a "*recuerdo*" (remembrance) from our revolvers, they too sneaked off, leaving us comparatively defenceless.

There was nothing for it but to get on as fast as possible. Three of the gentlemen got outside the coach; Q. gave her pistol to Galindo, and I mine to Mr. A., as they were now unarmed. So each man had a pistol, thirty-six shots in all, and I kept the ammunition in my lap to be ready if need were.

We turned from the horrible alkali plains with their dancing lakes of mirage, along a road between stone walls and bushes. On the hillside all the trees had been burnt or cut to leave no shelter. How we strained our eyes at each gap, expecting to be pounced upon every instant! We soon stopped for a remuda at a village of three or four huts, and then saw something white on the hill. The people said, Oh, it was only clothes washing: but General R. went up and found it was a rag tied on to a rail stuck upright—a curious way of washing clothes. Then we were made to barricade ourselves with cushions and valises, and the gentlemen got out and went ahead in a skirmish line up the hill for a mile or so: but nothing befel us. When they got in again the poor cochero intreated them to go inside, for he said, "If we are attacked and you fire and make me drive on instead of stopping, as Mexicans always do, to allow the coach to be robbed, then the robbers will certainly shoot me as I come back to-morrow." So Mr. M. came inside, but the two others still stayed out, thinking our safety was more important than the poor cochero.

The road wound along the foot of the hills with a rich plain below us—fields of sugar-cane, maize, wheat, and grass, and large herds of cattle grazing. But we were almost too anxious to take much interest in statistics; and it was with no slight feeling of relief that we saw in about two hours more the town of Sta. Ana Acatlan ahead of us, and rattled through its street and market crowded with people. At the diligence office we halted, and—thanks to the great

kindness of Don Ramon V. of Zapotlan, who gave us letters to the Gefe Politico, or chief man of the town—we were provided with an excellent escort.

Off we clattered through the streets and up the hill towards the Coronilla Mountain, where Mr. M. himself had seen two sets of travellers robbed. At every turn we met ox and mule trains, who had all been robbed that day, the drivers giving different accounts of the number of the "*ladrones*," and looking at us with pity as much as to say, "You're in for it." But our good escort kept up gallantly, forming front and rear guard in the bad places, and dodging along to cut off corners in the safe ones; and so we crossed the neck of the Coronilla in safety. Below in the valley we were told to look out; a robbery had been committed in the morning, and the ground was strewn with papers left from the plunder; and we soon came to a robber town, Santa Cruz, with four men watching on the church tower, and some more on horseback sneaking off into the distance, thinking us too strong to be meddled with.

At Santa Augustin, another robber den, we stopped an hour after sunset to change horses, and got a cup of chocolate, our escort halting close round us to prevent a rush on the coach, as armed men were hanging about the doors looking at us with longing eyes. Then with six stout ponies, on we went, getting snatches of sleep between the "*pedrigal*" or stony places, our escort with carbines unslung and ready to fire in a moment; and with a few more alarms we neared the capital of Jalisco. It was a wild scene as at ten P.M. we dashed through the empty streets of Guadalajara, the muchacho on the box with a flaming torch leaving a trail of sparks behind him, and our faithful escort wrapped in their *serapes* galloping on either side.

But now our troubles were over. General C., the commander-in-chief, met us at the hotel, and took us straight to the house of some German gentlemen, which in deed, as well as word, was placed at "our disposal." And supper over, we were thankful to go to our comfortable, home-like rooms after twenty-three and a-half hours' travelling.

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.

By W. B. CARPENTER, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., President of the British Association.

PART II.—ITS RESULTS (*continued*).

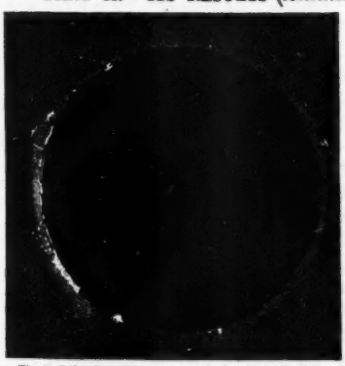


Fig. 8. Solar Prominences seen during Total Eclipse, of 1860.

WE now come to the more recent revelations in regard to the Physical Constitution of the Sun, which have been obtained by means of the Spectroscope; and which show that so far from being in a state of permanent unchanging glow, interrupted only by the "spots," of which the nature will be presently considered, it is in a condition of constant and intense activity. During several total eclipses of the Sun, red protuberances, resembling flames, had been observed to dart out (as it were) from beneath the edge of the Moon's disk, to the enormous extent of eighty or ninety thousand miles. And the precise position and extent of these prominences being recorded by photographs taken during the progress of the eclipse (Fig. 8), they were found to change so rapidly and remarkably, as clearly to indicate that they must consist of luminous *vapours*.

In the autumn of 1866, it was suggested by Mr. Lockyer, who had previously devoted much attention to the study of Solar Physics, that it might be possible, by a peculiar arrangement of the spectroscope, to study these red prominences under the ordinary conditions of the Sun's disk; and he was enabled by aid obtained from the Government Grant fund administered by the Royal Society, to order a suitable spectroscope to be constructed. Circumstances, however, delayed the construction of the apparatus; and it was not until the 20th of October, 1868, that he succeeded in obtaining a spectrum from the prominences in an unobscured Sun, and in determining that the bright lines of this spectrum closely correspond with the dark Fraunhofer lines, C, D, F. The method by which these were brought into view consisted in the employment of a succession of prisms (Fig. 6, p. 416)

having a strong dispersive power; whereby the light from the *body* of the Sun was much spread out and thereby weakened, whilst the intensity of the narrow bright lines produced by the rays emitted from the glowing *gas* was but slightly diminished. This effect can be experimentally produced with the continuous spectrum of the electric arc; for when its rays are dispersed by passing through two prisms of bisulphide of carbon, so as to diminish its general luminous intensity, the yellow Sodium band, with other bright lines due to the presence of impurities in the carbon points, comes into view, although not visible in the short and very bright continuous spectrum formed by a single flint-glass prism.

Whilst Mr. Lockyer had been experimenting in England, the very same discovery had been made in India by M. Janssen, an eminent astronomer, who had been sent thither by the French Government, to observe the appearances presented by the Sun during the total eclipse of August 18, 1868. During the progress of this eclipse, he recognised in the spectrum of the red prominences the bright lines just described; and, struck by their intensity, he also conceived the idea that it might be possible to see them when the Sun was uneclipsed. This idea he realised the very next day, when he succeeded in obtaining a spectrum of the protuberances sufficiently distinct to enable him to measure the exact position of the bright lines.

Thus the same most important and interesting discovery was made independently by these two most able observers; and whilst it was M. Janssen's good fortune to have first *seen* the Hydrogen-spectrum of the red prominences, it should be always remembered that Mr. Lockyer had, nearly two years previously, devised the *method* by which he would unquestionably have recognised it some time before, but for the vexatious delay in the construction of his apparatus, which prevented him from earlier realising his conception.

To Mr. Lockyer unquestionably belongs the sole merit of showing that these red prominences are not isolated outbursts of incandescent Hydrogen; but that they are only local aggregations of an envelope chiefly consisting of that substance, which extends over the whole of the solar sphere to an average thickness of about five thousand miles. To this red-glowing envelope the appropriate name of *chromosphere* has been given; which distinguishes it on the one hand from the light-giving *photosphere*, and on the other from the cooler absorbing *atmosphere*. A careful study of the spectrum of this chromosphere has shown that it contains great numbers of bright lines, which are due to the presence of Sodium, Magnesium, Iron, and other metals, especially in a narrow layer close to the Sun's photosphere.

But further, it has been actually found possible by Mr. Lockyer to measure the *pressure* of the stratum of incandescent Hydrogen which forms the chromosphere, at different heights. This most remarkable determination is not a mere ingenious guess, but is founded upon the property already mentioned as having been noticed in the spectrum of Hydrogen and other gases, of exhibiting definite changes under variations of pressure. The effect of *increased* pressure shows itself in an increase in the breadth and strength of the bright Hydrogen line corresponding to Fraunhofer's line F, which is thus affected before the other lines show any change: and from the wedge-shaped expansion which shows itself in that line in the lowest stratum of the chromosphere, Mr. Lockyer seems fully justified in concluding that the pressure there rapidly increases, though still very much less than that of our atmosphere; while it is so reduced at the higher parts of a prominence as to be almost *nil*. Thus, then, spectrum-analysis not only shows the *existence*, but gives us a measure of the absolute *quantity*, of Hydrogen in the chromosphere; and we shall presently see that the same method of measurement has been found applicable in other cases.

Close observation of these prominences has now conclusively shown that they are undergoing continual and often most rapid change. In one instance, Mr. Lockyer saw an outburst 27,000 miles high (about 3½ times the Earth's diameter), which *entirely disappeared in less than ten minutes*. And Prof. Zöllner has described still more enormous outbursts, which underwent yet more rapid changes. In one case, a sort of tongue of flame shot up to a height of 50,000 miles; and he says that he could scarcely believe his eyes, when he saw a sort of flickering motion in this flame, caused by *the travelling of a flame-wave from its base to its point in the course of two or three seconds*. In another instance, a broad, cloud-like mass of incandescent Hydrogen was seen to be resting on the top of a conical prominence; and a few hours afterwards this mass, greatly increased in size, was seen floating many thousands of miles above the prominence, as if it had been projected upwards by some kind of explosion.

There can be no reasonable doubt that these extraordinary phenomena are, in great degree, due to local variations of temperature, analogous to those which produce storms and hurricanes in our own atmosphere. But the differences of temperature which produce these Solar storms, cannot be less, as Kirchhoff remarked, than *thousands of degrees*.

Not less successful has been the application of Spectrum-analysis to the determination of the real nature of those *spots* on the Sun's disk, the nature of which had been a puzzle to astronomers from the time when they were first observed. The usual idea of them was that they were holes in the luminous atmosphere, or photosphere, through which the dark body of the Sun itself became visible; but Kirchhoff justly remarked that, as the interior surface of the Sun could not possibly be less than white-hot, this notion was untenable; and he suggested that they might be *clouds* floating in the atmosphere above. Spectroscopic research, however, has now conclusively shown that the Sun-spots are really parts of the Solar atmosphere, in which the temperature of the glowing gases has undergone reduction; and that they *look to us* black, merely because they are less bright than the surrounding portions of the photosphere,—just as the flame of an ordinary lamp or candle looks black when seen in front of the electric or the oxyhydrogen light. The dark lines of Sodium, Magnesium, and Barium always appear in a spot spectrum *darker* and *broader* than the corresponding Fraunhofer lines of the ordinary Solar spectrum; and, as it has been proved experimentally by Frankland and Lockyer that this is exactly the effect produced by an increase in the density of the vapours of these metals which increases their absorptive power, there can be no reasonable doubt that the darkened area of the Sun-spot (sometimes extending over *thousands of millions of square miles*) is really an area of powerful absorption, produced by an increase in the density of the metallic vapours. And this increase of density can be attributed to nothing else than a *cooling* of these vapours, which will produce a *downward* current drawing them nearer to the surface of the Sun.—The opposite state of things exists in those bright stripes termed *faculæ*, which are always, like Sun-spots, more or less visible on the Solar disk; for here the metallic lines are *thinner* than ordinary, showing a greater tenuity in the vapours, depending on their *higher* temperature, which must produce an *upward* current. In one instance Lockyer saw, in one of these faculæ, a cloud of incandescent Magnesium, floating high up above a prominence, like the red Hydrogen-cloud seen by Zöllner.

Even this is not all. By an application of the principle (to be hereafter described) on which Dr. Huggins has estimated the motions of approach or recession in what we have been accustomed to call the "Fixed" Stars, Mr. Lockyer has been able to determine spectroscopically the *velocity* of the rush of those currents of white-hot Hydrogen which give rise to the appearances recognised by the telescope of the astronomer. While looking at the Sun's surface, in the neighbourhood of the spots, through his spectroscope, he saw the Hydrogen-line F sometimes appear *bent*, by a shifting at several points towards the *red* end of the spectrum; whilst at other times it was displaced towards the *violet* end. Now these shiftings and twisting of the F line indicate alterations in its *wave-length*, which diminishes as the line moves towards the *violet* end of the spectrum, and increases as it moves towards the *red* end; a displacement to the extent of *one-ten millionth* of a millimetre, showing that the incandescent Hydrogen is rushing at the rate of thirty-eight miles per second, in the first case *towards* the observer, and in the second case from *him*. Now it is obvious that if the *central* part of the Sun's disk be under observation, such a change will indicate in the first case an *upward*, and in the second a *downward* movement; since no movement *along* the Sun's surface will alter the distance of the moving body from the observer's eye. But if he is looking at the *border* or "limb" of the Sun, a motion of approach *to* or recession *from* his eye will be one *parallel to* or *along* the sun's surface. Now suppose that a *cyclone* or circular storm were whirling over a portion of the Sun's disk which is thus presented to us *edgeways*, the current will be *towards* us on one side, and *from* us on the other; and this will show itself in a deflection of the F line, towards the *violet* end of the spectrum on the one side, and towards the *red* end on the other. This deflection has now been repeatedly witnessed. On one occasion (May 12, 1869), the lateral displacement of the line F was such as to make it appear triple; a portion of the Hydrogen-flame having *no* motion towards the observer, whilst others were approaching him with different velocities, increasing to the almost incredible rate of one

hundred and twenty miles per *second*. Now bearing in mind that the greatest speed of the wind in one of our tropical hurricanes is estimated at one hundred miles per *hour*, we see that our most destructive tornadoes are mere summer breezes in comparison with the storms of incandescent Hydrogen by which the Sun's chromosphere is continually agitated,—every "spot" being the interior of such a storm.

These changes in the Solar atmosphere are not matters of mere speculative interest to us, for they nearly touch "our own business and bosoms." The patient and persevering observations of M. Schwabe, fully confirmed as they have been by subsequent results, have clearly shown that there is a *cycle* of increase and diminution in the number and size of the Sun spots, extending over about ten years; which is now known as the "Sun-spot period." And it now appears certain, from the data collected by Mr. Meldrum, the Colonial Astronomer at Mauritius, that the periodical *maxima* of Sun-spots are those of the most numerous and most violent hurricanes, alike in the Eastern and in the Western Hemisphere. What an insight does this give us into the vastness and intricacy of the *Physical nexus* pervading Space, and connecting all the phenomena of Nature!

One more of the great Solar problems has been already to a great extent resolved by the spectroscope, and will doubtless ultimately yield to its analysis;—viz., the nature of that luminous halo which is seen to radiate from the Sun's disk during every total Eclipse, and which is termed (from its resemblance to the "glory" with which the old painters surrounded the heads of saints) the *Corona*. The extent of this corona is such, that distinct indications of its photographic action have been obtained at a distance of at least two Solar diameters, or nearly *two millions of miles*, from the Sun's disk; and the photographs further make it clear, that the radiating appearance is due to lines of shadow, sometimes so broad as to constitute distinct *rifts*, which start out from under the edge of the Moon's disk. The coincidence observable in the position of these rifts, on comparing photographs and drawings of the corona taken at different points of observation, during the same eclipse, is a very strong argument against the doctrine formerly entertained by many astronomers, that the corona is formed in our own atmosphere, like the halo which we see around the flame of a street lamp on a foggy night. But still more conclusive evidence is afforded by spectrum-analysis of the inner part of the corona; for this gives three bright lines on a faint continuous spectrum, two of which show the presence of incandescent Hydrogen, while the third may be indicative of some other substance. Whether the fainter or outlying part of the corona has the same character, is a point still undetermined; but the fact that bright bands, one of which seems identical with the third line of the corona, have been observed by Angström, on several occasions, in the spectra of the Aurora, of the Zodiacal light, and even of the phosphorescent glow sometimes seen over the general surface of the sky on a starlight night, seems to indicate the existence of a very attenuated atmosphere, filling at any rate the space between the Sun and the Earth. It is curious that the particular band which thus links together the Solar corona, the Zodiacal light, and the Aurora—phenomena apparently unconnected—does not, according to Angström, correspond with the spectrum-line of any known substance; but looking to the alterations which (as we have seen) are produced in the spectrum-lines by variations of temperature and pressure, it would be premature to attribute it to the presence of a new metal.

Very soon after the spectroscopic discoveries of Bunsen and Kirchhoff became known in this country, the late Professor W. A. Miller, and Mr. (now Dr.) Huggins, took up the method which had already proved in their hands so fertile in discovery as to the chemistry of the Sun, and applied it to the investigation of the chemical and physical conditions of the other celestial bodies. In the first place it was necessary to make a more precise determination of the effects produced by the passage of rays of light through our own atmosphere (p. 413); and these were studied with the greatest care. Their attention was then turned to the *Moon* and *Planets*, whose spectra (as Fraunhofer had previously observed) correspond essentially with the spectrum of the Sun, by whose reflected light they shine; the point of interest here being what influence (if any) is produced by the *atmospheres* of these bodies.—It is well known that astronomers have failed to discover any indication that the Moon is surrounded by an atmosphere; the disappearance of a star behind her disk, when an "occultation" takes place, being sudden and abrupt; and no bright border being seen along the edge of her disk during a Solar eclipse, such as would be pro-

duced by the refraction of the Sun's light through the Lunar Atmosphere, did such an atmosphere exist. This conclusion is confirmed by the very careful observations of Dr. Huggins; the spectroscope furnishing a still more delicate test than the telescope alone, of the absence of any such refraction of the light of a star that is undergoing occultation, as would be produced by any appreciable Lunar Atmosphere.

The dark lines seen in the spectrum of Jupiter for the most part so nearly correspond with those produced by our own atmosphere, as to indicate the existence of an atmosphere around that planet containing vapours similar to those which float

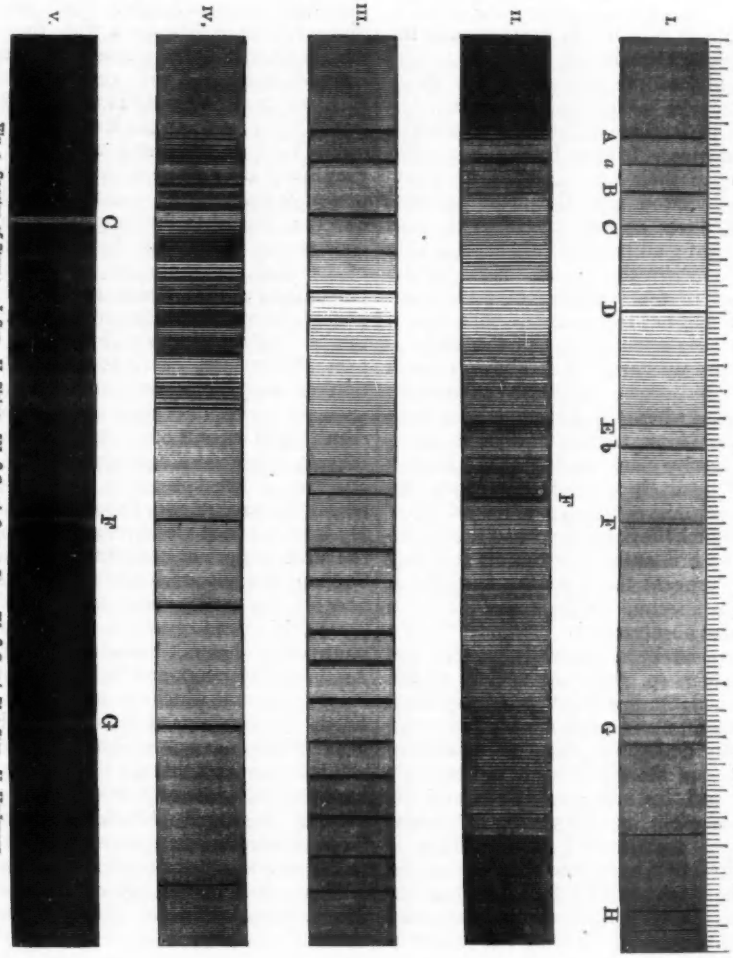


Fig. 9. Spectra of Stars:—I. Sun. II. Sirius. III. β Cygni, Orange Star. IV. β Cygni, Blue Star. V. Hydrogen.

around the Earth. But as there is a band which has no counterpart among the absorption-lines of our own atmosphere, the existence is indicated in the atmosphere of Jupiter of some constituent that is not present in our own. From observations upon Saturn, it appears probable that its atmosphere, like that of Jupiter, contains watery vapour; and in the atmosphere of Mars, also, a group of absorption-lines is observable, corresponding to that seen in our own Solar spectrum when the sun is low, and probably indicating, like it, the presence of watery vapour. The spectroscope altogether fails to confirm the old notion that the red colour which distinguishes this planet is attributable to the absorptive power of its atmosphere; and, as Sir John Herschel long since pointed

out, the unequal distribution of this colour over its disk, when this is sufficiently magnified, shows it to be probably due to the prevalent colour of its soil, the intermediate portions—which may very likely be sea or ice—exhibiting a complementary greenish tint. While the spectrum of Venus does not show any intensification of the atmospheric lines, absorption-lines, indicative of the presence of an atmosphere partly similar to our own, have been detected in the spectra of the distant planets Uranus and Neptune.

The study of the spectra of the *Fixed Stars*, a matter of extreme difficulty, has been most patiently and carefully prosecuted by Dr. Huggins. It must be borne in mind that, owing to their vast distance, the Stars, even when viewed with the most powerful telescopes, never appear otherwise than as *points* of light; all that the telescope can do being to *intensify* that light. Now in the observation of the spectrum of a Star, the telescopic image of the luminous point has to be kept steady upon the slit of the spectroscope, whose aperture is not above 1-300th of an inch in breadth; and this can only be accomplished when the telescope is so hung as to be free from tremor, and is so accurately moved by clock-work, that the Earth's motion is effectively neutralised. Moreover, in our climate, it is only on a few of those nights on which the Stars appear to the naked eye to shine brilliantly, that the air is steady enough to prevent the flickering and confusion of the spectra, which is fatal to these very delicate observations.

Now, as had been originally pointed out by Fraunhofer (p. 362), the spectra of the several Fixed Stars differ very greatly from that of the Sun and from each other; and in order to determine the components of their luminous atmospheres, it is necessary to be able to bring into comparison with the spectrum of each Star the spectra of various incandescent metals and gases. This is accomplished by a very ingenious but simple arrangement, which Dr. Huggins has attached to his telescopic spectroscope; by which, on pressing a button, the observer can combine in the same view the spectrum of a Star and the spectrum of any chemical element—such as Hydrogen, Magnesium, or Iron—which he may wish to compare with it. In this manner it is easy to determine with certainty whether a particular set of bright or dark lines seen in the spectrum of that Star is, or is not, coincident with the characteristic spectrum of any substance already known to him.

As Sirius is by far the brightest of the Fixed Stars, Dr. Huggins early devoted great attention to its spectrum; which he found to be a continuous one, crossed by great numbers of dark lines, which are disposed at pretty regular intervals through its whole length, as shown at Fig. 9. II. (p. 465). Its series of colours so far corresponds with that of the Solar spectrum, I., that the combination of the whole gives *white* light. The spectrum of Sirius further corresponds with that of the Sun, in presenting four strong dark lines which correspond (though with certain differences) with the three principal Fraunhofer lines, C, F, G (Fig. 9. V.), and the fourth near H, that indicate Hydrogen; and the study of the peculiarity of its line F has led, as will be presently shown, to a most remarkable discovery in regard to the proper motion of this conspicuous Star. But the very multiplicity of its lines, taken in connection with the circumstance that Sirius never rises high enough in our sky to be out of the range of the strongly disturbing influence of our own atmosphere, has made the determination of the Elementary substances whose presence those lines indicate more difficult than that of certain other Stars, to which Dr. Huggins has accordingly given a preferential attention. The spectra of all the Stars yet examined, except two, show the presence of Hydrogen, which we have seen to be one of the most important constituents of the Sun. Sodium, Magnesium, Calcium, and Iron are very frequently recognised; and in Aldebaran there have been observed in addition Bismuth (which has not been found in the Sun), Antimony, Mercury, and Tellurium,—the last being a metal which is very rare in the Earth (though named from it), and which has not been recognised in the Sun.

Thus it appears that the Fixed Stars have a composition generally resembling that of the Sun; having a white-hot nucleus, which forms a continuous spectrum; with a surrounding atmosphere containing the vapours of particular metals, which produces the dark absorption-lines. Although, however, by far the greater number of Stars give out *white* light, there are many whose light has a *yellow*, *orange*, or *ruddy* tinge; and some whose red colour is almost as deep as that of blood. Father Secchi, the celebrated Romish astronomer, has been able to examine the spectra of more than three hundred Stars; and he finds that while above half the number are *white*, like Sirius, having spectra specially characterized by the presence of the four strong Hydrogen-lines, somewhat

less than half are *yellow*, having spectra crossed by numerous fine dark lines resembling those of the Solar spectrum; while the small remaining proportion, consisting of *orange* and *red* stars, have spectra in which there are *bright* lines as well as dark.

A remarkable *contrast* of colour is seen in certain of those *Double* Stars, which are objects of peculiar interest to the astronomer as revolving in regular orbits round each other; the *larger* star having a yellow, orange, or reddish hue, while the *smaller* one usually shows the *complementary* colour (p. 359), being *purple* if the principal star be yellow, *blue* if it be orange, and *green* if it be red. No green or blue star of any decided hue has, according to Sir John Herschel, ever been noticed unaccompanied by a companion brighter than itself; and hence he was led to suspect that the presence of these colours was an effect of contrast in the eye of the observer. The application of the unerring spectroscopic test to these coloured "double stars" was, therefore, a matter of peculiar interest; and the result of it proves that there is a real difference in their light. Thus in the two stars of β Cygni, one of which gives an *orange* and the other a *blue* light, the spectra, as shown in Fig. 9. III., IV., are very different; that of the larger Star (No. III.) having many and broad dark lines in its blue and red portions, whilst there are none at all in its orange; and that of the smaller star (No. IV.) having a vast number of fine lines in its red and orange portions, whilst there are but few in the blue. Hence it is that *orange* predominates in the light of the former, and *blue* in that of the latter. The fact that these complementary colours have a real source in the constitution of the respective atmospheres of these Double Stars, suggests the very curious speculation that the aggregate of the component vapours in the concentration of which they originated, must have been unequally distributed between them; and that instead of gravitating uniformly towards the two centres, some of the constituents accumulated in the larger, and others in the smaller star. In that case we should expect that every strongly-coloured Star should have a smaller companion of complementary colour; and this may not, perhaps, be very improbable,—the companion being invisible, either from its small size, or from having ceased to shine.

The remarkable phenomena of *variable* Stars have been singularly elucidated by spectroscopic observation. Certain Stars, in no way distinguishable from others, either by any change of place or by any difference that the telescope can bring into view, have been observed to undergo a more or less regular periodical increase and diminution of lustre; their light being sometimes as brilliant as that of Stars of the first magnitude, and then diminishing until they can be no longer seen with the naked eye, or even with the assistance of the telescope. Besides these, *temporary* Stars have been noticed at different times, which have suddenly blazed forth with extraordinary lustre, so as even to be visible by day, and, after remaining for awhile in the same places (so that they cannot have been Comets), have died away and left no trace. Thus in 1572, the celebrated Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahe, returning one evening from his observatory to his dwelling-house, was surprised to find a group of people gazing at a bright star which he was sure was not visible half an hour before. It was then as bright as Sirius, and continued to increase in brilliancy until it surpassed Jupiter at his brightest, and even became visible at mid-day. In the course of a month, however, its brightness decreased; and in three months more it was no longer to be seen. There is reason to suspect, from correspondence of position, that this was the Star which had burst forth with similar brightness in 1264, and before that in 945; so that it would be really a "periodical" star with a very long period. Now by great good fortune it happened, in May, 1866, that a Star in the constellation of the Northern Crown, which was so small as to have previously passed almost unnoticed, suddenly blazed out, attaining a magnitude nearly equal to that of the largest Stars seen in the heavens. Messrs. Huggins and Miller having directed their particular attention to its spectrum, which they were able to examine on several different occasions, found that it differed from the spectra of the ordinary Stars in having two strong *bright* lines in the position of the Fraunhofer lines C and F, which are known to be Hydrogen-lines; and their presence therefore indicates an extraordinary outburst of incandescent Hydrogen, whose rays were too predominant to be converted by absorption into dark lines. As this Star faded away again, in the course of a few weeks, from the second to the tenth magnitude, these bright lines gradually became more faint, and at last disappeared altogether; so that it became clear that its sudden brightness was due to an extraordinary outburst of incandescent Hydrogen. From the careful observations of Mr. Baxendale, it ap-

pears that the light of this Star at its maximum on May 12th, was 760 times as great as that which it gave forth on the 20th of August, when it had returned to its minimum.

Now this observation has an extraordinary interest for us, when taken in connection with Mr. Lockyer's subsequent researches on the changes continually going on in the Chromosphere or Hydrogen-envelope of the Sun, and with the ascertained periodicity of the Sun-spots. For it thus becomes evident that our Sun must be considered as belonging to the category of *variable* Stars; and hence that considerable changes in the intensity of its light and heat may have not improbably occurred during the ages of Geological time. Any such tremendous outburst, however, as that just described, would be utterly destructive, not only of all Life upon our globe, but of the Globe itself; for if the intensity of the solar rays were to be increased eight hundredfold, it would be speedily dissipated in vapour like a drop of water in a furnace.

AN OLD ROAD.

A CURVE of green tree-tops,
And a common wall below,
And a winding road, that dips and drops,
Ah me! where does it go?
Down to the lovely days
Goes that familiar track,
And here I stand and wait and gaze,
As if they could come back.

Somewhere beneath that hill
Are children's running feet,
And a little garden fair and still,
Were never flowers so sweet!
And a house within an open door,
What *was* therein I know,—
O! let me enter nevermore,
But still believe it so.

Up this oft-trodden slope
What visions rise and throng!
What keen remembrances of Hope
Lie shattered all along!
These flowers that never grew,
Bloom they in any clime?
Can any spring to come renew
What died in that sweet time?

Here I believed in fame,
And found no room for fear;
Here sprang to meet what never came;
Here loved—what is not here!
Not worth a moment's pause
Seemed any fallen gem,
Not worth a sigh, a glance, because
Life would be full of them.

The child in the fairy tale
Dropped tokens as he passed,
So pierced the darksome forest-veil
And found his home at last;
I, in the falling day,
Turn back through deeper gloom,
By gathered memories feel my way
Only to find—a tomb.

For there they lie asleep,
Eyes that made all things sweet,
Hands of true pressure, hearts more deep
Than any left to beat;
A world where all was great;
Paths trodden not, but seen;
Light streaming through an open gate—
The world that might have been!

Pictures, and dreams, and tears—
O Love, is this the whole?
Nay, wrap your everlasting years
About my failing soul!
The lightest word you spake
Beyond all time shall last—
These only sleep before they wake—
In Love there is no Past!

M. B. SMEDLEY.

A PENNY "BOARD" SCHOOL.

BY A RIVERSIDE VISITOR.

FOLLOWING the example of other parliaments, our "Educational Parliament" is adopting the plan of settling its party differences by compromise. The denominational was not the only question on which the School Board was divided. It had a free education and an anti-free education party in its ranks, the one party arguing that where education was compulsory, the compulsion should, alike in justice and mercy, be accompanied by the option of having the education free; the other party contending that it was morally wrong to free parents from the responsibility of paying for the education of their children, and that it was, moreover, putting a premium upon thriftlessness and dissipation to do so. After much doughty debating, it was agreed that special schools should be established in poor neighbourhoods, in which the fee should be only a penny a week, such an arrangement going a long way in the direction of free education, while it did not call upon the anti-free party to give up their principle.

These special penny schools are undoubtedly the most interesting piece of work that the School Board has yet accomplished; and we now propose to give a description of a representative school of the class.

No district in the metropolis probably stood in greater need of such a school than did Deptford; and there the Board hastened to establish one of the special schools. The School Board researches had shown Deptford to be sadly lacking in school accommodation, and several schools are to be built there. But to have waited for any of these new schools would have been a case of letting the steed starve while the grass was growing. It was necessary to hire temporary premises, and fortunately a room admirably situated for the class of school contemplated was to be had. In a part of Deptford, inhabited by the classes among whom he chiefly labours, Ned Wright, better known, perhaps, as "The Converted Burglar," had established a mission hall. This hall was found to be available for school purposes, and the Board secured it. It was an old dilapidated building; but a thorough cleansing down and a little expenditure of paint, and such like, sweetened and somewhat brightened the interior; and having been furnished with educational means and appliances sufficient for the hundred and fourteen boys it was certified to accommodate, it opened its doors for the reception of scholars on November 25th, 1872. Handbills had been freely distributed, and other steps taken with a view to securing a good start. In spite of this, however, the opening morning showed only some ten or a dozen pupils, and some even of these few had evidently roamed in out of curiosity, and had no intention of staying. Friendly handbills having failed, official notices were issued, and in compliance with these the school began to fill. The scholars thus brought in would, in a general way, have been considered most undesirable; but from the Board's point of view they were the right children in the right place. Most of them had never been inside a school before, and probably never would have been inside one but for the action of the School Board, and it need scarcely be added that these were utterly guiltless of anything in the shape of educational knowledge, and had all alike to begin with the alphabet. Some few had, in one way or another, picked up such a degree of education as enabled them to spell out easy words or scrawl their names across a slate, and these were formed into an advanced class. There were gutter children of seven or eight years of age, young roughs and loafers of from ten to thirteen; while others were neither of the rough nor "Arab" class, being simply poor little fellows whose young bones had been ground to help to make the family bread, who almost from infancy had been working in wood-yards, or hawking hearthstones, watercresses, and the like.

A school of such scholars might well—at the outset, at any rate—be styled a special school. There was nothing of the typical school-boy in their appearance; they were a "ragged regiment," as motley a crew of youngsters as could well be imagined. Many of them were barefooted, others were without jackets, while what garments they had displayed an astonishing degree of "loop'd and window'd raggedness." Unkempt heads and unwashed faces were the rule rather than the exception. Their manner was uncouth and streety, and the language indulged in by some of them shocking in its grossness. A first-rate master was selected for the school. A young man, full of life and energy, one who had not only greatly distinguished himself at his training college, but had proved himself

to be—what every excellent scholar is not—an excellent teacher also, one who studied the characters of his scholars individually, who had great faith in the plan of appealing to and trusting boyish honour, and sought to rule the little kingdom of the school-room by love rather than fear.

The work of this school was at first very uphill work indeed. The habits of the boys were most unsuitable to school-room life, and of course the habits of years were not to be eradicated in a day; while harder to overcome than even the habits of the children were those habits of the parents which led to the children being sent to the school in a filthy and neglected condition. Perseverance, however, soon produced amendment in these respects.

It is at the end of the short period of four months, when the school had, by unceasing exertion, been got into fair working order, that we here propose to introduce our readers, and show it at work.

Reaching the school, after a perambulation through some doubtful streets, you perceive that outwardly it is a rather barn-like building. Entering it by descending a flight of four or five steps, you find that it is a long, narrow, perfectly plain room, which, notwithstanding recent repairs, has still an air of tumble-downness about it. Stout school-desks and seats are ranged along its length, and though certified to hold a hundred and fourteen, it looks tolerably full with the ninety boys now present. More than the required hundred and fourteen names are upon the register; but in all schools there is to be found a considerable degree of absenteeism, and here there is a somewhat more than average per cent. of it—sickness, as a "sufficient reason" for non-attendance, being more prevalent here than is the case in schools attended by better fed, better clad, and better cared-for children. The scholars are divided into four classes. The first and second classes are being taught arithmetic from the black-board, the first trying their hands at simple multiplication, the second at addition; the third class is spelling out easy words from a card placed on a frame in front of them; and the fourth class—in which is a considerable proportion of boys of from nine to twelve years of age—is engaged in learning the alphabet. For a moment—as would be the case in any other school—all eyes are turned upon the visitor; but a warning call of "Attention!" from the master is sufficient to make all fall to their work again. With their glances fixed on board, book, or slate you can observe them at leisure. Some of them are shoeless, some are in their shirt-sleeves, others are wearing garments "a world too wide," evidently the cast-offs of bigger children, and many are very ragged. By way of relief, however, a number, though very poorly clad, are exceedingly neat and clean. These boys, it will be found on inquiry, belong to parents who are among the poorest of all whose children attend the school. There is a prevailing air of old-fashionedness about the scholars, and many of the faces show "a lean and hungry look," which is doubly pitiful seen on faces so young. Young as they are, these boys have already known "the woes of want"—have, in fact, known very little else. The days on which they have had "a bellyful" have been red-letter days with them, and they have experienced their days of total foodlessness, the half or under-fed being their normal condition in this respect. It is no uncommon thing with some of them to have to come to school breakfastless; and from this fact, as well as from their gaunt and hunger-pinched looks, it may safely be inferred that they fare but poorly in a general way. Another thing that strikes you as you look along the benches is the horny hardness and disproportionate largeness of the hands of many of the boys. This, too, however, is easily accounted for. These are the boys who, under the compulsory powers of the Board, have been withdrawn from work and sent to school. A number of them, indeed, still work during a part of the day, only attending school as half-timers, their parents having shown, to the satisfaction of the School Board committee, that they were over ten years of age, and were "necessarily and beneficially employed." Though there is still much raggedness of attire, there has since the opening of the school been a very marked improvement in the matter of cleanliness—so far, at least, as hands and faces are concerned. This desirable state of things is in a great measure to be attributed to a simple plan adopted by the master. Finding at first that dirty rather than clean hands and faces were the rule, he took to giving marks to those who came duly washed and combed, and at the end of every four weeks the boy who has gained the greatest number of marks for cleanliness receives "honourable mention," and probably a copper or two.

Having finished your general survey, one or two of the scholars specially attract your notice. There, for instance, are three black-

haired, black-eyed, tawny skinned little fellows seated together at the end of the front row of benches. As they have but about a suit among them you can easily perceive that they are well built, finely limbed children. They are brothers, aged ten, eight, and seven respectively, and they are, as their complexion indicates, half castes. Their mother is an Indian, and, according to her own account, she is of royal blood, and was in her childhood magnificently brought up. She is now a licensed hawker, in the unhappy position of having no "stock money" wherewith to procure goods to hawk; though she has the reputation of being very clever at the beadwork, the sort of work she dealt in when she had been in a position to procure stock. Her husband, the father of the children, had been a travelling showman and bandsman; but evil days falling upon the family, they had been reduced to seeking a precarious livelihood as street and public-house acrobats and musicians. The eldest of the three children now in school was already performing as a "bender," and the other two were being trained to that or other branches of "the profession," when the School Board stepped in, and the usual official notices being served upon the parents, the children were sent. Their attendance, however, was at first very irregular, and this leading to investigation it was found that the poverty of the family was so extreme, as to make their plea of inability to pay even the penny-a-week fee irrefutable. These children are accordingly among the few in whose cases the Board have seen fit to grant remission of fees. The Darkies, as their schoolmates call them, have not taken to their learning as kindly as could have been desired. They are restless and inattentive of mood. But though at the end of three months they have barely struggled through their alphabet, and though they probably fare as badly in the matter of food as in respect of clothing, they are anything but dull or spiritless. They are keen-witted, hardy, active little fellows, always to the fore when any piece of schoolboy mischief is on hand, and ever ready when opportunity offers to amuse or astonish their companions by displaying some piece of acrobatic skill. That in being forced into school these boys have been rescued from a hard and evil life may, we think, be taken for granted. Having been caught young, there is every prospect of their receiving such a degree of education as will qualify them to engage in some much more reputable and profitable calling than that of tap-room tumblers—a class, of whose misfortunes it is not the least that a considerable portion of their scanty reward is paid to them in drink.

Not far from the Darkies are two other boys, also brothers, who are specially noticeable from their pinched and emaciated appearance—hunger is written in their sunken cheeks, and the wolfish brightness of their glances. It is known that they fare hardly every day, that they often come foodless to school, and are frequently dependent for the scanty food they do get upon the kindness of neighbours, themselves so poor that they often find it a difficult matter to feed their own children. On one occasion it was noticed that the younger of the two boys seemed especially dull and languid, and at last his head dropping heavily on his arm, he was asked if he was ill. No, he was not ill, he answered, he was only hungry; and further inquiry elicited that neither he nor his brother had tasted food since noon on the previous day, and that all they had had then was a single slice of bread each, given to them by a woman living in the house in which they, with their parents, occupied a room. On hearing this, the master took them to the nearest baker's shop, where they fell upon the food supplied to them in a style that afforded practical confirmation of their story. Poor little fellows! theirs is a hard lot; but, in any case, they are better in the school than about the streets, and though hungry stomachs make dull brains, they are making some progress in their education; so that there is hope of their in time being fitted to earn a better livelihood for themselves than their parents have been able to earn for them.

That delicate, pale-faced boy, sitting on a chair by himself, is, as you see, a cripple, his back having been broken by an accidental fall. He is the youngest of seven children. All the others have been brought up without education, but the mother voluntarily brought him to school, saying that she "would like him to have a bit of larning, seeing as how he would never be able to get his livin' by his hands."

That boy, who, while you have been making your observations, has twice stood up, indicating by the movement that he is the first who has worked out the sum upon which his class has been engaged, is another whose appearance attracts special attention. He is between ten and eleven years of age, and is a chubby, well-grown boy, with a good humouredly comic cast of countenance, but the wide mouth, turn-up nose, and black

beady eyes, are surmounted by a broad, open forehead, which in this case, at any rate, truly indicates intelligence. Coming to the school utterly ignorant, he is now one of the best scholars in it; his progress has been rapid, and he gives every promise of turning out a more than average scholar. He has taken to schooling, is attentive to his lessons, quick of apprehension, and has a keen delight in the class rivalries for marks and places of honour. On the other hand, he is the great "comic" and practical joker of the school. He is a leader in all mischief, and he is the raggedest Robin of all the ragged crew. How he can get in and out of his garments is a question to be pondered. They are shreds *without* patches, and at every movement flap and flutter about him, with a curious effect. A sad state of things, you think; but, upon the whole, D—— himself rather seems to like it. His attention, aptness, and good humour speedily made him a favourite with his teachers, who, among them got him a suit, which, though "cast-off," was whole and in good condition. From the first it was noticed that he seemed uncomfortable in these clothes,—before a week was over formidable rents, such as fair wear and tear would not account for, began to appear in them, and in less than a month they were as ragged as the garments they had replaced. It was then discovered that D—— was given to free fighting, and engaging in all sorts of "rough and tumble" amusements when out of school; and as he wore his rags jauntily, things were allowed to take their own course in that respect. Altogether D—— may fairly be described as a "broth of a boy;" and now that, thanks to the establishment of such a school as this, he is in a fair way to be educated, he will probably make a bright man.

As he is seated in a back row, is only eight years old, and small of his age, you may not notice Tommy B—— unless your attention is specially directed to him. He is fidgeting incessantly, and muttering to himself intermittently as he works at his slate. From his actions, and a mazy, dreamy look about his face, it is easy to perceive that his mind is somewhat clouded. When he was brought to the school, the master's first impulse was to decline to take him in, but, speedily seeing that it would be a good deed to admit the child, if it were only by way of affording him a comfortable place of shelter, he entered him on the books. It was at first found impossible to keep him in a class; but as he was quiet, he was allowed to roam about the premises at will, and evcrything being novel to him, he was highly delighted. Having, in the course of a week or so, exhausted his observations and researches, having on one occasion been taken out of a copper into which he had fallen, and on another rescued from a large coal-box, the lid of which he had shut upon himself, he voluntarily took a place in the lowest class, and great pains being taken with him at such times as he was found to be "i' th' vein," he began to get on with his learning. He has made such progress, that he can now spell out easy words, and copy figures and letters from the black-board. Tommy, however, has not been content to merely copy letters; he has invented a new letter, and his alphabet has now twenty-seven. The letter T had been given him as his slate copy, and on the slates being examined, his was passed with a "that will do," when he excitedly exclaimed, "Yes, that's the T's, master; but I've made another letter —look there!" and turning the other side of his slate, showed it covered with hieroglyphic-looking figures. The master, not being able to see in these characters any approach to a known letter, asked what it was, to which Tommy triumphantly replied, "It's a new letter, sir—*it's a coffee!*"

It was explained that T was a letter, and *tea* a word, and that both tea and coffee were to be written with a number of letters, not expressed by a single sign. It was found impossible, however, to make him understand this. Like all inventors, he was in love with the child of his invention, and he still continues to add a few variations of his favourite coffee to all his writing lessons, and evidently prides himself upon the performance. Tommy, with a *naïveté* of manner that is extremely amusing, will sometimes insist upon favouring his masters or teachers with curious scraps of family history, and he occasionally comes out with strangely shrewd remarks. He is an affectionate, sensitive, inoffensive little fellow, and it is pleasant to be able to relate that his schoolmates—rough and uncultivated though they be—as well as his teachers, treat him with marked kindness.

Such is this Penny Board School—such the children who are being educated in it. That such schools are calculated to effect a vast amount of good must, we think, be obvious to all. That the particular school we have been speaking of has done, and is doing, great good in the neighbourhood in which it is situated, is simple matter of fact well within our own knowledge.

LADY BELL.

By the AUTHOR of "Citoyenne Jacqueline."

CHAPTER XXVII.—OPINIONS DIFFER.



As the party went upstairs, and strolled about amongst other animated groups, admiring what were reckoned the Gothic proportions of the Pantheon, listening to the rising strains of the orchestra, which still admitted the ring of laughing voices—buxom Lady Sundon grew radiant. "Now, ain't this nice, Harry?" she demanded triumphantly; "ain't it something to come on shore for—worth years of the sloppy, draggle-tailed country?"

"As to nice, the word is too vague. I'd as lief not pledge myself to what you mean by niceness," he told her; "and I own to being rather fonder of green fields than filthy streets, after a long tack of blue waves."

"But this ain't filthy streets, Harry. Now, I shall think you right down cross and contrary, if you refuse to admit that the Pantheon, at least, takes your fancy."

"Then, not to mortify you, madam, the Pantheon itself is not half so silly or so bad as many places of public and private entertainment that I've been to in my life. If I were to stay on shore, and in London, I should not mind coming sometimes to the Pantheon."

"I dare say you shouldn't—your humble servant, Harry, for the condescension!"

"Especially if I were to come across such a man as Admiral Byron," continued Captain Fane, bowing low to a bluff, elderly gentleman in passing. "He played the man when he was no more than a middy, young sir"—Captain Fane pointed the application by looking over his shoulder and addressing Sir Peter's nephew, walking between the Misses Sundon, and instantly beginning to swell with wrath because his tender years were hinted at—"He was a castaway on a South Sea Island, and he managed to survive five years of hardship unparalleled in our day, among savages. There is somebody to look at, worth a hundred of your beaux and belles."

"And ha'n't I stared the man out," declared Lady Sundon, "till he thinks there's a hole in his epaulette, or a paper pinned on his back?"

"It isn't the luck of every one to be a castaway on a South Sea Island, and to learn a lesson from savages," said Lady Bell. "Beaux and belles can't help their want of luck. You should be fair, Captain Fane."

"I'll try, Lady Bell," he promised, "if you'll point out to me one man or woman of your fine fashionables—remember, I don't say civilians, I hope I'm not such a swaggering fire-eater as to confine merit to one or both of the services—who in his or her different circumstances has shown half the ingenuity and energy, not to say resignation, which my friend the Admiral was privileged, as you put it not incorrectly, to display."

"Oh, come, sir!" cried Lady Bell with spirit, dropping an assumption of meekness, "I shall not have far to seek to confute your argument, and I shall take a woman in order to cover you with confusion. True, I don't say she has kindled a fire with flints, or dug up roots with her fingers, or knocked down birds with a stick; but I conclude that you—an educated gentleman—consider ingenuity and energy may be well bestowed in other respects than in relieving mere gross, bodily wants."

"I grant you that, Lady Bell."

"Do you see the lady in the silver gauze?—not there, and that is not silver gauze, that is white brocade, while the wearer is only charming Lady Hesketh. No, here, the slight young lady in the silver gauze, with the fine hair in a wave above her forehead, and the high aquiline nose—do you know what she is famous for?"

"No; I must admit my ignorance."

"Not for her beauty, although you may see she is beautiful; not for being gallant General Conway's daughter; not even for

being wife to my Lord Milton's son, who has the finest wardrobe in London—finer even than thirty thousand a year will stand, folks swear; for men can be as vain as women sometimes, and a great deal more reckless in their vanity. But Mrs. Damer puts on a mob cap and canvas apron, and with these little white hands wields mallet and chisel, as well as moulds in wax and clay. She hath done groups of animals as true as life, and busts of men and women—their speaking images. She is a great sculptor, sir, such as Mr. Bacon or Mr. Nollekens. What do you say to that?" Lady Bell wound up her peroration by making a profound curtsey.

"It is all gospel, Harry," Lady Sundon confirmed the account. "They tell me that pretty stylish woman is so far left to herself that she likes nothing better than muddling among wet blocks and splinters of stone, and hewing away like any stonemason."

"I stand corrected," admitted Harry Fane honestly, addressing himself to Lady Bell. "I honour the lady both for her capacity and determination."

"And I can assure you, sir, she is not the only woman who deserves your honour for intellect and perseverance," insisted Lady Bell, woman-like, not content with the inch conceded, but proceeding to ask a yard. "Of course it is not given to many women to be endowed like Mrs. Damer, but if you knew my dear Mrs. Sundon, down at Summerhill, how wise she is, how attentive to all her duties, how regular and unwearying in her studies—well!" she broke off enthusiastically, "she shames me into solidity and steadiness. I never have a fit of the gapes, and I am in no way flighty when I am with her."

"That is a great testimony," acknowledged Captain Fane with grave abstraction, as if he were meditating on the force of the evidence.

"You provoking man!" Lady Sundon reproached him, rapping him across the fingers with her fan, while Lady Bell bit her lips with pique, and turned away indignant at being laughed at, a process to which she was not over much accustomed.

Lady Bell was too proud to pout, but she had made up her mind that she would submit to no more flouting from this impertinent, conceited sailor, when all at once he begged her pardon, said penitently and agreeably, that Mrs. Sundon was at least fortunate in having such an advocate that he could take the unknown lady's superiority on trust.

Lady Bell felt rewarded for her gallantry in fighting the humorsome sailor, when she had constrained him to soften his looks and tones, and to except not merely Mrs. Sundon but herself in his budget of criticism—if Lady Sundon had let the man alone in leaving him to his better mind, and had not by interfering spoilt all!

"Mercy on us!" Lady Sundon ejaculated, "wonders will never cease; my polar bear has paid a compliment!"

"Not paid a compliment—told a truth," Captain Fane had consented to say further, quite graciously.

"Another, another, Harry! you're a reformed man on the spot—see what a pretty woman can do—a bear that has changed its skin!" Lady Sundon had leapt too fast to a conclusion.

"I am afraid I must damp your expectation, and shock you once more," alleged Captain Fane with a perverse twinkle in his eyes, "for I was about to add that if your Mrs. Sundon is so wondrous wise a woman, why did she go 'in the galley,' as I have understood she did? I mean, why did she throw herself away on so dissipated a man, and so inveterate a gambler as Gregory Sundon of Cheveley, whose disgrace has been so manifest and black that he has been suffered to drop clean out of this corrupt enough gay world, as well as out of his wife's offended sight. If she was to be particular, she should have begun sooner."

"Sir!" replied Lady Bell, with her hot young generosity firing up in every word, "I do not pretend to justify my friend in every act of her life; and for the magnanimous faith with which she trusted her precious self and her fortune to the unhappy husband who failed her, I say nothing, save that it ill becomes even so faultless and prudent a man, as I do not doubt Captain Fane is, to blame her."

"Well said—as good as a play, Lady Bell. Lady Bell, I'm proud of you," protested Lady Sundon. "Hit him hard when you're at it! Yes, indeed, you're no better than a mean scamp, though you are my own cousin, Harry; and I did not think it of you, for all your droll crustiness and carping words, till Lady Bell hath opened my eyes—to twit a fine woman with her indiscreet tenderness to one of your own ungrateful sex—as well kiss and tell. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing!" answered Harry, with a little shrug of his broad shoulders; "and Lady Bell need not hit harder, seeing she has hit hard enough to floor me already. Madam, I was wrong to urge such an inconsistency in your friend. It was ill done on my part, as you said. I cannot do less than make amends

to her and to you by saying I am sorry for my unhandsome words."

Again Lady Bell was propitiated by a new and rare flattery in finding that she could sway and subdue not a willing slave, not an indolent, careless adorer, but a restive and opinionative man. Here was one who might have had the misfortune to be a little singular to begin with, and who, after having been confined to ship-board from childhood, turned up in the smooth, accommodating world all angles, ready-formed prepossessions and prejudices.

Under the subtle incense, Lady Bell looked at her antagonist more deliberately over her fan, and out of a pair of eyes analytically inclined.

She settled that, though he was contradictory and a little abrupt and harsh in his contradictions, otherwise he was not in the least ill-mannered or boorish, but had altogether the air of a gentleman and a man of education, and was thus of the new school of naval officers. He looked also a man of sense, even of some benevolence, when he gave way to her, and was so quick and candid in the kind of courage which confessed even so small a shortcoming as a mistaken judgment in conversation.

As Lady Bell arrived at this improved verdict, the music in chief began, and the party had to take their seats and listen.

When the concert was ended, Lady Bell was accosted and monopolized by one after another of her numerous friends, danglers, and satellites, until Lady Sundon's party quitted the Pantheon.

CHAPTER XXVIII. — BOULTON'S COINS AND WEDGWOOD'S DISHES.

NEXT morning Captain Fane called for his cousins in Cleveland Court, to inquire after Sir Peter and propose a party which should be a compromise between his ideas and theirs.

"You seem to have been at so many sights," Captain Fane said, "that there are only one or two left for you to see, but as you have gone hitherto with the multitude, I should not wonder though you have, without any blame to your judgments, of course, missed some choice exhibitions." He addressed Lady Sundon at her fringe-loom and the young ladies at their tambour-frames.

"Now what may they be, Harry? We shall be vastly obliged to you for enlightening us."

"There are the exhibitions of Mr. Boulton's new coins, medals, and machinery; and there is the show of the new Staffordshire ware which men of science and taste are flocking to."

"Dear heart alive, are we men of science?" remonstrated Lady Sundon; "we've been to Cox's museum, where an artificial bird sings, and to the place kept by the Swiss in King's Street, Covent Garden, where the effigy of a boy writes, and the effigy of a girl draws, and another effigy of a young lady—the marrow of Lyddy there—plays the piano; and that is enough science for me, if indeed, it ain't the black art, which it is uncommonly like. I thought you were going to tell of a fresh batch of wild Indians, with their paint and war dances; or of the last-caught syren, with her gills serving as curls, and a fin rising on the top of her head by all the world instead of our present fashionable 'heads'—odd! ain't it, that the syrens should have the fashions at the bottom of the sea?—or of a new fortune-teller."

"What could put all these foolish things into your head, my lady?" complained Captain Fane.

"'These are the least the man can have in his eye,' I said to myself," she told him for her explanation. "I am extraordinary disappointed. No, sir; you are a clever dog in your way, and not a bad dog at bottom, since your bark is worse than your bite, though you have a little of the bulldog in you too when your temper is fairly roused, but you have no notion how to please and divert ladies, that's clear."

"Very likely I have not," answered Captain Fane a little glumly, "but sure I did you no disparagement when I evened you to what delights men of parts."

"No, indeed, Captain Fane," spoke up Lady Bell, her natural and high-bred sweetness in a ferment at the reception which had been accorded even by good-natured Lady Sundon to the young sailor's overture. It was a little too affable in its tone, perhaps, but it was obliging and kindly meant.

Farther Lady Bell hated to think that Captain Fane would suppose women in general, and she in particular, had not minds above the vulgar marvels which Lady Sundon had quoted.

"If you will forgive me for saying so, Lady Sundon," Lady Bell gave her opinion, "you are in the wrong box. All the first people in town, ladies as well as gentlemen, are running to look at the medallions and vases. They were inspected by their Majesties in person t'other day, and the

Queen gave an order for ornaments to the chimney-pieces of her private rooms. I know my Mrs. Sundon would not forgive me if I returned to the country without having set eyes on these works. I don't pretend to be very wise myself, but I hope I have no objection to improving my mind, and that I have sufficient patriotism to be proud of the growing manufactures of my country."

"Upon my word, Lady Bell, you put an old woman to shame," exclaimed Lady Sundon, always ready to admire whatever Lady Bell said or did, and yet in earnest in her admiration. "Hear her! a young modish beauty evening herself to self-improvement and patriotism like any wizened bookworm. Have your way, child; I am sure it is a most creditable way, and I am glad Captain Fane has been so mindful as put it in your power. But as I am a score and more of years too old for improving my mind or patronising my country, and my inclination ain't in that line, I shall devote the morning to dancing attendance on my Sir Peter. It will help to keep the poor soul sweet, and gain me liberty for some more enticing occasion."

"I think we shall be able to get on without you, cousin."

"Get away with you, fellow. You don't want a chaperon, Lady Bell, you yourself are the most charming chaperon in Lon'on; while poor Nancy and Lyddy there, that are nigh ten years older than you, never having had the luck to be married, can't stir abroad without me jogging at their elbows; though, gracious me! my office is very much a sinecure so far as men are concerned."

"Good heavens! Lady Sundon, how can you tell such stories about sister's age and mine?" screamed Miss Lyddy. "As for men, if we were willing to grin and ogle—" she bit her tongue in time to prevent herself adding, "and marry men older than our father."

"I don't know that the grinning would do it, Lyddy," observed the incorrigible Lady Sundon, shaking her head; "you haven't teeth for grins, neither you nor Nancy, they're too black. But what do you say, girls, about this morning's doings? Is it to be 'hey!' for Lady Bell and cousin Harry, with their pots and mugs? or 'hey!' for a dosing and darning match at home?"

"Gracious, madam," interposed Miss Sundon peevishly, "how can you phrase it that we should cry 'hey!' for anything; though I am certain we are as fond of being instructed and entertained as Lady Bell or anybody."

"I wish you would look sprightlier about it then, Nancy," recommended Lady Sundon, "for who would come to the house, I should like to know, if they were treated to nothing but dismals, from Sir Peter's pains to your and Lyddy's quarrels with the weather for taking your hair out of the curl, and not a shade of relief from a joke or laugh to shake one's sides and warm one's blood like a sip of cherry brandy?"

When the party set out, Lady Bell took care to qualify her support of the expedition by turning over Captain Fane to walk with one of his cousins while she walked with the other. "I am not going to make the man too proud," reflected Lady Bell, with a quiet consciousness that she had it in her power to make a man hold up his head among his fellows; "he is saucy enough without that."

The winter weather was passably dry, so that the fact of Oxford Street not being paved did not materially interfere with the ladies' comfort. They saw a man in the act of being whipped round Covent Garden, but he was not in their way. His worship the Mayor's coach passed them, but they were not aware of the circumstance that he had been robbed that very morning, in sight of his retinue at Turnham Green, by a single highwayman, who swore he would shoot whoever resisted. Though the knowledge had travelled fast, it would not have inflicted qualms even on the Misses Sundon, for they were not going out of town.

The walking party were not so fortunate as to encounter the wild Indians, who bulked so largely in Lady Sundon's imagination as one of the sights of London this year, but they got a glimpse of Omiah, the native of Otaheite brought home by Captain Cook. The drawback was that the interesting savage was not at the moment in South Sea costume, which, perhaps, was not exactly suited to a January day in London. On the contrary, he formed a dingy representative of an Englishman in a frock and pantaloons.

In the rooms where were the last clean-cut coinage, the casts of figures in metal, the ingenious clocks, the skeleton models of larger machines, which were to turn the world upside down, Lady Bell did her best to be interested and edified. But after all she found her greatest fascination in Captain Fane's intelligent satisfaction, which stimulated and warmed the whole man, so that his incredulity gave way to credulity, and in place of sardonic fault-finding he grew, as it sounded, quite extravagant in his praise. He became boyish in his animation.

"These are the marvels of creative mind, Lady Bell. They are signs of battles won over the opposing elements. I'd liefer fight with air and water for my fellow-creatures than fight my fellow-creatures themselves. I'd sooner have been Mr. Boulton, of Birmingham, or the grey stooping Scotchman his partner, Mr. Watt, who has come up to town about a patent, and is standing yonder explaining his pistons and valves to a country mechanic, than I would have been Admiral Rodney or poor Lord Clive."

"Nay, but Captain Fane, without our Admirals and Generals where would be the victories of peace?" objected Lady Bell, putting up her little chin shrewdly.

"True, for our comfort," admitted Captain Fane; "and if wishes were horses, beggars would ride. It is one thing to command even his Majesty's flag-ship, and nail the colours to the mast if need be, and another to control the elements. There were many captains in Syracuse, but only one Archimedes. That spare stooping man is the Archimedes of the modern world."

"And he hath the air of a tradesman," said one of the Miss Sundons softly, as if resigning herself perforce to the lamentable want of style of the modern Archimedes.

"Or of an old schoolmaster," chimed in Lady Bell mischievously, with a half inadvertent glance of approving contrast at Captain Fane's stalwart, well-carried figure.

It was a "very pretty" manly figure, though it was not that of an effeminate dandy such as Admiral Rodney had shown himself, before his debts drove him to France, and although it had not escaped the professional rolling gait of the sailor.

Doubtless even so strict and wise a judge as Harry Fane was prepared to be, felt propitiated, whether he knew it or not, by the invidious womanish glance which contrasted the person of the great mechanic with that of the obscure naval officer, and awarded the advantage to the latter.

"What would you have?" he demonstrated, smiling. "Sure he has the best to his share, and there is an old schoolmaster in Bolt Court, at whom we should not dare to peep, but whom ladies of quality, I am glad to say, have paid with all the coin at their command, for his generosity towards them."

"Ah! you mean the great and good Dr. Johnson," exclaimed Lady Bell eagerly. "My Mrs. Sundon and I, we should have been proud to wait on him, on our bended knees, if we had got the opportunity. But I fear his health is failing too much for him to appear often in society. I did hope to have had a glimpse of him, though I should have half died with fear lest he had set me down, as he is a little prone to do poor fine ladies who do not take his fancy. But you would not compare a man of such erudition in letters to a mere mechanic, however ingenious in his own line?"

"I should like to hear what the great honest man of letters would have to say to the imputation of superiority; I should like to hear what posterity will have to say," exclaimed Captain Fane with lively impatience. "But I confess I have a natural weakness for the science which provides me with a compass, and the mechanics which build me a ship, so that possibly I am not a fair authority on the comparative merits of science and literature."

"Sir, the very fact of your owning to a natural weakness vouches for your impartiality as a witness," Lady Bell declared with her quaint graciousness.

Through what was audacious in the commendation of so young a lady, there vibrated an exquisite under-tone of simplicity and nobleness. It contributed to soften still further the crude stiffness, essential to the naval moralist, not yet thirty, in his bearing towards Lady Bell, against whose heartlessness and artfulness he had forearmed himself, when he first contemplated with unequivocal condemnation the inconsistency of her position as the youngest and loveliest of dowagers.

When Captain Fane proceeded to escort his ladies to the exhibition of Wedgwood ware, he found that there was no further call for him to point out excellences, extol achievements, and elicit the faint echo of his own enthusiasm. Lady Bell especially was in unaffected delight. Her whole artistic nature was stirred.

Lady Bell flew from fountain to statue, from plateau to vase. She hung over the nymphs, with their garlands, over the groups of flowers—herself the most graceful nymph and blooming flower that met the spectator's eye.

She was on her own ground. The ware of Wedgwood and the designs of Flaxman were, indeed, infinitely beyond her poor little performances in "composition" for seals and patterns for ruffles; but the spirit of the two was not so wide apart as to prevent Lady Bell's entering heart and soul into the finished work before her, and rejoicing in its culmination.

"If Mr. Watt is a stooping, spectacled man, whose grey hair needs no powder, as powder will not conceal its weather-worn whiteness, what do you say to all these elegant forms and materials owing their origin to a small-pox seamed working man, wanting a leg?" Captain Fane tried her.

She only laughed. "I should say he was Vulcan himself, only Vulcan was a smith, not a potter. But I was thinking of the shield of Achilles, of which I have read in Mr. Pope's 'Homer.' I should not mind what he was who could shed beauty around him. Look at these sky-blues, sea-greens, shell lilacs, pearl-whites. Notice that cup on the stalk, Captain Fane; what a globe, what delicately raised birds! I vow I can count their feathers in flight along the rim. But I am forgetting to thank you, sir," exclaimed Lady Bell, stopping on a sudden thought, and turning to her conductor, with frank gratitude. "You have given me a very happy morning. And not only that, but on many another morning when I am dabbling feebly enough with my box of colours and my embroidering chenilles, I shall think of this morning, and recall to my profit, sure, as well as to my pleasure, Mr. Boulton's coins and medals, and Mr. Wedgwood and Mr. Bentley's least dish."

"Will you make me happy in return, Lady Bell, by conferring on me an additional favour?" said Harry Fane with an impulsive stammer that was directly opposed to his usual calmness, and yet was by no means unbecoming in the grave young man. "Will you do me the honour to accept this cup from me, and to keep it as a trophy of Wedgwood and a memento of what you have been so good as to call a happy morning?" and the fellow who was known for his restiveness and captiousness, spoke the words humbly, as if he were addressing them to a queen.

"With the greatest pleasure, sir," answered Lady Bell, without a shade of reluctance, and with a sigh of pure satisfaction and exultation in the promised possession. "I have been longing to make a purchase of a small sample of the wonders before me, to take it home and preserve it as one of my cherished treasures. But I feared that my shallow purse, already well emptied with town requisitions and extravagances, could not compass what I desired. I am trespassing on your friendliness; but besides being yourself a lover of art, you are a kinsman of my kind hostess, and I declare, through Sir Peter, you are related to my Mrs. Sundon."

Lady Bell slightly impaired the winning ingenuousness of her acceptance by thus arguing it out, in order to justify it in her own eyes. But she atoned for the falling off by the evident gratification with which she hailed a thread of connection between Captain Fane and Mrs. Sundon.

So agreeably was Lady Bell persuaded of the slender link, that she helped the open-handed sailor, Miss Sundon, and Miss Lyddy to choose a piece of Wedgwood ware for Mrs. Sundon, in addition to the pieces for Lady Sundon and the girls, and readily undertook to take care of the former piece, convey and present it to Mrs. Sundon, along with the almanack for her friend, and the set of flappers for Caro, which Lady Bell had in store.

Lady Bell made no comment, though she could hardly have overlooked a circumstance, which she might attribute, as the Sundons attributed it, to her higher rank.

There was the same characteristic difference between Lady Bell's cup and the plates and saucers of the others that there was between Benjamin's mess and the messes of his brethren, as sent them from the hands of Joseph, when Jacob's sons went in and ate with the ruler of Egypt. Lady Bell's piece of Wedgwood ware was five times more valuable than the other pieces.

CHAPTER XXIX.—A PARTY ON THE WATER.

Captain Fane, young wiseacre as he was, reckoned foolishly, with little knowledge of the world, and less knowledge of woman's nature, that the next time he met Lady Bell he should take up the acquaintance at the very point at which he had left it off, on the lucky hit of his introducing the ladies to the galleries of science and art.

Far from it, every incident, every influence was different. Those *dramatis personæ* had entered on the scene who were as new as they were distasteful to Harry Fane; but they were not new to Lady Bell, and they and their fellows were possessed of long established claims on her regard.

True, some weeks had passed during which Captain Fane had been before his chiefs of the Admiralty, and kept hard at work on professional business; but a few weeks were nothing, in Harry Fane's estimation, to warrant this transformation.

When Captain Fane employed his next disengaged morning, in repairing to his cousin's house in Cleveland Court, he found a gay party marshalled there, about to take advantage of an unusually fine February day to have a party on the water.

"Well come, Harry!" cried hearty Lady

Sundon; "we only lacked a naval man to sit in the end of our barge."

"We shall be glad of your experience, sir," Lady Bell, whose party it was specially, was polite enough to say; but it was said carelessly, and she did not wait for an answer, as both her ears were monopolized. The one ear was filled with the whispers of an affected, lisping woman, into whose affectation and lisp there could yet be infused such a judiciously mixed spice of wit and scandal as very often rendered her whispers irresistible to their hearers.

Lady Bell's remaining ear was kept fixed by the honeyed sharpness of tongue of a long, lazy, handsome man, in the lingering exquisiteness of costume of a purple velvet coat and breeches and white silk stockings, double vest—one white, the other jonquil colour—two watch guards, a solitaire, diamond buckles, and a little hat.

Beside this full-fledged, fine-hued gentleman, Captain Fane, in his plain blue and white uniform, looked a very sober, and, in his present humour, a somewhat gruff bird; but Harry took up his gold-laced hat on the amount of encouragement he received, and went with the company.

He was the more induced to join the party because he was all at once seized with a burning wish and necessity to ascertain the precise terms on which Lady Bell Trevor stood with two of her companions.

Partial and superficial as Captain Fane's acquaintance with the fashionable world was, the pair were too marked for him not to have a chance of being familiar with their antecedents.

Sir George Waring and Mrs. Lascelles were connected by more than an accidental association, though they had escaped the ignominy of a miserable bond of union. The owners of the names were continually to be seen together at the same gay parties, some of which were of rather a debatable character.

It was well understood that the couple were fast allies, though the nature of the alliance remained a mystery. Was it friendship among the heartless, as there is honour among thieves? Lady Bell honestly believed so.

Was it true, as some said, that Sir George had bought over Mrs. Lascelles by a large debt won from her at piquet, to back him in all his endless idle schemes and intrigues, and to play into his hand in the fickle, evil aims of the life at once of a Sir Fribble and a Lovelace?

In reality there was no public scandal concerning these people; but Harry Fane could not endure to see Lady Bell Trevor with them, on intimate terms, and she was still between the two in the barge.

Lady Bell was so ignorant of the true nature of such personages, that she stopped short with admiring their orange and sable glories; she was tickled and taken with, rather than repelled, by the green fire of Mrs. Lascelles's brilliant scandal, and the playful biting of Sir George's half-caressing, highly cultivated cynicism,—something altogether different from Harry Fane's wholesome, blustering criticism.

In addition to Lady Bell's ignorance, her perceptions were slightly warped, so that she was disposed to be but too lenient to the hole whence she herself had been dug, and the pit from which she had been drawn.

The barge swept along, among other and less ornamental barges laden with hay, coals, sheep, and pigs, past wharfs and piers, under bridges, below balconies and projecting stories, by gables of houses—until it left stone and lime behind, and reached green banks and lawns, though the trees still stretched brown, gnarled, or drooping boughs, sharp and unclothed, against the blue of the sky. There was just the dimly sweet, green budding of a fine February, to tell that spring was at hand.

Lady Bell smiled brightly and chatted freely with her chosen companions.

Captain Fane had no resource but to fume secretly, and seek, as he steered, to be contented with the companionship of the Sundons. There was one safeguard in Lady Sundon's irrepressible good fellowship, which was restrained by no extreme delicacy or humility: it combated successfully her instinctive homage to rank and fashion, and prevented her from being left entirely out of any group in her vicinity. Sir George and Mrs. Lascelles's blandness—the great quality on which they prided themselves, in the absence of all higher qualities—might not have remained unalloyed with insolence. The gentleman and lady might have rebuffed what they regarded as offensive intrusion in Lady Sundon's freedom of speech, seeing that the pair attached themselves to the Sundons solely on Lady Bell's account. But "dear, delightful, naïve, little Lady Bell" had her weaknesses, which her friends were quick enough to perceive and respect in time. One of these weaknesses was, that she would not submit to see snubbing administered in her presence to the hospitable country baronet's wife and her absurdly gawky step-daughters, with

whom she had the misfortune to be domiciled in town.

Neither would the froward goddess consent at present to be rescued, to quit these Sundons and put herself under the guardianship of Mrs. Lascelles, who, if she and Sir George had got their will, would have had Lady Bell, without delay, cut the whole connection, even so far as her dear Mrs. Sundon.

Mrs. Sundon was a true woman of quality, and of the world, indeed, but she had abandoned her sphere, and might live to turn queen's evidence against her old world, any day. She was blue, stuck up, tiresomely virtuous for a young woman. Lady Bell spoilt herself by quoting and aping this model.

But Sir George and Mrs. Lascelles must



Page 478.

set to work cautiously in doing their benevolent "possible" to cure Lady Bell of this and other defects. Rome was not built in one day, and neither in one day would a wilful girl's rampant stanchness and warm-heartedness be converted into a conveniently faithless and lukewarm state of the affections.

In the meantime, Lady Sundon had insisted on drawing everybody's attention to Chelsea, because she had once assisted at a "whim" there, when she had gone over Chelsea Hospital.

The building had, at this time, its wounded soldiers who had been disabled, when Colonel Abercromby and Major Pitcairn fell at Bunker's Hill, and some of whom Captain Fane had brought home in his frigate.

There was a little talk of the engagement,

in which the general company joined. It was notable that Sir George, who was a carpet knight, treated the resistance as a sorry trifle, and always called the men who had instituted it, "rebels." But Captain Fane, who had seen service and fought stoutly against these very men, merely named them "provincials," and stated plainly that they were right, when they declared that they had not lost the battle, since, though they were driven out of the entrenchments, they had succeeded in no less an achievement than that of blockading the English army.

Lady Bell inquired with interest after Captain Fane's own adventures, of which he was specially unwilling to speak in such a company. But he told what some of his messmates had done under fire: how they had been lying waiting their turn from the surgeons, when red-hot shot had passed once and again through the cockpit; notwithstanding, it had spared his lads, though it was only for them to be lodged, by his Majesty's and the country's kindness, in the other hospital, Greenwich.

"I suppose the dear timber-toes prefer their beef salt and their tobacco stale for the sake of old associations," suggested Sir George mincingly.

"Then, I'm sure it is no kindness to deny them their sweet tastes," followed up Mrs. Lascelles. "There need not be these rows about the Lords of the Admiralty helping themselves to the funds. The Lords of the Admiralty are always helping themselves to something, worse than the lords of the Treasury,—but both lords must live. Oh, forgive me, Captain Fane, and don't look so fierce. I dare say it is the shore that demoralises your friends."

"I dare say it is, madam, if they are demoralised, which I, their servant, have no business to take for granted," replied Captain Fane angrily.

CHAPTER XXX.—DISCORD.

"I KNOW that the shore demoralised my friend Lady Kitty Lake," continued Mrs. Lascelles benignly; "she could not be prevailed on to leave it after she had reached it again. But what do you think her Commodore did to her, my dear Lady Bell? Kept her under closed hatches—whatever these may be—with no more light than half a tallow candle to make her head and do herself up whenever the ship had taken a prize, and there was an insinuating enemy on board. However, she stole a march on her tyrant. She amused herself in the middle of some shocking sea-fight, by getting herself up in an imitation of her husband's uniform. You must know she is a big, imposing-looking woman, and he a little ton of a man, as fat as one of the pigs in the coops, copper colour in complexion, bristling all over with hogs' hair, in the habit of amusing himself with cursing and swearing through a speaking trumpet. I believe he is known as the 'Cursing Commodore,' though how cursing should be a means of distinguishing him from other Commodores, I am at a loss to say. Well, the moment the firing ceased, Lady Kitty, metamorphosed into a creditable officer, ran upon deck, and was in time to get the enemy to deliver up to her his sword, which she returned with a genteel bow. The Commodore was so frightened for the trick's being noised abroad—and he laughed at, if not superseded—that he was forced to connive at it, and so lost the opportunity of behaving with his usual brutality."

"Allow me to tell you, madam," interposed Captain Fane, very sternly for the occasion, "that Commodore Lake has the reputation of being a most humane, as well as a very gallant officer in his squadron, to which I have the honour to belong."

"I'm quite easy, sir," lisped Mrs. Lascelles, without a second's awkwardness in the concession; "I tell the story as it was told to me. Perhaps you have also the pleasure of knowing my friend Lady Kitty."

"No, madam; and I conjecture that I should not feel myself at all worthy of the acquaintance," growled Harry Fane.

"Oh, I don't know that, sir," urged Mrs. Lascelles blandly. "Lady Kitty makes every allowance; particularly when, poor soul! she is a prisoner in a hideous den of a ship, with none but you amiable tars to make eyes at, in order to pass her time."

"Now, can't you be amiable, Harry," protested Lady Sundon, in an audible aside, "as madam gives you credit for being without too much reason? Yes, I assure you, madam," declared Lady Sundon, in a louder key, and directly addressing Mrs. Lascelles, "if my cousin had been on ship-board with your Lady Kitty, he would have been mighty proud to be made eyes at by so distinguished a lady, and would have done his best to entertain her with his books, and maps, and specimens. He is a fellow of parts, though he don't do himself justice, or lay himself out to be agreeable."

"What a pity!" exclaimed Mrs. Lascelles sleepily.

"Ain't it?" responded Lady Sundon, with

animation. "I often tell him so. There! Harry, do you hear that?"

"Captain Fane is obliged to you for telling me and the world what he takes such pains to hide under a bushel," remarked Mrs. Lascelles; "but Lady Kitty is like myself,—she don't much affect books and maps."

"No more do I," said Lady Sundon cordially; "and I wish Harry would throw them aside, and cultivate company manners."

"La! you know you don't practise what you preach," objected Miss Sundon, who had been engrossed with admiration of Mrs. Lascelles and Sir George, but who felt that it was time to vindicate the superior delicacy of herself and her sister from any suspicion of complicity with Lady Sundon's breezy vigour. "You are always professing to sister and me, Lady Sundon, when we try to hold you again, to get you to be quiet, and to adopt that repose which is so necessary and becoming to a delicate female—that you despise company manners."

"Because I ain't a delicate female, child, and I am your father's wife, the mistress of you and Lyddy and the whole house, as I can tell all concerned," said Lady Sundon a little indignantly. "If I were a bad mistress of Sir Peter's family you would not venture to speak so to me; therefore, I can well afford to let your foolish tongue wag without minding it," continued Lady Sundon, rapidly cooling down and recovering her habitual good humour. "Besides, can't you see that I am too old to learn company manners, as I am too old to improve my mind, which I was telling you t'other day, Lady Bell?"

"Don't learn anything that is foreign to you, dear Lady Sundon." Lady Bell forbade any change. "Be always yourself, your best self."

"And I shall crave leave, without any permission granted," spoke up Captain Fane, "to remain myself, even my worst self, rather than take a leaf out of another man's book, say Sir George Waring's."

"Sir, I am honoured by figuring as your example." Sir George nodded slightly, and took snuff.

Lady Bell was vexed by the turn the conversation was taking, and the want of harmony in her company. Of what good the clear, curling water, the precocious spring weather, the delightful gliding motion of the boat which the rowers were sending along so smoothly to green Richmond and Hampton—if quarrelling were the order of the day?

Mrs. Lascelles might not dislike it at the expense of Lady Bell and her host's family, because it would form a tit-bit of conversation to retail, well spiced and served hot, in the next party which Mrs. Lascelles should enter.

Sir George might not mind. This fashionable goddess and god were somewhat above human feeling, and could take their sport out of the discomfiture of others. But these others were troubled, and showed themselves in their worst colours, and unreasonable Lady Bell blamed Captain Fane as the cause. Why was he so stern in contradicting Mrs. Lascelles's incredible story of Lady Kitty Lake? Where was the use of contradicting it at all, when nobody believed it, when it was not meant to be believed?

Lady Bell tried to make a diversion in the conversation as the boat was approaching Richmond. She began to remark upon the houses and their occupants.

Then the attention of Sir George and Mrs. Lascelles became concentrated on a white house in the background, while they expatiated on the merits and misfortunes of its owner.

"It is enough to make a fellow doubt all good," protested Sir George, with something like melancholy energy, "to think of the fate of poor dear Lady Di, consigned from the tender mercies of a fool only to those of a brute!"

"And she so clever to be twice taken in," protested Lady Bell, with soft wonder. "She is another Mrs. Damer, Captain Fane." She turned to Harry in explanation, thinking to propitiate the bear, and seeking to allay a little twinge of conscience where her sweeping censure of the gentleman was concerned.

Had he not been attentive and kind to her on a recent occasion? By whose fault after all had he been suffered to fall into neglect, or to be twitted and tormented that day, until he had assumed an attitude of rude hostility to all around him?

"We are speaking of Lady Di Beauclerk, who can paint like a Breughel or a Sneyders," finished Lady Bell.

"I dare say, sir"—Mrs. Lascelles came between the couple with her affectation of artlessness—"you prefer a simpler, shorter road to excellence. You think Lady Di would have been better employed if she had been tossing pancakes or hemming dish-clouts."

"I don't know about simpler, shorter roads," cried Captain Fane defiantly, "but I confess I prefer straight lines, and I have no pity to waste on crooked ones. I do think that your paragon, Lady Di, would have been a vast deal better employed in bearing—ay,



"LADY BELL."

Page 483.

even in seeking to better the enormities of one sinner, than in making a trial, for a change, by the aid of the law of divorce, how she should like the enormities of another. And when she finds that she cannot abide the second any more than the first, she raises a precious pother, forsooth! because she is properly punished."

Lady Bell was aggrieved, even shocked, by this plain speaking. Lady Di had been so heavily punished for her errors, that she had arrived at their being condoned, and had come to be treated herself as a sort of cherished pet, not by her own set alone, but by wiser men and women.

What was this sailor, that he should roughly rend social veils, tear asunder well-bred illusions, and sit in judgment on his fellow-creatures, whose fearful stumbling-blocks and torturing temptations he could never fathom?

Lady Bell would have nothing more to say to Captain Fane. She bestowed her entire regard on Sir George and Mrs. Lascelles. When the party landed and walked up to Hampton Court, Lady Bell went with her particular allies without looking over her shoulder. She suffered them to lead her through the rooms which ambition, in its ostentation and prodigality, had built, and lingered especially in the "Beauty-room." She made as if she were absorbed by the meretricious, un-English seeming beauties, and the unedifying traditions which they had left behind them in the gossip of Grammont, quoted aptly and with adroit reticence by Sir George.

She paid no heed on this occasion to the Dutch garden, the long alleys, the goodly boughs, the bridge across the river, with the pure blue sky over all—she treated them as if they might be left out of the count, as if they did not deserve her notice.

But Sir George took her into the "Maze," and it was on Sir George she called when she was weary of bewilderment to unravel the labyrinth, and find her a mode of exit.

Sir George finally conducted Lady Bell to the village inn, where the party were to dine, and seated her at the head of the table, in the rustic tea-room, as the queen of the feast.

Lady Bell allowed the particularity of this homage. She received it all either as if she were indifferent to what it ought to tend, or as if she had never heard that Sir George was a notorious breaker of women's hearts, whose wings no woman had been able to clip.

In that prime Sir George was still slightly Harry Fane's junior, while he was far nearer an Adonis by nature, with every personal point immeasurably better brought out by art. But though Sir George had not faced a bronzing climate or a battering service, the high-pressure atmosphere of fashionable dissipation in which he had flourished, was more telling than either alternative. In spite of his baptismal register, Sir George in all his elegance looked not half so fresh and hardly so young as Captain Fane. Manliness took some indemnification, but such indemnification has not always been valued.

Sir George's was not the reputation of an honest fellow, a true friend, a brave worker, a gallant gentleman, a reverent and sincere Christian, even in sorry days, for the most part, where Christianity was concerned. But it was the reputation of a man gnawed to the core by the rust of selfishness and self-conceit, who could sneer with the finished grace of a cold-hearted man of the world, pluming himself on having ate of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil—on the evil side alone, having summarily rejected the good as unworthy of his consideration.

Did Lady Bell belong to the order of women who admire such men? It looked as if this man were to her taste; and to give the devil his due, your fine gentleman, when he had everything his own way, could be pleasant, few pleasanter among the best of good people. The very absence of feeling, and presence of heartless good-nature, invested Sir George with a kind of airy agreeability and versatility.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE LITTLE DINNER AT HAMPTON, WITH MUSIC ON THE WATER.

In the course of the little dinner in the Hampton tea-room, Sir George would not only not sit down till the rest of the party were seated, but he would supersede a regular waiter to wait upon his companions. It might have been for the peculiar satisfaction of waiting on Lady Bell, but certainly he did not confine his cares to that quarter of the table. He, the finest gentleman in the room, but that was saying little, did the whole waiting. He changed plates and placed glasses, and brought round sauces, so neatly and so comically, with such cleverness, taste, and devotion, making amends to everybody, as it were, for all his previous shortcomings—not caring, though his own meal were cold, or though he had not a meal at all—that it was hard, before so patent a proof, not to think him unselfish as well as delightful.

"Upon my word," mumbled Lady Sun-

don, with her mouth full of cutlets, "Sir George is the charmingest man going—he beats the women out and out, even you, Lady Bell. I don't wonder that nobody can say nay to him."

Mrs. Lascelles did not appear so bent on redeeming her character; she still made wry faces and turned up her nose at the pickled walnuts and the cherry pie.

But Lady Bell was in her element. "I wonder if there are any cows here," she cried peeping out of the window behind her. "If there had been such a whitefoot as we have at Summerhill, I might have run out and milked her and whipped you a syllabub in no time. Yes, I can whip syllabubs, Mrs. Lascelles, you need not look incredulous, and strain gooseberry fool, too, only this is not the season of the year for gooseberries."

"Ain't it?" inquired Mrs. Lascelles with languid innocence.

"Gracious, madam! did you not know we ha'n't gooseberries in February?" questioned Lady Sundon, staring goggle-eyed at this curious piece of ignorance.

Lady Bell went on without paying any heed to Mrs. Lascelles's affectation. "If my Mrs. Sundon or Master Charles were here they would bear out my story."

"By bribery and corruption, only too excusable in such a court," argued Sir George. "But who may Master Charles be when he is at home? An overgrown baby, as his name would imply, or a wild man of the woods, eh, Lady Bell?" asked Sir George with privileged freedom, while preparing to make his own dinner, like the most frugal of hermits, on bread and milk. "No, don't press any grosser fare upon me," he waved off the eagerness of his friends to repay his benefits. "I do enjoy an Arcadian meal at times, when I have not only the felicity of being in Arcady, but of being with nymphs in Arcady," Sir George bowed with his hand on his heart.

"It is fine to have the command of such language," reflected Lady Sundon, holding up her hands.

"But about this Master Charles," Sir George returned to the subject; "can he, after partaking of such syllabubs and gooseberry fools, be still a ruddy youth, with great hands and feet?"

Lady Bell laughed, blushed, and winced a little for her friend. Beside Sir George Master Charles would be ruddy, and his Lumley bought gloves and boots did not tend to diminish the natural size of his hands and feet; but where was the harm in the ruddiness especially, unless she had learnt to despise rude health like the Misses Sundon? They had been putting severe restraint on themselves, that they might not taste more than a morsel, after being hours on the water, not so much to bear Sir George company, for they had not foreseen his temperance, as to display their own ethereal appetites.

Harry Fane had watched Lady Bell narrowly. "She is not only of the world worldly, she is as heartless as the others," was his scornful conclusion. "She is ashamed of the mere recollection of some poor befooled country fellow, whatever he may be, better than this mocking jackanapes; but what does it matter to me?"

"A penny for your thoughts, Harry," cried Lady Sundon, "or if you won't give us that, propose a toast, do something for the good of the company."

"I drink to you, then, cousin, since you have started the idea," replied Captain Fane, so soberly that it was almost gloomily, after he found that he could not escape, and that the attention of the party was directed to him.

"A plague on the lad! to give an old married woman who might be his mother," remonstrated Lady Sundon; "but if you are all so kind, thanks to you," and Lady Sundon beamed radiantly on the raised glasses.

"Now, Lady Bell, I'm ready for Master Charles," suggested Sir George, holding up his glass of milk.

"Nothing of the kind," said Lady Bell, getting nettled. "At least Master Charles is not a milksop; supposing you will pledge in no better, you must pledge yourself, Sir George. I give Sir George Waring, and I couple my toast with a sentiment: May we persevere in and profit by simplicity."

"I acknowledge your toast with the humblest gratitude, and I drink your sentiment with all the pleasure in life, for have I not profited by simplicity already this day?" rejoined Sir George with perfect good-humour, looking not a whit annoyed, but rather gratified, by Lady Bell's poor little wit being spent upon him—a cheerful nonchalance which put Lady Bell to shame.

Affronted with herself, Lady Bell began hastily to talk of the cockle-shells which had been found by the bushel under one of the floors of Somerset House; and that led to a discussion of the exchange which the Queen had made in giving up Somerset House for Buckingham House.

The discussion paved the way for Mrs.

Lascelles's descanting on the petition of the maids of honour that they might get a compensation in lieu of supper, which was worth seventy pounds more salary.

When the party went back to the boat, the day was terminating in the rosiest sunset which ever breathed of spring, youth, and promise.

"I vow we must be in Arcady," repeated Sir George. With all his pretence at fine language, he had just the tiniest spark of the soul of a lover of nature. Yet the glow which blushed on the water and shone on all the faces, and was only the brighter and the gladder for the chill bleakness of winter scarcely forsaken, awoke some small response even in his artificial nature.

As for Captain Fane, he sat with his cap in his hand, letting the breeze blow in his hair, looking down the river towards the open sea, wishing he were away in his ship. Life was bad enough on ship-board sometimes, in the depths of tyranny, ignorance, profanity, mutiny, but there the mass of men, even at their worst, were toilsome men in rough earnest. There in the night-watches a man could be alone with sea and sky, until he forgot the very existence of heartless fine ladies and expert actors of fine gentlemen.

"We want only music to make the hour complete," remarked Sir George. "Lady Bell, might I beg—?"

Lady Bell hesitated, then yielding to the spirit of the hour, commenced to sing an air from the popular opera.

Sir George struck in with a mellow second, singing being one of this fine gentleman's accomplishments, as well as playing on the flute and the flageolet.

The song was warmly applauded by all save Captain Fane. Even Lady Sundon praised, while she frankly admitted that she did not comprehend a word of the jargon, "but nevertheless do let us have some more of it."

"We shall have these boats following, Lady Sundon," objected Harry Fane, sharply looking round from where he was steering, and indicating, among the work-a-day barges, two boats filled with company, that had been attracted like themselves to a row on the river by a day borrowed from April and set in the end of February. These barges had already been drawn into the wake of the first by the singing.

"What though the boats do follow, they ain't going to run us down," stout Lady Sundon made light of the demur; "you are becoming quite a kill-joy, Harry Fane."

It was an extraordinary sensation for Lady Bell to have the propriety of her behaviour doubted by a man—a sailor—before these pinks of fashion, Sir George and Mrs. Lascelles, who had been contributing to put Lady Bell at her ease.

She disliked the ruggedness of Captain Fane as much as she liked the suavity of Sir George, which no sauciness of hers could disturb, for she had been saucy in substituting Sir George himself as a toast which he might drink in milk.

Lady Bell looked Harry Fane in the face and challenged Sir George to accompany her in something which Lady Sundon would approve—"Begone, dull care," or "Pray Goody, cease," a challenge which Sir George accepted nothing loth.

But before the first song was concluded, one of the boats in the rear shot across the bow of the Sundons' boat, and three or four excited men, in white vests and rich coats like Sir George's, threatened to upset both of the craft as they gesticulated violently while they shouted—

"Hey day! Waring, hold on! What little opera-girl have you got there? Here, pitch her over to us, that she may tip us a stave. We've been dining at Kew, and we'll engage to troll, among us, as good an accompaniment as you can contrive with your single pipe, sweet though it is."

"Hold off! Annesley, Gower; mind what you're about. You're absurdly wrong, I tell you, and if you don't set yourselves right, by heavens! I'll have to take the correcting of you into my own hands," called back Sir George, frowning blackly for once in his life.

"It is true, confound him!" cried one of the strange gentlemen, letting his boat fall off. "He's in other company; yonder is Mrs. Lascelles—who would have thought it?—and there is an avenging fury of a naval officer porting helm. Good afternoon, Sir George, good afternoon," dropped more faintly over the water.

But Lady Bell had shrunk into herself abashed, recalled to her senses, deeply wounded alike in her self-respect and her pride.

Not all the solicitations and excuses of Sir George and Mrs. Lascelles could make Lady Bell immediately forget the indignity to which she had exposed herself, or forgive them for promoting the exposure, though she was silent on her feelings, and as willing as the others to welcome a diversion.

The day was so complete in its spring character, that at sundown a little cloud of

midges seemed to start into life and hover in the air.

"How short their day is!" said Lady Bell, regretfully for the ephemera. "I know they are only creatures of a day, but to come and go so soon,—if they had waited for a few more months, they might have danced through a few more hours, and not been pinched by so sharp a death. Who knows?"

"My dear creature,—forgive me,—my best Lady Bell," Sir George corrected himself, "the midges have been highly honoured, even before you condescended to pity them. They have more than served their purpose, —they have helped to furnish an illusion for us, that this February day by the calendar, is in the merry month of May by our experience, and that Hampton is Arcady. Now, here we are past Chelsea, fast coming back to the coarse dissipation of the garish town and the cold winds of March; what should remain to the midges, but to be swept aside with the illusion?"

Lady Bell turned away her head and shut her eyes for a moment, she did not wish to see even the midges swept aside. She did not like the philosophy of which she and hers formed always the centre. She had not consented to view life as a rainbow-hued but hollow mockery, a mere series of convenient, spangled illusions.

CHAPTER XXXII.—A VISIT TO LEICESTER FIELDS.

Captain Fane of his own free will would not have paid another visit to Cleveland Court, before he returned to his ship. So far as it rested with him, he had made up his mind—a little too tartly for perfect indifference—to have nothing more to do with fine ladies, and to turn his back on fine ladies' entertainers, so long as they were cumbered with such troublesome guests.

But Captain Fane had business with Sir Peter, who was, indeed, about to appoint Harry Fane one of the guardians to his young son, and so punctilious and conscientious a young man as Harry Fane could not see it his duty to renounce this trust because circumstances had rendered it distasteful to him.

Thus it happened, that while Captain Fane felt scandalized by the manner in which Lady Bell Trevor had suffered herself to float doubly with the tide, in the water party, while he kept telling himself caustically that he need not have expected anything else, and continued setting his face, more like a flint than ever, against fashionable frivolity and levity—he yet found himself on the steps of Sir Peter Sundon's house.

At that moment Lady Bell, attended by her maid, tripped out, in her calèche and with her hands clasped in her muff, clearly starting on an expedition.

Lady Bell distanced and dumbfounded Captain Fane, who was unfamiliar with the changes of mind and revolutions in tactics of even the staidest and most demure of womankind.

She stopped him as he was about to pass her with a formally low bow, by holding out a friendly little hand, and bestowing on him the unsolicited information, that she was bound for the great painter in Leicester Fields, who had made so fine a picture of Commodore Keppel.

She was not a sitter herself, but she had made interest to see the paintings which Sir Joshua Reynolds had on hand.

She knew that she should never be able to look upon her daubs after this morning, but, womanlike, she must go and meet her fate, though it were her demolition.

Sir Joshua's pictures were works of genius in his line, equal to Mr. Boulton's and Mr. Wedgwood's exhibitions; therefore, she ventured to offer Captain Fane the benefit of her ticket, as a poor return for his former kindness.

She was all alone, save her maid, Rogers, because Lady Sundon was engaged with Sir Peter, and the Misses Sundon could not stand the smell of paint without the risk of incurring megrim or vertigo. She was more fortunate—but then she had always dabbled in paints, and so was used to the odour.

Before Captain Fane knew what he was about, he had turned, and was walking away by her side in acceptance of her invitation. Neither did he detest or despise himself for his weakness, as might have been thought.

Lady Bell had succeeded, without a word of confession or acknowledgment, by the shy, wistful appeal of her eyes as she prattled to him, in making him comprehend that she had seen he was right and she was wrong in their respective opinions of much that had happened at the water party. She implied that she was sorry for having offended and alienated him; that she had resolved on following, in future, rational pursuits, instead of mere idle pleasure-hunting,—witness her early homage to art this morning.

Captain Fane could not even accuse himself of meddling in a matter which was none of his, far less could he accuse himself of madly foolish motives.

Was it not in some measure the business of every honourable, kindly man to encourage a girl like Lady Bell, in any intelligent interest that might help to educate her, and raise her above the giddy vacant crowd of fashionables, with whom idleness was the fruitful parent of mischief?

Ought he not to alter his arrangements, and put himself a little out of his way for one morning, to provide that she did not fall into company like that of the hateful Sir George Waring, when she was walking abroad with no better protection than her maid's?

True it was broad day, and with that it was also betimes in the forenoon, doubtless an age before Sir George was up holding his levee, in his brocade nightgown, as he sipped his chocolate, and pencilled his daily note to Mrs. Lascelles.

But people could not be too careful, under some conditions. Lady Sundon was certainly as fearless and heedless as Lady Bell was guileless and thoughtless. It became Captain Fane's part to supplement the absence of some of the proper qualities of a guardian in his cousin.

If Lady Sundon was lax, the strictness and zeal of Captain Fane on Lady Bell's behalf might, if the persons principally concerned had given themselves time to think about it, have astonished even them. But this young couple, after the questionable fashion of young couples, did not pause to weigh their relations—they took them for granted.

Lady Bell had even so pleasing a trust in the sedately fault-finding young sea-captain, that she had not the slightest qualm when he at once did her bidding and consented to be elected her escort, such as she would have had with almost any other of her gay danglers, and notably with the agreeable Sir George. "Captain Fane is such a modest, true young spark," she took it upon her to decide, for her private satisfaction, though how she had arrived at the strong conclusion after one or two bantering, bickering interviews, unless from information derived from Lady Sundon, to whose judgment Lady Bell was not wont to pin her faith, it puzzled one to guess. "He is a little prejudiced and hard," continued Lady Bell, mentally taking stock of her companion, "but I can melt him," (there was the triumph!) "I think I know how he would look boarding a ship, and how I could make him drop his sword," which was a purely imaginative vision.

As Lady Bell and Captain Fane passed along the streets, they became eye-witnesses to a curious political contradiction. At one thoroughfare, men were stationed with handbills, to be distributed to respectable and influential persons, especially to members of parliament, praying them to stop the shedding of their American brethren's blood. At another thoroughfare, the pedestrians had to thread their way through a crowd—the centre of which was the common hangman in the act of burning, to the accompaniment of tumultuous applause, copies of a pamphlet entitled "The Present Crisis with respect to America," which had been condemned by both Houses, as an insult to the King.

Captain Fane informed Lady Bell that this difference of opinion had even penetrated to the services. He brought forward the instance of Lord Viscount Pitt, son to my Lord Chatham, having asked leave to resign his commission, since he was determined not to serve in a war between the mother country and her colony.

"And what do you say, sir?" inquired Lady Bell.

"I say that it is too late to stop a fratricidal war, save by fighting it out as quickly as may be, and that even if it were not so, it is for me to obey, not to issue, orders."

At Leicester Fields Lady Bell's ticket procured the admission of the lady and her friend, first into the parlour, where an untidy, abrupt, cordial elderly woman, was herself painting a miniature and hurriedly sopping up her spilt paint, when she heard the steps of visitors.

This was Mrs. Frances Reynolds, who painted "The Grimly Ghost of Johnson," and wrote the "Essay on Taste," printed but never published. She was soon on familiar terms with the intruders.

"My brother will be certain to spare time for you," Miss Reynolds assured Lady Bell, "he is like the rest of the geniuses, not above the flattery of such a visit. Bah! haven't I known them all, Burke, Goldy, Dr. Johnson, who has wished my teapot might never run dry, and yet hurried off to help himself with his own spoon out of a Countess's sugar-bason, and been put down, to put her down in turn in the presence of her grand company? Ah! well I have never wished the great Doctor would stay by his own fireside, though he has forced Joshua to rise and take his hat, if he would not sit on into the small hours, and have us all winking with sleep as the only hint to our visitor to be gone. I don't know that we think ourselves so enviable,—you'll be sent for to the painting-room presently, Lady Bell—no, you

need not look at my baby faces—child's play to the doings of my brother,—the man in Cavendish Square can never come near them, though I should not say it. But you must let me have a look at you, for even we poor artists hear of the belles of the season, with other public matters, in the conversation of sitters, and when we are bidden to look in at a conversazione, or a rout, now and then."

"Oh, pray, Miss Reynolds, don't make me public property," cried Lady Bell, in laughing objection.

"If my brother seek to paint you, as he has painted so many of your sisterhood, you will become public property, whether you like it or no," boasted the sister, "you cannot help it, madam, it is a tax you owe to the country, like the tax on powder or armorial bearings. But who is this gentleman? I did not catch his name. Oh! my brother has done many naval men, and for my part, I like his Lord Mount Edgecumbe and his Commodore Keppel, as well as any face he has put through his hands. My Lord Mount Edgecumbe is a Devonshire man, and for Commodore Keppel he gave Joshua his first lift, and we may well love a dog with the name of 'Keppel,' as Dr. Johnson could love a dog if it were called 'Hervey.'"

The garrulous inquisitive lady was interrupted by her little niece, as quiet as the aunt was a rattle, and as shy and attentive to the proprieties, as Miss Reynolds was impetuous and eccentric. This young girl was Sir Joshua's Offy Palmer, whom he was to immortalise, reading "Clarissa," and who was to be Mrs. Gwatkin while her sister was to be the heiress of the largest fortune acquired by the prosecution of art in this inartistic England, and to marry the Marquis of Thomond. She brought a message that her uncle was free from a sitter then, and for the next half hour, and that he was coming himself to take Lady Bell Trevor and Captain Fane to his painting room, where he would show them the pictures in his possession.

TO MISS ELIZABETH VICARS IN HER TENTH YEAR.

YOU ask, my dear, a verse or two,
But those I have will never do,
And here such things are hard to make;
But I'll endeavour for your sake,
If you will kindly condescend
To take such trifles of a friend.

Let us suppose that twenty years
Are gone with all their smiles and tears;
And you are pleased your thought to cast
Upon the cares and pleasures past,
Until they reach this quiet seat
Of ease and comfort where we meet.

Then to some friend (I know not who,
But one I hope who pleases you)
Will you our small adventures state,
And walks and visits all relate.

This done, you may proceed and tell:
"There was a man who loved me well,
Who made me rhymes, and said that I,
Who must be woman by-and-by,
Should that accomplished creature be
That none without delight could see;
But then accomplished should imply
Much more than served to please the eye.

"He told me, whether maid or wife,
There is a war that lasts for life;
At least, contention will not cease
Till our self-conquest brings us peace.
But when I could my spirit rule,
My temper curb, my passion cool,
My talents and my time improve,
And love where reason bids me love,
Then might I, whether wife or maid,
Consider all my labour paid,
And might life's better pleasures share
Without their stern attendant—Care;
As roses may our bosoms grace,
If we will first the thorns displace.

"So said the man; and then he gave
These lines that are, I think, too grave;
And this advice, that is too free;
How do I keep it—Let me see."

GEORGE CRABBE.

Sidmouth, 1817.

FLOWER LEGENDS.



"I dreamed! a brilliant, glorious dream! I was a hero, my steps were marked by death; my look brought destruction! At my bidding, mighty cities stood in flames; high towers fell to dust; great fortresses opened their iron gates, and I walked in upon a carpet of dead knights, broken armour, famished women and children. The device of my shield was death and victory.

"But amidst the glory of my fame I saw spectres rising out of their forgotten graves; hearts I had broken, happy lives I had destroyed, and through the sound of the trumpet which called me to new victories I heard a distant wail, a hollow curse upon the name I had made so famous. This curse came home to me; the garland of my conquests faded at my eyes, the cup of power proved a well of gall.

"Queen of flowers, lovely Rose, fame and glory, were they happiness to me?"

"I was a poetess!" quoth the fragrant Pink, "and my song inspired a whole nation! Evergreen leaves surround my statue in the Pantheon of my country, and my name lives, and will live when even the walls within which I have been born will be dust, and even the stone upon my grave will have disappeared. But, alas, the rays of glory are not warming, the garland of laurels is so heavy for a woman's delicate brow! Women are born to love. Heaven refused nothing to my spirit. But my heart never found the ideal of its dreams, I was born to walk my brilliant frozen path—alone.

"Queen of flowers, lovely Rose, I, the proud, the admired, have I ever been happy?"

"I was a court lady!" quoth the dashing Tulip, "and my whole life was but one mocking delusion. I had rank, riches, beauty, and talent. I possessed all that makes the happiness and pride of a husband, the brightness of a cheerful home; but all this was nothing to me. The priceless gifts of heaven were lavished upon an empty-hearted selfish crowd, and the husband I had loved, the sainted home of my children, were sacrificed for the sake of false friends and frivolous pleasures. But when my youth had faded, and with it the power of my worldly reign, I had no home to turn to. The love I once possessed was long forfeited, and I saw nothing around me but the spectres of my misspent life.

I.—DREAMING FLOWERS.

"TINGLING, jingling!" laughed the little Snowdrops, shaking their little white bells above the melting snow. "Tingling, jingling! spring is coming! the west wind is coming! Tingling, jingling! The swallow is coming, and with it the butterflies and the bright sun-ray, this smile of blooming spring, the dew its fragrant tear. Tingling, jingling! here we are also, we, the herald of the youth with the garland of roses—the merry little Snowdrops!" And to the little Snowdrops' singing there appeared the little Violet, glancing timidly around her, yet afraid of the cold, naughty snow, which comes down every winter and sends the good little flowers down into their dark nursery, when they are yet wide awake. There came the May-flower with its pretty bells, the Myosotis opening its delicate blue chalice; this was followed by the lovely Rose, the brilliant Yellow Lily, and the fragrant Pink; soon after came the proud Tulip, the merry Bluebell, and the purple Peony. They came all, all those children of a warmer sun, even the Passion Flower at last, and Summer had arrived!

"How hast thou spent the winter?" asked the Rose, bending her lovely head to the stately form of the Yellow Lily.

"Queen of flowers, lovely Rose, I have known the brilliant wretchedness of life; but its happiness, never."

"My brow bleeds under the martyr's crown of thorns!" quoth the Passion Flower; "and my breast has been pierced by a thousand daggers. I was a champion of truth and charity, and offered my life for the happiness of my brethren. But the reward for my bitter strife has been suffering and martyrdom. They hated, they persecuted me, until I fell down exhausted under my heavy cross, and died on a foreign soil, far from the country which had been my cradle, far from those I loved. But the truth for which I had suffered, it did not die. It rose out of the lonely grave in that foreign land, and entered the souls which had doubted. It conquered at last, and now those who had refused every comfort to the living, erect statues to the dead man's memory, and praise the name of him they had murdered.

"Queen of flowers, lovely Rose, has ever happiness crowned the life of the great saviours of mankind?"

"They called me the 'Flower of Tiflis,'" said the Tuberose. "I was an odalisque, and my beauty outshone the radiance of the sun. All the fragrance of the East filled the air of my palace, the songs of Hafiz lulled me to sleep, and in the evening, when the lotus flower opens its rosy chalice to receive the last rays of the sinking sun, I lay on my purple couch in the shade of Persia's rose-trees, and listened to the melodious sighs of the nightingale. But yet, how sad is the story of my life! These lips, as full as cherries, sweet as the leaves of the opening rosebud, these lips were cursed, for they were doomed to kiss the man they hated, and to him they would have longed to give all the sweetness of Eden their kiss brought death.

"Queen of flowers, lovely Rose, what is youth without its crown of happy love? What is life without this blessing?"

"And thou," asked the Rose, bending her earnest face down to the little Violet's drooping chalice, "what hast thou dreamed?"

"I," replied the lovely little flower, in her soft melodious voice, "can tell you no such brilliant tales. I dreamed neither of fame, nor of conquests, nor of romance. My life flowed on quietly in a low little cottage, with a husband I loved and beautiful children I brought up to be charitable and loving to each other. Far from the trouble and bustle of the world, I sought life's true meaning in the hearts of those I loved.

"I was happy, queen of flowers, lovely Rose, because contentment, innocence, and love are happiness; not earthly, but heavenly bliss."

The little flower's tremulous voice died away, a subdued stillness crept over her sisters' bending chalices, and night came and covered them with its mysterious veil.

STEPHANIE WOHL.

Buda Pest.

THE ARMY IN ITS SOCIAL ASPECTS.

THERE are two aspects in which the army may be looked at: first as a great military machine devoted to purely military purposes, and next as a part of the general body of society. The great object of an army is of course to fight, or at least to be ready for fighting, and it is natural that its fighting qualities should in the first instance engage attention. On this aspect of the army we have nothing to say here, if only for the reason that it is sufficiently taken notice of elsewhere. But there is another side to the picture. Beyond the question how far the army fulfils the special purposes to which it is dedicated, there is the not less important question of its relations with, and influence upon, the community at large.

Excluding the militia and volunteers, we have a regular army of some 125,000 men, of whom more than half are stationed in the United Kingdom; and it is estimated that every year 23,000 young men are drafted into this force to fill up vacancies by death or discharge. Taking the soldiers merely by themselves, they constitute a sufficiently numerous body to make it worth while to consider what is their condition as members of society. Does their military service exercise an improving or a deteriorating influence on their personal character? Are they better or worse citizens for being soldiers? And what sort of influence is it that they exercise on the civil population with which they are brought into contact? A man when he enlists as a soldier does not pass into a world apart and absolutely separated on all sides from the rest of society. He has friends and relations with whom he still maintains some kind of intercourse; and wherever he goes he is always, more or less, in contact with civilians. Moreover he himself probably will not remain all his life in the army.

After so many years' service, he may doff his uniform, lay aside his rifle, and resume his place as an ordinary member of society. As a soldier he may marry and have children, and his wife and children will be brought under the influence of the prevailing military atmosphere. It would appear, therefore, that whatever kind of character service in the army tends to stamp on the men who compose it has a fair chance of being pretty widely disseminated through the general body of society. Under these circumstances, we do well to ask what sort of a man does military service tend to make a soldier? And what is his influence on society? Is it a wholesome leaven or a malefic contagion? We will try to give some idea of the present condition of the army from this point of view.

Before, however, considering the British soldier as he is, we must glance at what he was within a comparatively recent period. Under the old system, which was still, more or less, in operation down to about the middle of the present century, military service was certainly not an employment towards which a man of good character would naturally be attracted. It would be unjust to say that the army was, as a body, made up of men of bad character, but it may at least be said that it was an employment to which no man whose prospects in any other situation were not, for one reason or another, absolutely hopeless, would ever think of turning. Here and there a restless, spirited youth might enlist for the mere sake of adventure; but, as a rule, enlistment was the last resource of thriftless, broken-down, desperate men, who were probably not only destitute but disgraced. To go for a soldier was regarded as the natural end of a loose, wild life; if an honest, decent fellow took to such a career, it was thought to be an act of madness, the sort of social suicide a man might commit under the depressing influence of some great disappointment or misfortune, but which a man in his senses would be sure to shun. Of the whole number of recruits who every year were brought into the army, only a comparatively small number enlisted calmly and deliberately, and of their own conscious free will. The old recruiting sergeant was a type of the system. Recruiting was then a species of kidnapping. If men could not be caught sober, they must be snared drunk, and it was the recruiting sergeant's business to ply his victims with liquor and lies until they consented to be carried, staggering and bewildered, before an officer, and to be then coaxed or bullied into accepting the shilling. Many a pitiful story is associated with this process of entrapping soldiers; bright, hopeful young fellows, the pride of their families, the mainstay, perhaps, of a widowed mother, or husband of a newly-wedded wife, snapped up in the midst of a casual spree, dosed and drugged with liquor, or perhaps with something worse, and carried off disgraced and broken-hearted to a bondage from which they could not escape until the best part of their lives had passed away. Possibly the poor wretch resigned himself to his fate, and, putting the best face on the matter, became a steady, well-behaved soldier, got promotion, or saved money enough to purchase his discharge. But the snares of recruiting had also, too often, a sad sequel in self-mutilation or desertion. Till a few years since, Sergeant Kite, "all ribbands and lies," was still lingering on the scene, hovering about fairs and markets, and flourishing in the beer-shops of county capitals; but the worst of his practices had already been put a stop to, and happily he has now no scope for his peculiar talents. Men may still, perhaps, find themselves enlisted without having very clearly made up their minds about it, but there are ample precautions against surprise or treachery.

An army got together under the old system of recruiting, naturally took its tone from the character of its more reckless and passionate members. The soldier had a long stretch of service to look forward to, and little to reconcile him to his present experiences. Wearisome work, bad fare, close companionship with brutal and ignorant men in dirty, stifling barracks, and rough handling from his superiors, soon told upon him, unless he was a man of remarkable spirit and force of character. The soldier was treated as a mere animal, and, as a rule, he was nothing loth to adapt himself to the part. "Old Soldier" became a by-word for a confirmed tippler, and little children were taught to lisp the disparaging rhyme in their alphabet-books:—

"Who goes here?
A drunken Grenadier."

The old prejudice against a standing army still lingered in a dim, vague, half-unconscious way among the people, and the obnoxious police duties which the soldiers had frequently to perform strengthened the feelings of mingled contempt and dislike with which civilians regarded a man who had sold himself for a shilling, and was ready

to kill or be killed at a moment's notice. The achievements of Wellington's armies did much to change popular sentiment on this point. Patriotic gratitude was disposed to make allowance for the soldier's faults, but hardly got beyond regarding him as anything better than a necessary evil in civil life. When at length the soldier quitted the army, he was a middle-aged man, who had probably acquired habits which made him very far from welcome in ordinary society, and who had no trade to turn to, and was too old to learn one. He was, therefore, fit for nothing but the commonest kind of labour. The Secretary of the Pensioners' Employment Society stated in evidence before the Recruiting Commission of 1866 that, "in the majority of instances, the private soldier of twenty-one or twenty-four years' service, is disqualified by his age for every desirable post in the Civil Service, or in public or local establishments." "Nor," he added, "is this all: most of these men are broken down in health and constitution, and are thus incapacitated. Having no trades, they are yet forced to try and do something for an existence; they cannot compete with an ordinary unskilled labourer, and Englishmen, however patriotic, will not employ men who are unable to perform a proper day's work." The Limited Enlistment Act in some degree modified this drawback to a soldier's career; and under the new system, by which a soldier serves for only six years in the ranks of the active army, and then passes for his other six years to the reserve, the difficulty may be said to have ceased.

It will be seen from what we have said that, under the old system, the army was, to say the least, of doubtful social value. It supplied good fighting material, and, to some extent, it drained off the hot blood and dangerous humours of the community. But perhaps the best that can be said of it is, that it was a refuge for people who might have found a difficulty in settling down quietly in ordinary civil life. On the other hand, the scoundrelism and vagabondage which gravitated towards the army gave it a bad tone, and the chances were on the whole rather against a soldier turning out a very respectable member of society. It would be unjust to leave out of account the many steady, honest, God-fearing men who passed through the army in those days, and who did much to counteract the evil element in it. But we are speaking now of the general characteristics of the force; and it must be confessed that these decidedly tended to justify its equivocal reputation. We are glad to be able to turn to a more agreeable and hopeful picture.

The recruiting sergeant of the old type has disappeared. Recruiting in public-houses has been given up, as far as possible; at least twenty-four hours and a half must be allowed to elapse between the enlistment and attestation; and up to the moment when he is sworn in before a magistrate, the recruit can buy himself off on payment of a guinea as "smart money." In the interval the recruit is subjected to a careful medical examination, and the doctor may be trusted to take care that he is perfectly sober and has all his wits about him. One of the tests to which great importance is attached relates to the eye-sight. A sheet of paper marked with a number of dots is held up at three yards from the recruit, and he has to count the dots, each of his eyes being alternately covered by the sergeant's resolute hand. A man who was not quite himself could never go through this ordeal satisfactorily. The recruit is always questioned by the attesting magistrate in such a manner as to show that his free will and consent are beyond dispute; and any complaint made by a recruit against the method of his enlistment is fully inquired into. It would be too much to say that the recruiting sergeant of the present day is altogether above the blandishments of a flattering tongue and rosy-coloured pictures of the gay and glorious life of a soldier; but he knows that his superiors perfectly understand the disadvantage of enlisting unwilling men who will probably desert on the first opportunity; and that he will be rebuked instead of rewarded if he is shown to have been guilty of any unfairness. Having gone so far in the right direction, it can hardly be doubted that the military authorities will see the expediency of placing the whole system above suspicion. "It may yet be considered," says the Inspector-General of Recruiting, "whether the act of enlistment might not be rendered a more open contract between parties in the presence of a witness." The proof that enlistment is very fairly practised is that, although recruits are now sent to their regiments without an escort, only a comparatively small number of them take advantage of the opportunity to desert. The number who deserted before joining their regiments was last year less than eight hundred, while in 1859 it was five thousand. Last year, however, there was a considerable number of desertions from the ranks, but this is suffi-

ciently accounted for by circumstances external to the army. Trade was exceedingly active, employment abundant, and wages reached the highest point ever known in this country. Men deserted, not because they found life in the army intolerable, but because they were tempted away by the golden prospects of the labour market outside. It is significant that a large proportion of the deserters returned to their regiments, and desertions have since fallen to their former level.

The recruit when he joins his regiment finds himself quartered in clean, well-ventilated barracks, and provided with regular and wholesome diet. He is also introduced to a course of varied education. He has to learn his drill, and with his drill gymnastics, in order to strengthen and develop his frame. Gymnastic training commences simultaneously with the squad-drill without arms, and goes on for at least three months, weak and awkward men being kept at it for six months. The trained soldier is expected to be able to cover a thousand or more yards of ground at a rapid pace, without being out of wind or unable to use his bayonet efficiently, and the recruit has to bring himself up to this standard by daily running drill, at a pace not exceeding six miles an hour. Swimming is also taught as a military duty at all stations where facilities for it exist, regular bathing parades being formed for the purpose. One of the lessons most strongly and constantly impressed on the young soldier is the virtue of cleanliness. The Queen's Regulations are particularly emphatic on "this essential point of discipline." Officers are reminded that the utmost attention is required from them as to the cleanliness of the men in regard to their persons, clothing, arms, and accoutrements, and also as to the state of their barracks and quarters. An officer on duty visits the barrack rooms every morning to see that they are properly cleaned, and they are also inspected at least once a week by the surgeon. Moreover permanent sanitary committees are appointed at all camps and garrisons, whose duty is to satisfy themselves by personal inspection that the buildings are clean and in good sanitary condition and not over-crowded. The committees are also directed to communicate with the local authorities in order to compel them to remove any nuisance tending to injure the health of the troops. The beginning of this great sanitary movement dates from the administration of Lord Herbert of Lea. It was estimated that in the year 1859, during which the work of reform had been vigorously carried on, the lives of a number of soldiers equal to an entire battalion had been preserved from what would otherwise have been certain death. Before that time soldiers were ill-lodged, ill-fed, and exposed to an infinity of avoidable risks. They were naturally men of exceptionally good physique, warranted when they joined to be in perfect health, and kept under careful medical inspection and beneficial control; yet in the United Kingdom seventeen out of every thousand soldiers died annually, while the mortality among corresponding classes in social life, who were exposed to many vicissitudes and privations against which the soldiers were protected, was only eight in the thousand. Within a short time after Lord Herbert had set this sanitary movement in operation the mortality of the British army had actually been reduced by fifty per cent. at home and on some foreign stations.

By joining the army a recruit secures not only careful physical training, such as might convert a weak, awkward man into a smart, alert, and vigorous soldier, but also a fair elementary education, with opportunities for carrying his education still further, if he chooses. Regimental schools, under the supervision of the Council of Military Education, afford non-commissioned officers and soldiers and their children the means of acquiring a sound and useful education. It is impressed on the soldier by the Queen's Regulations that it is important he should be able to read and write and cast his own accounts, as well as be acquainted with his drill. "Without such acquirements no soldier is capable of profiting to the fullest extent by the instruction given him in the use of the rifle; his promotion is rendered less probable; and he is deprived of the interest and improvement derivable from the excellent libraries placed within his reach." Every soldier, therefore, after being dismissed from drill is required to attend school, until he is reported to be sufficiently advanced in reading, writing, and arithmetic. No man is considered eligible for promotion to the rank of corporal, unless in the field, who has not passed a satisfactory school examination; and for the rank of sergeant higher qualifications are expected, although commanding officers are at liberty to make an exception in favour of men who display conspicuous courage or peculiar tact and influence over their fellows. By obtaining a first-class certificate in the schools, a sergeant qualifies for a commission. In addition to the regimental school where the adults and the more advanced children are taught, an

infant and industrial school is established in every corps. Nor is industrial training overlooked, for soldiers have an opportunity of learning or perfecting themselves in a trade in the barrack workshops. Indeed, orders have just been issued for the formation in every regiment of a pioneer force, composed of men who, in addition to ordinary pioneer duties, will instruct the soldiers in trades.

It will thus be seen that the soldier enjoys great educational advantages from his connection with the army. Up to a certain point his attendance at school is compulsory; but after that, if he is anxious to improve himself, he has sufficient time on his hands for a good deal of reading and study. As a rule, he can reckon upon having two or three hours in the middle of the day, and all his evenings after five o'clock till bed-time (nine or ten o'clock) to himself. Reading and recreation rooms stand open to him. At the principal barracks throughout the country there are large garrison libraries, and every regiment has its own recreation-room, or perhaps two recreation-rooms—one for reading and the other for games. The games include billiards, bagatelle, chess, draughts, dominoes, and cards. A private's subscription for the use of these rooms is only 3*d.* a month. It is probable that the new system of localising regiments will lead to a still further development of these facilities for study and recreation. As the head-quarters of a regiment will always be at the same spot, there will be a strong inducement to the officers and men to do all they can to make their station comfortable and attractive, both for their own sakes and for the credit of the corps; and the people of the neighbourhood with which the regiment is identified will also feel bound to assist in these efforts. One station will vie with another, and handsome libraries, museums, lecture halls, and recreation-rooms will spring up all over the country. Cricket grounds and fives-courts also form part of the barrack establishment; and further, "with a view to encourage soldiers in industrial pursuits, and to afford them healthful means of occupation in the immediate neighbourhood of their quarters," allotments of ground for cultivation by the troops as gardens have been made by the War Department at various home stations. Considering how large a proportion of the soldiers are drawn from the agricultural classes, more might certainly be done in this way to provide them with healthy and profitable labour in their leisure hours. In a few years the great desert of Aldershott might, by steady and continuous cultivation and the skilful application of the vast quantities of manure in the camp, be made, if not to blossom like the rose, at least to present a less savage and desolate aspect to the eye, and to provide a good supply of vegetables for the use of the troops. The experiment of employing soldier labour on incidental repairs of barracks and on new works has been tried at various stations with highly satisfactory results, the work being well done, and at a reduction of from ten to fifty per cent. in cost.

The great difference between the old system on which the army was managed and the new system is to be found in the means adopted to obtain a supply of men. Formerly it was held that men must be obtained by hook or by crook, by fair means or foul. It has been discovered that the best way to get good soldiers is to deal fairly and openly with candidates for employment, to offer substantial inducements to men to join, and to make them as comfortable as possible while in the army; in other words, to enlist only willing men, and to treat them in such a way that they shall not repent of their bargain. We have seen how much has been done to provide for the health, subsistence, recreation, and education of the soldier. No labourer or artisan of the classes from which recruits are chiefly drawn, enjoys anything approaching to these advantages. The pay of the army has lately been increased. An infantry soldier now receives, in addition to fuel, lodging, clothes, education, and medical attendance (except in hospital), one shilling a day clear, with good food at less than cost price; and various stoppages, which used formerly to be made, have been reduced or abolished. The hospital stoppage, for example, has been reduced from tenpence to eightpence, but a very wholesome rule has been imposed, that when it is reported on medical authority that the soldier is in hospital from causes for which his own conduct is responsible, his whole pay shall be stopped. In addition to his regular pay, a well-behaved soldier may look forward to good-conduct pay ranging from a penny to sixpence a day, and to extra pay for temporary assistance in hospitals, white-washing or repairing the barracks, or as clerk or artificer. Even before the increased rate of pay came into operation, the regimental savings banks showed an average of thirty per cent. of depositors upon the gross strength of each regiment, a highly significant fact.

During six years the soldier serves with the active army, and with ordinary prudence and industry may expect to find himself at the end of that time in possession of a comfortable little sum of money when he passes into the Reserve. He can now seek employment, either in his old trade or in any new one which he may have picked up in the army. His duties in the Reserve are made as light as possible, so as not to interfere with other pursuits, and during the whole of his six years in the force he enjoys an allowance (*4d.* a day), which, if not very large in itself, enables him to compete advantageously with others who are wholly dependent on their own resources. But this allowance is the least part of his advantages. A discharged soldier, who qualifies by passing a simple examination which his army schooling should make easy for him, will be put on the register of the Civil Service Commissioners, and be chosen in preference to other registered candidates for an appointment as military clerk in the War Office. The Civil Service Commissioners have decided that in their competitions discharged soldiers will be considered to have, on leaving their military service, the same age as when they enlisted. Those in the First Class Army Reserve are preferred, if found qualified, for appointments as post-office messengers in country districts, and the ranks of the police are also open to them. But, apart from the public service, good-conduct men are eagerly sought after in all kinds of ordinary civil employment. "A good-conduct man," said one of the witnesses before the Recruiting Commission, "going away with his two good-conduct badges, can get employment anywhere. The public begin to know what two good-conduct badges mean; and such a man is as certain of employment as anything can be. He has merely to go to the landlord of the estate on which he lives, or what not, and he invariably gets employment." This is, of course, assuming that he is not too old for it. It was the defect of the old system that a soldier was not restored to civil life till too late to make much use of his opportunities. With only six years' service in the ranks, a soldier at twenty-five or twenty-six, with a good education and certified character, has almost everything open to him. The railways are glad to take discharged soldiers or Reserve men at from *23s.* to *25s.* a week. It has been found that their habits of military discipline and punctuality are invaluable, and that they make better pointsmen and signalmen than ordinary men, as well as good guards and porters.

It can hardly be doubted that the reduction of active service will have to be carried still further, and from six years we may expect before long to see it reduced to three years. A large body of the youth of the country will then be passed through what is, in effect, an admirable training establishment, in which their physical strength will be developed, and their minds cultivated, and in which they will acquire habits of discipline, cleanliness, and self-restraint. It must not be forgotten that the army has its staff of chaplains as well as schoolmasters, and that the religious education of the troops is not neglected. It would of course be absurd to pretend that, even after the great reforms which have been accomplished in recent years, the army is a moral or material paradise. There is still a dark side to the picture which cannot be ignored, but which we may hope is gradually being toned down into a less sombre shade. The localisation of regiments and the reduction of the term of active service must tend to increase the facilities for marriage; and the improved character and morality of the great body of men will assert its influence over the loose and vicious minority. On the whole, we are glad to think that the condition of the army justifies us in regarding it as something more than a mere weapon of war, however keen and strong.

J. H. FYFE.



STABAT MATER DOLOROSA.

(Newly Translated by the Rev. John Monsell, LL.D.)

STOOD the mournful Mother weeping,
By the Cross her vigil keeping,
While her Jesus hung thereon:
Through her heart, in sorrow moaning,
With Him grieving, for Him groaning,
Through that heart the sword hath gone.

O how sad and sore distressèd
Was she—the for ever blessèd
Mother of the Undefiled!
She who wept, and mourn'd, and trembled,
When she saw such pains assembled
Round about the Holy Child.

Who that sees Christ's Mother bending
'Neath His load of sorrow, rending
Her sad soul in woe so deep;
Who that sees that Pious Mother
With Him weeping, could do other
Than, himself afflicted, weep?

For the sins of each offender,
Sinless Soul, and Body tender
Sees she 'neath the cruel rod:
Sees her own Sweet Son, her only
Dying, desolate, and lonely,
Pouring out His Soul to God.

Jesu! Fount of Love! Thee loving,
And my Soul Thy Sorrow moving,
Make me watch and weep with Thee:
As my God and Christ Thee knowing,
Let my loving heart be glowing
With a Holy Sympathy.

Holy Father! let affliction
For Thy dear Son's crucifixion
Pierce my heart: and grant this prayer.
That while He for me was wounded,
With indignities surrounded,
I His cup of Grief may share.

Make me truly weep, and never
From the Crucified me sever,
Long as I on earth shall live:
By the Cross of Jesus weeping,
Vigil with His Mother keeping,
To my prayer this answer give.

God of Saints! Thou King most Holy!
Comforter of Spirits only!
Fill me with my Saviour's grief;
That, His Death devoutly bearing,
And His bitter Passion sharing,
I may bring Him some relief.

Make me with His stripes be stricken,
With the Cross my Spirit quicken,
For the Love of Christ I pray:
That with Love inflamed, attended,
I by Love may be defended
In the awful Judgment Day.

By the Cross for ever guarded,
And through Christ's dear dying warded
By the Grace that never dies;
When my mortal Body, dying
In the quiet grave is lying,
Take my Soul to Paradise.

To adore,
Thee my God! for evermore.

Amen.

J. S. MONSELL.



THE "FAITHFUL SAYINGS" OF THE PASTORAL EPISTLES.

By the DEAN OF CHESTER.

IV.—CONCLUDING PAPER.

THE liturgical part of our subject is now at last definitely marked off for consideration in a concluding paper; and this introductory remark may be made in the first place, that it is not worth while, in a dissertation so slight and brief as the present, to draw any distinctions between Hymns and Creeds. They practically run into one another. Every good hymn is a creed: and those creeds are the most likely to instruct and strengthen the Christian people, which are best adapted to be sung as hymns. I may illustrate my meaning by simply referring to the *Te Deum* and the *Gloria in Excelsis*.

Now if it is duly weighed that before the New Testament assumed its present form a considerable time elapsed, during which the Church attained to large proportions and was developed into a very active life, over an area of great extent, and under very various social and political conditions,—the conclusion is inevitable, that, besides current maxims, of which enough has been said above, recognised formularies of instruction and devotion, whether as catechisms, creeds, hymns, or collects, must have come into existence. And what we could easily infer from the very nature of the case, can be confirmed by an inspection of the sacred documents of the New Testament themselves. The frequent occurrence of such phrases as "the doctrine of the Lord,"* "the doctrine of the Apostles,"† "the faith of the Lord,"‡ "the word of salvation,"§ and the allusions to systematic religious teaching, seem necessarily to imply the existence of formulated summaries of Christian truth. And as with doctrine, so with worship. The manner in which "the prayers" are spoken of in connection with religious instruction, both in the second and in the sixth chapters of the Acts of the Apostles,‖ seems to point to something pre-arranged and well understood. Even in regard to that outburst of simultaneous praise and supplication which took place when the Apostles were delivered from the Sanhedrim, and which has been described as "the most stupendous miracle recorded in the oracles of God," it is worthy of observation that we have the actual words written down.¶

Let it further be considered that the habit of quotation is very characteristic of the New Testament. We are all aware, in the first place, that it is, so to speak, saturated with the Old Testament; and with this thought in the mind, it is important to give attention, not simply to the direct quotations, which are very numerous, but to what I have called semi-quotations, by which I mean those many passages where the edging of phrases in the later Scripture is supplied by portions of sentences from the earlier. But in parts of the New Testament there is a very free habit of citation, even from heathen sources. What can be more striking than the occurrence of a line from the comic poet Menander in the midst of that solemn chapter which we read at our funerals?* Much more should we expect to find, in these inspired writings, allusions, direct and indirect, to the expressions of devotion or the formularies of faith which had become customary in the Church. I will illustrate this position by three remarkable instances, one taken from that First Epistle to the Corinthians, to which reference has just been made, a second from the Epistle to the Ephesians, and the third from the earliest of the three Pastoral Epistles; and then I will conclude with the example immediately before us, which is furnished by the latest of those three serious and affecting Apostolic Letters.

In the early part of the First Epistle to the Corinthians occurs the following passage, which has been a great puzzle to commentators: "But as it is written, *Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.* But God hath revealed them to us by His Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God."† The question is, of course, asked, where these words are *written;* and it has not been quite easy to find a satisfactory answer. Certain words are adduced from Isaiah ‡ which approximately meet the case; and, of course, it would be unreasonable to exact that a quotation in such an instance should be absolutely precise. But the deviation is so great that the answer is felt to be attended with difficulty. Now these very words are found literally in a primitive collection of

* Acts xiii. 12. † Acts ii. 42.
‡ James ii. 1. § Acts xiii. 26.
‖ Acts ii. 42; vi. 4. ¶ Acts iv. 23—31.

* 1 Cor. xv. 33. † 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. ‡ Isai. lxiv. 4.

prayers, called "The Liturgy of St. James;" and not only so, but the manner in which the sentence occurs there is of such a kind as to explain St. Paul's mode of citation. This mode of citation is very peculiar. For he does not weave grammatically into his own sentence that which he quotes. When we look at the original Greek, we see that the grammar is broken, that the fragment he adduces is not made coherent with the rest, while yet it appears to be a textual quotation. Now in "The Liturgy of St. James" it occurs verbally as we find it here, and yet in strict connection there with the neighbouring words.* And there is one thing further to be remarked. In another part of this same Liturgy "the deep things of God" are mentioned; which in some degree increases the probability that these ancient prayers, in their elementary form, were in the Apostle's mind as he wrote. Of course it might be urged that the author of the Liturgy quoted from St. Paul; but to this the rejoinder is obvious, that St. Paul himself adduces these words as a quotation. And one thing more of some importance must be added, that these very words occur literally, as a quotation, in two of the very earliest of the Fathers, so as to convey the impression that they were words very familiar to the Christians of that primitive time. All these considerations lead to the conclusion that the Apostle in this passage is reminding the Corinthians of a familiar hymn or collect. † We are not by any means obliged to suppose that St. Paul is referring here to any mature or completely organized liturgy. Such a view would probably be quite extravagant.‡ All that is contended for is this, that we have in this passage reasonable evidence of a form of prayer or praise more or less current in the Church, quoted by St. Paul and by those who came after him at no long interval, and found embedded in an early liturgy.

In preparing to pass to the Pastoral Epistles, where such phenomena, if they occur at all in the New Testament, might be expected to be found in their most mature form, we may pause for a moment on a sentence which occurs in an Epistle intermediate in date to those addressed to the Corinthians on the one hand, and to Timothy and Titus on the other. In the fifth chapter of the letter to the Ephesians, we find these words at the close of a very grand passage concerning the children of light. "Wherefore he saith," (or "wherefore it saith")

> *"Awake, thou that sleepest,*
> *And arise from the dead,*
> *And Christ shall give thee light."* *

By this mode of printing the words, even as they occur in the English version, we can in some degree indicate their rhythmical character; which, however, is much more obvious in the original. In the Greek it has been observed that they have quite "an Anacreontic swing."† The expression is not, perhaps, in all respects, very happily chosen: but it serves well to designate the hymnical character of the passage here adduced; and it is well worth while to remark also that it is in this very Epistle, and in the contemporaneous Epistle to the Colossians, that evidence is furnished of the existence of "hymns," as well as "psalms," in the Church, and of the high value set upon both.‡

Turning now to the Pastoral Epistles, we must first give our attention to the very remarkable termination of the third chapter of the earliest of these documents.§ This has sometimes been supposed to be the very "faithful saying" referred to in the ninth verse of the next chapter, and discussed in the earlier part of the preceding paper.‖ But dismissing this view as somewhat far-fetched, we shall see how the case stands by setting the passage in successive lines on the page:—

> *"God"* (or *"who"*) *was manifest in the flesh*
> *justified in the Spirit*
> *seen of angels*
> *preached unto the Gentiles*
> *believed on in the world*
> *received up into glory."*

The acceptance of this as the fragment of a Hymn—probably a Hymn on the incarnation and exaltation of Christ—removes at once the difficulties suggested by the extraordinary character of the passage. And one other remark of great importance must be added. In this place, as in that adduced last but one, we mark a singular grammatical irregularity. There has been much debate among theologians upon the first word in this passage; and it is now agreed among the best critics that this first word, according to the

* All this has been well worked out by the late Dr. Neale, though amid harsh expressions which cause regret, in his "Essays on Liturgiology," pp. 414—418, with which must be compared the Appendix by Mr. Moultrie, pp. 440, 441.

† That in this form of prayer or praise there is a remote and allusive reference to Isaiah is, of course, quite possible.

‡ It is here that Dr. Neale, in his eagerness to reach certain doctrinal positions, quite outruns the fair conclusion of his argument.

* Eph. v. 14.

† Neale, pp. 423—4. Canon Liddon, in the note above cited, speaks of this as "a hymn of penitence;" and considers it to be partly based on Isa. lx. 1.

‡ Eph. v. 19; Col. iii. 16. The former passage follows almost immediately after the actual quoting of what is here viewed as a hymn.

§ 1 Tim. iii. 16. ‖ GOOD WORDS for May, p. 345.

true reading, is not "*God*" but "*who.*"* This being the case, however, the grammatical coherence of the sentence is disturbed, and a new difficulty arises. But "treat the words that follow as a quotation," and "the whole passage becomes clear," it has been justly remarked.†

We now come to the passage, which is specially before our thoughts—the last "faithful saying" of the Pastoral Epistles:—and I believe it will be enough for our argument, if it is simply placed upon the page in its rhythmical form:—

"*If we be dead with Him we shall also live with Him:*
If we suffer we shall also reign with Him:
If we deny Him He also will deny us:
If we believe not yet He abideth faithful."

What has been urged above is amply sufficient to justify the strong opinion that we have here the fragment of a Christian Hymn. And can we not imagine the effect which the singing of such a hymn would have had in the assemblies of the earliest disciples of Christ? What words could be more inspiriting in the prospect even of martyrdom! what admonition could be more thrilling, if any hearts were in danger of defection! It is not necessary to inquire whether the concluding words—"*He cannot deny Himself*" are a part of the Hymn, or a condensed statement in proverbial form by the Apostle himself of the great principle which runs through the quotation There is just this, however, to be added, as a confirmation of the view here advocated, that the arrangement of the words, as here printed, suggests the thought that they may have been uttered in the responsory or antiphonal manner, according to that Jewish practice which passed into the custom of the Christian Church.

To such a sacred strain as this it is evident that the formula, "it is a faithful saying," is a most natural and most true addition. This formula, in fact, may be described as the "Amen," which helps to give to each one of the five sentences with which we have been occupied its liturgical or confessional character.

Two simple remarks may conclude a dissertation which, as regards the merit of the subject, might well be continued at considerable length, but which has now reached the extreme limit to which, in this place, it can justly lay claim.

The train of thought which we have been following is a help to us in that connecting together of the letter of the Bible with the living consciousness of the Church, which we ought, as much as possible, to realise. Too often it has been the custom to think of the Bible as a book written and completed independently of the existence of any Christian institutions, and then committed to us as the source from which these institutions were afterwards to be evolved; whereas there was much missionary progress, much systematic worship, much careful teaching, much diffusion and acceptance of religious truth, before the New Testament reached its present form. It would be quite unreal to dissever the study of the Bible from the recollection of that religious life which attended its formation, and which, amid many fluctuations, has been perpetuated ever since. And under no aspect is it more delightful to contemplate this life than in connection with that outgrowth of expressions of prayer and praise, which has continued from century to century. The Psalms of David, the Canticles which welcomed our Saviour at His birth, the outburst of thanksgiving after the day of Pentecost, the "faithful sayings" of the Apostolical Epistles, are the precursors of the hymns which every age has produced, our own age being by no means poorer in this respect than those which have preceded; nor is there anything in this statement hostile to that high theory of inspiration, which justly draws a decisive line between the contents of Scripture and all other compositions.

The last remark has reference to the Apostle himself. It is desirable to revert at the close to the observation made at the outset concerning the comparatively late period of his life at which these three letters were written. We saw that various arguments, derived from peculiarity of style, from tone of thought, from indications of mature church-organization, and the like, all converged to the same result; while the existence of current Christian proverbs was pointed out as a fact tending in the same direction, the habit of quoting proverbs being customary and natural in old age. And when we examine the latest letter of all, addressed by St. Paul to his dear friend Timotheus, we are struck by another mark of declining life and long experience. It is a most instructive fact that the tone of this Epistle is by no means exultant, but that it is tinged throughout by a shade of sadness. Many

* In Bishop Ellicott's "Commentary on the Epistles to Timothy and Titus," p. 103, a most interesting account is given of a delicate experiment, which settled this point, as regards the Alexandrian Manuscript in the British Museum.
† By the Rev. Dr. Jessop of Norwich, in two (unpublished) "Dissertations on Primitive Liturgies and Confessions of Faith," which have been very helpful in other parts of this paper.

friends had forsaken St. Paul: he had seen many defections from high religious principle; and perhaps worse times were coming than any which had preceded. This is just what we expect in the expression of feeling by any aged Christian. And yet the personal faith in such a case remains firm; the well-known and well-used formularies of truth are held fast; and hymns expressive of confidence and trust are inexpressibly dear. Such, in this latest of his writings, appears to be the state of mind of that Apostle who, even several years before, when sending his letter to Philemon, spoke of himself as "Paul the aged."

J. S. HOWSON.

THE CROWN PRINCESS'S LAZARETH FOR THE WOUNDED.

IMMEDIATELY on arriving at the little station of Homburg vor der Höhe from my Feld-lazareth before Metz, I drove to the Schloss to report my arrival, and learn my future work and destination;—for although I knew I was to be employed in the Crown Princess's Lazareth, I did not know where it was situated. At Frankfort and Mayence it had been much spoken of; but the statements concerning it were not a little contradictory. There was only *one* point on which all were agreed, viz., that the nursing and general arrangements of the hospital were under the direct superintendence and surveillance of the Crown Princess herself.

I had a letter of introduction to Herr von N——, the Crown Princess's Chamberlain. He received me most courteously and kindly, said that I had been expected for some time, and that by command of her Royal Highness he had telegraphed to General Voigt Retz to provide me an escort, and forward me at once to Homburg.* He told me that rooms had been prepared for me next Countess B——'s, and that the Princess desired I should remain "simply as guest" before re-commencing hospital work, adding that Countess B—— would present me to her Royal Highness after luncheon. I was then taken downstairs and introduced to the ladies and gentlemen of the Princess's suite.

I will not dwell here upon the kind reception given me by her Royal Highness, nor the gratifying interest shown by her in my late work near Metz, and in my work in French hospitals with the Roman Catholic sisters before the war.

In the evening of the day on which I arrived I was introduced to the Lazareth. I will give a general account of the buildings and internal arrangements, in preference to describing the several parts in the order in which I became acquainted with them.

The Lazareth consisted of four buildings, in addition to the bath-house and the dead-house, the latter of which had once been the powder-magazine, and was situated at some distance from the other buildings. The largest of the four—chiefly used for convalescents, and containing reading-room, kitchen, offices, and store-room—had been formerly used as a "Caserne," or soldiers' barracks. I was informed that it had taken endless pains to clean, ventilate, and arrange it for its present purpose. This building was long and narrow, and had its front upon the street or road, which was thickly planted with trees on either side. There was a small gravelled court in front, with two very old and green-looking cannons at the entrance. Pacing up and down this court was the sentinel, in connection with whom I may here mention, that the whole time this Lazareth was in existence the town's volunteer Fire Brigade mounted guard regularly day and night, and performed such other duties as would have fallen to soldiers, had there been any in the town at that time.

Adjoining this building was the chief yard or court, on the left of which stood the "military hospital," as it was termed. This building, in addition to its wards for the wounded (French alone were received here), contained rooms for a resident medical officer and the inspector, and a sitting-room or bureau for myself. About fifty yards from this, in the exercising ground, were two barracks, used for operations and severe cases needing special care. That to the right was of brick, built by the town. The roof had been raised, and the whole building beautified and re-arranged by the Crown Princess; but as it was inferior in every respect to the one built entirely by herself on the best American model, I will describe that alone.

It was built wholly of wood, upon a raised brick foundation, and consisted of four rooms and offices. There were two small rooms to the right and left of the entrance, one being

* I had been refused permission by the medical officers to leave my Feld-lazareth in the 10th army corps, the chief surgeon remarking "that there was too much use for me *where I was*."

the head Wärter's bed-room, and the other arranged for the linen and other stores, dressings, &c., required for the use of the wounded in the building. The linen, charpie, and articles liable to be soiled or injured by dust, were in glass cupboards, every shelf or compartment of which was properly labelled. Blankets and flannels were arranged on high open shelves; lower shelves of the same description were used for air-beds and cushions, splints, and other apparatus. Here I may mention that the finest and best linen for the wounded in the whole Lazareth came from our own Queen, who sent also from Balmoral a box full of beautifully knitted woollen socks, to the great astonishment and delight of the soldiers, who told me that they had imagined *only* Germans could knit as well as that!

From this the ward was reached: it was constructed to hold twenty-four beds, and was well lighted with windows on both sides, and also by small open "clappen" or ventilators in the middle of the raised roof. The whole building could be opened from end to end when required, its wooden sides consisting of large "clappen" or shutters, which opened outwardly at pleasure. Small ventilators, to shut or open, were near the floor along the whole length of the building. The ward was furnished in the simplest manner, the furniture being of varnished, uncoloured deal; the flooring alone was stained.

It is almost impossible, however, to describe the bright and pretty appearance of the ward on entering it. There were baskets of trailing plants, suspended from the high open roof; and table-baskets at either end of the room, filled with every variety of flowering plants then in bloom. In the corners stood large evergreen shrubs, and on every table were cut flowers in a glass, occasionally varied by magnificent bouquets of hothouse flowers and ferns, surrounded with delicate lace-paper wrappers. These last had been presented to the Crown Princess, and were immediately sent by her to the Lazareth, with orders that "they should be given to the most suffering among the wounded." The pride and delight of the happy recipient of such a bouquet were beyond description.

The bedsteads were of iron, furnished with a horsehair mattress, a bolster of chaff or horsehair, and an air-cushion, and good linen sheets and blankets; for helpless patients a water or air-bed was provided. The outer blanket formed the coverlet, and with its broad red stripes folded back at the foot, presented a bright and clean appearance. Each bedstead stood about three feet from the wall, and at its head was a stand for clothes. In front of this was hung a black board with the patient's name, his injury, and the regiment to which he belonged. At the back were suspended a hand-towel, a warm, quilted dressing-gown, and, in cases where the patient could rise at all, such other articles of clothing as were required. Underneath was a glazed calico bag for "private treasures."

There was also a varnished deal table for each patient, of convenient height and size, having two shelves for combs, brushes, glasses, and such-like. A small hand-bell to summon the Wärter lay on the upper shelf, and a polished tobacco-box and a small white earthenware "ashpan" were beside it.

Nothing was in use which would not *show the dirt*. Every piece of crockery was of glazed white earthenware, without colour or pattern of any kind, or of plain, unclouded glass.

At the foot of each bedstead was a cane-bottomed chair, and for those too helpless to use their ordinary table, a bed-table, which could be put across the bed, and raised or lowered to any height required. At one end of the ward were small writing-tables furnished with every requisite, and two large easy-chairs covered with American cloth. At the other end were wash-hand-stands, with taps for a supply of hot, cold, and waste water, soap-dishes, and a hand-rail for towels. These were chiefly for the doctors' and nurses' use. A small looking-glass was hung over each. I must not omit to mention that there were a few pictures, chiefly war-scenes, in which soldiers would take special interest.

On leaving the ward there was a lobby similar to the one on entering, containing, however, instead of a store-room, a smaller division for the convenience of patients, the remaining space being fitted up with shelves for wash-hand basins, foot-warmers, &c., and for the white earthenware pails, basins, sponges, and metal "irrigateurs," used in renewing the dressings of wounds and at operations. Two large clothes-baskets, provided with lids and kept padlocked, held the soiled linen.

To the right was a small, well-lighted room, somewhat resembling a cottage kitchen, for against the wall stood a dresser of plain unpolished but well-scoured deal, on which were ranged plates and dishes—as in an English kitchen. In one corner stood a small gas-cooking apparatus. The table was movable, *i.e.* it folded back upon the wall when required, disclosing a large and well-

made bath, sunk in the floor, and provided with hot, cold, and waste-water taps. This bath was used only for medicinal purposes.

The nursing was performed by male and female nurses, who had been trained for their duties at Berlin, and the Ober-wärter was one of the best male nurses I have ever known. In the larger building, or caserne, the wärters were untrained, and, with few exceptions, idle and dirty. The female nurses were from the Deaconess Institution at Darmstadt. They were very young, clean, obliging, and industrious, but deficient in the training essential for the care of special cases. The building itself moreover was not well adapted for hospital purposes. All conveniences for the use of the patients were in the court.

The windows being on one side of the wards only, it was difficult to ventilate the rooms properly. The Princess partly remedied this defect by causing ventilating openings to be made in the outer wall of each room near the ceiling, and by placing ventilators at the bottom of every door entering into the corridor. The day after her Royal Highness had left Homburg I found, in every ward, these ventilators closed. Upon my remonstrating with one of the ward sisters (head nurses), she replied, "But the men like to feel warm and comfortable, and those little holes make a draught."* I managed, however, to convince her that it was necessary to keep the "little holes" open, after the Crown Princess had had them made. And perhaps not the least good her Royal Highness did in this war—although she devoted herself so untiringly to visiting, and in a thousand ways helping, the sick and wounded—was the battling against the prejudice of German medical men with respect to fresh air and a strengthening diet for the sick, two things generally spoken of as "English ways."

Perhaps few hospitals were more kindly and efficiently visited than this. The Crown Princess attended it herself daily, never missing a ward, or omitting to speak to each of the occupants of the beds. After her Royal Highness had left Homburg, I heard one of the wounded French prisoners describing her visits to some newly-arrived comrades. "Ah," said he, "the ladies here are very kind, but none of them are like Madame la Princesse: she never passed a single bed without some kind word to the unhappy one who lay there, and if she saw that any were more wretched than the others, to them she talked most. Whatever ward she entered, she brought with her sunshine into it; is it not so, mademoiselle?" said he, turning to me. And, indeed, this had especially struck me during the first visit I paid to the Lazareth. I will venture to give an instance in illustration. In one of the wards of the Caserne a man had received a present from home of a little square shawl. Man-like, he had half-throttled himself by trying, as he sat up in bed, to tie it round his throat, leaving his shoulders uncovered. The Princess stopped by his bed and said, "What a soft, bright-looking shawl you have!" A flush of gratified pride came on his face as he said with a smile of delight, "It *is* very pretty, Royal Highness; it is a present to me to-day from home," and he here gave himself an extra throttle with the tied ends to show his appreciation of the gift. "But why don't you cover your shoulders with it a little when you are sitting up in bed, instead of putting it only round your throat?" demanded the Princess. "Ah, Royal Highness," he replied, "it has but that one fault; it is a trifle too small; my shoulders are so broad it won't come over them," and he then gave a little pull, right and left, to show how hopeless it was. "We will see if it can't be arranged," said the Princess. She took it off, folded it herself "shawl-wise," pinned it round him, and passed to the next bed, leaving him almost overpowered with gratitude and surprise.

Many ladies visited the Princess's Lazareth, bringing, in some instances, to the men little presents of money, pipes, and cigars; yet as a rule these visits, whilst they made *some* thankful, made others envious and discontented. I cannot include among these the Hof-Damen of the Princess: these ladies followed the example of her Royal Highness in never passing a bed without some words of sympathetic interest. They brought books, puzzles, and games, to amuse the men. Countess R—— herself taught some of the patients who were confined to their beds to do "Berlin wool work." Day after day I have seen these ladies devoting time and thought to contriving the best means of

* It must be here remarked that *all* foreigners, and not Germans only, have the utmost horror of "draughts;" if they can feel the air in any room gently moving on the face, they close at once every window and aperture by which air could enter. Many months after I had been at Homburg, I made a tour for a few days amongst the lazareths of Alsace and Lorraine. Among them I visited the baracken at Nancy, temporary wooden barracks, erected by the town at a cost of 36,000 florins, to receive patients suffering from fever and other infectious diseases. Upon entering one a feeling of utter nausea came over me, and I feared I should faint, so foul and corrupt had the air become. When I asked if they never opened any of the windows I received a look of indignation and surprise, and the answer, "Of course we do; that is to say, the windows themselves are nailed fast to prevent draughts; but there are ventilators in the roof, and we open one or two every day for one and sometimes even two hours!"

aiding these poor wounded men to forget the pain, weariness, and home-sickness which at times overpowered the strongest among them. They talked to them of the "house-mother," and children at home, and suggested and helped in the making of little gifts to be sent home. When a Frenchman died, it was a Maid of Honour who, by command of her Royal Highness, broke the sad loss to the poor mother in France, telling her how and where her boy had died.

I must not omit one act of kindness on the part of the Crown Princess, which was felt by every man in the Lazareth with almost as much gratitude as by him who received it. It was this. Once, in making what I called "my rounds," I noticed that one of the men, who was well enough to be up during the day, had thrown himself on his bed and, with his face hidden in the pillows, was shaking with suppressed sobs. I went up to him and said, "What is the matter, Pfeffer? Are you in such great pain?" "Ach, nein," he replied, "it is not that, but it is—I have bad news from home. My boy! my little one! whom I have never seen, and now never *shall* see," and with a choking sob he turned his face from me. After a little while, he told me that he had been married only about a year when war was declared. The day on which he bade his wife "farewell" the boy was born. Since then all the letters from home had been filled with descriptions of "the little one." Often and often in camp had he thanked the good God for sending such a comfort to one whom he had left in such sorrow. Then, when he had been wounded and sent back to Germany, what a happiness it had been for him to arrange how she should come to see him, and bring their "first-born" with her! And now, this very day the poor little "house-mother" was coming, but coming *alone*, for the boy was dead! I tried to comfort him, but even while speaking I was summoned by one of the wärters, to tell me that Pfeffer's wife had arrived, and had asked if she might be admitted. Before the door stood one of the prettiest women I had yet seen among the peasantry of Hesse. She wore a short skirt and tightly-fitting bodice; but her natural grace could no more be hid by the winding of the hair in one long plait round the head, and by the peculiarity of her dress, than her beauty could be concealed by the careworn expression of the face, and by the dimness of the eyes through watching and weeping. She timidly inquired if "she might see her husband." I replied that he should come to her, but that I thought it better she should see him alone first, and not in the ward before all the other men. I desired the Wärter to let Pfeffer know his wife had come, and was waiting for him in my room; and then, after arranging that he should have his afternoon coffee* there, and that some should at the same time be sent to his wife, I went up to the Schloss. When her Royal Highness had heard the story, she expressed the warmest sympathy for the poor young couple, and desired that they should both be sent up to the Schloss the next time the wife came to visit her husband. Upon returning to the Lazareth I found Pfeffer cheered and comforted, but the little "house-mother" had gone, having loaded him, however, with grateful speeches for myself. The following week she came again, and I therefore sent them up to the Castle. The Crown Princess saw them herself, but I cannot do justice to the account of the interview except by describing it in the words of the little wife herself, when she came to wish me "farewell."

"The Frau Kronprinzessin came to us, and said that she had heard of, and was *grieved at*, our great sorrow; and then she said, ah! such beautiful words about the happiness which the good God had given us, by sparing us to each other, and of the happiness which the *future* might bring us. And when she left the room where we were, it seemed indeed as if our trouble were easier to bear. It was like the sunshine after the storm; and my husband and I were taken to a room, where we had such meat and drink given to us, as we had never seen before. And a gentleman came to us and gave us money, which, he said, was sent us by her Royal Highness herself! And now, if only my husband might come home with me, I have enough and to spare. Yes, God has indeed been kind to us, and we have yet our lives to live."

Thus cheered and comforted, the wife returned to her home.

In November, the Crown Princess left Homburg, and as Christmas was approaching, it was resolved by all the ladies and gentlemen of the "Verein" that there should be a Christmas-tree in every ward. Great were the rejoicings and preparations. The Crown Princess sent a hundred thalers (£15) to be spent in little presents for the men. The "Verein" provided gilt and coloured papers for stars and other decorations; whilst many were the consultations held in every ward as to how their own par-

* In Germany, coffee is given in all hospitals, just as tea in England.

ticular tree should be decorated. Earnest were the petitions I received "that all the eggs used for omelettes might be blown, instead of broken;" and when I suggested that this would consume too much time, and give too much trouble, offers were made on all sides by the men that, if permitted, they would blow them in the wards. A certain number, accordingly, were each day set apart for this purpose, and it was amusing to see the patient labour afterwards bestowed upon the "decoration" of the egg-shells.

Choosing the presents for so many was, indeed, a tax upon the inventive power; but the gentlemen of the "Verein" devoted their energies to it indefatigably. Those of the men who were dangerously or seriously wounded were allowed to write "three wishes," being told that they should receive *one* of the three. One of these men, named Pole, we greatly feared would hardly live to see Christmas Day, and we therefore gave him his present as soon as it arrived. His great desire had been for a watch-chain; and Herr von C—— had brought me one of oxidized silver, made of sword-links and cannon-balls alternately. When we brought it to the poor fellow, a faint gleam of pleasure brightened his eyes as he turned it round in his fingers. "Do you like it, Pole?" I asked. "Ah, so much," he answered; "but I shall never live to wear it. When I die, though, might it be sent to my mother?"

Of course the promise was given that all should be done as he wished; and then the chain was laid on the little tray by his bedside, and often during the day I saw his poor thin fingers gently touching, and, as it were, caressing it. The following day a great change for the worse had taken place, and now we were sure that he could never live to see Christmas Eve. I sat up with him that night. He spoke of his approaching death, and of the grief he felt in dying without seeing his mother once more. And then he spoke of her, and the sorrow this war had brought her. She had been left a widow with three sons. Her two eldest boys had been called to service with the army, and then *he*, too, had entered it, hoping to win honour and renown, as well as wealth enough to make a home for the mother—for she had no home of her own, and had been forced to enter service in a family near Berlin. Then both his brothers were killed, and he, too, was sent back wounded, with little chance of ever again being of use to the poor mother at home. All that long night, in the quieter intervals granted him, he was praying and longing for his mother. At times he was slightly delirious, and then, as I gave him drink or wiped the death-sweat from his brow, he mistook me for her, and gave me a sad sweet smile as he said, "Ach! dearest mother, I was dreaming that I was *so far* from thee!"

At last the morning broke, and we saw that he was sinking fast. We gave him strong cordials at intervals, and as the day became brighter and warmer, he rallied a little. Words cannot express how deeply thankful I felt that he did so, for, about ten o'clock, there arrived for him a letter from his mother. He asked me to answer it for him, telling me, in short, quick gasps, what he wished should be said—"that his last thought had been for her, that he sent her his chain and all that he had;"—here he gave a short sob, and said, "Ah! if I could send her the money that bought my chain, instead of the chain! She is so *very* poor, and I have no money to send her." "My poor boy," I replied, "you shall have the value of your chain, and you must let the English mother * add something to it, as *her* Christmas gift to the real mother; and as you were to have two presents, you know, you must send the chain too." I shall never forget his look of gratitude and delight as he received a sum which, small as it was, seemed large to him. The letter home was written by one of the gentlemen of the Verein; it told "of his love for his mother even to death; of his sending her his *last* Christmas gift, for that when she received the letter he himself would be at rest, and free at length from all pain and suffering; of the happiness it had been to him to get the dear letter *now*, when he was dying, and that he would hold it near to him to the very last." And now I said, that he must himself write one word of farewell, remembering how great and unfathomable a mother's love is, and how precious to her would even *one* word be, written by the hand of him whom she would never again see in this world. The Wärter remonstrated, but I insisted, and by means of strong essences on his brow and hands, and the administration of a cordial, the poor fellow was enabled to trace, in a weak and faltering hand, his last letter to his mother. It was this: "Dearest mother, farewell. I cannot more. I am so weak. Ever thy loving son." Shortly afterwards he became unconscious, and that same even-

* The men used to call me the "English Mother," and long after my return to England I received letters which were signed "Your German children."

ing he died. The gentleman who had written the letter for me added a few lines at the end of it, stating the hour of his death, and enclosing a small photograph of the last home of her son on earth.

And now perhaps I ought to conclude my account, but upon reading again what I have written, the whole seems to me only a mere fragment of that which I might have written —not merely an article, but a volume. I have said too little of the bright side of such a life; of the delight with which every little novelty was hailed; of the kindness of those who exercised such watchful care over the Lazareth; of the many presents received from them; of the Westphalian hams and other delicacies sent by the Crown Princess for the use of the wounded; of the venison sent from the forest of Spandau, by order of the Crown Prince. But I have perhaps said enough to show that the Crown Princess's wish was realised, when she said that she wished the wounded to feel that they were in a *home*, and not a mere hospital.*

In a sanitary point of view, as I have said before, no alteration could have been desired in the arrangements of the whole Lazareth; and I was told by a high authority that the barrack erected by the Crown Princess "had attained the best results of any in Germany." It must not be forgotten that it had to be compared with some excellent Lazareths, amongst them the "Baracken" of the Grand Duchess of Baden at Carlsruhe, and the one established by our own Princess Alice at Darmstadt, which were both admirably constructed and arranged. They were, however, deficient in that attention to the *minutiæ* of comfort, &c., which made the Crown Princess's a "model" of its kind.

Still, even in this building, there was at first great difficulty, both with nurses and patients, in persuading them to carry out the wishes of the Crown Princess with regard to ventilation. By sheer dint of daily perseverance, the effort at conversion was at length successful; but I can never recall without some amusement the remonstrances and evasions I met with when insisting upon compliance with the "English ways." *I* would remonstrate also in my turn, and open the ventilators before leaving the ward, only to find, upon passing through the corridors an hour or two afterwards, that every one of them was again closed. I would open the door of the ward and inquire gravely, "Who closed the ventilators?" Upon which every one in the room would put on an expression of indescribable innocence and surprise, as they asked, "Is it *possible* that they are shut?"

Of the French prisoners I have said nothing. Some during the late war complained of their discourtesy, and want of gratitude. I never had occasion to do so; even now I have a most grateful letter of thanks addressed to myself, and the copy of a letter sent by one of them to the French pastor. Of this letter I will give an extract: "We are fortunately all together, and although not so well off as at Homburg, still we have nothing really to complain of . . . . We are all of us come together at this moment merely to say that *not one of us fails* to send his most grateful remembrances and thanks to Mademoiselle, of whose kindness we shall cherish a good remembrance our whole lives long." I remember some of the men repeating this one day, with some complimentary additions of their own, before one of the ladies of the Verein. As we went out of the Military Hospital, she said to me, "Surely you must feel that such thankfulness almost repays you for any sacrifices you have made?" I felt that what she said was true.

It cannot, therefore, be matter of surprise that the warm gratitude to the Crown Princess, which the hundreds of men who passed through her Lazareth expressed, should be felt by her, as almost recompense sufficient for the care and thought bestowed by her. Every soldier, whether German or French, who came to wish me farewell, desired me to express to her Royal Highness his deep gratitude for the *home* she had provided for him, when sick, wounded, and far from his own. And accordingly it would be a great satisfaction to me to know that, by publishing these particulars about this ambulance, I had been the means of showing to some engaged in hospital management that there is nothing too low, nothing too humble for their notice. For assuredly the "perfection of hospital life" is the union of sanitary measures and home comforts.

FLORENCE LEES.

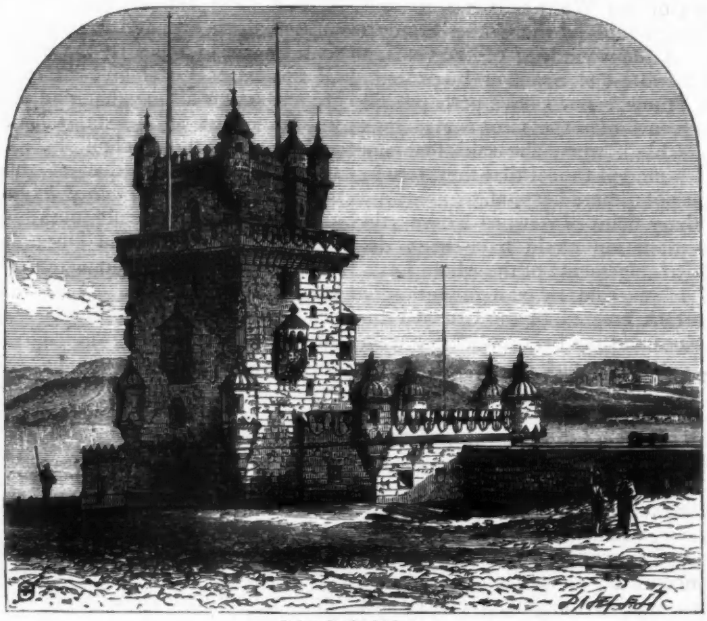
* It was indeed a home, and not for the wounded only. In a letter written January 22nd, 1871, to my mother in England, I find the following expressions: "You would be immensely amused if you saw the affection between my 'children,' as the Crown Princess calls them, and myself. *I* also am very much attached to them. Indeed this is, on the whole, the happiest life I've ever had in all my many and varied hospital experiences. As the time draws near for giving it up I feel how much I am attached to it, *and* . . . . to my men."

LETTERS FROM H.M.S. *CHALLENGER*.

II.

ON the 3rd of January all our troubles were over for the time. Passing Cape Roca and the beautiful heights of Cintra, we steamed slowly up the Tagus, past the straggling suburb of Lisbon with its many-coloured villas scattered over the slopes; past the wonderful Castle of Belem, with its elegant proportions and rich ornaments—a record of the skill and refined taste of the old master-masons; past the new Palace of the Ajuda—the present residence of the King—a large plain building, in a certain sense handsome, but sadly inferior in tone to the little square Keep by the side of the river.

About midday we were moored in the Tagus off the town. Several of us went on shore, and took up our quarters at the Hôtel Braganza, where we were very comfortable, and enjoyed greatly the splendid view over the town and river. Some went to Cintra, though we were at Lisbon at the worst season of the year for country excursions, while others spent our time in seeing what



Belem Castle, Lisbon.

was most interesting in the city and its immediate neighbourhood, and resting after the fatigue of our earlier experiences at sea.

There is a gem of Gothic-Moresque architecture near Lisbon—I think that the monastery and church of Santa Maria of Belem is alone worth a trip from England. One or two of us walked there one lovely Sunday afternoon. The porch of this church is Gothic, and rich beyond description. Up to the very roof of the church every pinnacle and buttress, and even the flat portions of the wall, are encrusted with ornament. The carvings are singularly easy and varied. They are executed in a pale brick-red limestone, which seems, unfortunately, to be suffering a good deal from the effects of air and rain.

The interior of the church is even more pleasing than the exterior. Here there is no excess of ornament, but simple, delicate shafts of pale grey marble support with all the airiness of effect of Moorish architecture, a wonderfully carved and fretted Gothic roof. Service was going on when we were there. The church was cool and dim, and the clear sweet voices of the choristers rose and fell along the aisle, and seemed to linger in the roof among the sculptured palm leaves. The high altar, with its lighted candles and vases of flowers, and the rich robes of the officiating priests, formed a warm patch of colour

strongly in contrast with the cold simplicity of the grey marble. A small flock of worshippers, whose strongly-marked olive faces and picturesque attire had to us all the interest of novelty, made up for their small number by the apparent earnestness of their devotion. The whole scene struck us as being wonderfully harmonious and pleasant.

The monastery of Santa Maria of Belem, commonly called the Monastery of St. Jeronymo from its having been occupied by monks of that order, is in connection with the church, and, with it, was founded in 1499 by King Manoel the Fortunate in commemoration of the discovery of the Indies, on the spot where Vasco da Gama embarked on his first eastern voyage.

The monastery is now used as a State asylum for upwards of a thousand poor children. Visitors are admitted to the cloisters at three o'clock, and as that hour had not arrived, we were turning away from the door, when a servitor opened it and wished us to enter.

We passed through an archway into a large quadrangle with the sun shining brightly into it. Flower-beds occupied the centre of the square, cut out in various shapes, and separated by neat, trimly kept gravel walks. The beds were planted with oranges and bananas, and clumps of aloes, with their rich crimson spikes alternating with the cool, white cups of the calla; while heliotrope and jasmine, and many aromatic flowering shrubs and herbs sent up an almost oppressive fragrance into the warm still air. While we were there several beautiful hawk-moths were hovering over the flowers and dipping their long trunks into their bells.

All round the quadrangle runs a double tier of cloisters, supported by low, gracefully proportioned and richly ornamented arches —a kind of compromise between the Moorish and the Gothic.

The stone is a light pink carboniferous limestone, almost a marble, with many fossils, and in some places the elegant forms of the imbedded shells have been reproduced by the sculptor, and the nautilus and the goniatite of the elder times, and arabesques and horns of plenty, and the chubby faces of Christian cherubs, blend in the creation of the old architect like truth and fiction in the dream of a poet.

Behind the cloisters are the rooms of the seminary, and the cloisters are hung with neatly-designed programmes of the courses of study and lists of the successful candidates for honours at various examinations. We were invited to see the school, but we declined. The pupils were at dinner, and we lingered about the silent quadrangle reluctant to leave it—it was so sweet and still. I am surprised that we do not hear more of the monastery and church of Santa Maria of Belem, for our little party, all of whom had already seen many things in all parts of the world, agreed that it was unusually pleasing.

There are many things in Lisbon to interest "philosophers" as our naval friends call us, not I fear from the proper feeling of respect, but rather with good-natured indulgence, because we are fond of talking vaguely about "evolution," and otherwise holding on to loose ropes; and because our education has been sadly neglected in the matter of cringles and toggles and grummets, and other implements by means of which England holds her place among the nations.

The Natural History Museum, under the able superintendence of Professor Barboza du Bocage, is excellent. It is lodged in four handsome galleries, in a Polytechnic School only now in process of completion.

The collection of birds is particularly good. The specimens are well stuffed and mounted, and well arranged. This collection belongs to the present king, and was chiefly brought together by him and his brother. It contains many rarities, among them a fine specimen of the great auk (*Alca impennis*), given to King Luiz by his brother-in-law, the King of Italy. The king is very fond of natural history, and has a good general knowledge of it. He did us the honour to visit the ship when we were at Lisbon, and expressed himself greatly interested in the expedition.

The Botanic Garden is near the Palace of the Ajuda. It seems to have been very fine at one time, for there is a good range of glass, and the handsome terraces have been laid out and decorated with statuary and fountains with some taste, and evidently at great expense; but the garden has fallen into disuse for scientific purposes, and has been allowed to get into disorder and disrepair, and only a beautiful group or two of date-palms and a splendid dragon-tree, with a head thirty feet in diameter, still maintain a trace of its former character. It is intended to lay out a piece of ground near the new Polytechnic School as a garden for teaching purposes, and I believe the old Botanic Garden will probably be merged in the grounds of the palace.

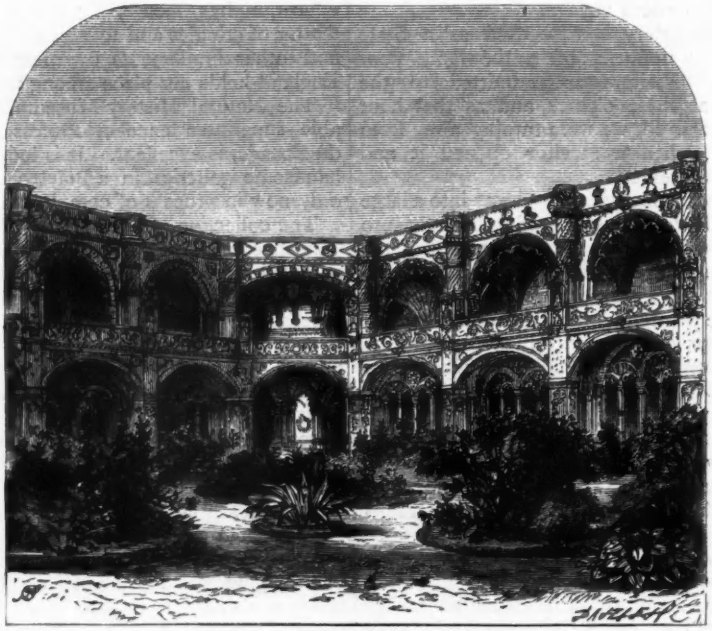
There is a very complete meteorological observatory now, under very energetic and excellent management; and an astronomical

observatory, which is to be used for the present chiefly for observations of the sun, is in process of completion.

We enjoyed greatly our few days in Lisbon. The British Minister, the Hon. Sir Charles Murray, was most courteous in his attention. We were then in glorious weather, in the middle of the orange and lemon harvest, with the air redolent of the flavour of this golden fruit; and there was certainly little to remind us of the winter we had so lately left behind us, except the leafless planes ranged along the Boulevards, with their curious pendant bullet-like fruit.

On the evening of the 12th of January we steamed out of the Tagus, and the next day we dredged in 470 fathoms off Setubal. The bottom was the ordinary grey ooze of the Atlantic, and we sifted out of it many of our old acquaintances of the deep water of the British area, such as *Limopsis borealis*, *Columbella Haliæti*, *Dacrydium vitreum*, and many others, which confirmed us in our anticipation that we should find our deep-sea fauna very widely diffused.

We dredged off Cape St. Vincent, and brought up some of the dead coils of *Hyalonema*, each with its coating of *Palythoa*, but no living or perfect specimens. The dredging as we sailed southward in fine light



Quadrangle of the Monastery of Santa Maria, Belem.

weather along the coast of Portugal was on the whole successful, so far as bringing up a full sample of the bottom was concerned; but it was very unproductive, for after sifting the tenacious clay for hours we got nothing but foraminifera and a few small shells of mollusca.

Many plans were suggested to alter the dredge so as to avoid bringing up so much dead mud, and by drifting over a larger area to increase our chance of taking some of the higher or larger animals. At length it was proposed to try the common trawl, and one with a fifteen-foot beam was lowered in 600 fathoms a little to the south of Cape St. Vincent. The trawl went down all right, and after towing it along for an hour or so, we took it in as easily as we should have done a dredge.

There was now no lack of living things. Several strange-looking fishes with their eyes blown nearly out of their heads by the expansion of the air in their air-bladders, were in the bag of the net, whether absolutely from the bottom or caught at some great depth in the passage of the trawl through the water, it was impossible to tell; while entangled in the meshes were many star-fishes and delicate alcyonarian zoophytes, shining as we disentangled them in the falling darkness of

the evening with a vivid phosphorescent light. The plan seemed to answer so well that we tried it again a little farther south in 1,090 fathoms, a novel adventure for a trawl! and again it was perfectly successful. I may mention that we have since used the trawl from time to time, and that for *moderate depths*—say down to 1,500 fathoms—it does very well, the only disadvantage being that many of the small things are lost, and that the dredge is therefore required to supplement it. It must not be taxed beyond its strength. Once we tried it in 2,000 fathoms, and the beam, which was of softer wood than the one which we had previously used at like depths, came up crushed as if it had been passed between a pair of rollers.

I cannot, of course, enumerate here the novelties and rarities yielded by this new application of an old implement in our few hauls between Lisbon and Gibraltar, I must, however, mention one or two which are of special interest.

For the last few years the London dealers in objects of Natural History have been receiving from the Philippine Islands large numbers of an object so beautiful in its form and structure, that it has found ready sale even as an ornament to stand on a drawing-room table under a glass shade.



Cloisters of Monastery of Sta. Maria, Belem.

It is a slightly curved conical tube eight or ten inches high, contracted beneath to a blunt point, and expanded above to the width of about two inches. The walls are the most delicate tissue, apparently of spun glass, like the finest transparent lace or rather Shetland wool-work. The lower end is surrounded by an up-turned fringe of long lustrous glassy fibres, and the wide end, after giving off from its edge a fluted lacy frill, is closed by a delicate lid of open network. This tube, which goes by the name of "Venus's flower-basket," is the siliceous skeleton of a sponge (*Euplectella aspergillum*) which lives in the seas of the Philippines, buried in the mud up to the lip, and supported in its place by the spreading fringe of grappling spicules.

Several samples of an *Euplectella*, very closely allied to the Philippine species, if not identical with it, came up in the trawl off Cape St. Vincent, and gave us an opportunity for the first time of seeing this sponge alive. Dr. J. E. Gray writes to the Annals and Magazine of Natural History that specimens have been received of *Euplectella aspergillum* in spirit, and that in these the glassy framework is entirely masked by a soft, brown, corky coating of sarcode. Our fresh specimens entirely bear out Dr. Gray's description. It would be difficult to imagine that the thick somewhat clumsy brown tube,

perforated with irregular openings, contained any arrangement of support so delicate and symmetrical.

Although the forms of all the spicules, down to the most minute and complicated is identical, the wall of the tube in the European specimens of *Euplectella* is not coherent, as in most of the Philippine examples. The original spicules of the skeleton remain separate from one another, and do not become soldered together. One would think that this would be, at all events, a perfect specific distinction; but one or two of the species of *Euplectella aspergillum*, particularly one in the museum at Liverpool, are in this condition, and I am not yet prepared to say whether all may not be thus soft at a particular stage of growth. At all events, "Venus's flower-basket" is a very interesting addition to the fauna of Europe.

Scattered about on the net were many broken, and several entire specimens of a beautiful little sea-urchin, with a small purple body and long white serrated spines, somewhat like those of the "piper" of the Shetland fishermen (*Cidaris hystrix*). There is, however, an anatomical character in this little urchin which removes it very widely from *Cidaris*, and gives it to some of us a tremendous fancy value. The character is a very small one. Instead of having at the top of the shell a rosette of ten plates, five of them perforated, to lodge the eyes, and ten for the passage of the tube of the ovary, this little urchin has eleven plates in the rosette—an additional one, large, crescent-shaped, and without a perforation. This is entirely contrary to the usage of all the "regular" urchins of modern times; but when we go back to the times of the chalk, we find a very compact and characteristic little family, the *Saleniadæ*, with the additional plate in the same position, and I agree with Professor A. Agassiz, who has referred a specimen of a species either the same as the one we dredged off the coast of Spain, or closely allied to it, to the chalk genus *Salenia*.

The same haul gave a large, handsome urchin, radiant with mauve and white band springing from the centre of the disk, and with the curious character of having all the plates imbricated like the slates of a house, and the shell perfectly flexible. This was a fine new species of the genus *Phormosoma* which I have described elsewhere, and shown to represent the genus *Echinothuria* of the chalk, and to belong to a family which were supposed to have become extinct with the close of Mezozoic times.

The discovery of these "missing links" between the old formations and the new is particularly interesting to those who hope to prove that a deposit has been taking place continually in the basin of the Atlantic from the period of the pre-tertiary chalk.

Our last cast of the trawl before reaching Gibraltar was to the depth of 2,125 fathoms, a depth as nearly as great as the greatest previously reached with the dredge. A number of things came up—star-fishes mainly, and holothurids; but among them was one species of great interest, historical as well as zoological, the clustered sea-polype *Umbellularia Groenlandria*. Twelve gigantic alcyonarian polyps, each with eight long fringed arms terminate, in a close cluster, a stem three feet high. When taken from the trawl, the polyps and the membrane covering the hard axis of the stem were so brightly phosphorescent, that it was easy to examine the character of their light by the spectroscope. Two specimens of this fine species were brought from the Coast of Greenland early in last century by Captain Adrians, who procured them, by what means we do not know, from 300 fathoms water. They were described by M. Christlob Mylius in 1754, and one of them was afterwards described in the "Philosophical Transactions" by Ellis, who formed the erroneous notion, much more intelligible when one has seen a specimen, that he had discovered in *Umbellularia*, the living representative of the "lily encrinite." The two specimens described by Mylius and Ellis were lost, and for a century the animal was never seen. A year ago two specimens were taken in deep water during the expedition of the Swedish frigate *Eugenia* to the Northern Ocean, and will shortly be described by Mr. Lindahl, the naturalist who accompanied the expedition.

On the evening of the 17th of January we passed Cape Trafalgar of glorious memory, and sighted the light of Tarifa; and when we went on deck at sunrise the next morning we were close under the Rock of Gibraltar, the endless line of batteries and the sulky ironclads of the Channel fleet which happened to be lying in the bay, clearing up in the increasing light; and the grand outline formed by the mountains of Seville and Granada on the one hand, and Jebel Musa and the distant range of the Atlas on the other, glowing out peak after peak in rose colour and bronze, and then slowly subsiding into their normal shades of purple, while the blue Mediterranean stretched away without a ripple to the eastward. C. W. THOMSON.

THOUGHTS ON THE ENDURANCE OF TRIAL.

BY THE LATE NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him."—JAMES i. 12.

I.—SOME MISTAKES MEN MAKE IN REGARD TO TRIAL.

1. *The mistake of indulging the hope of forgiveness without the endurance of trial.*

"I hope God will forgive me!" is not unfrequently the consolation of the man who fails in trial. To hope that, if he repents, God will forgive him, is, indeed, a well-founded hope, for God has promised to do so. But true repentance is not the mere knowledge or confession of the fact of sin, nor is it even remorse in consequence of having indulged in it. All this, as is seen in the case of guilty men every day, is compatible with loving and keeping sin. But when the sinner repents by forsaking sin, and choosing good—when his mind and likings are altered—then God will, through Jesus Christ, forgive the past, and not allow the man's wickedness to shut up His own heart towards him. We must notice, however, that such repentance is a *choosing* of the good. The trial, though late, has been successful. The man repents his choice of wrong, and now likes the right.

2. *The mistake of confounding mere outward reform with the endurance of trial.*

Outward reform must, of course, exist wherever there is inward reform. Nay more, in many cases outward reform is most helpful to a thorough inward renewal; just as habits of sobriety, of going to church, or the forsaking of bad company tend to strengthen religious and moral principles. But there are so-called reforms of character which men mistake for that preference of good which is alone really worth having. It is no choice of honesty, for example, when a thief in a cell cannot steal; nor of purity, when a man is paralyzed and dying. So too may altered circumstances, advancing years, and the like, account for many changes in outward conduct, while the real character of the inner life remains the same. Such changes arise from a difference in the trial, not in the man. He is not tempted to this or that sin as he once was; but if he were, has he himself so changed in his liking to the good that he would prefer it? What is required is not that a particular sin has been given up, because he is no longer tempted by it; but, being tempted, that he should choose the good and *like* to serve God.

When a man is not himself changed in his love to what is right because it is right, then any outward reform is little more than a passing from one class of sins to others less notorious.

3. *Another mistake many make is that of trusting to the assumed power of altered circumstances at some future period to change the heart, or alter the choice.* This is the refuge of those who will not give up sin at present, but who hope to do so some time or other, when in more favourable circumstances. Many such instances might be mentioned. The young man imagines that when he is older, or the middle-aged man that when he becomes a patriarch, things must be better with them. Affliction is looked for by some as a cure; by others, poverty; by others, a new profession; by others, a day of sickness; — by all, procrastination and a day of death. Now, I do not deny that some periods of life, and some special circumstances do make trial easier, or, rather, are more helpful to us in choosing good. Yet it must be remembered that God never, in any case whatever, throws a man into circumstances where he cannot, if he will, choose the good and not the evil. Let me confine myself, however, to a death-bed repentance. I do not deny the possibility of one who has through life chosen the wrong coming at last, in his dying hours, to a sincere acceptance of the right. Yet such cases are not only, even in appearance, extremely rare, but when real, how, I ask, can evidence of the reality be obtained? Observe what is required is to choose the good—to like it—to see its excellency, and approve of it. Is a death-bed the best place for this? It is easy to see why a sinner in the heyday of health, and when fully set upon iniquity, should look forward to his dying hour as the most ideal time for making such arrangements with his God, and such adjustments between earth and heaven as are suited to his love of sin and his fear of its consequences.

But even were it so, is a death-bed, I ask, the best place for trying how far a man loves the right and hates the wrong? Is it when a man is compelled to give up the grasp of his purse, and to dash down the cup of sinful pleasure from his lips, that he is to prove himself no more the covetous man, or no more the man of selfish indulgence that he

has notoriously been all his life? Is it when death is about to hurry him from the world that he is, by resigning the world, to prove his want of worldliness? Is it, in short, when *forced* to give up his sins that he can satisfactorily determine whether he does so from necessity only, or from hearty choice? How can he prove that his repentance is anything more than a mixture of remorse at leaving the sin which he can indulge in no more, and of terror at meeting that God Whom he knows he has every cause to fear?

But God, you say, may see the reality of his repentance. True, He may. But how does the man himself know that it is not a fearful deception? In how many thousand instances has the same apparent change of mind been followed by a return to the old evil when the danger was over, and health restored—thus proving that sin was never given up because good was loved, but only because punishment was feared.

The same kind of mistake induces some to look even beyond death, and to expect a period of renewed probation, they know not how long; in some place, they know not where; by some mysterious process, they know not what. But whether these expectations are just or not, they do not alter the necessity for a thorough trial of character. Whenever they are tried, there must be no compulsion, but perfect freedom; and they must be in circumstances in which they shall be able to show that while they might easily chose the evil, they prefer the good. Even if there is such a world of probation beyond the grave as they profess to believe in, it cannot therefore be easier for them to prove their loyalty there than here.

II.—THE BLESSEDNESS OF THOSE WHO ENDURE TRIAL.

"Blessed is the man who endureth trial." There is a blessedness in the very endurance of trial, a quiet harmony in the soul, made up of many beautiful notes; a self-respect, and that sense of dignity becoming man, as a child of God, a quietness of conscience, a confidence in God's favour; and a deep conviction of being on the side which, in the end, will be victorious, because right.

This blessedness is the more perceived when contrasted with the wretchedness of forsaking God. Oh! the emptiness of the dreary past, the unsatisfactory present, the dread future! Conscience without peace, the soul without goodness, the heart without Christ!

But yet the trial may be hard to endure. It is not easy for the flesh to resist temptation. Ay, it is a battle! The army of the living God in heaven is not made up of cowards, who ran away, threw down their arms, or deserted to the enemy; but of soldiers who learned to "endure hardness." They bear in their bodies "the marks of the Lord Jesus," in the grand moral habits gained through suffering in many a hard-won fight! And it is a battle, more or less, with all of us now who are resolved to prove that we trust God, and are not ashamed of Christ, and love the good and true.

But, be the trial short or long, "Blessed is the man who endureth it, for he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him." The intellect which endured the trial of falsehood and sin, will be crowned with the life of universal knowledge increasing for ever; the affections that endured the trial of sinful objects, will be crowned with the life of love and social happiness for ever; the passions which endured the trial of evil excitements, will be crowned with the life of agreeable action, as in the breast of Jesus; the body which endured its trials from earthly devices and appliances, will be crowned with the life of beautiful and deathless existence;—he who endured, will be made grand in the whole man as a son of God, and blessed as the glorious God, Who made the heavens and their host, can bless him. That will be the joy of those who decide to trust God, and not the devil; and who, having faith in a higher life, can now give up the lower.

Once more. None but those who love God can receive the crown of life. There is a natural connection between these two things, and not an arbitrary one. Just as if it were said, they who are healthy will receive their reward in the happy sensations of good health; so those who love God will receive the reward of loving and of being beloved perfectly. How can a heart that loves not wear the crown of life, when love is life, and when He who is life and love puts it on the brow? God cannot crown hate, or invest darkness as such with light. To be able, therefore, to receive the crown of life on our heads, we must receive the Lord of life into our hearts. We must love truly to live truly; and we shall live only to love for ever. To continue to love rightly here, and not to yield to the cursed reign of self—this is to endure trial; and its reward is to continue to love for ever, and for ever to yield to the glorious reign of God in the soul! Oh, blessedness unspeakable, and endless, to be crowned with the life of Eternal Love!

LADY BELL.

By the AUTHOR of "Citoyenne Jacqueline."

CHAPTER XXXIII.—SIR JOSHUA AT HOME.



In another instant there entered a fresh, almost chubby-faced gentleman, with a dint in his nether lip, and an ear-trumpet in his hand. He was not without a certain dapperness in the unexceptionable brown coat and spotless ruffles, which he had substituted for his painting-coat and plain cuffs.

He was the briskest of gentlemen, the most obliging of geniuses who ever kept sitters in good humour and under control, by the very ease of his dignity in bearing with their airs and oddities.

The contemporary of the glorious, careless good-fellow Gainsborough, of Romney in his arrogant, one-sided power, and later of Opie, the most self-taught and the most self-asserting painter among them,—Sir Joshua beat them all.

It may be true that his art was pervaded with an artificial, aristocratic flavour, and that he made a little lady of his strawberry girl and modern English my lords of every historical personage who passed under his pencil. He was, according to his brethren, wilful and regardless of the destructive nature of the pigments which he used, so that they produced a certain effect to last his time. His accusers point in proof of their charge to the fading lines and cracking canvas of the very works of which all Englishmen are proud.

So be it, if it must be so; we have still the poetry (let some hold it fantastic) of the Tragic Muse, the gallant heroism of Keppel, the thoughtful benevolence of Johnson, the broad archness of Nelly O'Brien; we have following on the dainty playfulness of "Pick-a-back" a long train of fresh and delicate, lovely and stately, English maids and matrons, with Sir Joshua's quaint, sweet children bringing up the rear.

In Lady Bell's day there was no thought, unless it were among the chemically skilled, that these softly glowing, wonderfully blended colours would wane, or that fine surface give way. Sir Joshua was regarded as the quintessence of inspired and courtly painters, treading in the footsteps of Vandyck.

Sir Joshua had only a few of his paintings to show the eager, intelligent young lady, whose grace was so winning to his eye, and her eloquence so grateful to his ear through his trumpet, as it reached him. There were fair ladies sacrificing to the graces and to the muses, very interesting to Lady Bell. There was Dr. Beattie in his gown as an Oxford Doctor of Laws, with his book on "The Immutability of Truth" under his arm, and the Angel of Truth going before him, beating down the gruesome figures of Sophistry, Scepticism, and Infidelity, said to personify Voltaire, Gibbon, and Hume, which was carefully studied by Captain Fane. There was the doom of Count Ugolino and his sons, which enchained with the fascination of horror both of the gazers. There was the portrait of a plump little woman, sprightly even on canvas, her high dressed hair wreathed with pearls, a shawl girdle binding loosely the short waist and boddice, which Sir Joshua strove to paint into fashion—a great improvement on the earlier elongated steel-bound waist and laced-up boddice.

As Sir Joshua was about to name the original, the real lady ran unushered, in her hat and cloak, into the room.

The newcomer had not a moment to stay to be introduced to Lady Bell Trevor and Captain Fane. She was in haste to tell Sir Joshua that she had just come down from the Burgh, where she had left her master at his place of business, but nearly as ailing as the Doctor (good lack, what a load she had on her head and shoulders!). She wished to know whether Sir Joshua had done the retouching which he had taken it into his head to throw away on a barn-door face beyond improvement. Give her joy on the

audacity of complimenting herself; but she did not mean to compliment—not that she was not well enough pleased with her own, she would never deny it. She would like the picture packed and sent out without loss of time. Queeney and the rest of the young fry might care to look at it one day, when it was all that was left of their mother. Good day to him and to all.

"You are in luck, Lady Bell," announced Sir Joshua, returning, briskly rubbing his hands, from seeing the lady to her coach, "if you have not had a previous opportunity of meeting my friend. That is Mrs. Thrale, the wife of the great brewer, who is himself an exceedingly liberal gentleman and well-read scholar; but his wife excels him in the classics."

"She was one of the west country Lynches," said Lady Bell, showing her acquaintance with the lady's antecedents.

"It is she who has made a home for the great Doctor at that pattern of country houses, Streatham," continued Sir Joshua. "She has preserved an invaluable life, madam, years longer to the country, by taking Dr. Johnson's health under her care, as she has often told us, and by nursing him out of some of his worst attacks and most injurious habits. Would to God her efforts could continue successful, both with him and Mr. Thrale, who is, I fear, in a bad way, and on the brink of an apoplexy."

"She deserves all honour," said Lady Bell warmly.

"The more so that her cares seem to sit lightly on her." Captain Fane could not resist the sly hit.

Lady Bell flashed a little reproach upon him from her eyes, which looked as if she were condescending to take his manners, as Mrs. Thrale had taken Dr. Johnson's health, under her special superintendence.

"A matter of temperament," pronounced the genially philosophic painter.

Sir Joshua, who enjoyed his own reputation as an urbane and accomplished man of the world, began to talk to Captain Fane of Captain Cook, with whom the painter's friend, Dr. Burney's son, had made a voyage round the world; of Sir Joseph Banks's collection of objects of natural history, which Captain Fane had seen under the care of young Mr. Jenner, the favourite pupil of Dr. Hunter.

Sir Joshua had made a happy choice of a subject to which Captain Fane was alive, and in which he was well informed. The gentlemen talked like kindred spirits, while Lady Bell, to her credit, was content to remain in the background, and listen with deference and delight. She was innocently proud of her companion.

How very different was the figure which Captain Fane cut to-day, in company with a genius, who was at the same time a finished gentleman of any school, from the figure which he had presented at the sailing-party!

What other male friend of Lady Bell's could have stood so severe a test, and come out of it so splendidly? Not Sir George Waring, in spite of his elegance and his musical talents, any more than Master Charles. Lady Bell was deeply impressed by Captain Fane's gifts, which he was really in the habit of hiding under a bushel. She was almost provoked when Sir Joshua remembered his duty to her, not guessing how well pleased she was that he should forget it, and began to tell her of the one lady who belonged to the Royal Society of artists, Mrs. Angelica Kauffman.

It was not a difficult process to make a digression to those ladies who were amateur artists, and to render Lady Bell, in spite of her *savoir faire*, bashfully grateful, by deigning to drop a hint for her benefit on the mixing and laying-on of colours, and on the drawing of such slight designs as Sir Joshua had himself afforded to Poggi for his fans.

"I thought t'other morning we spent together was very happy," Lady Bell spoke out of the fulness of her heart to her squire when they were in the square, and he was looking out for a chair, that she might get home in time to keep an appointment with her dressmaker; "but I shall be always recalling this day and its lessons when I am busiest and happiest at Summerhill."

"Don't you think I shall recall it, Lady Bell," asked Harry Fane, "when for a studio in which to busy myself I shall be reduced to 'between decks,' and for my fine arts shall be setting men to rig spars and haul in sails, varied by pointing a gun instead of a telescope, and submitting to be carried down into the cockpit?"

"Oh, no; you won't be carried there!" cried Lady Bell, with impetuous haste.

"At least I did not mean to crave pity from you," protested Harry with unconscious tenderness shaking his firm voice. "A grumpy, hulking fellow who has been so much at sea that he has lost the manœuvre of giving a wide berth to what displeases his crotchets on shore, is of no good save to shout orders in a storm or to keep a look-out against the national enemy."

Lady Bell did not contradict him, but she looked in his face, somewhat set and lined for a man of his age, but an honest and manly face, which had looked its kindest on her, the hardness in which she could melt, as she had said, like the melting of a block of ice before a meridian sun.

She gave him a parting look as the chairmen lifted her chair, which raised a mighty commotion, for which Lady Bell was decidedly answerable, in the blue-coated breast of the young man—thought so long-headed and calm-hearted, so rational, discreet, obdurate, that he could be let cast stones at all the follies and extravagancies of his time. Lady Bell's look said, "You are good for all that is cleverest, truest, bravest—not to the world, perhaps, for you know, none better, that the world is a giddy, vicious, Vanity Fair—but to me. You need not tell others that I say so, but I say it; and you need not forget that I said it, in the long days during which I am mixing with people whom you justly despise; or have taken refuge at Summerhill; and when you are sailing on the high seas, doing your duty like a man, guarding our shores, fighting our foes."

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE MASQUED BALL IN PROSPECT.

Captain Fane, though he *was* rational, and had a regard for consequences, was fallible, and did not cease to frequent his cousin's house in Cleveland Court, because of that very inconsiderate look of Lady Bell's.

On the contrary, he who was no dangler in drawing-rooms, and was wont to improve his time in town, by going afresh over the libraries and museums, and by attending every gathering and discussion of scientific men, began to haunt Lady Sundon's rooms, until even that hospitably-disposed kinswoman could not refrain from an uneasy private comment, "Something going to happen to Harry Fane; he is turning up for ever, like a new farthing. He used to make himself as scarce and hard to find as a gold guinea, but now he has become dirt cheap, and is always lying about in everybody's way. Lady Bell, Lady Bell, I hope you understand that I only bade you sort my cousin in jest. I hope that you have not to answer for a brave sailor's undoing. He has enough of knocking about in the open sea, without being run down in the harbour; and I consider Harry like a son of my own, since his own folk are all dead and gone."

Lady Bell bore the unspoken charge as if she were perfectly innocent, save that even a more brilliant bloom than she had shown lately, glowed in her cheeks and was reflected in her eyes.

Lady Bell was full of a gaiety of the season, in which she was about to take a part, and which was novel to her. "I dare say I shall soon have had enough of the gay world—my fling, as you call it, Lady Sundon—but I have not yet been to a masquerade," explained Lady Bell; "I confess that I am dying with curiosity to see what it is like. Only fancy one's ordinary neighbours and friends as sultanas, and chimney sweeps, Queen Elizabeths, and Richard the Thirds. Oh! I think it must be charmingly romantic and diverting—that fun of finding people out, and of baffling their curiosity, while you may be as witty as you please and can."

"All very fine, my dear; but Cornely's masquerades were not exactly the place for seeing proper company"—Lady Sundon played the monitor for once—"and at the old Pantheon masquerades, Covent-Garden women and highwaymen used to mix with the regular guests. How could it be otherwise, when nobody could tell who was who?"

"Yet, you all went to these places, my dear Lady Sundon," Lady Bell coaxed her friend, "and riots have gone out of fashion. Besides, this masquerade is to be given by the gentlemen of White's. They are to have lady patronesses. At an hour fixed upon, each lady and gentleman is to unmask, so that one could not be safer in a private house. Indeed I am very glad that the gentlemen of White's are to be prodigiously gallant, and give a masquerade ball this year, when I happen to be in town. Tickets must be procured for you and Nancy and Lyddy, Lady Sundon; of course they must. I'll never rest till the deficiency is supplied; I'll not stir a foot, or order a costume, without you."

Lady Bell referred to the circumstance that in consequence of the run on masquerade tickets, and the ultra exclusiveness of the set issuing them, only one ticket to Lady Bell Trevor had found its way to Cleveland Court. "So Nancy and Lyddy are down in the mouth," Lady Sundon acknowledged; "and for myself, I own I'm an old fool; but if the affair is to be above board, I'd give my two ears yet to see the play."

There was less difficulty for gentlemen in getting admittance, and when Lady Bell, the moment the club masquerade was announced, raised her eager voice in its favour, Captain Fane had only to speak to a brother officer,

who was a member of the club, in order to have a ticket. Harry Fane made a specious excuse to Lady Sundon for his haste to countenance this vanity.

"It is not that I approve of such an entertainment; I have heard from yourself that it is one of the most lax and perilous in an age of ridottos and public gardens — the more reason why as many sober and virtuous people as can make an entrance, should use their right to confront the foolish and vicious, and protect the innocent and unwary."

"Harry, don't draw scores before my nose," objected Lady Sundon emphatically; and when the gentleman moved away discomfited, she concluded her remark for her own benefit, "as if you would have been in such a case to act as a body-guard even to me and Nancy and Lyddy! The grand passion has much to answer for, in playing such pranks with a staid, sensible fellow, who has very little patrimony besides his pay, and ought to know he is not a fit match for my Lady Bell. I meant that his comb should be cut, for he carried it over high; but I'm frighted that it is done only too closely. And he's my own flesh and blood, though Lady Bell is a charming young woman, and I could eat her, I have taken to her so hugely. Besides, it is a credit and pleasure to show her about in town, which is in the habit of thinking naught of the wares of a country body like me."

Lady Bell's influence would have gained the tickets which were wanting, but, in the interval before the ball, there came the threat of a family calamity that effectually prevented the Sundons' attendance, and very nearly put a stop to Lady Bell's making acquaintance with the delights of a masquerade.

Word arrived that Lady Sundon's only child, the son and heir of the family, had met with a dangerous accident, by a fall from a tree, in one of the meadows near his grammar school, a week before. He had not recovered his senses when the letter was written, though the chances were, from the number of days which had elapsed, that the hurt must have yielded, so far, to medical skill. A fatal termination would have caused the dispatch of a special messenger, who would have reached London and preceded the announcement of the accident in the slow course of post.

But great was the flurry and distress. Lady Sundon prepared to set out instantly for the scene of the accident, to nurse her son, should she find him alive to be nursed by her.

The Misses Sundon, who had been wont to utter, as loudly as the plaintiveness of their reproaches would permit, charges of undue preference on the part of Sir Peter for his boy, over his girls, and of gross indulgence and spoiling on the part of the boy's mother, were sufficiently kindly women, in spite of their follies, to be cut up by their half-brother's danger, and to forget altogether, in their alarmed affection, that they had insisted on electing themselves the young master's rivals.

Lyddy Sundon, who was the more energetic of the sisters, would not hear of any other arrangement than that she should accompany Lady Sundon, and remain with her, to assist in nursing the little lad.

Lady Sundon, whose rosy, elderly face was purple with subdued excitement, while she could not keep the moisture out of her eyes by the repeated furtive movement of her hand across her face, did not fail to be touched by the token of respect and regard. "I'm sure it is very good of you, Lyddy," the mother said, with all her heart. "I ain't likely to forget it, no, nor your father neither; and I trust my Ned will remember it when he is a man, for, by God's mercy, he may live to see us out yet."

Nancy Sundon undertook to devote herself, in his wife's absence, to the care of Sir Peter, naturally suffering more than ever, though he was driven for the moment to forget his sufferings.

"But our trouble, which may end well, for all that is come and gone, please God, is not your trouble, Lady Bell, so go to your masquerade yourself, my dear," the good-natured woman told Lady Bell at parting. "I'll take 'The Cries of London' to amuse Neddy, as you wish, and thank you heartily for the thought. But I am sure it would vex any child of mine on his bed, as it would vex me, if he could know that he was keeping you, who have nothing to do with him, poor boy, save in your good-will, from a grand treat. Go, when it is your day, and enjoy yourself with the best, Lady Bell, bless you! We don't grudge you the enjoyment, though we have come to grief."

"Sure, you don't; but never think of me, my dear Lady Sundon; may a blessing and the best of luck go with you. I hope and pray that you will find your boy a great deal better than you expect, and that we shall all have such a merry meeting again that the finest masquerade will be thrown into the shade." Lady Bell fully meant to give up the masquerade.

But scarcely had Lady Sundon and Lyddy set out when another deliberate post letter arrived in Cleveland Court, with the cheering tidings that the sufferer was doing well, and was likely to recover without sustaining any material and permanent injury from his fall.

The chief source of anxiety was removed, and Lady Bell was free to resume her intention of being present at the ball, and was not reduced to eclipse its splendour by being absent, as a throng of the givers of the feast proved ready to profess. Miss Sundon might have accompanied Lady Bell, but the former preferred, on the whole, after the late shock to her nerves, to remain a martyr to her new responsibility, and to relapse into luxuriating tenderly over the last grievance.

Lady Bell, in her widowed dignity, could dispense with a companion. She knew, moreover, with an idle, exultant throb, that in addition to her many admirers, more or less fervent, and more or less men of many ties, with their hearts split into segments, and distributed pretty equally over a select circle of fashionable belles, there was one man who would only see her in the motley company, who was in it for her sake, who, crusty, cantankerous sailor as she had judged him at first, needed but a wave of her hand, a glance of her eye, to be at her side, at her feet.

Lady Bell, whether she confessed it to herself or not, went on to draw conclusions from the significant circumstance that Captain Fane, of his own free-will, departed from his consistency, and put himself about to be one in a scene so unpalatable to his tastes as this masquerade.

Lady Bell did more. She looked within, and she recognised with a breathless flutter of mingled wonder, trepidation, and bliss, an astounding fact. The chief glory of the masquerade to her would be the presence of this quondam growling and grave young officer.

Lady Bell was perfectly aware that Harry Fane, though well-born, was poor, and that while she believed he was an excellent officer, and while she had heard him speak like a natural philosopher to a man of genius, he was a fellow of no mark in her fashionable world. His very profession was against him in some respects.

Lady Bell well knew that Captain Fane would be reckoned a most unsuitable match, the poorest *parti* for a beauty, a Lady Bell, a young widow who had begun her career of worldly prosperity very fairly, and had then taken the world by storm. Was she to end by wantonly squandering her advantages, for which she had paid dearly enough in her day; was she to slight the great matches that might be in store for her, the coronets, the amorous squires, richer than Trevor of Trevor Court, the exquisite beaux like Sir George Waring, for so sober and in the world's eyes so insignificant a figure? Was she, as a lovely widow, rather to copy the Duchess of Manchester with her Irishman, of whom all the world had talked, or the Duchess of Leinster with her Scotchman, of whom all the world was talking, in stooping to confer grace, than Lady Waldegrave in aiming as high as the gusty neighbourhood of a throne? Lady Bell laughed in mockery of herself a little hysterically. She made a feint of trying to find time and heart to scold herself, and at the same time she blushed like a rose at the mere thought, and trembled with a newly-discovered happiness.

CHAPTER XXXV.—THE MASQUED BALL AS IT BEGAN IN REALITY.

Lady Bell was coy. She was provoking, she was wilful, she was perverse, in the strange gladness which was so dashed with emotion, but of which she strove hard and almost succeeded, to show only the frolicsome side.

"I shan't tell you what I am going to wear, Captain Fane," Lady Bell said, "and you are not to tell me whether you are to be a peasant or a prince. I shall put my fingers in my ears if you do. I mean to keep my secret. I tell you all the fun will be in finding each other out." "As if I could not find him out among a thousand," she said to herself, while her glance fell beneath his half reproachful gaze, "and if he should be too stupid to guess me under a disguise," she added — always for her own satisfaction—"why I can take off my mask and enlighten him at any moment."

Captain Fane was forced to submit, thinking in some measure, as his mistress thought, "Well the information beforehand would only be a precaution to save time. However crowded the rooms may be, she can never elude me."

But neither Lady Bell nor Captain Fane had ever been at a masquerade ball. On the lady and gentleman's separate arrivals, after a way had been made through the excited crowd which pressed about the doors and pushed into the lobby of the club itself, and was driven back by watchmen, in order to witness the spectacle of the season, the scene which presented itself was one of wild disorder.

A great assemblage of pretentious and grotesque figures, who for the most part could

do little else to assume foreign, and cast-off native characters, strutted, stalked, shambléd, stamped, bawled, growled, and squeaked amidst a chorus of loud remarks, shouts of laughter, and roars of derision. Communication between all save the initiated was next to impossible.

Lady Bell and Captain Fane lost themselves, and what was worse could not find each other, in spite of the magnet which each formed for the other, and the conclusive test which each believed he or she could apply to the other.

"This is the very paradise of fools," thought the not very tolerant sailor, as he elbowed his way along, and doggedly resisted the audacious attacks on his notice made in very wantonness, or on mistaken premises.

"No, I won't ogle that intolerable shepherdess, Lady Bell never perpetrated such a crook."

"If Columbus keep raking me with his glass, as if I sailed in command of his ship's consort, I'll be tempted to give him a knock on the head with his own telescope. He sail a carvel or discover new lands! He is only fit for the tub of that Diogenes which Dick Turpin has kicked over!"

"What a game for grown men and women! all the rank, wealth, and intelligence of England engaged in it, as the news prints will have it to-morrow."

"Where on earth can Lady Bell be? She is not that fair one with the locks of gold—borrowed locks clearly—over her own dark hair. No, this lady is several inches too tall, and she walks like a stork, instead of footing it like a fairy."

"Crossing the line is a joke to this. The Jack Tars have more point in their gambols. Avast! Yonder goes Neptune with his trident, summoned by my words from the vasty deep. But I'll have none of him. I have enough of him on his own element, to be let off from the contact here."

"Lady Bell is not walking in the minuet. What does she mean by thus giving me the slip? How do I know what harm she may be running into in the confounded freedom of this masquerade? All the rage is for adventures, pleasant or unpleasant. I suppose every pretty woman will be mortally disappointed if she do not have her share. Oh heavens! the folly of women, and oh heavens! the folly of men—of a pretended Timon in shabby blue jacket for thinking to mend them."

But Captain Fane was not there in a blue jacket, shabby or otherwise, else he might not have sought far and wide, in vain. He had, between ignorance and a spice of spite at Lady Bell, because she would not afford him a clue to her character for the evening, taken no more distinctive disguise than one of the abounding black dominoes or loose cloaks, of which there were scores in the room, worn by lazy, shy, or proud men and women, many of the former of much the same height as Captain Fane.

After all the domino, as proved by continental patronage, and by its invariable use on the part of those who had covert designs to prosecute at this or any other masquerade, was the one sufficient and safe disguise in which men and women could glide here and there, and appear and disappear miraculously in the crowd.

But wearers of dominoes who wished to be known, must wait for the late hour when every guest was to remove his or her mask, and step forth in proper identity.

Captain Fane's temper was not his strong point, and his disposition was not accommodating. He was too ruffled and piqued to receive any comfort from the prospect of a humiliating confession of defeat, and a petition for mercy.

In the meantime, if her vexed partner could have known it, poor Lady Bell was not enjoying this masquerade, to which she had looked forward with keen, girlish zest and a softer interest. She had the sore humiliation—granted it was by her own fault, to be recognised by a multitude of her set, of Mrs. Lascelles' friends and of Lady Bell's danglers, and yet to remain unrecognised by the one man whose recognition she craved.

Lady Bell had dressed herself as a gipsy fortune-teller, in a remarkably respectable rustic gown—for a gipsy, in the authentic red cloak and kerchief over her head, with a pack of incorrectly clean cards. But, unfortunately, fortune-telling, though not so plentiful as blackberries or dominoes, abounded to the degree that Captain Fane, himself undistinguished, passed at a little distance without eliciting a spark of the magnetic influence, the very woman who was swaying him in spite of his reason, almost of his conscience, who was filling him with a strong, untrained heart's concentrated love, which in contrast with the calculating spent loves of the jaded hearts around, was fit to work like madness in the brain.

Lady Bell was greatly chagrined, half angry with Captain Fane for being horribly, unaccountably stupid, half doubtful, with a

pang, if he who continued hidden from her, as she from him, were really in the room. Something might have happened, a sudden appointment to a ship, an accident — his being stopped, and wounded as well as robbed, on his way to the ball—a malicious story heard to her discredit, for he was precise in his notions, and stern in upholding them, as she knew from her experience at the water party.

Sailors had two standing-points from which they regarded women. The one standing-point was that of coarser salt-water Lovelaces and Lotharios, to whom no woman was sacred, and who trusted none. The other was that of Turks, who locked up their women in western harems, and exacted from the women the meekest domesticity.

Harry Fane was no profligate Lovelace, Lady Bell was sure; but she was not equally certain that he might not develop into a rigid, caustic captain of his own household.

Lady Bell had murmured loudly at the moroseness of poor old Squire Trevor, when she, as a silly child, had tried his patience; should she not be a fool indeed to put herself, as a woman, in the power of another master?

And this would not be a fine gentleman who might neglect and be unfaithful to her, and still be suave and tolerant to her faults, having consideration of his own grievous sins.

This would be another sour and savage man, rendered a hundred times more formidable in his prime by the weapons which her love and his would put into his hands to pierce both their hearts.

Yet she was old and wise enough to know that infinitely worse might befall her. What a poor chance there was for women of her class and culture in life! Humbler women might be more stolid, less alive to their injuries, abler to keep their own.

These were sad reflections to qualify the noisy nonsense of a masquerade. Lady Bell was very sorry for herself, and soon grew weary of the amusement. She discovered that it was rarely dependent on the lively cleverness which could enter into the spirit of the game and play it out well. The ball was kept up rather by the impudence and effrontery which could break through every restraint, and could administer and endorse, without flinching, the rudest rebuffs.

The Troubadours, King Alfreds, and Friar Tucks, the Abbesses, Beggar Girls, and Sapphos, aimed more frequently at outraging than at expressing their *rôles*. It was regarded as the best joke when the Troubadour flung away his guitar, King Alfred hobnobbed with Captain Macheath, and Friar Tuck swam, sauntered, and sniffed at a vinaigrette. In like manner fair applause was won by the Abbess entering into an open flirtation with a soldier of fortune; by the Beggar Girl complaining peevishly of the liberties taken by a courtier, who had trodden on her beggar's trappings; and by Sappho, while oppressed with a "snivelling cold," and beset by a most pronounced Devonshire dialect, indulging in entirely prosaic and matter-of-fact remarks.

No doubt, the abuse of the characters adopted, was a great deal more easily attained than the use would have been, and, making allowance for the average limits of human intellect, the people were wise in their generation. But the effect was disappointing to an enthusiastic young Lady Bell.

The affair did not stop at a brilliant burlesque—it went as far as an earlier screaming farce.

Lady Bell began to grow timid and nervous as the mirth grew faster and more furious. She clung to the support of any acquaintance such as Mrs. Lascelles—who, the wish being father to the thought, possibly, personated the widow loved by Sir Roger de Coverley—in passing through the heaving, changing groups.

Captain Fane was wrong in one suspicion: Lady Bell did not seek adventures. On the contrary, when she saw the bold license to which they tended, she shrank back from them; she had very soon ceased to play the rustic fortune-teller, as she had begun to play it with innocent spirit and pains. She was ashamed of thinking of acting where hardly any one else acted.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE "COMMON DOMINO."

Lady Bell continued, however, to pay the penalty for the choice of a character, by being accosted on the part of numerous Indian conjurors, sailors, Roman emperors, all uniting in the demand that she should tell them their fortunes. Neither was the demand made in formal histrionic phrase, but in free and easy modern language, spoken by voices teasingly familiar to her.

But Lady Bell was so bewildered and vexed because all her boasted penetration had failed her, that not having succeeded in detecting the one, she would not take the trouble to identify the many. She guessed some of these masquers were Sir George

Waring, Lord Boscobel, Colonel Selby; but she did not care to come to a decision. What was it to her who they were?

The gentlemen were not so indifferent or irresolute about the secret of the graceful little fortune-teller. Fine gentlemen though they were, and at their own ball, they were importunate and aggressive, until their advances became irksome and offensive to Lady Bell. She grew sick of them, and the whole riotous company, and wished herself with all her heart well out of it—out of town—back to her peaceful Summerhill, with her calm, beneficent Mrs. Sundon.

Lady Bell absolutely declined doing any more palmistry, and put off the pressing claimants on her powers with as much determination as she could summon to her aid on the spur of the moment.

"No, no, sirs, the stars are not in the ascendant," she said, with a very sincere sigh, "the cards won't shuffle. You must go to another fortune-teller."

"To no other, most unpropitious Sybil," asserted one voice.

"Let me shuffle your cards," suggested another, offering to take the tools of Lady Bell's trade for the night out of her hands.



Page 513.

"I'll cross your hand with gold, my girl," said a third, and at the same time presumed to seize Lady Bell's disengaged hand.

Lady Bell was roused to a more energetic renunciation of her character.

"I won't be bribed. See here!" she cried.

And raising the spread-out pack of cards, she scattered them far and near.

Her action was partly misunderstood, and some of her followers stopped to pick up the cards, as Lady Bell had hoped they would. She moved on directly, but in the little scuffle she had already been separated from her party. For the moment the crowd had closed in between them, and Lady Bell found herself alone in her disguise, exposed to rougher horse play.

Any masquer who saw a woman alone in the crowd might regard her, charitably, in Captain Fane's strain, as a lady looking out for adventures. Whether so looking out, or innocent of such an intention, the mere fact of her having foolishly exposed herself, con-

stituted her good game for the buffoonery of the masquerade.

Yet Lady Bell's trepidation did not amount to panic, and she assured herself that it was silly, for she had simply to take off her mask, and show that she was Lady Bell Trevor, in order to find friends, and be freed from molestation. Any woman who had ever sustained a serious misadventure at a masquerade, like most women who sustained misadventures in a wider sphere—the world, had only been too willing to undergo the infliction, or had yielded to a private reason for risking it, and either way had themselves to thank for their humiliation.

But Lady Bell was certainly unwilling to plead helplessness, crave pity, and virtually acknowledge that her natural dignity did not stand her in good stead. Moreover, the acknowledgment ought not to be required of her; for already some who knew her, as she was convinced, though it was their present cue to conceal their knowledge, were there. Sir George Waring and Colonel Selby, the first as Sir Roger de Coverley, the second as the Lord Chancellor of England, had come up with her, holding some of her cards in their hands.

Lady Bell, however, was tired, shaken. She could think of no other resource than that of flying from her persecutors with as much speed as she could command, or the crowd would allow. While she hurried along she held down her head, and tried not to listen to besieging addresses, suggesting in her attitude something of the aspect of Ferdinand seeking vainly to shake off Ariel's tricksy sprites; notwithstanding that Lady Bell's foes were of more solid substance.

The group arrested the attention of a domino, who at once made for it, catching up by chance as he did so one of the fortune-teller's cards which dropped from a gentleman's hand. While he joined in the pursuit, which was attracting notice, he heard bets laid on the race which caused his blood to boil, little as bets meant at a time when men wagered on drops running down a window-pane, on an old woman's hobbling, or on the hours that a sick man might live.

The prize might be nothing to Captain Fane, for it was possibly a case of mistaken identity where he was concerned; and even if he were in the right, he was ignorant and jealous of Lady Bell's reason for keeping herself hidden from him, as it seemed.

It might very well be that she would resent his interference. He could not help remembering, though she had sought to atone for it, how she had treated his opposition at the water party.

He might reap no thanks, only anger and disgust as the result of his officiousness. But for her sake he would venture all.

He scrawled with his pencil on the card which he had appropriated. "Do you wish to get away and go home without waiting for the unmasking? I shall put you into a chair—say yes, and I shall be satisfied that I am right."

He pushed forward in advance of the others and thrust the card into Lady Bell's hand.

She glanced mechanically at the writing, with which she was not sufficiently acquainted for it to show the writer. But the electric shock was given at last, she had not the slightest fear of trusting herself with that domino. "Oh yes!" she drew a long sigh of relief and joy, standing still and speaking in her natural tones.

"A swindle, a cheat, madam!" shouted the wildest of her train; "you decline to read our fortunes, and you answer the first question put to you by an interloper."

"Gentlemen," interposed the domino, speaking in cold tones of indisputable authority and sober reason, "the lady is fatigued with the foolery, and wishes to go home. I suppose you do not interfere with the inclinations of your guests?"

The gentlemen looked at each other and paused discomfited.

"Sold, my lord."

"I wish you joy, Sir George, of your successful rival."

"Devil take him, who can he be? never heard that my lady had any troublesome appendage—country cousin, parson in disguise, former husband come alive again, late husband come to light."

Before the exclamations burst forth, the domino was leading the fortune-teller through the crowd, compelling a passage for her, to the door of the room, out into the vestibule, down the stairs, at the foot of which they stopped, and he bade a watchman call a chair.

Then Lady Bell took off her mask, and he pulled off his, and each smiled forgiving and forgiven in the face of the other, while the servants and their company thought the two a proper couple (though Harry was no Adonis), and on plain enough terms.

But the lady and gentleman were not bent on one of the clandestine expeditions and frantic escapades in which masquerades frequently ended, since they would not set

about it barefaced. Therefore the pair being manifestly honest, were left to themselves, unmolested by the kind souls that liked to look on them from a little distance. In addition Lady Bell and Captain Fane were deficient to the apprehension of their more or less debased fellow-creatures in what are to them essential elements of thrilling interest, crime and shame.

"I am so glad to get out of it—I shall never wish to go to a masquerade again. But could you find no better disguise than a common domino?" Lady Bell began to recover herself, and to pout the least in the world, "There were scores of dominos like this," she hinted regretfully, putting a little finger shyly on a fold of the objectionable domino.

"Could my Lady Bell not dress up herself more fitly than in the cloak of a gipsy fortune-teller, when there were crowns and sceptres, wands and wings, in the room?" the gentleman reproached his partner with delirious fervour, softly grasping a corner of the maligned cloak.

"I saw no acting," cried Lady Bell in a flurry, to render the conversation less personal. "A strolling troop, in a barn, would have managed infinitely better. This was all fudge and lampooning. I did not ask for true acting, but I expected something nearer to it from persons of refinement and education. I am going to have the real thing to-morrow."

"Tell me where, Lady Bell," he asked.

"I am going to the play, sir, the veritable play; no wonder everybody rushes to Covent Garden and Drury Lane, though some pretend that there are private theatricals worth listening to, I should feel inclined to doubt it, after to-night. I am to have a box in company with Miss Greathead, of Guy's Cliff, who knows Mrs. Siddons—she is taking the Londoners' hearts by storm, after they nearly broke her heart years ago."

"How do you know that?" he asked for the mere sake of hearing her speak and detaining her a moment longer.

"Oh, I know Mrs. Siddons finely," she sparkled back upon him, enjoying what she imagined to be his curiosity, "and perhaps some day," she lowered her voice inadvertently and the tell-tale colour leapt up in her cheeks, "I shall tell you how she and I came to be personal friends. You have never seen her? Then you have never seen such a genius on the boards. Miss Yates is nothing to her; she eclipses Mr. Garrick himself."

He was not caring for geniuses on the boards at that moment, however much he might care for them at another. What were the stage and its stars to Harry Fane, when Lady Bell had availed herself of his assistance, had preferred his protection to that of any man of her set at the masquerade, when the words, "Some day I shall tell you how she and I came to be personal friends," were ringing sweetly in his ears?

CHAPTER XXXVII.—ROMEO AND JULIET ON THE STAGE, AND IN LADY BELL TREVOR AND MISS GREATHEAD'S BOX.

Harry Fane found it easier to join Lady Bell in her box with Miss Greathead at Covent Garden, than at the masquerade ball. Notwithstanding that the tide which had turned and was bearing the great actress on to fortune, was so full in its rush, that the crowd at White's was nothing to the jammed mass filling to suffocation the huge theatre.

In the private box Miss Greathead, the other "Lady of Quality" was considerate and generous.

She had been telling Lady Bell that she remembered when Miss Kemble came to Miss Greathead's mother's house in the capacity of a waiting gentlewoman. She had struck everybody with her commanding beauty and her magnificent reading, and she had secured the friendship of each member of the family, so that though she soon quitted Guy's Cliff to be married to her rejected lover, and to return to the boards,—her true sphere,—her friends continued to watch her struggles and her progress with interest and rejoicing. So long as she and they lived, Sarah Siddons would be welcome among the Greatheads.

Miss Greathead brought her story to a close abruptly, and made room for the young officer in naval uniform.

He looked a quiet, reserved, brave man, rather than a crowing, bullying cock of fashion. At the same time he had been indefatigable in scaling banisters, and leaping partitions in order to reach the door of Lady Bell Trevor and Miss Greathead's box. He deserved the seat which he had won next Lady Bell, though, poor fellow, he might not fill it long—and it might be to his loss that he filled it at all.

Miss Greathead in her woman's heart, while she counselled expediency and condemned imprudence with the rest of the quality, guessed what sitting together for an hour or two was to a couple between whom there might soon roll the seas which divide

an old world from a new, and seas alive with transports, frigates, squadrons, hastening to meet the tug of war.

The pair were young fools (Miss Greathead was shocked at Lady Bell Trevor—the daughter of an earl, though a spendthrift earl, a jointured widow, though her jointure was not great, while the officer by his uniform was no more than a Captain, and was not a private "fortune," else he could hardly have failed to be known by name to Miss Greathead—she could not think what Lady Bell meant by thus preparing misery for herself and another). But what would you have? such fools abounded, would not the world be worse if it wanted them? Mrs. Siddons was about to play just such another fool.

At least the sailor must fill his seat as a silent partner, for Mrs. Siddons's acting, and the pit which hung breathless on her words, permitted no chatter in the boxes or elsewhere.

The play was that of *Romeo and Juliet*.*

When Mrs. Siddons took the part of Juliet, she ventured on a new and bold stroke in the middle of her success. Since Lady Bell, a fancy-free childish girl, though a fugitive wife, had been stirred to weep and smile, and hang breathless over the histories of Isabella, Mrs. Beverley, and Euphrasia, Mrs. Siddons had risen to a much loftier range of characters, to her mature master-pieces of Lady Macbeth, Constance, Queen Katherine.

But for that very reason it appeared doubtful if she could descend from her height of ripe majestic matronhood to the dramatist's idea of the single-hearted love-born Italian girl. Even Mrs. Siddons's superbly developed personal traits might turn to faults and work against her in the attempt to personate the slender, tender daughter of the Capulets.

But no sooner did the enchantress come before her judges and begin to weave her spells, than the velvet eyes, with their rich lashes, the white pillars of arms with their regal sweep, became the fond dreamy eyes, the loving, clinging arms inspired by the soul of youthful, radiant, all defying passion in Juliet.

These two—Lady Bell and Captain Fane—looked at, and listened to their own story. True, they were not of sufficiently mighty quality to belong to great rival houses, but the couple belonged in a measure to different classes. Lady Bell might aspire to prospects as far a-head of the naval Captain at her side, though he was born and bred in her rank, as were a Vice-Admiral's commission, and Westminster Abbey.

The circumstance that the difference between Lady Bell and Captain Fane was comparatively slight, only rendered it more cruel if it were to part them since it did anything save prevent the rose from smelling as sweet.

To sit together at such a play interpreted by so consummate an actress, and an actor who was not immeasurably behind her, was to sit like the guilty King and Queen of Denmark and witness their crime shadowed forth by the players. But whereas it was the past which was held up before the shrinking eyes of the Royal Danes, it seemed a dazzling glimpse of the future which was vouchsafed to these lovers.

The secret of Lady Bell and Captain Fane, so far as it had remained any secret to them, was spoken out in Shakespeare's words and by Siddons's and Kemble's voices. The true lovers there of whom the others were but a vivid realisation, sat with heaving breasts, flushed faces, and eyes fixed on the stage, and dared not glance at each other (did not need to for that matter) each to understand what the other felt—save once or twice.

At the masqued ball in the Capulets' house, when fortune favoured the brave so signally as to find the daring intruder his fit partner in the daughter of the house, in a trice, Captain Fane and Lady Bell turned simultaneously to smile at each other and to afford opportunity for the whisper on his part, "That fellow was in luck—he was not long in receiving his prize."

At the first suggestion of a private marriage, Captain Fane again sought and received a look with irresistible fascination. "Do you mark that," said the swift meaning glance of his eyes, before which Lady Bell's eyes swam and fell as they had never swum and fallen before.

There might have been many more pairs of lovers in the great crowded house that night, taking to themselves, making a personal matter of the play and its playing, thus failing to view it in a speculative and critical light.

But there was absolutely nobody to whom Shakespeare and the Kembles were rant and fustian, who was moved to laugh when the players wept, to joke and shrug when they raved.

There was something marvellous in the unanimity of the sympathy, in the multitude swayed like one man by the poet and the

* This is a double anachronism, Mrs. Siddons did not play in town again till later, and did not play Juliet till later still.

players, till the old Italian tragedy in its passion and its piteousness, lived again.

Women clasped their hands and prayed for mercy on the young lovers, sobbed as Juliet drank the potion and composed herself to the semblance—too complete of death,—and shrieked and swooned when Romeo met Paris at the tomb—when swords were crossed and the boy husband who believed himself widowed in the green accomplishment of his vows, piercing and pierced, fell for ever.

Men drew long breaths, and swore deep oaths as over their professional contests, their tussles in Parliaments, their meetings at Chalk Farm, their long seats at the green board.

We have it on recent record, that in one row in the orchestra there sat to see Mrs. Siddons play, men whose names are not forgotten, no, nor will be, "Reynolds, Burke, Gibbon, Sheridan, Windham, Fox." These men were not babies, but "the tears were seen running down their dark faces."

The theatre was a power in those days, and the excitement which crossed and suspended the excitement of gaming tables and lottery drawings, was in the main a wholesome and saving excitement. Mrs. Siddons made a figure in Lady Bell's history which sounds strange nowadays. Not only did the actress chance to interfere between the girl and imminent destitution, an incident which might in itself be passed over like any other fortuitous incident, but at the crisis of Lady Bell's history, John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons played Romeo and Juliet, before Captain Fane and Lady Bell, and the players had much to answer for.

A great deal which did come to pass might never have been. Human nature partially roused might have struggled in vain with its swaddling-bands, and sunk back into hopeless helplessness, unable to compass, within the course of a few days, its deliverance by one bold stoke. The opportunity once lost might never have returned. But in the very striking of the clock *Romeo and Juliet* was played.

What hearts must have been stirred to their depths by the grand acting of the grand old players! What moral revolutions must have been wrought out, what life and death actions compelled transforming ordinary men and women into heroes and heroines! It would be curious if it were possible to make such a reckoning.

It may be said to the sceptical of such influences who have only sought for them in the theatre of to-day, what woman shrieks and swoons in the theatre now? what man, even, is seized with strong hysterics, as happened once, among the throng who panted, sweated, quivered to leap on the stage, rush to the rescue, or be in at the death?

We live in a hypercritical and cynical age, and are proud of the fact. We should never have been touched by Dr. Dodd's enunciation of "Mesopotamia"—it is to be feared not even by George Whitefield's breathing forth of "Amen," neither by the sham nor by the reality.

Besides, we are misled by visions of our ancestors taking snuff and looking on at executions, and think that they felt very little, and that in the wrong place. Whereas we are the very same men and women, except that we are triply bound by certain refinements and restraints, and are pleased to hug our bonds.

Lady Bell had cried with the best, palpitated and quaked over Romeo and Juliet. She had never once felt disturbed by the remembrance, as a modern playgoer would have felt disturbed—nay, would have taken credit for the feeling, that she had been behind the scenes with this Juliet, had helped her to nurse her children, add up her bills, and eat her prosaic meals.

Lady Bell was not so carping and invidious. She was more womanly; she was inclined to go to the opposite extreme in her reception of the play and in the effect which it had upon her.

"This Juliet was a sweet victim," Miss Greathead had declared, wiping her eyes when all was over. "But one must confess she had little more than her deserts. How would it be with any girl in our days, who should be as disobedient and deceitful and monstrously rash as Mistress Juliet showed herself?"

"Oh, Miss Greathead," protested Lady Bell, forgetting everything in the eagerness of her argument, "I don't go in for the disobeying and deceiving her parents—only they were so mad in their feud, that what could she ever hope for from their reason or their duty? They drove her to the climax of her disobedience and deceit, and that after she had consented to be Romeo's. Why, madam," Lady Bell paused, clasped her hands expressively, and exclaimed irrestrainably, "I should have done the very same."

"What! swallowed that horrid drug, and taken the doubtful consequences—the only thing certain that she should overwhelm her

father and mother and whole kindred in a horrid waste of grief? Then, when she did wake up in the dreadful shadowy tomb, because the first glimmer of light proved to her that the dangerous stratagem had been in vain, and she had lost her lover——my dear, many a woman has to lose her lover," Miss Greathead broke off, and fanned herself, while a quiver passed over her features, "think of this American war, and the French wars, and the Scotch rebellion, and all that they cost. But to count the world lost, and refuse to live any longer without the one man! It was selfish and cowardly, as well as blasphemous, for her to fall on his sword, and make an end of it."

Lady Bell shivered.

"There need not have been any use of violence," she murmured after a pause, speaking from the prompting of her heart—"unless, indeed, it was because the young Italian girl was too sorry for herself. A living death would soon have killed her; and if it had not, death in life would have been the greater tribute of the two."

"Lady Bell," said Captain Fane in her ear, taking her hand and holding it fast and tight, as they left the box and wended their slow way after Miss Greathead, whom a friend was conducting to a coffee-house for supper, "I have something to say to you, and you know it, while you have not the heart to deny me the liberty of saying it. I am sure of this much after to-night. Oh, the happiness of knowing that your heart is on my side! What are the heaviest obstacles after that gracious encouragement? But I must speak where we shall not be interrupted. Will you be my love, and will you meet me on the Mall, where I shall be walking by nine o'clock to-morrow morning, long before there will be any company abroad?"

Lady Bell hung her head and trembled, and would almost have drawn back, frightened at the result which she had helped to provoke.

"You will not be true to yourself and to me if you refuse me such an interview," he put it. "I shan't detain you a moment against your will; do you think I should, or wilfully expose you or your good name? Ah, never; you know me better than think that. But although you have no parents to control you, and are even independent of guardians, you are so young, my darling, and it is such a miserable match for you."

"Hush, hush," Lady Bell stopped him. "You don't know how unworthy I am—what a vain, pleasure-loving, headstrong creature."

"You shall have the best, the purest pleasure that I can procure for you," bragged Harry. "But all your friends will oppose a marriage between us, especially at this time, when I may get orders any day to sail for America. Even my friends, Sir Peter and Lady Sundon, will be scandalized—as if their house had not proved a snare to me, and as if they were answerable for their pirate of a kinsman snatching at the treasure which he came across."

"I am my own mistress," said Lady Bell, giving a welcome specimen of the wilfulness of which she had spoken. "No one has any right to say anything to me against my choice—as if I would listen!—unless my dear Mrs. Sundon. Oh, I hope she will not think we have been close and sly. I have writ and told her that I thought one gentleman very different from the rest whom I met in town, and that I imagined she would like him. Only I made a mistake; for I fancied at first that he would be more to her taste than mine. But, sir, I do not grant that you have any title to hear what I write in my private correspondence with my friend." She made a faint attempt at playfulness.

"Don't you?" questioned Harry, showing that, glum as he had sometimes been in Lady Bell's company, his was not the faint heart which could not win a fair lady. "What presumption I have been guilty of! I leaped to the conclusion that there was to be no more secrets between us, and that you would write to me myself for my consolation in our parting."

At that word of parting Lady Bell came fluttering down from her proud little perch, and nestled to him in an instant.

"Harry," she said, "I shall meet you to-morrow if you bid me. But take care what you bid me, for I trust you entirely."

"God do so and more to me if I fail you," swore Harry Fane.

"And don't mind any foolish pother people make. I shall not mind it much. Only I hope they will not be very rude and disagreeable on your account. Here is the coffee-house; and mind we must behave ourselves, unless we would have our engagement talked of all over the town before it is fairly concluded."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—THE MEETING ON THE MALL.

By nine o'clock next morning a young naval officer was pacing the Mall of St.

James's under the interlaced boughs of the still leafless trees. He formed a conspicuous figure among the porters, tradesmen's boys, shopwomen, and message girls—all who were then to be seen on the old promenade, which had still its fashionable frequenters at stated hours later in the day.

But conspicuous or unconspicuous, there was no one whose observation was likely to signify to the gentleman, or to the lady who, taking an early walk, attended by her maid, might encounter him, and consent to his attendance for the rest of the way.

The weather, which had been boasting that spring was come a fortnight before, had reversed its sentence now that March was not only coursing in the blood and in the sap of the trees, but recorded in the calendar, and insisted that the season was no other than midwinter. A raw, surly east wind was blowing; a grey sky was overhead; the turf of the park looked pinched; the leaflets of the trees stood arrested—their green turned to sickly yellow. The little birds retained their songs in their breasts, and only chirped disconsolately in a croaking fashion, as they hopped from bough to bough to keep themselves warm.

Captain Fane, with his cocked hat pulled down to his eyebrows, looked grave and almost grim as he paced the Mall.

Captain Fane's patience was not tried on the occasion. He had not half crossed the park when a little figure guarded from the chill morning air and from prying eyes by being enveloped in a furred mantle and a capuchin, came towards him.

The figure was followed by a faithful maid in her white cap and pattens, walking discreetly behind.

The lady advanced, woman fashion, as if she did not see the gentleman, but had been enticed out by the fineness of the disagreeable morning, and the company on the deserted Mall. She looked over her shoulder to speak to her maid. She tacked, as she picked her steps from side to side of the Mall, like one of the ships in his squadron when the wind was chopping afresh every minute. The figure, with its halting, wavering, but unmistakable progress in his direction, quickened the gentleman's steps in accordance with his bounding pulses, and sent him straight as a launch to meet it.

Captain Fane was deeply sensible of the boon granted to him; but even as he held Lady Bell's hand in his own, his face continued grave and contracted with trouble and pain. The first words which he said as he turned and walked by her side, giving, not offering his arm, were words of warning in breaking bad news.

"It is well that you have been as good as your word, dearest, well for your own tender heart as for my comfort in remembrance, since our first meeting is like to be our last. Orders from the Admiralty were waiting my return last night. I did not know, but it was just possible that the *Thunderbomb* might be put in dock to lie high and dry for months. I had even entertained the thought—but that was before I saw you and lost my head with my heart—oh! sweet Bell, I'll go bail you have much to account for—of seeking to get an appointment to another ship, lest I should be kept hanging about long on shore. Long! The time has passed like a summer day which is all but ended. The *Thunderbomb* is to hold itself in readiness to weigh anchor on or about the 15th, to sail with a detachment of troops for Boston."

Lady Bell had heard him without interruption till this. "Going away, away from me, Harry!" she cried, struck by the blow, "to join the ranks of war, and dare the stormy seas while these words we have spoken are yet on our lips! No, no, it cannot be."

"My love, I would I could say no and comfort you. Guess, then, what it must be for me to leave you," he appealed to her.

"Then, don't leave me," pled Lady Bell desperately. "Oh, Harry Fane, I have been so lonely all my life, an orphan, a loveless wife—I could not help it; I could not love poor Mr. Trevor after he had forced me, a persecuted child, to marry him—till I found Sunny. You need not look disappointed. She has been the dearest, best of friends and sisters to me; but I am frighted I have misled her. I know I would leave her for my lover, my true husband. Will you leave me after this alone again? Cruel Harry! Lady Sundon was right. You are a hard, stubborn man."

"Alas! dear, how can I help it?—I, who would give my best chance of promotion—well-nigh my life, if—not the Admiralty, but the Powers above, would suffer me to remain with you only three months," he protested passionately. "It may not be, Lady Bell—I cannot even pray for it."

"And yet you only half approve of this war," she reminded him pertinaciously.

"That is true," he owned; "and more than I are in the same, or a worse, predicament. Lord Effingham has followed the example of Viscount Pitt, in requesting leave to retire from the service; and Captain Wil-

son, an Irishman, who obtained his commission by raising a hundred and thirty men off his own estate, and who has served with the greatest credit for sixteen years, has also laid down his sword."

"Then why cannot you do the same?" she implored him reproachfully.

"Because I do not see it to be my duty," he said firmly. "I don't approve of every tittle of the laws and their execution. For instance, a miserable lad of fifteen was hanged t'other day for some petty theft—it may have been no more than the filching of a sixpence, for which they tell me again a wretched fellow swung at Tyburn; but that is not to say that I am not to maintain the laws which are just and good in the main. This is no time to pick holes in the services, but to build them up with our bodies and blood, and let reformation follow in due time. For anything else—even to be with you, it would be rank selfishness."

"You are too strong and wise for me," she said a little bitterly, averting her head.

"You would not have me sacrifice honour and duty," he pressed her in his turn, "what every true man is bound to maintain in the name of God and his fellows, whatever else he give up? Remember the line of the song you sang the last time I stood by the harpsichord in Cleveland Court:—

'I could not love thee, dear, so well,
Loved I not honour more.'

Sailors, like soldiers, belong specially to their king and country. Would you wish your sailor to stain his blue jacket?"

"No, no, I would have you my best of men," yielded Lady Bell, with a great sob; "but I doubt my heart is broke, for I cannot follow you into danger, and if—if——"

She failed in framing the conclusion, that the man she loved, and who had just told her his love, standing there in his flower of youth, health, and strength, might ere long fall on the deck, slippery with blood, never to rise again, or sink in the trough of an engulphing wave, and be washed far beyond the ken of friend or foe.

Lady Bell broke into piteous tears. She had been, as she said, so lonely, constrained, in a measure, to be self-sufficing, till she had found a friend, and then a love.

He had taught her in the shortest space to be prouder of his love than of all else belonging to her. She had been right willing to lay down for him her pride of birth and beauty and a belle's worldly expectations. She had consented gladly to resign that belleship, to affront the great world, and, as an anti-climax after her triumphs, to make a poor love marriage.

But it was all in vain. No such voluntary offering was required of her. Her new-found love was snatched from her. Her life was emptied of its fulness at the fullest, just when she had begun to know how rich and rapturous life might be.

"Would it have been a relief to you," asked Captain Fane slowly, "though I would never have consented to your facing hardship, ('fore George, to think of my Lady Bell being exposed for me!)—if all this had occurred months later, and in the interval we had braved the cold displeasure, or the hot wrath, of friends, and were wed, man and wife, whom no man, nothing save death, could put asunder? Would it have made a difference if you could have gone out with me, as some of the civil authorities, Mr. Eden and others—ay, some of the officers too, have carried out their wives?"

"Oh, Harry, it would have been heaven compared to this!" exclaimed Lady Bell.

"What!" he cried, half with tender wonder, half covetous to have the fond assurance repeated, "you would cross the seas, and rough it among rough sailors on board ship, and you so young and delicate. You would dwell among strangers, many of them hostile—some say with a good cause; but it is too late to do aught but fight its righteousness or unrighteousness now—and we sailors might be called on to help to take stores up the country, while we were dependent on the fidelity of our barbarous allies, the Indians. You were never in a foreign country. You never even tried living on board ship."

"Never, never," corroborated Lady Bell, so heartily, that there was something like cheerfulness in her tone. "But I should be with you, and what would I mind besides? Do you think I am a coward, sir, or a peevish woman, fit for nothing but to miss my comforts, and make a moan? Don't call the sailors rough, when you are a sailor."

"Then I am delivered from a very great temptation," admitted Harry Fane honestly.

"Don't return thanks for it," she forbade him quickly, "when it is my loss. Oh, Harry! I am yours—yours in our hearts; but I would I were yours so that no man could contradict it, anyhow or anywhere," sighed Lady Bell, clinging to him with a creeping quailing foretaste of all the evils which might be wrought by distance, time, the remonstrances of friends, the misrepresentations of enemies.

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.

By W. B. CARPENTER, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., President of the British Association.

PART II.—ITS RESULTS (*concluded*).

THE revelations of the Spectroscope in regard to the Stars are not limited to their Chemistry and Physics; for this wonderful instrument has been turned to account also in detecting *changes of place* among them, which the most exact measurements that can be made by any application of the Telescope would fail to indicate. It has long been known to Astronomers that the Stars are not "fixed" in space, as we are accustomed to suppose; the positions of many of them in the heavens having sensibly changed since those positions were first accurately recorded. Sir William Herschel, who was the first to study these changes systematically, set himself to determine how far these changes of position might be accounted for by attributing them to a motion of the Sun, carrying the Planetary system along with it; and he came to the conclusion that a large part of them might fairly be considered as simple changes in our perspective view, depending upon a progressive motion of the Sun towards a point in the constellation Hercules. But he perceived that there were certain changes of relative position which could not be thus explained, and which indicate *proper* motions of the Stars that exhibit them; and subsequent research has fully confirmed the conclusions of Herschel, alike as to the motion of the Sun, and as to the proper motions of a large number of Stars.

Now it is obvious that the ordinary measuring instruments of the Astronomer can only give him the angular positions of the heavenly bodies in the Celestial sphere, corresponding to Latitudes and Longitudes on the Terrestrial globe; and can only show him such *changes* in their places, as would express themselves in changes in his line of sight. Thus if a Star move upwards or downwards, to the right or to the left, the direction of the axis of his telescope must be altered accordingly. But if the Star be moving *along* his line of sight, so that its distance from him increases or diminishes, he will have no other means than a change in its brightness, of estimating the amount of that increase or diminution. So, again, he will be unable to determine, when the motion of a Star crosses his line of sight, whether its motion is at right angles, so that its distance from him remains the same, or whether it is oblique,—an angular motion being combined with an alteration of distance.

Now here the Spectroscopist comes to the aid of the Astronomical observer, and furnishes him with a means of determining *change of distance*, which is so wonderful, and withal so simple (when its principle is rightly understood), as to deserve a somewhat detailed explanation.

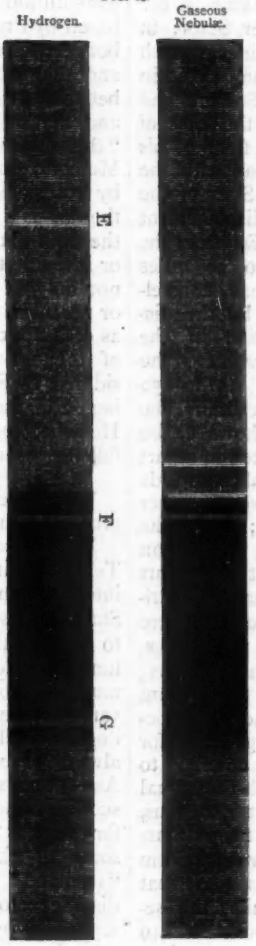
In order to explain the manner in which this is effected, we must revert to the principle stated in our first paper (p. 359), that the *essential* difference between the several rays of the Solar Spectrum is one of *refrangibility*, depending on differences in the *rates* of the undulations by which they are propagated; their diversity in *colour* being due to the impressions which rays of various wave-rates make upon the human eye. Now as the rate at which Light *travels* is the same for rays of every colour, it is obvious that the *lengths* of the undulations will be inversely proportional to their rates. Every one who has crossed the English or Irish Channel knows the difference between a "long swell" and a "short sea." This difference has nothing to do with the rate of *travel* of the waves, which may or may not be the same in both cases. Supposing it to be the same, and that the onward motion is at the rate of 100 yards per minute, then it is evident that if *ten* waves pass a boat at anchor every minute, the length of each wave will be 10 yards; whilst if *twenty* waves pass the boat in a minute, the length of each wave will be only 5 yards. In speaking of luminous undulations, it is found more convenient to speak of wave-*lengths*, than of wave-*rates*. And it will be remembered that the wave-length of the *red* rays is nearly double that of the *violet* rays,—the wave-lengths of the intermediate colours of the Spectrum showing a gradation between the one and the other.

But if, by any means, the wave-length of a particular ray could be changed, its *place* in the spectrum would also be changed, and even its *colour* would be altered if that change were sufficiently great. That such an alteration in the wave-lengths of luminous rays must be produced by either an increase or a diminution in our distance from their source, can be very easily made evident. Supposing, as in the case just quoted, that

instead of counting the waves as they pass him, a man were to swim to *meet* them; it is obvious that he would encounter more in a given time than if he were stationary, and that the intervals between them would be *to him* proportionally reduced. If, on the other hand, he should swim *away from* them, they would overtake him more slowly, and the intervals between them would be *to him* proportionally augmented. Or—to take a case more familiar to Town-residents—supposing that I stand to wait for an omnibus at a point where one passes every five minutes, and, having seen one after another come up full, walk *towards* the next omnibus; I shall meet it in *less* than five minutes, the interval being *reduced* by the distance I have myself walked; and if—this, too, being full—I continue to walk in the same direction, I shall meet the next at the same reduced interval. But supposing that, not choosing either to stand still in the rain, or to walk away from my home, I walk onwards, and therefore *away from* the next omnibus, it will not overtake me for (say) *ten* minutes, the interval being *increased* by the distance I have myself walked; and a like interval will elapse before a second omnibus overtakes me.

Now, in 1841, Dopler, a German Physicist, suggested that as the *pitch* of musical notes depends upon the rate of the aërial undulations which produce Sound, a change in the distance between the ear and the sonorous body might alter the pitch of the note it gives forth; *raising* it when the distance is shortened, so that the number of undulations which meet the ear in a given time is *augmented*; and, conversely, *lowering* it when, by an increase of the distance, the number of undulations is *diminished*. He also suggested that the same would hold good in regard to Colour; a diminution of distance *reducing* the wave-lengths, so as to alter the colour in the direction of the Violet; whilst an increase in the distance would *augment* the wave-lengths, so as to alter the colour in the direction of the Red.

FIG. 10.



The first part of Dopler's prediction was very speedily verified; for it has become a matter of familiar experience that when an express Railway-train passes through a Station with its steam-whistle sounding, the *pitch* of its note *rises* as the train *approaches* a person listening at the station, and *falls* as it *recedes* from him,—of course remaining the same all the time to those who are *in* the train. But the rate of movement which would be required to affect the *colour* of a luminous body is so vastly greater, that the experimenter has no means of producing it. If he could alter his distance from the luminous body as much in *one second*, as the fastest express train moves in *an hour*, no effect sensible to the eye would be produced on its colour. But here he derives aid from the Spectroscope. For the *place of a particular line in the Spectrum* will be altered to a degree quite determinable by delicate micrometric measurement, by a rate of movement *to* or *from* the observer of not more than 10 miles per second. Such a displacement was first observed by Dr. Huggins in 1868, in the case of the Hydrogen-line F in the spectrum of Sirius; which he stated to be sensibly shifted towards the red end of the spectrum, so as to indicate by its increased wave-length an increase of distance at the rate of about 414 miles per second. Of this increase, a portion was due to the motion of the Earth in its orbit, and another portion to the proper motion of the Sun among the Stars, carrying the Planets with it; so that the actual receding motion of Sirius himself is about 25 miles per second.—Having entered upon this line of inquiry, Dr. Huggins arranged his apparatus for the prosecution of it with the greatest attainable exactness; bringing

into the field of his telescope the Hydrogen-spark through a vacuum-tube, so as to be able to determine the displacement of the Hydrogen-lines of Sirius and of other Stars, by direct comparison with this fixed standard. And in a more recent communication to the Royal Society (June 13, 1872), he estimates the proper motion of Sirius at between 18 and 22 miles per second.

In the same communication, Dr. Huggins gives the results of his observations on the proper motions of several other Stars; in some of which the Hydrogen-lines furnish the best standards of comparison, whilst in others he has recourse to the Sodium and Magnesium-lines, which (as in the case of Hydrogen) he produces in the field of his telescope for absolute comparison with the lines of the Star spectra. Five Stars of the Great Bear were shown by the displacement of the Hydrogen-line to be *receding* from the Earth at a rate of from 17 to 20 miles per hour; but the Star in that constellation known as A was found, by the displacement of its Magnesium-line in the opposite direction, to be *approaching* the Earth at the rate of from 35 to 50 miles per second. Speaking generally, the Stars which the Spectroscope shows to be moving *from* the Earth are situated in a part of the heavens opposite to Hercules, towards which, as the Astronomer believes on other grounds, the Sun is advancing; while the Stars in the neighbourhood of this region show a motion of approach. But whilst part of these changes of distance may be attributed to the proper motion of the Sun, there can be little doubt that the Stars themselves, like the Sun, have independent motions; and it seems probable that—as Sir William Herschel originally suggested, and Mr. Proctor has recently shown other grounds for believing—there are movements common to certain *groups* of Stars, whilst each individual star has a motion of its own. It is curious, on the other hand, that of the "twin" Stars Castor and Pollux, the first is *receding* from the Earth at a rate which seems somewhat greater than that of Sirius, whilst the second is *approaching* at a velocity of 49 miles per second; thus showing that their apparent association is not real, but dependent on their being on almost exactly the same line of sight. And this inference from Spectroscopic observation is confirmed by the want of conformity between the changes in their angular positions, which would be very nearly accordant if the twin Stars were *really* near each other.

Much was expected from the application of the Spectroscope to the study of *Comets*, whose phenomena were considered by Sir John Herschel to involve "some profound secret and mystery of nature;" but the results hitherto obtained do not in themselves furnish any satisfactory clue to the character of those strange visitants. These results are regarded by Sir William Thomson, however, as confirming the doctrine of the constitution of Comets, which has been based by Professor Tait upon the coincidence between the orbit of the August Meteors and that of the great Comet of 1862, and between the orbit of the November Meteors and that of Comet I of 1866; namely, that "the *nucleus* of the Comet is a group of Meteoric stones which becomes self-luminous by collisions among its constituents; while the *tail* is a portion of the less dense part of the train illuminated by sunlight, and visible or invisible to us according to circumstances, not only of density, degree of illumination, or nearness, but also of tactic arrangement, as of a flock of birds, or the edge of a cloud of tobacco-smoke." This analogy is considered by Sir William Thomson as explaining all the difficulties which Sir John Herschel regarded as likely to task to the full the resources of Physical Science.*

We now come to the last and perhaps the greatest triumph of the Spectroscope.

Very shortly after the invention of the Telescope, it was found not merely to bring into view an immense aggregate of distinct Stars not visible to the naked eye, but also to reveal the existence of a number of luminous cloudlets scattered (though by no means uniformly) through the heavens, of various shapes and sizes, and of different degrees of brightness. These Nebulæ have always been favourite objects of study for Astronomers possessed of powerful telescopes; and have afforded valuable tests for their "resolving power." For whilst some of them could be pretty certainly "resolved" into clusters of Stars, whose distance alone prevented them from being separated by telescopes of less power, there are others which have resisted all attempts at resolution, even by the gigantic six-foot Reflector of Lord Rosse (which was constructed with special reference to the study of the Nebulæ), or by the great Achromatic at Cambridge, U.S.; whilst others again gave such indications of resolvability, in the breaking-up of their diffused luminosity into

* See his Address to the British Association for 1871.

a kind of granular texture, as to indicate that they too might be resolved by telescopes of yet greater power. The great Nebula in the Sword of Orion was one of the most interesting objects of this class, and was the stronghold of those who were disposed to maintain on theoretical grounds the existence of diffused "nebular matter"—the unconsolidated material of Suns and Systems. For, it was argued, the great size and brightness of this Nebula render it improbable that its irresolvability depends upon its distance; so that the vast telescopic power brought to bear upon it ought to have resolved it, if it really consists of distinct Stars. Yet the utmost that the careful and prolonged observation of the late and the present Lord Rosse could enable them to say of it, was this,—that while the general aspect of the less luminous portion is simply nebulous and irresolvable, the light of certain parts of its brighter portion has a mottled and curdling character, which indicates that these are made up of Stars closely crowded together.

The difficulty and delicacy of Spectroscopic observations upon the Nebulæ may be judged of from the extreme faintness of their light; which in many cases is not equal to *one twenty thousandth part* of that of ordinary sperm-candle a quarter of a mile off; yet to the trained ability of Dr. Huggins no light that can be seen at all seems incapable of being spectroscopically tested; and his differentiation of the Nebulæ which are composed of *diffused luminous matter*, from those which are really *clusters of Stars*, is regarded by all whose judgment is of any value as resting on a basis of absolute certainty. The date of this remarkable discovery is worth recording. It was on the 20th of August, 1864, that Dr. Huggins turned his Spectroscope to a Nebula in the constellation Draco, which belongs to the class termed *Planetary* Nebulæ, having the appearance of round or slightly oval disks, with a tolerably well-defined border, and a light either uniform or somewhat granular. Now if this body had been a cluster of Stars, its spectrum would have been *continuous*, like that of a single Star, though extremely faint. But instead of this, Dr. Huggins found that the luminous portion of its spectrum consisted only of *three bright lines* seen upon a dark ground, as shown in Fig. 10 (p. 529); this concentration giving the lines a definiteness which enabled him not only to recognise their presence without the least hesitation, but to determine their place in the spectrum. Hence, bearing in mind the results of Kirchhoff's researches (p. 418), we are at once led to conclude with Dr. Huggins, that this spectrum was formed, not like that of the Sun or Stars, by light proceeding from a white-hot nucleus enveloped in an atmosphere whose absorptive power converts its bright lines into dark ones; but by *luminous matter in a gaseous condition*, like the vapours of sodium, magnesium, iron, &c., whose incandescence gives rise to the bright lines severally characteristic of these metals, projected upon a dark ground.

Examining one Nebula after another, Dr. Huggins found that they might all be distinctly separated into two groups:—those giving a spectrum consisting of three bright lines, which are therefore *gaseous*;—and those giving a continuous spectrum, which are therefore *stellar*. How little trustworthy, in comparison, are the Telescopic appearances of the Nebulæ, is shown by the fact that what have been considered the resolvable parts of the great Nebula of Orion give a three-bright-line spectrum of great distinctness, identical with that of its most filmy extensions; whilst some Nebulæ that give no clear indication of resolvability when examined by the most powerful Telescopes, are no less distinctly proved by Spectroscopic analysis to be stellar.

What, then, is the Chemical constitution indicated by the three bright lines? One of these so precisely corresponds with the Fraunhofer line F, which is one of the four characteristic of Hydrogen, while another corresponds so precisely with one of the lines characteristic of Nitrogen, that the only ground of hesitation in accepting these lines as indicative of Hydrogen and Nitrogen, arises from the absence of the remaining lines. But this has been entirely removed by the researches of Dr. Huggins and others already referred to (p. 419); which have shown that either by a reduction in the intensity of the light of these glowing Gases, or by the attenuation of the gases themselves, *the other lines disappear*,—the single line characteristic of each gas which alone persists under these circumstances, being the very one that shows itself in the spectrum of the Nebulæ. Of the third (or middle) line, no account has yet been given.

I shall not attempt, by any commentary, to weaken the impression that must be produced by these facts, upon minds capable of appreciating them. They have been well said by Sir William Thomson to constitute the "life-blood of Science."

A CHASE AFTER A CAT.

By the AUTHOR of "Gifts for Men."

IN the billiard-room of Leigh Court, Somersetshire, there is a large picture by Titian (or, according to Dr. Waagen, by Niccolo dell' Abate) of "The Three Graces." I had been standing for some time absorbed in contemplation of their lovely heads, when I became slowly conscious that my eyes had all the time seen a cat along with the Graces, and that my mind had, in a queer sort of unquestioning fashion, taken it for granted that the said cat was sitting on a chair in front of the picture. As the consciousness clarified, I wondered how a cat came to sit so still with a stranger standing before it, and I looked at it, and behold it was in the picture! —A white cat, seated low down in the right-hand corner, looking as grave as a judge; a regular domestic pussy, suggestive of a warmly-clad old maid sitting over the fire, in a snug English room, with a kettle singing on the fire, and hot toast and tea on the table—suggestive of anything but the naked truth and airy freshness of those beautiful sisters standing in open space, under the open sky, clothed upon only with the modest light of their own loveliness.

What had the cat to do with the Graces? It was the only adjunct in the picture. The instant I had an opportunity, I seized my Lemprière, and turned up the "Graces" ("Gratiæ, three Goddesses, vid. Charités"). I turned back to "Charités." There I found a great deal of beautiful allegory about kindnesses and all good offices, but never a word about cats. The worship of the Graces was the same as that of the Muses, and no sacrifice was ever offered to them; so the cat could not have appeared there, even in that uncomfortable relationship. I asked various learned youths, fresh from the Classics, "Have the Graces anything to do with cats?" None could answer—Yes. One hazarded a feeble suggestion that the cat was graceful, and as such, perhaps, had a place beside the Graces; but the whole attitude and appearance of Titian's cat forbade that supposition. It was not an impersonation of grace; it was a regular domestic pussy, sitting curled up in the most homely attitude, without any airs or graces of any kind.

It is very strange how an absurd, trivial question of that kind sticks in the mind. That cat became a sort of radiating centre in my soul, from whence light fell upon all cats, forcing me to look at them, though they had no more to do with that cat than it had to do with the Graces. Thanks to Titian, I really can count the cats I have since then met in my wanderings among art treasures. They have not been many, and since I can give them all without much risk of running to undue length, and wearying my reader, I indulge in the hope that I may perhaps, in return, receive from some well-informed person light concerning the cat—Titian's cat—which may supersede that radiating centre, and relieve me from any further necessity of chasing vagrant cats.

In Genoa, I read in Bædeker (that father, mother, brother, and bosom-friend of countless crowds of tourists) that in the Palazzo del Principe Doria was a portrait of Andrea Doria, Admiral of the fleets of the Pope, of Charles V., of Francis I., and of Genoa, taken with his favourite cat.

At once the bright idea struck me that this might be the cat. Titian did take a portrait of Andrea Doria, and if Doria had a pet cat, it might possibly be that the Three Graces were painted for the Admiral, and that the pet cat was introduced to make the picture doubly acceptable. I had hard work of it that day in Genoa. I have heard of Rome having been "done" in a day, including the Catacombs and the Pope, and the Pope included dressing for the occasion. Genoa is nothing to Rome, but I found it hard work to "do" Genoa in two days. Isaac Taylor, in his "Physical Theory of Another Life," suggests that "if we consider the analogies of the system of nature, we shall see reason to conjecture that, while perhaps some species of animals are living much slower than ourselves, others may be living incomparably faster. It is by no means unphilosophical to imagine that the ephemera of a summer's noon, which we are apt to pity as short-lived, may in the compass of their few sunny hours be running through a century of joyous sensations." Upon some such theory alone can I conceive of the feats of tourists, who think nothing of a city for a meal. My blood circulates slowly, and wings I have none; so I found it very hard work to "do" Genoa in two days, or rather in one day and part of two. We had come by steamer from Nice; pursued by white sea-birds, we had passed along the magic coast where, at the feet of snow-capped Alps, orange and lemon groves, olive-

yards and vineyards clothed the hills; and palm-trees and lofty towers rose above the clustered houses of the scattered towns and villages; and after a day of long delight we neared Genoa just as darkness had quenched the hot flush of a crimson sunset. It was quite dark as we entered the harbour, and as the boats came alongside, the whole lights of the city seemed to start into brilliancy at once, as if the City of Palaces had adorned herself with jewels in a moment. An Italian youth on board our steamer had been wild with excitement as he neared the city, and as the lights flashed out, his enthusiasm rose to fever heat. He rushed up and down the deck, shouting out "Genŏva! Genŏva! Genŏva la superba! Città di Maria Sanctissima!"

Dark as it was when we arrived, I could not rest in the hotel, but with a friend I sallied forth to see the city. Anything more enchanting could scarcely be imagined. On either hand of the street which we passed through, the jewellers' shops were sparkling under lamplight, with the delicate gold and silver filigree ornaments peculiar to the place. The lofty houses were separated by so narrow a thoroughfare that the tops of them, as we looked upwards, seemed to incline towards one another; and most lovely looked the young moon seen in that strange rift, almost as if through a cleft rock.

Daylight did not lessen the charm, though it brought with it a continuous downpour of rain. I know of no place more attractive than Genoa, with its streets bordered with marble palaces, crowded with throngs of eager men, and with women veiled in black or white lace, and paraded by strings of mules adorned with many-coloured tassels of wool and tinkling bells. For all its charm, I was wearied with admiration, and ready for rest, when my eye caught sight of the intimation concerning the favourite cat; but I at once resolved to go and see. It would have been preposterous to have left Genoa without visiting the palace of her most famous son; but I am ashamed to confess that Doria's cat, rather than himself, was my magnet. After all, it was not the least like my cat. I am not learned enough in cats to be able to name the breed, but Doria's cat was the very opposite of the soft, white domestic pussy of the Graces. It was a magnificent warrior of a cat, with legs striped like a tiger's, and a regular hide hanging in heavy folds, like a mantle, upon its back. There was something in that cat akin to the Andrea Doria of Sebastian del Piombo, in the Doria Palace at Rome; the same sort of "darkling, subtle power." Age had told on the prince before the portrait in Genoa with the cat was painted; and the likeness between him and his feline pet was not so evident there as in the younger face at Rome.

My next vision of a cat was at Pisa. I was eight days at Pisa, and it rained every day, and pretty nearly all the day every day of the time; but no amount of wet deterred me from haunting that wondrous group of buildings which is the glory of Pisa. I persecuted the custodian of the Baptistery for the echo. No one knows what the beauty of sound can be who has not stood facing Nicola Pisano's sculptured pulpit within that dome of purest white, and, with doors closed, heard the custodian of the Baptistery sound the three notes of the chord. I walked round and round the fairy Leaning Tower; I marvelled at the great bronze gates of the Cathedral, by Giovanni da Bologna, and stood within them, giddy with the clouds of incense, looking past the swaying of the bronze lamp which, through Galileo's creative thought, gave birth to the idea of the pendulum, at the awful, gigantic Christ of Cimabue, which threatens from the dome.

But chiefly I haunted the Campo Santo, and I spent hours in examining the mysterious frescoes, beautiful in decay, covering on its outer side the walls of the spacious hall, which through sixty-two beautiful, open, pointed, traceried windows looks, on its inner side, upon a green quadrangle of sacred earth, brought from Mount Calvary.

If I were to begin describing the Campo Santo, I should fill up a whole volume with my raptures, and lose sight of my chase altogether; so, passing over all else in silence, I will approach the cat I found there.

Pisa has a choice selection of saints, which are all its own, peculiar to Pisa. These are S. Ephysius, S. Potitus, S. Torpé, and S. Ranieri. S. Ranieri is the only one with whom I am at present concerned.

S. Ranieri was a young man given up to pleasure. He was converted by the pitying look of a holy man, and for twenty years lived as a hermit in Palestine.

"On one occasion," says Mrs. Jameson, "when the abstinence to which he had vowed himself was sorely felt, he beheld in his sleep a vase of silver and gold, wrought with precious stone; but it was full of pitch, and oil, and sulphur. These being kindled with fire, the vase was burning to destruction; none could quench the flames, and there was put into his hands a little ewer full of water, two or three drops of which extinguished the

flames; and he understood that the vase signified his human frame, that the pitch and sulphur burning within it were the appetites and passions, that the water was the water of temperance. Thenceforward, Ranieri lived wholly on coarse bread and water. He had, moreover, a particular reverence for water, and most of his miracles were performed by means of water, whence he was called in his own city San Ranieri dell' Acqua. In a Roman Catholic country, S. Ranieri would now be the patron of temperance societies. This, however, did not prevent him from punishing a fraudulent host of Messina, who mixed water with the wine he sold his customers, and to whom the saint revealed the arch enemy seated on one of the casks, in the shape of a huge cat, with bat-like wings, to the great horror of the said host, and to the wonder and edification of all believers."

To my wonder and edification certainly, for I stood transfixed before that cat. The fresco of this event is by Antonio Viniziano, who was the pupil of Taddeo Gaddi, the pupil of Giotto, the pupil of Cimabue; and Antonio himself was the master of Gherardo Starnina, who was the master of Masolino, who was the master of Masaccio, who, through his frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel at Florence, was the father of all the master minds of the art of the sixteenth century.

The remains of Antonio Viniziano are not numerous. The ceiling of the Capellone degli Spagnuoli, in Florence, is by him, and his painting is found in S. Nicolo Reale at Palermo. These are, I think, all that Cavalcaselle allows to be painted by him. Therefore, this cat is no unimportant link in the history of art. Reverence it, ye that hear thereof!

The fresco of which it forms a part, like all the frescoes of that time, gives us in one picture a succession of events. In the extreme left we see a vision of Christ appearing to the saint. Close to this, a ship with swelling sails (upon one of which is embroidered a Greek cross) bears the saint on his return to Italy from the Holy Land. A man sits fishing upon the shore to which the ship approaches. All the lower part of the fresco, so far, is entirely obliterated, but part of the ship, and the figures in it, are in good preservation, and have a strange effect in contrast with the nothingness out of which they seem to emerge. Then comes the cat. In front of a crowded mass of turreted buildings, and an arched entrance as if into the courtyard of a hostelry, the saint stands. A Christ-like head, and figure gathering up his mantle with his left hand, and pointing with his right hand to the cat, which sits upon a cask shaped like a huge cheese. The publican stands with uplifted hands, gazing open-mouthed at the cat, in front of it. Behind, a youth, with luxuriant hair, looks half-amused, half-awed, at the cat. A group of learned men surround the saint, some in discussion, some in meditation, some looking at the cat. A woman kneels at the feet of the saint with folded hands, adoring; but I am sure she is fascinated looking at the cat. In the foreground a man has turned his back upon the cat. He leans his head upon one hand, and pressing his centre of gravity with the other, looks most profoundly miserable. He leans against a small table, upon which stands a jug. That man must have been drinking of the cask when he first beheld the cat. He may turn his back upon it, but in the complementary colours he will for ever see that cat. And what a cat it is! Its colour is a sort of livid, very pale yellow. The collapsed individual will see it painted on his retina, I suppose, a sort of livid blue. The cat sits upon its haunches, with its tail standing straight up its back. It holds its head on one side, turned a little upwards, gazing abstractedly into the air, with a look of the most detestable meekness and humble assertion of right. That cat is martyred by the horror and outcry around it. It has been a persecuted animal, driven from pillar to post by that pet saint of the people's. Now it comes before the world, evoked by the saint himself, enthroned of right upon that cask they had rejoiced in. Indeed, by its presence, it condescends to strengthen the hands of that very persecutor who had maligned it. What a mild self-assertion about the whole attitude! What illimitable, diabolical possibilities in its uplifted eyes and gently compressed lips! "Yes; there are rights, even for me," says the cat. No wonder that poor, "doubled-up" individual, who has in vain turned his back upon the cat, presses his mid-ribs with one hand plaintively. Fancy having the possibility of a sudden, prolonged, melancholy caterwauling seeking its own within him!

There is another subject in the fresco, after the story of the cat, but though worth study, it has nothing of the cat, so I shall not attempt to describe it, but pass on at once to the face I always walked to contemplate straightway after that cat. It was the face of the Devil in Francesco da Volterra's fresco of the day "when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them." The painter had

studied that face long and well, and with the sympathetic power of subtle appreciation which belongs alike to intense love and intense hate, which, indeed, is the meeting-place of these extremes, as Hawthorne has miraculously shown in his "Scarlet Letter."

That face of the Devil has precisely the same characteristics as the face of the cat. He stands with his six wings sticking up stiff and black; his eyes averted from the glory before him; his claw pointing to the cultured plain where Job's possessions are. The cherubim around the throne look on with magnificent dignity. Satan stands so high, at first sight we think he is indeed in the presence of God, on a level with the throne of the Highest. But when we look again, we find that Satan is lifted up upon a stupendous ruin, and at the base of that ruin "is a gulf fixed," between it and the heavenly host. When once we have seen that gulf, upon which continents look like floating ships, we feel how illusive is Satan's height, and how precarious; for the silent, disintegrating power of water is at work upon the foundations of that crumbling ruin, and those stiff wings, though they might aid a climber, could never soar when the ruin disappears.

But farewell to the Campo Santo. I may not longer linger under its spell. The slowly vanishing end of a tail calls me away to other scenes, and I find myself slowly and solemnly following a cat in and out, among, and round and round the pillars of the cathedral in Florence. A real live cat this time! It walks about with arched back and bristling tail among the vast lights and shadows of that Church of St. Mary of the Lily, which boasts Brunelleschi's dome, larger than that of St. Peter's. How long that cat has held possession of that place I cannot tell; perhaps since the day that, with the full approval of the Vicegerent of Christ, Sixtus IV., the Archbishop of Pisa, the Cardinal Riario, and two priests, took active part in the conspiracy of the Pazzi, and at this high altar chose the moment of the Elevation of the Host to attempt the murder of Lorenzo the Magnificent and his brother. The story is well known—how Lorenzo escaped and Giuliano died, and the conspirators failed, and were most of them, including the Archbishop in his prelatical robes, hung out of the window of the Magistrate's Palace; and the Pope, enraged at the failure, excommunicated Lorenzo and the magistrates, and blundered so far as to excommunicate the clergy of Florence also; who showed the Holy Father that they could fight him with his own weapons.

The presence of the cat is very frequent in Italian churches, sitting on the steps of the altar, or stealthily stepping about the aisles and transepts. The handwriting on the wall, which foretells the passing away of a power that has been abused, filled my mind's eye so largely, that the sight of these creatures in the holy place generally struck a chill into my heart, as if they were forerunners of the dark days coming, when these temples shall be turned to uses more strange and dreadful, it may be, than any prophetic image of "doleful creatures crying" in the sanctuary, and satyrs haunting palaces, can convey. But, in other moods, I have felt alongside of the cat, in the church, a certain overshadowing, as of mighty wings, preserving alike both man and beast.

The other pictured cats I saw were all in representations of the Last Supper. In Ghirlandajo's wonderful fresco, in the small refectory of St. Mark's, the cat sitting behind Judas has something of that same diabolical, persistent patience of possession which entered into the expression of the cat at Pisa. He bides his time quietly, for Judas has not yet eaten of the sop. The sweet-souled Umbrian school, handling the idea of the cat in the small chapel of the Palazzo Communale, at Perugia, robs it of all this gruesome awe; yet perhaps, in its simplicity, adds another element of painful significance, when it gives us the cat gambolling with a dog behind Judas, just before the moment when he took the sop, and the devil entered into the man.

One cat I came across, of ancient art. In the Capitol, in the Hall of Illustrious men, there is a bas-relief of a Roman lady in her bedroom playing on a lyre, to which she is trying to get her cat to dance, and the cat on its hind tip-toes as it jumps tries to snatch at two ducks which are hanging on the wall. This bas-relief is held to be very interesting on account of its giving "every detail," as Mr. Hare says, "of a Roman lady's bedroom, even to the slippers under the bed;" but I am short-sighted, and the bas-relief is hung very high, and in the shadow near the light of the window, and I could not make much of it. It only excited a wonder in my mind that Roman ladies should keep dead ducks hanging in their bedrooms.

One more cat, and I have done. I had been sitting in the Judgment Hall of the Cæsars, the most solemn place in Rome.

There are huge, broken walls, giving the complete outline of the ancient Basilica. A traceried marble frieze stretches right across

the base of the Tribune. In some parts, perfect fragments of it remain; in others, only its foundations. This is the bar at which the prisoners stood to be judged of Cæsar; this is the bar at which Paul stood, at which Lawrence heard his doom of slow torture pronounced, at which many of the "noble army of martyrs" were judged of man's judgment. In the raised part of the semicircular Tribune, remains in its place a part of one of the legs of the Emperor's chair. On each side of the Basilica, looking back from the prisoner's bar, are three columns, their bases as they were, the rest of them fitted together of broken fragments. Through what was once the chief entrance, a view presents itself of modern Rome:—the dome and campanile and column of Sta Maria Maggiore, the tower of Sta. Francesca Romana, ruins, and the trees of the Sacra Via, all backed by the distant hills. A great board is put up to tell the visitor that this is the Basilica, the Judgment Hall of the Cæsars. "'Tis thus the mighty falls." My child was playing about among the ruins, gathering scarlet poppies, and sticking them in every available crack; and the bright sunlight slanted upon them, for it was afternoon, and it looked to my eyes as if the golden-haired, flitting white figure, in its sport, was calling up wherever its fingers rested the scarlet drops of martyr-blood to glorify that place.

Within a stone's throw of that Judgment Hall is the dining-hall of the Cæsars, where Nero poisoned Britannicus, and Marcia and the wrestler Narcissus drugged and strangled Commodus, and festivity, and tyranny, and murder mingled in hideous unity the oppressor and the oppressed. Just behind this dining-hall is the Vomitarium, where the human swine, when they had eaten to repletion in their dazzling stye, retired to tickle their throats with feathers, and returned with renewed capacities to the feast. Within a stone's throw, this, of the Tribune, where martyrs were condemned! Opening out of the Judgment Hall is the Tablinum, where the statues and pictures of the Cæsars were kept; and opening out of that again, also within a stone's throw of the Judgment Hall, is the Lararium, a private chapel where was performed the worship of the deified members of the imperial family. The altar stands where it stood, fitted together by Signor Rosa, from bits that have been found.*

It was all very terrible, and when a touring party, with a voluble bear-leader, suddenly invaded the silence, I could not remain, so taking my child's hand, I turned aside to explore some of the other remains of the palaces which crowded Mount Palatine. We were picking our way over heaps of rubbish, in a room now partially subterranean, when suddenly a weird-looking, gaunt cat dashed out close past us. My child shrieked, hid her face in my dress, and sobbed out, "Oh, mamma! mamma! it is Nero's ghost!"

Now that I have run my cat into the shades, I tremble to follow it any further. If Nero does, as popular superstition affirms, so haunt the scenes of his former revels, it must be to pass through deaths ninefold, and I shudderingly feel, in the outlying darkness which bounds the region of voluntary imagination, the presence of a dead cat which Sir Noel Paton once showed me. The dried and shrivelled remains had been found built up in a wall. The cat had been buried alive. The started nerves of the burst eyeballs, the distended nostrils, the hideous curve of the agonized mouth, fixed in its dying yell, told a tale too horrible to dwell on.

Yes! There are rights even for the frightful presence of a possessing devil. When the fine gold has become dross, and the wine mixed with water; when the nations have forgotten God, and rejected the King of Righteousness, rightfully, and in judgment invoked, a Nero plays on the lute while Rome burns, a Sixtus IV. rejoices in war and bloodshed through which his own interests may be served; and in a widening circle of judgment rightfully, and in judgment invoked, thorns come up upon the palaces of the imperial unclean spirits, and their fortresses become an habitation of dragons and a court for owls; the wild beast of the desert meets with the wild beast of the island, and the Satyr cries to his fellow. But this is not "the end." There is the casting of the beast, of death and hell, into the lake of fire, and beyond that, there is PEACE.

In firm persuasion of the promised peace of the Father's kingdom, I turn from all darkness and gloom gladly to remembrances of the gentle cat, companion of the Graces, playmate of the children, first-fruits among us of the glad day coming when "the cleansed" wild beast shall be harmless in the renewed earth, and the children shall play with the lion, and race with the leopards; when the serpent, even, shall use its subtlety to train the acuteness of the babes of Zion, and shall find nourishment in the dust of its humiliation, while the "sucking child" avails to baffle it, and lays a hand upon its hiding-hole.

* See that invaluable guide-book, Hare's "Walks in Rome."

MEMORIES.

I.

MARJORAM, pansies, mignonette,
Oh, the days I dote on yet!
My love he went to Burdon Fair,
And of all the gifts that he saw there,
Was none could his great love declare;
So he brought me marjoram smelling rare—
Its sweetness filléd all the air:
Oh, the days I dote on yet,
Marjoram, pansies, mignonette!

II.

Marjoram, pansies, mignonette,
Oh, the days I dote on yet!
My love he sailed across the sea,
And all to make a home for me;
Oh, sweet the last kiss on the lea—
The pansies pluck'd beneath the tree,
When he said, "My love, I'll send for thee!"
Oh, the days I dote on yet,
Marjoram, pansies, mignonette!



III.

Marjoram, pansies, mignonette,
Oh, the days I dote on yet!
His mother sought for me anon;
So long my name she would not own,—
Ah, gladly would she now atone,
For we together make our moan:—
She brought the mignonette I've sown,—
Oh, the days I dote on yet,
Marjoram, pansies, mignonette!

H. A. PAGE.

ST. PAUL'S STANDARDS OF ORTHODOXY.

A Biblical Study.*

"Quench not the Spirit. Despise not prophesyings. Prove all things. Hold fast that which is good."—1 THESS. v. 19—21.

THESE words are, I imagine, familiar to most of us. We have heard them again and again in the controversy with Rome, or with other systems that appeal to traditional authority. They sound in our ears as the Apostolical assertion of that right of private judgment which we look on as the essential principle of Protestantism. They seem to impose on us the duty, or at least to sanction our claim to the liberty, of believing nothing that we cannot prove,—to stimulate the intellect to throw even its faith into logical and precise formulæ, and to construct for those formulæ some argument more or less demonstrative.

It is quite true, I believe, that the principle thus laid down has a very important bearing on the right use of the intellect in dealing with religious truth,—that it warns us against errors on this side and that, to which we are all liable. But if we would get at the true meaning of the words, and learn the lessons which they have to teach, we must take care not to import into them the associations which have clustered round them through their connection with later controversies. Nothing so obscures our vision, so narrows and distorts our perception of the truth, as this reading into the words of prophet or apostle what have been called the "afterthoughts" of theology. We are surely altogether mistaken if we think of St. Paul as a Luther defying the authority of the Church, or a Chillingworth asserting that the Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants. It is enough if we can hear in the teachings of Chillingworth or Luther some faint echoes of the mind of Paul.

And here, as elsewhere, we must pass to the permanent, under-lying meaning of the words, by asking what idea they conveyed to those to whom they were addressed; what occasion called them forth; how they were connected with the growth of the Apostle's own mind and the development of his views of truth? Only through the historical and the transient—so He willed it, who has made the history and the literature of an ancient people the chief means for the education and salvation of mankind—can we pass to that which is divine and permanent, a law of the spiritual life, good for all times and for all countries.

And here, if I mistake not, the special circumstances of the case are at once interesting and suggestive. The words meet us in that Epistle to the Thessalonians, which is the earliest of all the extant letters of St. Paul. Others there may have been—we might almost say, *must* have been—among the fruits of the activity of that restless life, which have not come down to us; but those who wish to study the elements of thought which were working in him, the law which regulated his belief, the standard of faith and life which he acknowledged, must begin their investigations here. That Church of Thessalonica was, we know, conspicuous for its zeal, its energy, its self-sacrificing devotion. What it lacked was the spirit of earnest, thoughtful deliberation. It is surely a coincidence that deserves remark, that these words, "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good," should be addressed to the selfsame Church of which St. Paul's companion records that they were "less noble" than those of another Christian society, in that the latter did what the former failed to do, and "searched the Scripture daily whether these things were so."* It was, we may well believe, precisely because St. Paul had noted that defect in the Thessalonians, as compared with the Bereans,—because he had seen, with an anxious forecast of the future, into what wild disorders of life, what strange fantastic forms of error, they might drift because of it, that in writing this, the first, as I have said, of all extant letters to the Churches, he lays down so emphatically the precept that they were to "prove all things," and then to "hold fast," with firm, unyielding grasp, that which they had recognised as good.

A coincidence not less striking attaches to the preceding words. This Epistle to the Thessalonians was written, as we know, from Corinth, from that Church which was, from the first, conspicuous for the might, the variety, the almost irrepressible exuberance of its spiritual gifts. When those gifts—real, supernatural, divine, yet modified in their form and intensity by national and individual character—came into contact with the highly wrought, excitable temperament of the Greek, there was, as we see in the Epistle to the Corinthians, some risk that the new

* A Sermon preached at St. Paul's Cathedral, on Sunday, Jan. 26, 1873.

* Acts xvii. 11.

wine would burst the bottles, that so the wine might be spilt and the bottles marred. What St. Paul afterwards noted and condemned at Corinth, the depreciation of the calmer forms of spiritual energy, more in harmony with the reason, more under the control of the intellect and will, as compared with those which were more startling, mysterious, ecstatic —the disparagemept of the gift of prophecy, as compared with the gift of tongues,—he must have seen also at Thessalonica. It may be that the excesses which he already witnessed in the one Church made him anxious to guard the other against the peril of like evils. The condensed teaching of these few words contains the germ of all that we find expanded into three chapters (xii.—xiv.) in the First Epistle to the Corinthians.

Those chapters, accordingly, form the true key to the interpretation of the short, emphatic counsels addressed to the Thessalonians. And in them we note that, though all gifts for the building up of the Church of Christ are ascribed to that one and the selfsame Spirit that divideth to every man severally as He will, there is, throughout, a tendency in the Apostle's familiar speech to apply that name, "the Spirit," specially to the more startling phenomena presented by those who spoke with tongues. To sing with the Spirit, to pray with the Spirit, to give thanks with the Spirit, is contrasted with singing, praying, giving thanks with the understanding.* In the one case the speaker edified the Church; in the other his own spirit was comforted, strengthened, purified, but what he spoke did not profit others, or helped them only so far as it communicated to them the contagion of a like enthusiasm. The teaching with which we are concerned was, accordingly, identical with that which sums up the whole discussion as to the spiritual gifts as they were working in the Church of Corinth, "Covet to prophesy, and forbid not to speak with tongues."† The calmer, more deliberate, and intelligent worshippers were not to "quench the Spirit," were not, *i.e.* to repress altogether the wilder and more emotional forms in which the spiritual life expressed itself. Those who looked upon their own gifts and experiences as more exalted, a more immediate tasting of the heavenly gift and the powers of the world to come, were not to despise prophesyings; were to look with all reverence and honour on words in which reason and will still held their wonted mastery, and the message of God came to the heart of man in clear, articulate speech, winged as with words that burn, so that even the unlearned and the unbeliever felt that he was listening to one who had fathomed the profoundest depths of man's nature, and was able to lay bare the very secrets of his heart. But while this honour had to be paid to all forms of energy by which the heart and intellect of man were brought nearer to the light of God, while teachers, in all their manifold variety, were to have each his own office and prerogative in the order of the Church's life, the hearers, also, had at once a duty and a right. They were not to receive either the more mysterious, or the more intelligible utterances which were thus addressed to them, in the spirit of a blind submission, but to "prove all things."

The Apostle did not mean by these words that they were to demand what we call argumentative proof for whatever they were taught:—neither the Greek, nor, indeed, the English word in its true sense, will bear that interpretation;—but that they were to test and try it by its conformity to some standard. They were, (to use the phrase which an early tradition ascribes to our Lord himself,) to be "as experienced money changers," who know how to distinguish the true coin from the counterfeit, and to tell whether that which was presented to them as divine wisdom had the right ring in it.

And we are not left in doubt as to what were the standards which St. Paul had in view, by which the hearers were to test the teaching of their instructors. First, for those who, like Timotheus, had, from a child, known the Holy Scriptures daily, or, like so many of those early converts, had passed from heathenism through the synagogue to the faith of Christ, there was the appeal to the older oracles of God. The nobleness of the Bereans consisted in their daily reference to that authority. It was that on which the Apostle himself most loved to dwell. When as yet there were no written records of the teaching of Apostles and Evangelists, it was to his mind, and to that of others, a convincing proof that the new truth was in harmony with the old—fulfilling, completing, expanding, it may be, even correcting it, but never contradicting.

But then there was also (2), for those especially who had been led by the light that lighteth every man and the law written in their hearts, the appeal to man's intuitive conviction of the righteousness of God and the eternal law of duty. Where law or prophecy gave an uncertain sound, he could

* 1 Cor. xiv. 13, 16. † 1 Cor. xiv. 39.

say, "Doth not nature itself teach you?" and appeal, without the shadow of a doubt, to the witness borne by the things that are seen to the eternal power and godhead of the Creator, and by the rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons to the union of that power with the goodness of a supreme philanthropy. Still more striking is the implied reference to that other light, that verifying faculty, in the way in which grave and momentous problems are settled, as it were, by that abrupt exclamation of "God forbid!" which meets us in some of the Epistles so frequently. The force of that exclamation lies, as has been shown,* in this, that in combating some false yet plausible theory, the Apostle cuts the knot instead of disentangling it—pushes the theorist to some horrible conclusion, against which the religious instinct of our nature revolts, and so refutes the premises from which it is deduced. By that standard did St. Paul wish those whom he taught to test the teaching which was brought to them as inspired, whether it came as in the utterance of the tongues or in the speech of prophets.

But (3) last, and perhaps chief, there was the as yet unwritten teaching,—never, perhaps, written out in its completeness,—which the churches had received from him, the traditions to which he so constantly appeals as the foundation of their faith and the guide of their lives. Of them he speaks as including a full statement of the central facts of the gospel history, and the substance of our Lord's teaching.† They must, in the nature of things, have included, as scattered hints lead us to infer they did, the main outlines of the organization of the Church, and the order of its public worship.‡ So these very Thessalonians were to "stand fast and hold the traditions which they had been taught; to withdraw from every brother that walked disorderly, and not after the tradition that they had received from the Apostles."§ So the Galatians were charged to refuse to listen, even though an angel from heaven were to preach any other gospel than that which they had received already.‖ This was the "good thing" committed unto Timothy, which he was to keep and hand down to faithful men, who "should be able to teach others also."¶

And when what men had heard had stood the application of these tests—when the teaching of bishop, elder, prophet, was found to be in accordance with that of the older Scriptures—with the light which we call, somewhat too superficially, the light of nature—with the general drift and substance of Apostolical teaching,—then, and not till then, were they to "hold it fast" as good, excellent, noble. So it was that what had been individual utterances of conviction came to be recognised as "faithful sayings,"* watchwords for the believers, safeguards against errors and exaggerations — that hymns, prayers, creeds, came to be fixed and permanent elements of the Church's inheritance, witnesses to the substantial unity of the faith once delivered to the saints.

The whole state of things to which these counsels were applicable seems to have passed away. The gifts of tongues and prophecy belong to the remote past of the Apostolical age, and are hardly understood even by many devout readers of the records of that age. The Spirit no longer comes as with the rushing mighty wind and the tongues of fire, and is as the soft gentle breeze that "bloweth where it listeth, but thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth."† It works, we say, to sanctify, not to illumine or inspire, or its inspiration is confined to the suggestion of good, and its illumination to the indirect, mediate bestowal of a right judgment in the practical or religious crises of our lives. And yet, surely, we cannot believe that these things were not written for our learning. There must be a permanent as well as a transient meaning in that on which St. Paul dwells with such emphatic iteration. If the conditions and surroundings of our religious life be, as far as possible, removed from those of Thessalonica or Corinth, there are yet, and always have been, phenomena analogous to those which there presented themselves, and calling therefore for the application of like laws. Men have not been slow to recognise the descendants of the prophets of the New Testament in the long line of illustrious teachers, by whose wisdom the Church has been illumined, by whose burning words souls have been won to God. The prophetical office of the Church has been seen in proportion as she has done her work of bearing witness of the truth of God to the intellect, and brought home the revelations of His love to the heart of man. Thus, to take examples from the history of our own Church, when attempts were made soon after the Reformation to revive, more closely, perhaps, than the conditions of the

* See Biblical Study on "St. Paul's End of Controversy," in Good Words for March, 1873, p. 210.
† 1 Cor. xi. 23; xv. 3—8. ‡ Cor. xi. 2, 34.
§ 1 Thess. iv. 2; 2 Thess. ii. 15; iii. 6.
‖ Gal. i. 8. ¶ 2 Tim. i. 13, 14; ii. 2.

* See Dean Howson's Papers on "The Faithful Sayings," in the present volume of Good Words.
† John iii. 8.

time admitted, the outward form of the congregations of the Apostolic Church, the meetings of men for speaking the word of truth as it burnt within their hearts were known as "prophesyings."* Thus one of the greatest of our theologians, himself occupying no ignoble place in the goodly company of the prophets,† gave to his treatise in favour of a more wide and liberal comprehensiveness than the Church had then sanctioned, the title of "The Liberty of Prophesying." Wherever we ourselves have listened to the speech of one who has made that light to us which before was dark, who has brought comfort and hope where before there was misery and despair—of whom we have said one to another, "Did not our hearts burn within us, as we listened to that marvellous eloquence, or were touched by that speech of tenderest and Christ-like sympathy?" we may surely, without much risk of error, recognise the truth that in very deed a prophet has been amongst us.

Yes—but if so, is it hard to see that the other form of spiritual energy, more emotional, less controllable, less permanently useful, must have its counterpart also? If prophecy have its analogue in that utterance of the religious life in which all gifts of intellect are brought into their highest energy under the control of the directing will, may we not find that which corresponds to the gift of tongues in those phenomena, not less real, even more intense, in which we find wholly or chiefly what is emotional and impulsive, sometimes what is ecstatic and abnormal? Mediæval litanies, in their long processions winding through the streets of some great city, with their wailing chants and thousandfold-repeated cries of *Kyrie Eleison*; or (for so it is that here also extremes meet) the gatherings of Kingswood colliers or Cornish miners, listening to a Wesleyan preacher with beatings of the breast, and groans that told of feelings too big for words; or the loud choral burden of "Glory, Hallelujah," in a negro revival; or, (to come back once again to the older type), the musical "Reproaches" and penitential litanies which have of late years entered into the Passion-week services of some of our churches—these, differing as they do in almost all outward phenomena, united with the highest or the lowest forms of melody and rhythm, have yet this in common that they come from, and are addressed to, the emotional element in man's nature—that, like the gift of tongues, they edify, *i.e.* soothe, or rouse, deepen joy or sorrow in those who are engaged in them, though they do not tend to make the thoughts of men wider, or their convictions clearer.

And if this be so, must we not admit that St. Paul's words, "Quench not the Spirit—despise not prophesyings," have a meaning still for us, and do not belong altogether to an obsolete and unremembered past? We look back on the history of other Churches and of our own, and see too often that their rulers have been tempted to repress, instead of regulating, these less normal manifestations of the spiritual life. Our bishops in times past, as, for example, in their bearing towards the great Wesleyan movement, or that earlier one which we connect with the name of George Fox, have stood aloof, for the most part, with a suspicious timidity, or put themselves into an attitude of resolute antagonism. They published their treatises, in which they drew an invidious parallel between what they called the enthusiasm of Methodists and that of Papists,* not seeing that the features common to communities so widely parted indicated the existence of wants in man's religious nature which they at least partially satisfied, and which the system of the Church of England, as it then existed, did not satisfy at all.

No, when such phenomena present themselves, as they are sure to do in periods of revived religious energy, even the higher work of the prophetic gift tending to produce them in impulsive and unbalanced natures, we do well to watch them with a reverential and anxious sympathy. It is an evil time for Churches as for nations when their guides and rulers take up the watchword of the lower forms of statesmanship and say, "*Surtout, point de zèle.*" But those who are least disposed to check or scoff at these manifestations of religious emotion cannot but be anxious, as St. Paul was, to guard against the excesses to which they tend. Enthusiasm may become fanaticism—reason and will and conscience may be narcotised, while impulses and emotions are over-stimulated. Those who are under the influence of that contagious excitement, or see its influence upon others, must listen to the other half of St. Paul's counsel, "Despise not prophesyings." That, after all, is the higher and more precious gift, that which God uses to build up the Church, and establish His truth, though the other may be effec-

* See the account of the "prophesyings" in the reign of Elizabeth, in Neal's "History of the Puritans," i. p. 181 (ed. 1837).

† Bishop Jeremy Taylor.

* See Bishop Lavington's "Enthusiasm of Papists and Methodists compared."

tive to stir and kindle individual souls. All true worship should unite both elements, should appeal at once to man's emotional and intellectual nature. No greater or more precious gift has been bestowed upon the Church of God, than that of the melody and song and chant which at once kindle into fervour and yet regulate and soothe, in which, when wedded to psalm or hymn, we have the most potent instrument for building up the spirit of the worshippers on earth into the temper of those who worship round the Throne. The tongues of men and angels are, as it were, brought into accord, and we, with the cherubim that excel in knowledge and the seraphim that surpass in love, can join in the everlasting hymn which goes up as from the whole universe of God, "Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of thy glory." It is the true function of Cathedral Churches,—a function which we are beginning to recognise more fully than of old,—to aim, in worship and teaching, at that completeness which leaves no part of man's nature neglected or unsatisfied.

And the analogy which I have endeavoured to trace holds good also of that other part of the Apostle's counsel which bids us to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." In this nineteenth century, as in the first, it is at once our right and our duty to test all that stirs our feelings, all that addresses itself to our intellect. And the tests are not different in their nature, though they may vary in their form, from those which were recognised by St. Paul as the notes of truth,—we may well say, in no conventional sense, as the "standards of orthodoxy." There is still (1) the test of agreement with the written word, wider and more certain than of old, because that word includes not only the Scriptures of the older covenant, but very largely, altogether as regards essential truth, what was then unwritten, floating, traditional. The priceless value of the New Testament consists mainly in this, not that it supplies texts from which, as from logical premises, we may develope a speculative system of theology, but that it gives, over and above all its direct work upon the heart and soul of man, a test by which other teachings are to be judged. Nothing that is "not read therein or may be proved thereby,"*—not by distorting inferences from isolated passages, but by that analogy of faith which looks to the drift and current of the whole,—may be imposed by the Church as an article of faith. Whatever contradicts its teaching must be rejected as at variance with the mind and will of God. (2) But the second test, that of our conscience, moral sense, intuitive convictions, has its work no less clearly marked out now than it was of old. It comes in to check the arrogance of the speculative intellect, the narrowness of dogmatists or system-builders, —to check even the inferences which men have drawn from words themselves divine. It says to those whose systems clash with men's primary convictions as to the truth and righteousness and love of God, "So far shalt thou go, and no further." Though the teaching may seem logically irrefragable, or may come commended as by the speech of men or angels, we must abide, as by that "faith which was once delivered to the saints,"* so also by that which from the beginning of the world has justified, that "God is no respecter of persons, and that He is a rewarder of those that diligently seek Him." (3) There remains that other test to which St. Paul refers, his own oral teaching, the traditions by word or letter which men had received from him and others of like authority. To a large extent, as I have said, what was precious and essential in those traditions has, through God's great gift, been embodied in a fixed, imperishable, though unsystematic form, and the test has been so far transferred. But it is still true that the consentient witness of Christendom to truth or phrase or practice, in creed or discipline or ritual, is an element which no one can safely disregard in his estimate of what he hears amid the conflicting discords of our multiplied sects and schisms. It strengthens our faith in truths which we believe may be deduced from Scripture to know that the consciousness of Christendom has all along, with rare exceptions, held them, not by logical deduction, but by transmitted faith. It should make us tolerant of opinions, phrases, practices, which cannot so be proved, and which therefore may not be made articles of faith, to know that they too entered largely into the life of Christendom in the days in which it gained its victory over the nations and shed its light on those who sat in darkness. If they stand the other two tests, are not contrary to Scripture or to conscience, and are in harmony with the consentient tradition of the Church, a thoughtful and reverent mind will pause before it rejects or condemns them.

Lastly, let us remember to "hold fast that which is good." The whirl and fever of our

* Art. VI.

* Jude 3.

time too often lead us to treat truths that we have tried and tested as though they were still open, unsettled, doubtful. The whispers and the clamours of those who assail the truth, deafen us to its still, small voice. What we need is the firm grasp which holds, as with clenched hand, the truth which it has once tested, the experience in things divine which it has once realised. There may be times indeed, when the necessities of our own life, or the doubts and difficulties of others, may call us once again to scrutinize our foundations, and to apply our tests. But the normal attitude of our lives should be not that of readiness to surrender, or let slip the things that we have thus heard, but of firm and loving hold, living by the truth we hold, certain that thus only can we know of it, or of any other doctrine, whether it be of God. The call to hold fast that which is good, whatever is lovely, excellent, and of good report, is wide and far reaching in its range. It includes all truths of God, all noble and great thoughts of man, all victories that we have won over the temptations of the devil, or our own baser self. It requires (what that is worth having does not require?) effort, earnestness, reality, but the effort is worth making, for the reward is great. The words of St. Paul re-appear, as with a transfigured glory, in those of the Lord of the Churches. To each one of us there comes not only the message which bids us through all controversy and debate to "hold fast that which is good," but that which points to the risk on one side and the blessing on the other. "Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."*

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

FLOWER LEGENDS.

II.—DAISY.

THERE was once a beautiful little Daisy, with fresh green leaves and a fragrant golden chalice, in which the brightest dewdrops glittered like a pair of radiant eyes. The little flower lived quite alone on its stem, with an old, old aunt, whose leaves were already faded.

Poor Daisy had lost her parents long ago; an old professor, with silver spectacles and a red nose, had plucked them, and the shrivelled old Daisy, who was, of course, very cross and irritable, used to get quite animated when talking of the high advantage of being plucked, pressed, and elevated to the dignity of an herbarium's inmate. She could never forget that she had not been attractive enough for the old professor's bony hands, and deplored the cruelty of fate, which had condemned her to a tedious life in an uncivilised forest, and a simple grave on the very spot where she had been born. Little Daisy knew from the first that she had only been so well educated in order to please the old professor, whose purple nose she dreamed of every night, and whose distinguished silver spectacles had been the legend of her childhood. I am sorry to say that little Daisy was not so much pleased with the extraordinary prospects which opened before her as could be expected; on the contrary, the old aunt's principal sorrow was the vulgar disposition of her little niece. She was delighted to chatter with those very natural green trees, which cast their shadow over her; she played at hide and seek with every butterfly and every beetle, without even asking the number of their ancestors; she gloried in the society of those low-bred sunbeams, which were vulgar enough to shine on everybody, without the least distinction; and dreaded the arrival of the famous professor above all. But she never said so, because little Daisy knew that her aunt would answer her in a long and tedious speech about the high advantages of her future station.

Unfortunately, fate had the cruelty to increase the number of the various disappointments that years had brought upon Daisy's venerable aunt, by her sudden death, without even being allowed the pleasure to see her lovely niece introduced into the high life of an herbarium. Poor little Daisy shed numberless tears when she saw herself entirely an orphan; but the little flower was yet far too young for lasting grief, and a little time afterwards she was again as happy as the moon. She sang and played, she laughed and chattered from morning till night, and the old Brooklet, which flowed on in the shade of the great oak, near Daisy's abode, used to shake silently its silver-curled head, knowing that the little flower's gladness would fade before many days. The old Brooklet knew that in little Daisy's heart slept a child, with glossy curls and golden wings,—the angel of love,—whose first breath would

* Rev. iii. 11.

make her blind for all the brightness of earth, change her smile into sadness, her song into prayer, her playfulness into reverent awe.

One calm summer night little Daisy awoke with quite a new sensation. She was covered by numberless golden rays, which spoke a language unknown to her, but yet so clear, silent, but, oh, how sweet! A golden star, one of heaven's beautiful daisies, was kissing her leaves with his glorious rays.

"I love thee!" said the first Kiss; "thou art the destiny of my heart, the embodied dream of my star-life. I love thee, little Daisy, earthly blossom, fading flower! My love will take thee on its glorious wings, flying high above the earthly dust, up to my heaven's paradise. I will press a coronet of rays upon thy fragrant brow, and thou wilt shine in blooming freshness from eternity to eternity!"

"Love me!" said the second Kiss. "Leave happiness and the calm even of thy childish joy. Love is sweeter than all thou hast felt before, sweeter than the dewdrops which glitter upon thy leaves, sweeter than the nightingale's singing in the lovely summer night, sweeter in its sorrow than all the happiness of Eden, brighter even in despair than the golden sun, the starry sky. Love me, little Daisy!"

And in little Daisy's heart something began to stir; she felt a pain so sweet in its sadness,—and the first sorrow awakes the slumbering child, and its rosy mouth opens for the first smile,—this is first love.

She never answered; she only felt as if all was fading and dying around her, as if all the flowers had sunk under earth; as if all the stars had disappeared from heaven, except one flower—that was she; except one star—the one she loved.

After this night little Daisy was a changed being; she became sad and pale, and the old Brooklet shook again its silver-curled head—it knew the secret of the little flower's heart. It knew of the ardent prayers she sent up from her inmost soul for the possession of him she had learned to love so soon. Little Daisy never wished for the glorious greatness of his star-life, for his golden coronet of rays; only once she asked to be allowed to press her blooming face to his radiant brow, only once she asked to see him on earth.

And at every prayer of the little flower one chain did break of those which fettered the star to heaven; for the prayer of love has a godlike power, it binds and loosens, it degrades and elevates, it flies up, up the throne of the Almighty! And when the last chain fell down, the star said farewell to the blue home of his youth, and took his flight earthwards. Rosy clouds floated around him; blue seas, those eternal mirrors of the sky, rolled on below; brilliant exotics, fragrant gardens invited him to rest, but he never stopped. He came nearer and nearer to the old forest's mysterious darkness, and the majestic trees bowed down their princely heads, to greet the brilliant apparition.

But he did not even heed them; he followed the magnetic call of that lovely little being, and dropped down near Daisy, beautiful and glowing—the real hero of her dreams. Daisy looked up to his shining face, her bright chalice awaited the fiery ardour of his kiss, it shook and trembled with passionate tenderness, sweet expectation, but oh! of a sudden it fell back, drooping, pale and faded. The golden star who had lured her with his glorious brightness, was nothing else but cold, unfeeling—earth.

The professor, who was just then strolling about in the forest, hoping for archæological discoveries, was so astounded by the sudden falling of the star, that he immediately lost hold of his green umbrella, as well as of his dignity, and rushed back to town, his wig dangling down his stooping back, and his spectacles leaving their accustomed position and beginning an adventurous journey upon the memorable nose, stopped only by a gigantic wart, which adorned the tip of this masterpiece of creation.

Some weeks afterwards he made a magnificent speech in the Academy of Science, about the falling of the last meteor; he wrote a work in fifteen volumes, with innumerable supplements, about the same interesting subject, in consequence of which he became a celebrated man, and got so many decorations, that he was obliged to adorn even the tail of his coat with some of them, his breast being already covered entirely. Nevertheless, he never knew that the meteor had been a star, neither why he had come down from his blue home, to become dust amidst the dust.

Little Daisy alone knew it; little Daisy, who had faded on her stem, as thousands did before her; for there are thousands who cannot live down the sorrow of their heart; and there are thousands whose destiny it is, to follow the vanishing vision of their youthful illusions into the land where there is no more deceit.

STEPHANIE WOHL.

Buda Pest.

THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON.

By MRS. PARR, Author of "Dorothy Fox."

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE MYSTERY OPENED.



WITH the help of the remedies which were at hand Mrs. Prescott was soon restored to consciousness. Faintness was no unusual thing to her; it was rather the certain result of any undue excitement or fatigue, so that her son was able to attend to her without calling for any assistance.

"I am so sorry, mother," he said, looking anxiously at her.

"It is I who am sorry, Stephen, to let my silly nervousness so completely master me; but I am better now—I shall be able to talk to you presently."

"Never mind to-night, mother: you must not worry yourself. Tell me to-morrow."

Mrs. Prescott pressed the hand in which her son held hers, and was silent for a little.

"I will tell you now," she said, "and you must promise me not to be vexed that I have not spoken of it before. Of course you were a boy at the time, and I could not mention it; then as years went on, and all connection between us was broken, I grew almost to forget that such a circumstance had ever happened, and it appeared a pity that you should be given occasion to think less of your uncle. That was the only reason, Stephen. You know, do you not, that I have never kept anything from you? There has been always the most perfect confidence between us."

"So I have believed, mother."

"Yes, and if I kept this to myself, it was on your account; I feared the knowledge might vex you."

"You forget that I have not the slightest idea to what you are alluding. Of course I suppose it relates to this Mr. Despard. Tell me at once, who is he?"

"Your uncle Bernard's son."

"What! uncle Bernard's son! Mother, say it again—I cannot believe my ears."

"Ah, Stephen! nor could I my eyes when first I read the letter which told me of it," and she shuddered at the recollection.

"The mother was not his wife, then?"

"Stephen, how could she be?"

"Oh, I don't know!" he exclaimed bitterly. "I am so astounded at this, and that you could keep it to yourself all these years, that I am prepared to hear anything."

"She was a low, bad woman," said Mrs. Prescott, taking no notice of his excitement; "she deceived your uncle in every way. He met her at some of the places he used to frequent, and was struck with her appearance and took her away with him. She never knew what his real position in life was, or she would not have left him, which she did just before your grandfather's death. Not knowing what to do with the child, your uncle asked Mr. Despard to give it shelter for a little time, and, from some reason, with Mr. Despard it remained until your uncle's death, when, in a letter which he left for me, I first heard of the circumstance. While I was considering what was best to be done, Mr. Despard wrote offering to adopt the boy, and bring him up as his own son. I was only too glad to accept the offer, for at that time, God knows, I had enough on my hands. Oh, your uncle was cruel, very cruel! He is dead and gone, Stephen, and I wish to forgive him; but if any man ever wronged the widow and the orphan, he did."

While Mrs. Prescott was saying this, Sir Stephen was walking up and down the room trying to grasp this unexpected revelation. Suddenly he stopped.

"Do you mean to tell me, mother, that you never did anything for this boy, but let the whole cost and burden of his maintenance rest upon this old Mr. Despard?"

"Stephen!" and here Mrs. Prescott's tears came to her assistance; but her son took no notice of them.

"I—I did all I could," she sobbed: "I deprived myself of what ready money I possessed at the time to send to Mr. Despard—five hundred pounds, which afterwards got

the young man his commission; and I gave the old man this living, a great thing for a struggling London curate, for that was all he was before; and surely it was far better that the boy should be brought up respectably as the adopted son of a clergyman, than that it should be known that he belonged to nobody."

"Belonged to nobody, mother! he belonged to us. Now I can solve the riddle which has puzzled me all my life. Uncle Bernard's speculations were made to leave something to this boy. He knew the wrong he had done him, and I suppose he guessed rightly that, with no claim to justice, the lad had little chance of getting it given to him by his family."

Mrs. Prescott put her hands over her ears. "I won't listen," she exclaimed; "I shall go mad! After all I have sacrificed and done for you, Stephen, to turn round like this upon me. Oh, I am indeed punished!" and she rocked herself to and fro.

But Stephen seemed dead to everything but his sense of the injury which Leo had sustained.

"What opinion could Mr. Despard have formed of us?" he exclaimed; "what must he have thought of me, inheriting all my uncle had to leave, yet not caring whether his son was alive or dead?"

"Really, Stephen, you are the most unreasonable person I ever met with. So far from having a bad opinion of us, the few letters that Mr. Despard sent me were filled with expressions of gratitude, that he was permitted to have the boy, whom he spoke of as being the greatest comfort of his life. Oh, how I wish now that I had never consented to come here! I had a presentiment of evil from the first, and though I fought against it, as I have done through life wherever your wishes were concerned, a shudder ran through me each time I thought of the odious place."

"Well, mother, I cannot understand you. My only wonder is that you could ever rest anywhere; the fact—alone—of keeping such a thing from me would have been sufficient, I should have said, to worry you to death."

"Our anxieties do not kill us, Stephen, or I should have been in my grave long ago. Sometimes," and here her tears began afresh, "I think there is very little for me to live for."

"I see we have talked enough for to-night," Sir Stephen said impatiently, as he rang the bell.

"Of course you will not think of mentioning the subject to any one, Stephen. You see that the young man himself knows nothing of it. It would be cruel to undeceive him; he seems so very happy and contented, far more than——"

But her son interrupted her.

"For heaven's sake, mother, say no more. Leave me to decide how I shall act for the future."

The sternness of his face and manner frightened her into silence, until startled by a knock at the door, she said, "Who can that be?"

"Only Davis. I rang for her to come to you. I will assist you to your room."

Many things connected with this disclosure seemed to hurt and irritate him. That his mother, between whom and himself he had believed perfect confidence to exist, could keep an important secret like this from him, was sufficiently startling—and for what reason? Why was he to be kept in ignorance? Who had so great a right to know? Well might Miss Despard wish to avoid him—in her conduct he saw the reflection of her brother's feelings. The odd thing was, that after remaining silent, that is, if she had remained silent, for all these years, she should suddenly speak to Hero. What could be her motive? This thought perplexing him considerably, he determined to write a note asking Hero to oblige him by not keeping her appointment, as, from a conversation he had had with his mother, he intended paying Miss Despard a visit himself, and by going at the time she had appointed to see Hero, he hoped in all probability to find her at home and alone.

CHAPTER XXV.—"ALL SOUND TILL WE'RE SIFTED."

THE next morning, having dispatched a messenger to Sharrows sufficiently early to prevent Hero's visit, Sir Stephen, at the appointed time, presented himself at Aunt Lydia's cottage, thereby so startling the old lady that some time elapsed before she knew what she was saying to him, or what he was saying to her. By chatting about Mallett, the people he had met there, and the pleasure it gave him to come among them, he gave her time to recover her composure, and, with a view of leading up to the subject, he at length mentioned Leo's name. Immediately Aunt Lydia's face changed and her manner altered; so, laying aside all further reserve, he said,—

"Miss Despard, I am a very poor diplomatist, and I am sure you understand straight-



"THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON."

Page 547.

forwardness far better than anything else; therefore you must forgive any seeming bluntness, if I come to what I have to say without more preamble."

Poor Aunt Lydia's heart seemed to beat quicker at every word. Could Sir Stephen have heard what she had said about him and Hero, and had he come to say that it was false, or, worse still, that it was true?

"Until last night," he went on, "I was perfectly ignorant of the debt of gratitude, which I and my family owe to you and your brother. From some mistaken motive, my mother never told me that my uncle, Sir Bernard Prescott, had left a son, and until I came down here, except as rector of Mallett, I never heard of Mr. Despard. Now that I am made aware of his generosity and goodness to my uncle's son, I am grieved beyond measure that I cannot tell him, that what must have seemed unfeeling, selfish neglect arose solely from total ignorance of the facts. My mother's life has been one long sacrifice of self to duty, so that I know her silence was caused by an idea that she was acting rightly. She says that deference to Mr. Despard's wishes was her principal reason for not speaking to me, or doing anything in the matter."

"It is quite true; she only acted as my dear brother always desired that she would," exclaimed Aunt Lydia, whose anger had vanished before Sir Stephen's truthful, earnest manner. "Antony was most grateful that you never interfered, but let him bring up Leo as if he were indeed our own boy. Ah! Sir Stephen, if ever my poor brother made an idol, it was of Leo. Don't speak of gratitude, Sir Stephen, and tell your mother to be assured that my dear brother blessed her many and many a time for leaving him such a comfort. Two old people, alone in the world, our lives would have been very dull without Leo."

Sir Stephen took the old lady's hand. "Your unselfish goodness," he said, "puts my thanks to silence; but you must now tell me your wishes, so that I may see if I cannot serve your adopted son in some way."

Aunt Lydia sat for a few moments without speaking, but with an expression in her sweet old face which kept Sir Stephen from disturbing her; then looking at him she said,—

"How wonderful are the ways of Him, who worketh all things together for our good! Until two days ago, I never wished that the silence which my brother kept up between Leo and his father's family should be broken; but a circumstance has occurred which has made me hesitate, and think, would it not be best that you should know, as perhaps you could be of great assistance to Leo. I cannot tell you, Sir Stephen, how this thought has worried me, not having any person to speak to on the matter."

"Mr. Leo Despard is not aware, then, of the connection between us?"

"Oh, dear, no! nothing could be further from his thoughts. He knows that the details of his birth are somewhat painful; for before he went into the world, my dear Antony thought it only right to tell him so much, but no more; therefore I could not speak to him. I could but seek guidance, and now you come to me, and ask a question which gives the answer to my petition. Mrs. Prescott, you say, has only told you now?"

Sir Stephen, wishing that Aunt Lydia should suppose his mother's communication a voluntary one, answered,—

"Yes; she saw that we were likely to be thrown more together, and she thought it best. You know I am going to sell my larger estate, and settle at Mallett altogether."

"Dear me! that seems a pity. I remember Antony telling me what a beautiful place it was.

"Yes; most people admire it, and that gives me hope that I shall have no difficulty in selling it. I presume," he said, reverting to the subject uppermost in his mind, "that it was Mr. Leo Despard's wish to be a soldier."

"From the time he was a little fellow so high, he delighted in nothing else. He and his dear uncle would play by the hour together at fighting battles and drilling armies. Antony wished him to go into the Church, feeling that it was more than probable that you would, in due time, have allowed Leo to take his place as rector here, and there would have been a comfortable provision for him for life: whereas, where he is, the poor boy has a hard task to pay his way; and to put by to purchase his next step, is next to impossible, Sir Stephen. If he had a friend in power, or any one to lend him a helping hand, he thinks something might be managed. And now, Sir Stephen, I am coming to my request—a very bold one I fear you will think it."

"No, I shall not; only tell me exactly what he wants. This, you know, is strictly between ourselves."

"Yes, I am sure of that, and I feel as if I could really open my mind to you, Sir

Stephen, which is such a comfort to one pent up as I have been, through having no one to whom I could speak openly. Well, I daresay you don't know, though perhaps you may have guessed, that there is a great attachment between Leo and Hero Carthew."

Sir Stephen nodded his head, to signify that he was already in possession of that fact.

"Ah, I thought whether you hadn't noticed it. Then I daresay you have also noticed that there's a little misunderstanding between them just at present."

"No. I saw them together on Wednesday."

"Ah, yes; but it has been since then. They had a fall out that evening. You see, Sir Stephen, that though they have been engaged, it has not been anything formal; and I suppose Hero (and very naturally) now wants it to be known, and she told Léo as much, and he took it into his head it would not be honourable to bind her, and so objected; and then, as is always the case, one word led to another, until the poor boy, in his warmth, let out what we had none of us suspected, that he has been miserable for ever so long, because he can't see his way to getting his promotion, for perhaps ten years to come, and until he gets that they must not think of marrying, you know, Sir Stephen; and he said at length that, rather than tie Hero down by a long engagement, he would set her free, and she—rather ungenerously, I must say that of her—took him at his word. As he said to me last night, why can't they go on as they've been going on? But she won't have that. She says things are altered now, and she wishes people to know that she is engaged, and from what I can gather she was a little high and mighty with him, and Leo isn't one to stand that; and so, when she said then they would in future only be friends, he took her at her word, and the consequence is, they are both of them heart-broken, and one won't give way and the other won't give way, so that there is no knowing how long they may go on making each other miserable. However, I shouldn't mind that so much—for young people are pretty sure to get right in the end—if it was not that it has opened my eyes to the dear boy's anxieties about his promotion, which I never knew before, and I am afraid it will affect his health, and he talks of volunteering for some of those dreadful places where a strong young man is taken off like the snuff of a candle in a few hours"—and here poor Aunt Lydia shuddered at the melancholy prospect. "A wife, you see, is such a safeguard to a man in the army, because he knows if he goes throwing away his life, how straitened he must leave his poor widow; so that I shouldn't be a bit afraid if Leo was married—only, how is he to marry until he gets his promotion, and how is he to get his promotion without a friend to give him a helping hand?" And stopping, she looked wistfully at Sir Stephen, who sat listening to her words with a grave face.

He had not interrupted her while she was speaking, for every sentence she uttered seemed to send his thoughts travelling off in a fresh direction. Viewed in the light which Aunt Lydia threw upon it, Leo's denial assumed a different aspect, and Sir Stephen could readily credit the young fellow was striving to do what he believed to be honourable and right. Until now he hardly knew how strongly hope had sprung up within him; but if this was the explanation of Leo's coldness, he must give up all thought of things being different, and until he had done what was plainly his duty, forget his personal interest in the matter. So, with an effort, which he strove to hide from Miss Despard, he said,—

"If the sum for purchasing a further step will secure their happiness, you need say no more, Miss Despard, as I consider you have every right to claim that from me."

"Oh, Sir Stephen, you are too generous; pray, don't speak in that way to me, for I could not think of allowing you to deprive yourself of such a sum; we shall only look upon it as a loan from you which is to be repaid, and I know that Leo will leave no stone unturned to repay it, for he is a good boy, Sir Stephen—a dear good boy, a son whom any man might have been proud to own; but there, I have no right to speak; it is not for us to judge."

"I suppose you never saw the mother?" said Sir Stephen.

"No, never."

"I thought she might have made some attempt to see the boy."

"She never knew where he had been placed, and his dread of her discovering it kept Sir Bernard from coming to the house. It was not until he ascertained that she was dead that he wrote to Antony, saying he should now see the child; and we always thought he meant to acknowledge him. But there, it was not to be. Sudden death is very awful, Sir Stephen, and I shall never forget the shock your poor uncle's death gave

Antony. You see they were much attached to each other—like brothers, you may say."

"Mr. Despard had seen the mother?"

"Yes, he had; poor Antony quite grieved, thinking what a thousand pities for Sir Bernard to have made such a mistake, for you know he quite thought Sir Bernard had married her;—indeed, to his dying day it was a mystery to my dear brother. Ah, we're all sound till we're sifted, Sir Stephen, and the man who trusts to his own strength is lost."

While Aunt Lydia was saying this the expression of Sir Stephen's face had gradually become more pained and anxious.

"I shall come again soon, and have another chat with you, Miss Despard," he said, rising, with a feeling of oppression. "In the meantime, how about your nephew? Do you propose to inform him now of our relationship?"

"Oh, that I shall leave to you, Sir Stephen."

"You see that, though I have a large-sounding income, I am from circumstances so straitened for ready money that I could not conveniently spare this sum until I have made some arrangement dependent on my estate of Pamphillon, which is at present for sale. Now, suppose we said nothing about this matter until the money is forthcoming, and then we told Mr. Despard?"

"That is quite as I think, Sir Stephen."

"I hope to be able to do this in the course of a few weeks; so they will not have a very long term of probation."

Aunt Lydia took his outstretched hand, and while tears of joy filled her eyes she said,—

"My tongue has ever been a very weak exponent of my heart, and never more feeble to express its gratitude than at this moment; but inasmuch as you have done to me, may it be done to you, so that the burden which lies nearest to your heart be lifted suddenly away, and its heaviness turned into great fulness of joy."

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE CAPTAIN CLEARS UP SOME POINTS.

After leaving Aunt Lydia, Sir Stephen walked towards the village, at the entrance to which he suddenly came upon Captain Carthew and Leo Despard. Determined upon making restitution for the false impression he considered he had formed of Leo, Sir Stephen gave him a more friendly greeting than their short acquaintanceship demanded, and when at the turn to the Forts Leo stopped, Sir Stephen said,—

"If you have nothing better to do, will you stroll round, and smoke a cigar with me this evening?"

"Thanks, I will," said Leo, well pleased at the change; and the Captain and Sir Stephen walked on together.

"That seems a nice young fellow," Sir Stephen said, debating within himself whether or not he should speak openly to Captain Carthew. "You knew Mr. Despard, the rector, intimately, I suppose?"

"What, old Antony? Ah, yes; he and I were great chums," said the Captain regretfully.

"Did he ever speak to you as to the antecedents of this adopted son of his?"

The Captain gave a quick look at Sir Stephen.

"I am not asking from idle curiosity, as you will presently see. I really want to unburden myself a little to you on a subject which has just caused me great annoyance. I know I may speak openly to you."

The Captain, on whom the troubled tone of Sir Stephen's voice was not lost, put his arm through his companion's.

"Let us turn down here," he said. "We are not so likely to be interrupted." And they walked on a little distance without either of them speaking. "Now, about this young Despard," the Captain began. "All I know of him from his uncle is this—as to anything others may say, well, I put it in the same list with what he says of himself—he was the son of a great friend of the old man's, who had got himself into a precious mess through some woman he took up with. He was a queer kind of fish, and Antony thought he had married her, and when he took charge of Leo, then a little chap in petticoats, he still believed that she was his wife, though by this time she had bolted from him, and he was furious against her; so much so, that until she died, which she did a few years after, he wouldn't even look at the child, who was the image of the mother. After her death he softened down a little, and came to see the boy, and talked about taking him home, for he'd come into some property, I fancy—when, poor fellow, he died quite suddenly of some complaint which, it seems, he'd kept to himself for years, and everything was found to be at sixes and sevens. The next of kin wrote to old Antony, and, as nothing was found of a marriage certificate, or any papers to clear up the matter, the poor little beggar had no claim upon anybody. Old Antony offered to adopt him, and they were only too willing

to be ridded of the burden. Mind you," added the Captain, finding Sir Stephen still silent, "if ever any one was certain of a berth aloft, that man was old Antony Despard. He loved his neighbour, he feared God, and honoured the king; and if there's anything else that ought to be done to make things square, why, sir, he did it."

And the Captain, in his excitement, pushed his hat farther back, and shook his head defiantly at Sir Stephen.

"You but confirm what Miss Despard told me this morning, and my mother told me last night, when I was first informed that the friend for whom Mr. Despard did all this was my uncle, the late Sir Bernard Prescott, and that this young Despard is therefore my cousin."

"The devil he is!" exclaimed the Captain, stopping, and turning short round in blank amazement. "Bless my soul! why, I thought you were asking on Hero's account! I never had the wind so knocked out of me before. Leo Despard your uncle's son! Well, then, for once I should have cut up rough with old Antony, for—" and he grasped Sir Stephen's hand—"by Jingo, if the mother *had* been married, Mallett might have thrown out signals of distress for a month of Sundays, before Master Leo would have come to the rescue."

Sir Stephen smiled.

"You have rather set me thinking," he said. "I suppose old Mr. Despard felt quite satisfied that every justice had been done to this boy. That is the worst of being kept in ignorance. Women do what is right; but they don't always see the necessity of proving that they have done so. My poor mother, for instance, is plagued with such a tender conscience, that she would overstrain and torment herself in any doubtful matter; but very likely she would never think to say this to any one, fancying that they would be sure to judge her as justly as she would judge them."

"And so she was judged," said the Captain; "for I, not knowing who the parties were, have often asked Antony if he was satisfied that it had all been plain sailing."

"And he was?"

"Perfectly. He said his knowledge of the person who wrote to him thoroughly satisfied him; and now I know that he meant your mother, I can understand the high opinion he had of her."

"I am very glad of that," said Sir Stephen, with a sigh of relief; "but the good old man must have thought very meanly of *me*."

"Not a bit of it. He never thought meanly of any one, and, least of all, of any member of your family. On the contrary, you may depend he was very much obliged to you for not interfering; indeed, I've heard him say as much."

"It was very strange that he should not have told the young fellow himself?"

"Well, I don't know that. He'd a good deal more sense than he ever got credit for, and I expect he saw that Master Leo was one rather given to lay hold of fanciful notions. He's a queer mixture is Leo, and I can make more allowance for his twists and cranks now. I am glad your mother told you of the circumstance. These things are better made a clean breast of."

"Her silence has been a terrible annoyance to me," Sir Stephen said. "At least," he added, wishing to screen her forced avowal, "she ought to have told me before we came down here. Directly she did do so I went to Miss Despard, and I have had a long talk with her this morning."

"Does she wish Leo to be told of it?"

"Yes, we shall tell him, but not for a little time to come. I may as well be plain with you. I wish to give him the sum for the purchase of his next step. I cannot do this till Pamphillon is sold; then I shall be able to manage it, and add to it enough, so that he may marry, which it seems he is very anxious to do."

"The deuce he is! And who does he want to marry?"

Sir Stephen hesitated.

"You don't mean Hero?"

Sir Stephen's silence implied that he did mean Hero, and the Captain shook his head.

"Why, it was only last night that she told me that they'd parted company."

"Yes, Miss Despard hinted at some misunderstanding, in consequence of Mr. Despard feeling, that it would be wrong to bind your daughter to one who could not marry for an indefinite time; but that is over now—they can marry as soon as they please." And a something in the tone of these words made the Captain avoid looking at once at the speaker.

"Well, he may get his promotion," he said, "and very glad I shall be to see a pair of epaulettes upon his shoulders; but if he gets my girl, why, I'll eat my head, hat and all. No, no, not a bit of it."

"You won't give your consent?"

"Give my consent! Yes, I'll give my consent if he ever gets hers. But, whereas,

a little time ago she'd nailed her colours to Leo, and would have stuck to him through thick and thin, like a true woman—God bless 'em every one!—now, whether he sinks or swims, the same boat will never hold them, and the longer they live the wider they'll drift apart."

"But how—what has caused this sudden change?" said Sir Stephen.

"Nothing, I believe; only old Time has made a woman of the child, and she cares for something beyond a good figurehead. Besides, I always knew that if they were thrown much together her love for Leo would be gone; they're as opposite to one another as the poles. I wish Leo well, and, for my old friend's sake, besides having a liking for the boy himself, I'd do him a service with all my heart; but, for all that, I say, thank the Lord that he'll never be anything more to my girl, and last night when she told me I took an extra glass of grog on the strength of it. Ah! by-the-bye, that brings me to a promise I gave to our friend Joe Bunce. Do you really think you shall take up your quarters here—I mean, so that you'll keep on your boat, and need Joe as a regular hand?"

"Certainly, I mean to engage his services to be a handy man about the place, and to make the boat his especial care."

"Well, then, will you tell him so?"

"Of course I will. I was on my way to the village when we met. If you are going there, we'll walk on together."

"What you have told me," said the Captain, as they turned into the road, "is as safe as if it was unsaid. Until you give the word, I shall never speak of it to a soul."

"I shall be entirely guided by his own wishes," said Sir Stephen. "He may desire that things be left as they are."

Most probably he will," said the Captain. "You see, it's an awkward thing to be chopping and changing, and I know when Leo has a story to tell he isn't particular to a shade or two." Then, seeing that they were approaching a more frequented part, he added, "but we'll talk this over again. There are two or three things I want to say; but we'll leave them for the present, and finish our business with Mr. Joe, who I can see round the corner keeping a sharp look-out. Come, Joe, here's Sir Stephen—now speak up!" for the expression on Joe's face had suddenly assumed a bashfulness rather at variance with its bronze colour and hairy surroundings.

"Well, Joe!" said Sir Stephen, "are you ready to settle down as a landsman? Is it agreed that you undertake the charge of my boat?"

Joe turned the hat which he held by the brim slowly round, staring hard into the crown, with the hope of gaining an inspiration by which he might return his thanks; but these means not succeeding, he got redder than before with the effort to say,—

"Thank 'ee, sir. I ain't much of a hand at speechifying, through allays havin' bin in the carpenter's crew; but my feelins' is the same, and I am uncommon obliged to you, sir, for givin' me this chance, and so the Cap'en can tell, as has often spoke up for me before, when the wind's bin pretty stiff up above," and he rather lowered his voice as he indicated *above* to mean Sharrows.

"Ah!" said the Captain, "that's when you've been splicing the main brace, Joe; but we musn't have any more of that now. You must conduct yourself as becomes a steady-going man, or you'll lose your rating with Betsey."

"Betsey!" repeated Sir Stephen. "Of course, I had forgotten all about that. Why, you want to get married, Joe?"

Joe became more sheep-faced than ever.

"Well, sir, I have bin a-thinking about it."

"Thinking about it," laughed the Captain. "Why, you've been thinking about it these last twenty years."

"Yes, sir, but the difficulty is to get a female twice in the same mind. They don't answer to no helm, they don't—not as I could ever make out. P'raps you gintlemen knows how to strike the right nail on the head; but I've never bin able to hit it. If so be now," and Joe gave a sly look towards Sir Stephen, "I'd a got anybody to give me a hoist up with a wedge o' their own drivin', she'd take me straight off the reel."

"Well, we must see what can be done," laughed Sir Stephen. "I shall tell Betsey that now you have entered into my service, Joe, I must see you respectably married, and I'll ask her advice about a cottage which I think might suit you."

Joe stood speechless, then suddenly turning to Sir Stephen, he said—

"You couldn't find me somethin' to do now, sir, could ye?"

"No, I am going on some other business."

"Have you got a job of any kind, Cap'en?"

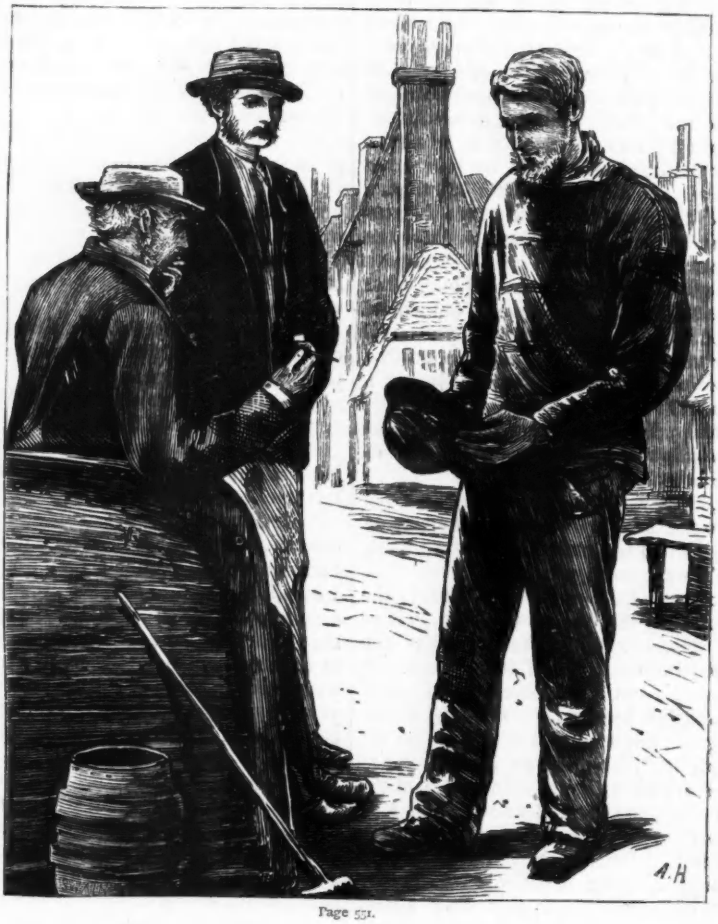
The Captain shook his head.

"Well, then!" exclaimed Joe decisively, "I'll run up, and ask Miss Hero to keep a

eye on me; for if I stay within hail of the Admiral Nelson, I shan't be able to keep from drinkin' o' somebody's health, and once inside there, 'tain't so easy to get out agin."

CHAPTER XXVII.—MRS. PRESCOTT'S REFLECTIONS.

UNTIL dinner time Mrs. Prescott saw nothing of her son, and then Katherine's presence prevented their touching upon any but general topics. This was only in accordance with her desire that, until she had hedged herself in with clever evasions and discreet denials, there should be no raking up of bygone memories between them. Her day, which, under the plea of indisposition, she had spent almost alone, had been one of alternating hope and fear—hope, that, now



Page 551.

so much was known, the great dread would remain more completely shrouded than before; and fear, lest Sir Stephen should persist in telling Leo the existing relationship between them. By way of consolation she indulged, as was her habit, in imagining the different things to be said and done under different circumstances; and, by hanging these events on suitable hinges, they invariably turned in the right direction, and so were productive of a certain amount of comfort. It seemed hard, that when she had almost succeeded in forgetting those years of endurance they should, all of a sudden, be brought before her as vividly as ever; and as she sat in the quiet of her room, she recounted every hardship she had undergone to keep the estate to which she so tenaciously clung.

She had given up one expense after another, had sold everything over which she had control, and had lived secluded and apart from most of those she cared for. Where would Pamphillon be had she not done this? In the hands of strangers,—and Combe the sole inheritance of the Prescotts. But was this coming to pass in spite of her? Should she yet live to see Stephen possessed of nothing but this paltry out-of-the-world estate? Ah, that would be bitterness indeed! for Combe had ever been a despised portion; and though, during the struggling years of her son's minority, she had derived from it her only certain income, it had never entered her mind to live there, nor had she considered that either the place or the people had any claim upon her for sympathy or care.

"It must have been Fate which induced Stephen to come down here," she murmured; then sighing despondingly, she added, "I suppose it is ordained that I should never know peace of mind. I did think, when Katherine was given back to us again, that things would go smoothly; but, there, I suppose it is not to be." After a time she began to consider how soon it would be possible for them to turn their backs on the place, "for if I stay here I shall be seriously ill,—to feel under the constant dread of what Stephen or this aunt, who had entirely slipped out of my memory, may say, is more than my nerves could bear. Stephen is so odd in his notions; now, instead of seeing how fortunate it was for this young man to be brought up so respectably, he flies out at me each time I try to impress it upon him, and says that, seeing his uncle evidently intended to do something for him, it should have been our care to see his wishes carried out. Poor Stephen! he can never know what I have undergone for him."

These and similar thoughts filled her brain during the day and night which followed her interview with her son; nor was she the only one whom troubled fancies made restless and disturbed. Sir Stephen did nothing but think of the one subject. A hundred things combined in giving strange interest to this new revelation. That he should ever have come to the place, which he had been brought up to regard as "a barren, uncultivated waste, fit for nothing but to be the home of a rough and scanty fishing population!" How culpable had been his neglect of Mallett! He had taken for granted what his mother had always said, that it brought in next to nothing; and now he found that at the time of his uncle's death the best part of the estate had been mortgaged to relieve the pressing wants of Pamphillon, and since then, nothing had been done for the land or the people. From a repugnance on Sir Stephen's part to enter into matters which overwhelmed and disheartened him, he had acquired the reputation, with his agents and lawyers, of a poor man of business. This, combined with his continual absence from England, made them enter into details far more fully with Mrs. Prescott than they did with her son, and they took it for granted that Sir Stephen was by her made acquainted with everything that took place. But they, like many others, had gauged Stephen Prescott very imperfectly. His weakness arose from his knowledge, that the moment he faced an evil he must set to work to remedy it; therefore, as much as it was possible, he accepted things on trust, asked few questions; and, while tormented about the state of Pamphillon, felt no twittings of conscience about Mallett, whose inhabitants, when viewed by the light of Mrs. Prescott's hearsay exaggerations, he concluded, had not reached that state of civilisation in which dirt and discomfort either affect or disturb. When he began looking into the Pamphillon affairs, he decided he would at least see Mallett. Had providence decreed that he should be the scapegoat,—that, while he was to be the instrument by which happiness should be effected, he should, in his own person, suffer for the sins of those who had gone before? Surely he had had his share of suffering already, for he now saw the reason of his uncle's reckless speculations,—it was to form a fortune for this son, whom, doubtless, he yearned to make his heir. "And yet," he said, "my mother, seeing this, could allow her sensitiveness to overcome her sense, and, to screen my uncle, commit an injustice to his son and to her own. I am quite ashamed to think how I hope the young fellow will choose to keep the matter still secret. I know how many would sneer over the false sentiment which kept her silent, while others would do the same at the idea of my pretended ignorance. What will Hero think of it? she, of course, must know what is the meaning of this sudden rupture between her and Despard. Am I to believe the aunt, or the father? Perhaps neither of them know the truth; she may have told him about me, and he may feel bound to release her, and neither of them may be able to speak plainly to a third person. God knows," he exclaimed, after a long pause, jumping up to occupy himself and so drown thought, "but at times I could swear that she loves me."

A LADIES' CONGRESS IN GERMANY.

AUTUMN is the season for congresses in Germany as it is in England, but probably so many were never held there before as last autumn witnessed. Only a few years ago, indeed, public meetings of any kind were not easily achieved. A permission was necessary from the authorities, and the promoters of the meeting must show clearly that it would prove quite harmless,—and as interesting as most quite harmless things are. But all that seems to belong to a past age now. The sense of relief and confident anticipation of a great future—sometimes, perhaps, of rather aggressive exultation—which pervades nearly all classes in Germany at the present time, is most striking to those who knew her in the long years of depression, of dread of invasion from abroad, of disappointed hopes at home, which lay between 1850 and 1865. Naturally enough, new schemes of all kinds are springing up, and it is not one of the least significant signs of the times that no fewer than three of these congresses were "Ladies' Diets." Probably most of us have mental pictures of the typical German housewife, cooking, knitting stockings, going to coffee parties in winter and tea-gardens in summer, contrasted with those exceptional women, cultured, refined, and enthusiastic, who are represented to us in German novels, and biographies too, as playing wonderful music and acting the sympathizing friend and confidante to some great literary or artistic genius. The idea of German women taking to public meetings strikes us as odd and incongruous; and in truth their life hitherto has been almost exclusively domestic. This must naturally be the case with the vast majority of women in all countries, but it is peculiarly so in Germany from the temperament of the people and the great frequency of marriage. Germany has no India, no colonies, no foreign service to carry off the young men of the educated classes, leaving their sisters at home. Its emigration flows chiefly from the working classes, who emigrate in families, and hence many of the questions that have their root in the disproportion of the sexes are little known as yet there.

But other causes are at work to bring women into more public and combined action. Women participate as well as men in the great wave of stirring thought and feeling that is passing over the country; they are learning to feel that they belong to their nation as well as their family, and to ask how they can help its progress. Beyond this general share in the national life, two very opposite tendencies have contributed to the same result. On the one hand there is the spread in certain narrow but conspicuous circles of what are termed advanced democratic ideas, sometimes tinged with socialism and an antagonism to religion, sometimes wearing a more simply republican form. On the other hand, side by side with the growth of sentiments indifferent or unfriendly to Christianity, there has been for many years past a revival of religious feeling, which has led women to take an active part in philanthropic work, and thus roused them to a sense both of their responsibilities and deficiencies. This revival has taken place precisely in that stratum of society which finds least notice or expression in literature, and is therefore little known except to those who have happened to come in its way. But a movement which has called into existence within a few years such wide-spread agencies as the Inner Mission, the Protestant Deaconesses of Kaiserwerth, the Brotherhood of the Rauhe Haus, and the organizations for charitable relief, is not the less real because it escapes the notice of newspapers and travellers. Such efforts teach women to act in combination and to realise their duties towards fellow-beings beyond the magic ring of home, and thus indirectly but powerfully affect many circles of society which do not share, perhaps repudiate, their special religious ideas, but are impelled to action by their example.

From all these causes has arisen a wide-spread sense that women need more openings for action, and a better preparation for that action when it becomes possible; while social life needs wise help from them. The first impulse towards the formation of a society for these objects came, indeed, from a very doubtful quarter, and nearly imperilled the success of the whole movement. A certain gentleman, who had been connected with the extreme section of the women's rights party in America, came to Berlin and tried to found a society and a journal for the promotion of the interests of women. Failing to meet with support there, he went to Leipsic, and with the assistance of Frau Otto Peters, a well-known authoress, and others, established in 1865 the *Allgemeiner Deutscher Frauen-Verein* (General Union of German Ladies), and a periodical. Ere long, however, it became clear that his ideas of eman-

cipation were of a very different kind from those of his colleagues. A split took place, and he removed to Frankfort, and has since then tried various towns in the south of Germany, ending with Vienna, where a congress was summoned by him this year, but proved a complete failure. Save for the advocacy of the section thus formed, the question of the political rights of women is not one that comes up in Germany at all at the present time. The *Allgemeiner Frauen-Verein* shows a sympathy with the "women's franchise" movement in England, but does not advocate any similar efforts in Germany; and most of the other associations distinctly state that their aims are purely social, not political. Meanwhile this society is carrying on its work to the present day under its president, Frau Otto Peters. Its object is to promote the general elevation of women by improved culture; and its means consist of conferences held yearly in various towns to propagate its principles and found local associations; of a journal called the *New Paths;* and evening meetings for working women, where ladies meet with them socially and entertain them with music and readings of poetry. The leading principle is that women should help themselves, which is carried out so logically that men are excluded from any official post in it, and have no vote in its proceedings, though they are kindly permitted to subscribe to its funds. This principle of exclusion, with the want of definiteness in its aims, and a certain tendency to extreme views, appeared unsatisfactory to many who were equally anxious to improve the condition of women; and hence a few months later another association was formed in Berlin, of which the chief promoters were Dr. Lette, then President of the Prussian Chamber, and well known as a political economist, and Professor Von Holtzendorff. This society adopts as its principle the combined action of men and women, and its committees are always mixed. Its most active patroness is the Crown Princess, and its present president is Frau Schepeler-Lette, the widowed daughter of its founder. Its primary object was to promote the industrial employment of women, partly by founding the Victoria Bazaar, partly by obtaining their admission to careers hitherto closed to them, and training them for these in technical schools. These technical or trade schools have been very successful, and as applied to women constitute perhaps the most novel and valuable part of the work of this society. The "*Lette-Verein*," as it was called, thus started at once on a very practical field of operation, but some of its warmest supporters soon began to feel that other kinds of education besides technical training were needed, and women of the richer classes also wanted help; while many of the local associations connected with the Leipsic society began to admit men to their committees and to found trade and technical schools. This approximation in practice led naturally to the idea that a fusion of the central societies might be possible, and in 1869 a congress of all the associations concerned with women's work was held in Berlin under the patronage of the Crown Princess. It resulted in the formation of the *Lette-Verband*, or alliance of many different societies scattered throughout Germany, of which Professor Von Holtzendorff was chosen president, while Fraulein Jenny Hirsch was made editress of its organ, the *Women's Advocate* (*Frauenanwalt*), a journal published monthly in Berlin. The parent Leipsic Society, however, declined to join the alliance, partly from personal causes, partly from a real divergence in principle, partly from jealousy of Prussia and a dislike to seeing all important action gravitate towards Berlin. It held its congress this year at Eisenach, and many delegates attended both meetings; but to an outside spectator it certainly seems that the "Lette Union" is doing the most practical work and on the soundest principles, and it is fast outstripping its rival in numbers.

The congress we are specially concerned with was the second meeting of the *Lette-Verband*, which assembled at Darmstadt on Wednesday, October 9th, 1872. Nearly a hundred delegates were present, most of whom were quiet, middle-aged women, plainly dressed, who looked like good, anxious mothers of families belonging to the educated, but not the fashionable classes. Only three were unmarried: these were Fraulein Calm, the head of a flourishing school in Cassel, Fraulein Jenny Hirsch, whom we have already named, and Fraulein Büchner, of Darmstadt, a well-known writer, and most efficient worker in the Ladies' Association of that city. This association, known as the "Alice Society," owes its origin to the Princess whose name it bears, and has three departments, one for the training of nurses, another for the employment, and a third for the higher education of women. Among the gentlemen who were delegates the most noticeable were the president of the meeting, Herr Lammers, of Bremen, and Professor Von Holtzendorff,

whose genial countenance and animated rapid utterance, were to be seen and heard on all occasions. Some English ladies had been invited to the congress, of whom the most distinguished was Miss Mary Carpenter, who, with Miss Florence Hill, was the guest of the Princess Louis at her own palace.

The greater number of the associations represented belong to the northern half of Germany, and the fact that this was the first meeting of its kind in South Germany was more than once referred to with emphasis. Many little circumstances showed that it had been viewed from outside with considerable distrust, but such apprehensions soon passed away. Nothing could be more reasonable and practical than the speeches of the delegates, nothing more simple and unaffected than their manner. The administrative business was transacted in private afternoon meetings. The mornings were given to public meetings held in a room accommodating from three to four hundred persons, which was always so full that many were unable to obtain seats. About two-thirds of the audience and speakers were ladies, and those who took part in the discussions certainly spoke remarkably well. Their written papers were sensible, but sometimes, to prosaic English ears, rather prolix and high-flown; but they spoke not only with self-possession, but concisely and to the point. The best speakers were Fraulein Calm, who was really most effective in that way; two Breslau ladies, who have procured the introduction of needlework and domestic economy into the elementary schools for girls of their province; two others, Frau Goldschmidt and Frau Wüstenfeldt from Hamburg, who have worked there for thirty years in the development of the Kindergarten system and the training of servants; and Frau Lina Morgenstein, a most energetic, bright-eyed little woman from Berlin, who combines very different forms of activity. She is the head of a large system of cheap kitchens, where about 52,000 dinners are sold weekly to persons of the working classes at moderate but self-supporting prices—a great boon in the present extreme dearth of house accommodation in Berlin, which is actually driving numbers of working people to live in wooden huts outside the gates. At these kitchens practical instruction in cheap cookery is given. She is also the head of a Ladies' Lyceum, which gives advanced education in languages, mathematics, and physical science to ladies after the ordinary school age. At all the meetings, both public and private, Princess Louis of Hesse was present, and showed the warmest interest in the proceedings. Each evening she received some of the guests in the "Neues Palais."

The subjects of discussion were the employment of women, sick-nursing as a secular occupation, and education. It seems that the admission of women to the postal and telegraphic services, and to some kinds of statistical work, has been the subject of a debate in the Imperial Parliament, and has been carried into effect in Baden, Wurtemberg, and Breslau with the most satisfactory results. Fraulein Louise Büchner also gave a minute account of the Alice Bazaar at Darmstadt, which is in fact a large shop for the sale of women's handiwork of all sorts. No distinction of class is made among those who join it; but the Ladies' Committee who manage it are most stringent as to the quality of the work admitted, and practically it is found that only educated women at present are capable of doing the fine work for which it has obtained a wide reputation. The financial and selling department are undertaken by a tradesman of the place, and his commercial knowledge, with the excellence of the work, have rendered the concern more than self-supporting: it pays good wages to its workers, and is able yearly to extend its operations. The workers, of whom last year there were a hundred and thirteen, are chiefly ladies of moderate means; at first they carefully concealed their names, but as they soon perceived that this deprived them of fresh orders from customers, they began to give their names, and most now work for it openly without false shame. During the year of the war this bazaar gave employment to more than two hundred poor women, whose husbands were with the army, and who were occupied in making under-clothing, flannel shirts, woollen binders, and in knitting strong socks for the soldiers. Here, however, the difficulty presented itself which these ladies often lamented; though the work given out was of the coarsest kind, it was rarely done satisfactorily by women of the working classes; many could not even make rough towels or napkins for the kitchen or washing purposes. We could not but wish that some of our English reformers who are anxious to banish needlework from our national schools could have heard what the results of such a course have been in Germany; there all the ladies who are at the present moment most actively engaged in promoting the advanced education of the girls of the richer classes, are no less eager to have needlework made

a compulsory subject of instruction in the elementary schools of the State. For years past it has not been so, and no marks are given for it; the consequence has naturally been its general neglect, and the present generation of German women of the lower classes are miserably deficient in the power of keeping their own and their children's clothes in order, far less able to use their needles to add to the family income.

A similar attempt to the Alice Bazaar, the Victoria Bazaar in Berlin, does not appear to have been equally successful, nor to stand on so sound a commercial basis: and probably such enterprises will be found better suited to small cities than to the great centres where they inevitably have to sustain competition with enormous masses of capital. Their weak point, of course, is the mixture of the charitable and commercial elements which must characterize their beginnings; but it is to be hoped, as Miss Büchner observed, that they may afford such training to the ladies employed in them as would enable the next generation of ladies to form co-operative associations among themselves.

The nursing of the sick was the topic which excited the most vivid interest; partly from the great attention which has been directed to this subject by the war—just as by the Crimean war with ourselves—partly from the presence of many who had been personally engaged in this work, including Princess Alice herself and Frau Marie Simon, whose name of "Mother Simon" has become familiar throughout Germany since 1870. She is an elderly woman, of ample motherly figure, the wife of a linen-draper at Dresden, who before 1866 was known only in her own immediate neighbourhood as one of those capable and large-hearted women to whom all their neighbours instinctively fly for help in any emergency. In 1866 she went to the scene of war to help in nursing the sick and wounded, and so valuable was her aid that in 1870 she accompanied one division of the army into France, with a regular appointment from Government. There she distinguished herself both by her power of organization and of personal activity; accompanying the doctors on to the actual battle-fields, and making long journeys in the bitterest weather, often in an open cart, to procure comforts for the sick under her charge. Prince Louis came to shake hands with his old friend and hear her paper, and the whole meeting rose to welcome her with enthusiastic cheers, a greeting which so overcame her that she was quite unable to speak, and had to hand over her paper to one of the gentlemen. It was not written in the style of a practised hand, but was full of graphic details of actual nursing and shrewd, humorous touches; while its advocacy of cold water and fresh air, its praises of institutions under Miss Nightingale and Miss Merewether, "in England, where I do believe the nursing is better than in any land in the world," were delightful to English visitors.

Education was somewhat cast in the shade by the prominence given to these two other topics. There was a lively debate on the Kindergarten system, and one excellent speech on the higher education of women from Fraulein Calm. A society especially for educational purposes exists under the name of the "Universal Educational Association," holds its own conferences, and is under the presidency of Frau Mahrenholtz Bulow; but this, in practice, restricts itself almost to the promotion of Kindergarten schools. For the more advanced education no general association has as yet been formed, though "Ladies' Lyceums" (as institutions for holding lectures and classes are called in Germany) are beginning to spring up in various towns. A very strong wish was expressed that the universities should offer some aid, in the shape of local examinations, or classes for the instruction of women.

As far as we could gather, it appears that the methods of teaching are on the average better in German than English schools, and the Government examination which teachers (not schools) are obliged to pass, maintains a certain standard of efficiency among them; but a German girl, as a rule, leaves school at sixteen, and her education is "finished," except perhaps a few music lessons. A German gentleman, high in office in Baden, observed to us, "If you take a German and English girl at sixteen, you will find the German probably the better taught of the two; but take the same women at six-and-twenty, and the chances are that the Englishwoman will have advanced immensely, while the German will have forgotten much of her school learning, and grown actually narrower in her range of interests. The reason simply is that in England the men talk to the women, and here, in general, they don't! Of course there are exceptional individuals, and even circles, of the highest culture here; but, as a rule, men and women only seek each other's society when they are young, and the man goes to balls and picnics, partly to amuse himself, partly to find his wife. When she is found, and they are settled

down, he looks to men for his social refreshment in future, and she to women; he goes to his club, his lecture, his smoking-rooms; she to her afternoon coffee parties; when they meet in large evening gatherings, the men often keep in a separate room, or at any rate herd together on one side of the drawing-room. In England a man expects his wife to take her part intelligently in conversation on the topics of the day, and she educates herself accordingly; here he expects her to manage his house economically, and put a good meal on the table, and she educates herself for that ideal; the increasing activity of political life among the men only increases this separation, as the majority of women have not yet learnt to care for politics at all. Only get the men and women, not the boys and girls, to talk together, and all your other reforms will soon follow."

In Berlin, Darmstadt, and some other cities, a great deal is being done in this direction. In 1866 the *Wissenschaftlicher Verein* (Scientific Society of Berlin) began to give courses of lectures to which ladies were admitted; and somewhat later a Ladies' Lyceum was organized, chiefly by the efforts of an English lady, Miss Archer, governess to the Crown Princess's children. She met with the readiest aid from many of the professors of the university; and lectures are now delivered daily through a large portion of the year to classes of ladies. Other opportunities for advanced education are offered by a second Lyceum, the Victoria school, and Frau Morgenstern's Academy; so that Berlin almost rivals Edinburgh in this respect. Darmstadt has also a Ladies' Lyceum, attended by two hundred students, and as such institutions spread, German girls will be able to carry on their education to a later period, and not overtax the years below sixteen as they are apt to do now.

On the last day of the meeting it was proposed by Miss Carpenter, and decided by the Congress, to form a Ladies' International Correspondence Association under the presidency of Princess Louis of Hesse, for the collection and diffusion of information on women's work of all kinds. Some people feared the new Society would be taken for an offshoot of its formidable namesake, but the names of its President and its projector are sufficient guarantees for its character, and it is now forming branches in various countries, with a central office in Darmstadt, whence any one who wishes to begin some practical enterprise for the benefit of women may obtain such help and needful instruction as the experience of others can supply.

But if the guests at Darmstadt were worked hard with meetings, they were not left without recreation. The Opera, as is often the case in small German capitals, is remarkably good, and a performance, to which they were admitted by free tickets, was given for their benefit; the New Palace invited them to a brilliant reception, and the proceedings closed with a genuine German festival, a supper of endless courses, accompanied by much drinking of healths, speeches, songs, and clinking of glasses. The next day Darmstadt was left to its wonted quiet.

CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

THEN.

HEART, comfort thee. One day we two shall stand,
I with my love, in groves of Paradise,
Shall look once more into each other's eyes,
And, speaking not, fast hold each other's hand;
And then, if tears may be in deathless land,
Fall weeping loud upon each other's neck,
Remembering the day that wrought us wreck
Of joy, till time was done, on earth's far strand,
The day we said farewell, and wept no tears,
(But we shall weep, the day we meet again!)
And all the days and all the weary years.
Then, when our weeping's done—ah, then—ah, then—
We two shall look into each other's eyes,
And smile, beneath the trees of Paradise.

M. H.

SPRING IN MEXICO.

EDITED BY CANON KINGSLEY.

V.—FROM PACIFIC TO ATLANTIC.

GUADALAJARA is the capital of Jalisco, one of the largest and most populous states of Mexico. Half-a-dozen pages might be easily filled with descriptions of its buildings; its charitable institutions, finer than any in Mexico itself; its opera, its Alameda, and its delicious baths. But space does not allow of it, so I must hurry eastward to the capital.

We left Guadalajara on the 13th of April after a week's rest, of which we were sorely in need, and took seven days' travelling to Queretaro. Our route lay along the valley of the Lerma, one of the richest portions of the Republic. Its length between these two points is about two hundred and thirty-five miles, and its greatest width (between Leon and the mountains of Michoacan) about sixty. Some considerable part is under cultivation, wheat, maize, and beans growing freely without irrigation, and yielding good crops year after year without the slightest pains being taken to improve the soil: but, were a market for the produce and easy means of transportation supplied, this tract would form one of the most important wheat-growing districts of the world. The river rises in the Lago de Lerma, near Toluca, outside the western rim of the Valley of Mexico. Till it flows into the eastern end of Lake Chapala it is known as the Rio Lerma, and from that point to San Blas, where it falls into the Pacific, is called Rio Grande de Santiago. All along this valley lie large and wealthy Haciendas and populous towns. The chief we passed through were La Barça, population 10,000; Piedad, 10,000; Irapuato, 20,000; Salamanca, 18,000; Celaya, 30,000. We passed, besides these, many smaller towns with 1,000 to 10,000 inhabitants, and left to our north the great silver mining districts of Guanaguato with its thousands of people.

Our journey was beautiful in the extreme. Starting in the fresh early mornings, and driving all the day in the valley between fine mountain ranges, through ripe corn-fields or broad mesquite-covered pastures. But the roads were always infamous, and especially bad when they lay along a pretentious paved causeway, where one was either shaken to a jelly, or plunged into a deep mud hole. The lodging was generally miserable, windowless room, and beds—well, I won't describe them, only I used always to blow out the candle, and jump between the sheets in the dark, for fear of what I might see. And the food was smothered in garlic and "*chile colorado*," a kind of sauce of red peppers like liquid fire.

One thing which must strike the traveller with surprise, is the amount of magnificent churches all over the country. We used to pass ten to twenty sometimes in the day, each with its high bell-tower of carved stone, and fine dome, covered, as we drew eastward, with coloured glazed tiles, giving the effect of rich mosaic. As often as not the village round the church was nothing more than a collection of two or three dozen huts, more fit for pigs than human beings, the whole wealth of the neighbourhood having gone into the hands of the priests, and produced this great useless building, leaving the Indios round sunk one step lower in poverty, superstition, and ignorance. In Celaya there are twelve enormous churches, to thirty thousand inhabitants; and in other towns the proportion is as large, or larger.

Another tremendous tax on the resources of the country are the elaborate stone bridges over the rivers, often so out of repair as to be utterly useless. One near Piedad, across a river one hundred feet wide and three feet deep, had eight stone arches, carved balustrades, and a tablet at each end, stating when and by whom the bridge was built, and that it cost 7,265 dollars (£1,453). Certainly, that bridge was in tolerable repair; but in a magnificent structure over the Guanaguato River, near Irapuato, one of the arches had broken through: and, sooner than mend it, the inhabitants had made a dry crossing over the river below.

Cantera, a light volcanic stone, is found throughout the country; and, as it is easily carved, is much used for building in places where there are not many earthquakes. In Guadalajara, where earthquakes are very frequent, nearly all the buildings are made of "*adobe*" (sunburnt brick), as it is much more elastic than stone.

Of course, during our seven days' trip we heard a good deal of the robbers: but our party being supplied anew with Henry rifles from Guadalajara, the "gentlemen of the road" thought it best to leave us alone, and all we actually saw of them were two dead ones. In

all directions, however, we passed little black crosses by the roadside, with a heap of stones round them, marking the spot where some had killed, or had been killed by, the bandits. But between Guadalajara and La Barca we had a singular escape from an ambush which had been laid for us. We stopped to change mules for the last stage into La Barca at a large Hacienda called Ocotlan, on Lake Chapala; and, one of our party being ill, we decided to accept the owner's invitation, and spend the night there. Next morning, with a good escort from the Hacienda, we reached La Barca in safety and comfort: but there learnt, that when we stopped the night before, a courier from a house of business in Guadalajara, who had ridden beside us all day, had gone on, thinking we were only changing mules, and would soon overtake him. A few miles on he fell into an ambush of *ladrones*, who robbed him, beat him within an inch of his life, and asked him where the stage was. He declared it was but three or four miles behind. "Well," they said, "we will keep you here; and if it doesn't come we will kill you." In the night, however, he got to his horse, and managed to escape to La Barca, where some of our party next morning heard the story.

Our first halt of any importance was at Queretaro, where we stayed four days, to enable the overland party from Colorado to overtake us. After two days they arrived by coach from Guanajuato, as burnt, tired, ragged a set as could well be seen after six weeks' overland journey. We spent two days together in making up notes, talking over routes, traffic, and our personal adventures, and also seeing a little of the city where the last scene of the Emperor Maximilian's tragedy was enacted. Then, all arrangements being made, M. and the three other engineers went on to explore the upper part of the Rio Lerma, meeting us three weeks later in Mexico; and Governor H. joining our party, we started once again southward for the capital.

Travelling almost day and night by the regular stage, Mexico may be reached in two days from Queretaro: but we made a four days' journey of it, staying the first night at San Juan del Rio, a pretty little town, with a very comfortable hotel. Next day, by unfortunate advice, we left the regular stage road, taking one which is now never used; consequently, we could get no relays, and our wretched team did not get us to Aroyo Zarco, our proposed stopping place, till eleven P.M. When we arrived outside the great diligence house no one appeared, and we knocked, shouted, tried to get in by fair means or foul, all to no purpose. After an hour a man's head appeared out of an upper window, and then, adding insult to injury, said they had thought we were robbers. At last they let us in, and we got some beds made up, and next morning had our supper, which we ought to have had the night before.

Our day's journey from Aroyo Zarco to Tula was only eight hours, and took us through a most beautiful part of the country; wide open plains, with wooded mountains round them, rising up to the high rim of the Valley of Mexico. At Tula, the ancient capital of the Toltecs, we again struck the "*camino real*" (high road), and next morning left at 5.30 A.M. for our last day's journey in the regular stage. It was crowded, and three of us, preferring a little extra dust and shaking to the heat inside, travelled outside the coach all day, thereby getting an excellent idea of the country, which grew more interesting every mile we drew nearer to the capital.

Crossing a divide 7,490 feet above the sea, we reached the outer valley, and stopped at 10.30 for breakfast at Huehuetoca close to the Lake Zumpango. Thence a good road took us past Cuautitlan to a last rise; and that passed we were in the actual valley of Mexico. Straight roads through green meadows, planted with rows of poplars and Humboldt willows, with dykes on either side, led us towards the city, through Tlalnepantla and past ruined Aztec villages. The roads were crowded with pack mules, waggons, carts, horsemen, and coaches. The country was green like England in June; and the air fragrant with the scent of roses, which lined the ditches everywhere. It was 3.30 P.M. by the time we drove through the *Garita*, or gate in the outer fortifications which surround the city, and in half an hour more we were in our comfortable rooms in the hotel Iturbide, looking out on the Calle San Francisco.

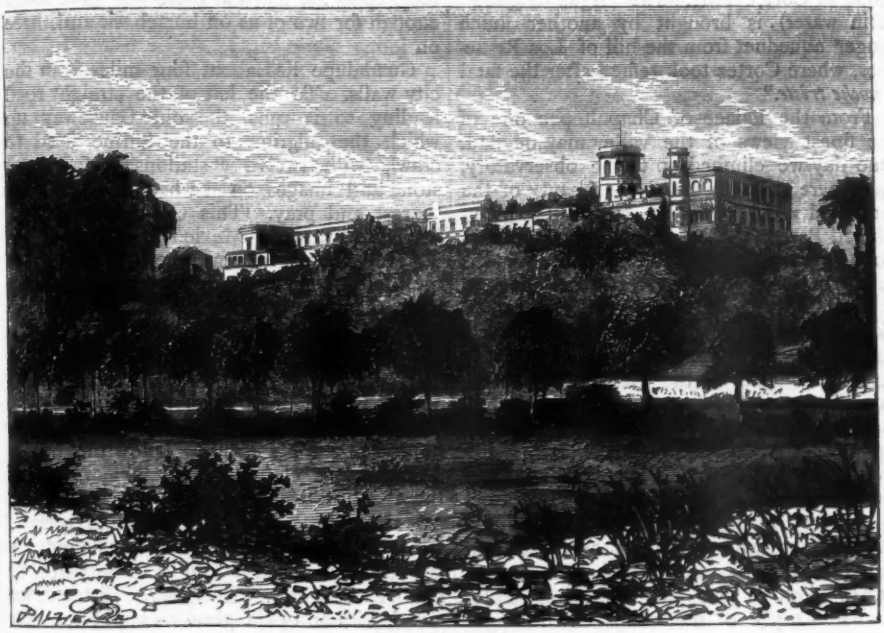
Any one coming to Mexico with Mr. Prescott's beautiful history for a guide-book, must be prepared for some disappointments. The valley, in the first place, has been utterly stripped of trees in most places; for, though there is coal in the country, no mines have ever been opened, and charcoal is exclusively used for fuel. Then the Lake of Tezcoco, which used in Montezuma's time to surround the city, has gradually withdrawn, till its nearest point is some three miles from the

Garita of San Lazaro. And, worst of all, the famous floating gardens are nowhere to be found. In vain we scoured the country and asked every one we knew; all the traces we found of them were some oblong patches, with a slimy ditch between each, which we were told shook if you jumped on them, and —they were covered with onions.

But though one may be disappointed in these few particulars, yet the city and its surroundings on a nearer acquaintance would, I think, satisfy the most critical.

The streets are straight, and cut each other at right angles, with here and there a Plaza planted with trees and flowers. The houses are all flat-roofed, and are built round a "Patio" (court), which is reached from the street by a *porte cochère*. In the Patio the carriage is kept; the stables also being often on the ground floor. The living rooms are on the first floor; and outside them round the Patio runs a balcony filled with flowers and bird-cages.

At one end of the principal street, called in one part the Calle Plateros, and in another the Calle San Francisco, is the great Plaza, turned by the Empress Carlotta from a heap of rubbish into a beautiful labyrinth of trees, flowers, and fountains. On the north side stands the Cathedral, a noble building with



Palace of Chapultepec.

its two great towers and its exquisitely proportioned dome, which rise above everything else in the city. The whole east side is occupied by the Palacio, containing within its walls all the Government buildings, the Congress Hall, and the President's house. The west and south sides are taken up chiefly by stores with deep *Portales* in front of them, where we used to pick up every kind of curiosity at the little *Cajons* on the pavements, from singing birds to delicate silver filigree.

Going westward up the San Francisco, you come to the Alameda, or public park, a very pleasant walk in the early morning under the shady trees, with innumerable fountains; a carriage drive runs all round it. Further on and just at the end of the city, you reach the *Paseo*, the "Rotten Row" of Mexico. Here each evening about five o'clock, every one appears; the ladies mostly bare headed, driving in English, French, and American carriages; and the *Pollos*, or young dandies, riding, with silver-mounted trappings, and silver embroidered hats, jackets, and pantaloons; making their graceful bows, and then tickling their fiery horses with heavy spurs to make them caper and curvet before the Señoritas.

The Paseo del Imperador, made by the Emperor Maximilian, runs at right angles

to the old Paseo. It is a fine macadamised road, planted with poplar and willow trees, and leads over flat green meadows to the Royal Hill of Chapultepec, which, from Montezuma's time, the rulers of Mexico have held as their country Palace. The rock of porphyry on which the castle is built, rises abruptly out of the dead flat, and around its foot are the groves of "Ahuahuetes," the famous cypresses under which Montezuma held his court, using the rock above as a watch-tower and place of sacrifice. Under the trees is the spring of the "Agua Gordo" (fat water), which is carried in to the city by the same aqueduct three miles long, that stood in Cortez' time. The "Agua delgado" (thin water) is brought by another much longer aqueduct from the hill of Los Remedios, where Cortez took refuge after the fatal "*noche triste.*"

From the Palace of Chapultepec one of the finest views of the valley may be had. One day we climbed up to the observatory, and there at last realised the beauty of the far-famed valley. To the east up the green fringed Paseo lies the city, with its countless domes and towers glistering white in the sun, in a rich setting of green trees. Beyond it rises the hill of Guadalupe, the sacred place of Mexico; where the Virgin first appeared on the western continent. To the right of it again is the Lake of Tezcoco, with the town of Tezcoco just visible below the mountains on its further side. Following the lake round, a purple hill rising abruptly from the plain cuts it off and hides Lake Chalco, forming a low foreground to the two giant volcanos, Ixtacihuatl and Popocatapetl, who rear their heads covered with eternal snow into the blue tropic sky, 17,712 feet. From the slopes of Potocatapetl a range of mountains extends right round the valley, till you complete the circle at Guadalupe again. Lines of Humboldt willows and poplars run in all directions over the green and golden plain, and from masses of trees rise even on the lower slopes of the mountains the white towers of scores of churches or Haciendas.

A mile from Chapultepec is Tacubaya, the favourite suburb of Mexico; where all the rich residents have their country houses. A more charming place could hardly be imagined; the cool airy houses are buried in trees and surrounded with beautiful gardens in which flowers from every climate grow side by side luxuriantly. The Tlalpam railroad and a line of horse cars run out to Tacubaya, and put it within easy reach of the city. Another line of horse cars leads out three miles to Tacuba and the Tree of the Noche Triste: but much the pleasantest way, is to ride out there in the early morning along the cool shady rose-hedged road, the same along which Cortez and his Spaniards fought their way when they were driven from the city. The tree is a huge old *Ahuahuete*, quite hollow; while we were in the city it was set on fire by a Frenchman out of spite, and half the branches were burnt. At Tacuba, a mile beyond the tree, we saw one of the Aztec "Teocallis," the pyramidal mounds on which the victims were sacrificed. This one is a good deal destroyed, but we rode up to the top, and there was quite room enough for two of us on horseback and three on foot.

Guadalupe lies about four miles from the city walls. To the left of the straight road leading to it runs the old Causeway up which the pilgrims to the Shrine used to crawl, with twelve "stations" of carved stone and images on it where they stopped to rest and pray. This Causeway has now been sold to the Mexico and Vera Cruz Railway Company; and the pious pilgrims must either go by train, or up the muddy high road. On the point of the hill two hundred feet above the plain, stands a little sky-blue church over the spot where in 1531, ten years after the Conquest, the Virgin appeared to a pious Indian called Juan Diego, and left her picture miraculously impressed on his *serape*. Below the hill is a magnificent church in commemoration of the event, in which over the high altar hangs (so the priests say) the veritable serape. When we went there it was uncovered for our especial benefit, and a more palpable fraud I never saw. Even at the distance we stood, with an opera glass we could see that it was merely an oil painting, and a poor one into the bargain. And yet to this day the poor Indians troop there in such numbers that ten special trains run every day to and from Mexico and Guadalupe, taking first-class passengers the single journey for a "*real*," 6*d*., and second class for a "*medio*," 3*d*.

One thing which strikes one pleasantly in Mexico, is the wonderful abundance of flowers. All the year round crowds of Indios sit at the street corners in the early morning, making and selling for a *real*, bouquets which in London or New York could not be got for a guinea. Roses, verbenas, heliotrope, and carnations grow like weeds; and beside the made-up

bouquets, the Indios from the mountains bring down packs on their backs of the "Flor de San Juan" (Bovardia), a flower like an immense white jessamine; and for a "*quartilla*," 1½*d.*, you can buy an armful of it which will scent a whole house for a week. Our rooms were always fragrant with the bouquets which came in fresh every two or three days, and sometimes round the hanging baskets in the windows a lovely humming bird would hover like a living emerald and dip his long bill into the flowers for honey.

The streets are full of Indios plying various trades; and each class has its distinguishing dress, often extremely picturesque. Saturday morning is the best time for seeing the "Typos del Pais," types of the country; for then the Indios troop into the market. The "*Carboneros*" from the mountains trot along, men and women, carrying a pack of charcoal 200 lbs. weight on their backs, sometimes for forty miles. Then there is the fruit seller, with a tray of tempting fruits; and the "*Mantequero*," with his tub of lard on his head; and the "*Aguador*," his huge earthern water jar slung on his back by a strap round his forehead; and last, but not least, the bird sellers, who bring their "*huacals*" or packs of birds up from the Tierra Caliente, and sit in crowds on the plaza outside the Cathedral, with "*Sen Sontiles*" or mocking birds, clarines, cardinals, parrots, and sometimes, I grieve to say, a cage of little humming birds, who generally beat themselves to death in a few hours.

After six weeks in the City of Mexico, General and Mrs. P., Governor H., and I set our faces homewards, leaving the rest of our two parties behind scattered in various directions over the country, and on Friday, June 14th, started on the Vera Cruz Railroad for Puebla. The train was guarded by three cars of soldiers, two hundred men in all, for fear of the Revolutionists, as six weeks before they had stopped the train, and burnt the station of Omatusca. The railroad skirts the northern side of the Lake of Tezcoco, and by a rise of a thousand feet leaves the valley on reaching the plains of Appam. Appam is the *pulque* metropolis of the world. Here, as far as eye can see, the country is covered with countless acres of pulque plantations, and so great are the quantities manufactured of that very uninviting beverage, that every day a "train of pulques" runs each way between Mexico and Puebla.

At Puebla, which we reached at 1.30, we stayed for the night, in order to see a little of the town. It is cleaner and better drained than the capital, and in a magnificent situation on the eastern slopes of the great volcanos.

As the middle section of the railroad between Puebla and Orizaba was not finished (it is now completed, and runs the whole way from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico), we had to betake ourselves once more to our old enemy, a Diligencia. So, on the 15th, we whirled out of Puebla with eight wild ponies, making up our minds to two days more of misery, before again reaching civilisation in the shape of railway carriages.

The journey, in some parts, was very beautiful. From the first rise out of Puebla, while we were sticking fast in a deep mud hole, we got a glorious view. Behind us the white city, at the foot of the two giant volcanos, whose snowy heads, pink in the rising sun, looked so near one almost imagined one could touch them. To our left rose the Malinche, and the Cofre de Perote, and far away, right before us, gleamed the Pico de Orizaba.

At 6.30 P.M. we reached San Augustin Palmar, where, after a tolerable supper, we slept, or tried to sleep, for three hours, being roused at twelve P.M. to get ready for the Diligencia, which started at one A.M. Till daybreak we were lighted by flaming torches, carried by the Muchacho on the box, showing us here and there the weird hedges of cactus and aloe which lined our road, and in the uncertain light took every imaginable shape, giving us not a few frights by their unpleasant resemblance sometimes to a group of men on the watch for the coach. At dawn we reached La Cañada, a town just below the Pico de Orizaba; and then rising five hundred feet up a steep hill, found ourselves on the very edge of the Mexican Plateau. Below us was a step or *cumbre*, of about eight hundred feet, down which the road was zigzagged; and when we reached a few huts, in the *Vallé* below, and stopped to change mules, looking back one hardly knew how one had come down, so sheer was the cliff and so sharp the turns. But that was nothing to what was coming. On starting again, I got outside to see better, also thinking that the very small chance of being pitched off the coach was preferable to being quite flattened between a very fat Mexican and a very sleepy Spaniard inside. From Vallé a pretty sharp rise leads to the top of the great Cumbre de Aculcingo, and here in four miles you drop suddenly nineteen hundred feet, and change from the cactus vegetation of the Plateau to the tropical of the Tierra Caliente. At the top of

the cumbre, the two leading mules were taken off, and trotted down loose in front of us; the Cochero managed the four mules in the "swing," and the break which is worked by his right foot; and the muchacho held the two wheelers, on whom, poor beasts, came all the weight of the coach. The cliff was almost perpendicular, the road took twenty-two sharp turns down it, utterly unprotected by any kind of railing, and crowded with pack mules and long waggon trains from the country below. So the descent was anything but safe or easy. At the village of Aculcingo we changed mules in a moment, and then went full gallop with our fresh team along a splendid road. It was the strangest change from the barren cactus land above the Cumbres. The Cañada, or valley down which our road lay, is twenty miles long, and one to one and a half broad, between wooded mountains one to three thousand feet high. A little river, shaded by cypress and sub-tropical trees, ran through rich fields of maize and sugar-cane, with hedges of aloes in full flower; and past palm-thatched huts, with green parrots crawling about the doorways, surrounded by neat gardens full of Bananas and pine-apples. Then the valley narrowed into a pass; we whirled round the corner of a hill, and there was the pretty town of Orizaba right in front of us.

Here we stayed twenty-four hours, spending the day in wandering among the orange and lime groves, and through the market, where we got for a *real* the finest pine-apples I have ever seen anywhere. The night did not pass quite so pleasantly for me, as the mosquitos swarmed into my room through the unglazed windows, and, having no mosquito net, I was so devoured as to be utterly unrecognisable at breakfast next morning.

At ten A.M., on the 17th, we left in the Diligencia for Fortin, seven miles off, and our start was so exciting I may as well describe it. The mules are always impatient to be off when they are once harnessed, so two men turn the leaders at right angles to the other six, with their heads against the wall, and a bit of rope eight or nine feet long passed through their bridles. When all is ready they turn them out into the road, and run beside them till their heads are quite straight, and then let slip the rope, and away the whole eight go, heads down and crouching low, as hard as they can fly for a quarter of a mile. On this occasion the mules were very fresh, and were kept waiting a few minutes, so the wheelers began to amuse themselves by a kicking match, which ended in their kicking over the traces, throwing themselves and the middle mules down, and breaking the harness. When fresh harness was brought, and all the passengers were ready, they were once more put in, and starting with two or three good kicks, we went down the narrow paved streets of Orizaba like Lutzow's wild hunt, the heavy coach whisking round corners, and flying over ditches across the streets, in a way that took one's breath away.

At Fortin we reached the temporary terminus of the railroad, and were soon comfortably established in English carriages for the run of seventy miles into Vera Cruz. The first part of the road laid through Banana, coffee, and tobacco fields, at Cordova plunging into tropic forest, the trees covered with lianas, and clouds of yellow butterflies dancing in the sun. Just beyond Atoyac, a little station above a beautiful rocky river, we came to the Chicahuiti Pass, where river and railroad make their way through a narrow gap out of the mountains. The road is blasted along the cliff, some two hundred feet above the river, which falls in a cascade fifty feet high through a cleft of rock a few feet wide completely overarched by fine trees, wooded hills rising on either side a thousand feet from the stream. Once out of the pass, you are clear of the mountains; and as you cross a wide open plain to Paso de Macho they stretch away south as far as eye can see, an almost impassable wall, till lost in the misty Atlantic atmosphere.

The journey thence becomes tame and tiresome, over wide plains covered with volcanic boulders with here and there a tree-bordered gulley, through blinding dust and broiling sun, till at Soledad we struck the belt of pestilential swamp and forest which stretches along the sea-board. The railway track has been cut through a seemingly impenetrable jungle; to show how thick it actually is, a calf got in front of our train and galloped a mile down the line before it could find a place to turn off and let us pass. The swamps were covered with innumerable flocks of white cranes of two kinds, one very large, the other as small as a bantam; the trees were wreathed with flowering creepers; and as we neared the coast low palms appeared among the brush.

Vera Cruz, where we arrived at five P.M., though a place of such ill fame possessed two great attractions for us, hot and tired as we were from our journey. First, at the hotel we got any amount of ice, which of course comes

straight down from the States. And, secondly, wandering about the town, we discovered the most charming baths. They were built round a Patio, full of tropic flowers of every hue and great banana plants. The town is very small, and enclosed in old walls built, for want of stone, of white coral and brain-stone. The market, just off the Plaza, is the only amusing sight; for there, besides the fruit and vegetables, which are always worth seeing in a tropical country, the Indios bring in quantities of birds for sale, especially parrots. I went, of course, to see the market, and soon found an irresistible "Lorito," a red headed parrot, crying helplessly in a palm-leaf bag with three little brothers and sisters out of the same nest, who proved an excellent traveller, and reached England in safety.

After a night in Vera Cruz we bade adieu to Mexico; and embarking on board the French mail steamer, *Nouveau Monde*, reached Havana in a little over three days. Here we spent nearly a week, going out to Matanzas to see the famous stalactite caves of Bellamar, the finest known in the New World; and seeing as many of the beauties of Havana as the heat would allow of.

Thence, in a small steamer, we crossed to Key West, and up the coast of Florida to Cedar Keys, where we took the cars, *viâ* Savannah, Charleston, and Richmond, for New York, heartily glad to be once more on American soil.

A LITTLE DEAD PRINCE.

(BURIED JUNE 1ST, 1873.)

OVER the happy mother's bed
Gambol three children, loving and gay,
Ernest strong, and delicate Fritz,
Pretty baby Victoria.
Two little princes, sans sword, sans crown,
One little princess, infant-sweet,—
In the mother's heart, as rich and as full
As any mother's in lane or street,
They grow—three roses—love-rooted deep,
Filling with perfume all their own
The empty air, oft so sharp and keen,
Of the lonely heights too near a throne.

The palace windows stand open wide,
The harmless windows; and through them pass
May-winds, to the palace children dear,
As to cottage babies upon the grass;
Out through the chamber runs Ernest bold;
The mother follows, with careful mind,
Fearless of fate, for a minute's space
Leaving the other two behind.
Grand on the bed like a mimic queen
Tiny Victoria gravely sits:
While clasping closely his darling toy
Up to the casement climbs merry Fritz.
It drops—his treasure! He leans and looks—
Twenty feet down to the stony road—
Hear'st Thou that shriek from the mother's lips?
Hast Thou no mercy, O God, O God?—
One ghastly moment he hangs in air;
Like a half-fledged bird from the nest's edge thrown,
With innocent eyes of dumb surprise—
Then falls—and the brief young life is done.

* * * * *

Mother, poor mother! try to see—
Not the skeleton hand that thrust him there
Out of sunshiny life into silent death—
But the waiting angels in phalanx fair.
O try to feel that the earth's hard breast
Was the bosom of God which took him in—
God, who knows all things, to us unknown—
From sorrows, sicknesses, peril or sin.
O hear, far off, the low sound of tears,
Dropping from many an eye like mine,
As we look at our living children sweet,
And our mother-hearts weep blood for thine.
God comfort thee! Under the robe of state
That hides, but heals not, wounds throbbing wild,
Mayst thou feel the touch of one soft dead hand—
The child that will always remain a child.
And when the long years shall have slipped away,
And grey hairs come and thy pulse beats slow,
May one little face shine star-like out
O'er the dim descent that thy feet must go.
Mother, poor mother! 'neath warm June rain
Bear to the grave thy coffin small;
Oft, children living are children lost,
But our children dead—ah, we keep them all!

PICTURES OF ITALIAN LIFE.

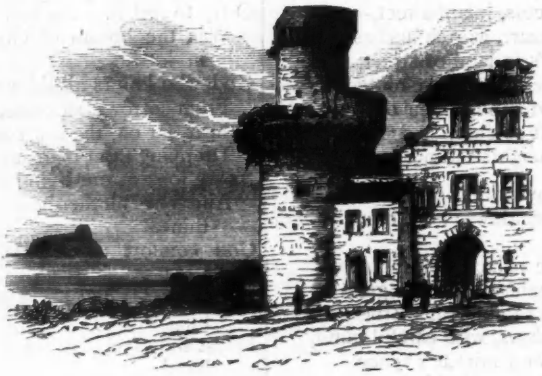
No. III.—IN THE HERNICAN HILLS.

April, 1873.



THIS is one of the most interesting excursions near Rome, and is perhaps the one which is least known, though it is now rendered very easy by the railway. To accomplish it, one must leave Rome by the first train at eight A.M., and it must be remembered, that *that* train alone is met by the omnibus from Segni, Anagni, Ferentino, and other places on the route, but distant several miles from the railway; and that if any other train is chosen, the traveller will find himself deposited at a small country station in a desolate district, without any further means of progress. For the same reason it will be best to visit the nearest places first, taking up the same train at the different stations. Any one who is delicate about food, had better take it with them from Rome, or at any rate some tea and coffee. Meat can scarcely ever be obtained in the mountain towns, but eggs, goats' milk, and excellent coarse bread are always to be found there, and often macaroni also, with the thin sour wine of the hill districts. The inns are mere taverns, often approached by filthy alleys, but the people are always civil, the linen clean, and the beds sufficiently comfortable to be appreciated by a tired traveller, whose appetite, strengthened by the fresh mountain air, will also be quite ready for the humble fare of the place. The charges are those of an Italy unspoilt by English and Americans; one franc for bed, two francs for dinner, and forty centimes for breakfast, are not unusual prices. It is quite unnecessary to bargain, and will only create surprise and discomfort.

Those who have not been accustomed to it in Rome, will learn on this excursion how much beauty and pleasure are lost by want of early rising. The most delicate hues and shadows do not last for many hours after sunrise. When we have emerged from the unfinished station, and traversed the vineyards and kitchen-gardens within the walls of Rome, we are astonished by the colouring of the pale pink precipices in the familiar range of the Sabina, as they melt into a silver haze. Here and there a projecting cliff can be distinguished, in the rest all form is lost in colour; Monticelli and St. Angelo glitter on their hill-tops, and the long flat lines of the campagna are tinged with peacock hues, as the blue cloud-shadows flit across them. In the foreground the rank vegetation of thistles, marigolds, and lupins, grows together so vigorously, that you seem to see them sucking their strong life out of the rich brown earth. On the other side, we have first the striding aqueducts, tinged on their inner edge by the dazzling sunlight, and then the long line of ruined tombs, which traces out the Appian Way against the low-lying horizon. Soon the train rushes across the sepulchral road of so many memories, and over the stones which we know were once trodden by the sandalled feet of St. Paul,—and so into the upland, to olive gardens, whose silvery stems glisten against the brilliant green of the young corn, to dark cypress groves and pine-trees on the edge of terraced villas, and to fields divided by hedges of the graceful Spina Christi, the hallowed plant, said to have been brought to Italy by the returning crusaders, and to have



Civita Lavinia.

come from the seed of the tree on Calvary, whence the sacred crown was woven. Thus we wind round the base of the green slopes encircling Monte Cavo, from which Castel Gandolfo looks down upon the Alban lake, and reach the station of Albano. Beyond this, upon the right, we overlook a plain historical with the sites of Pratica, Ardea, Antium, and Astura, to a wide expanse of blue sea. On the left Civita Lavinia rises with its tower on a fortified height; then Velletri with its orange roofs and wooded hills riven into gulfs of verdure; and then we enter a wilder and less wooded country,—a plain alternately narrow and wide; a very definite plain indeed, closed in by the Hernican hills on one side, and the Volscian mountains on the other, which rise abruptly out of it with rocky buttresses.

An omnibus met us at the Ferentino station, and took us the three miles up into the town, through a country where the most remarkable feature was the faggots, stacked high up in the maple-trees, pollarded for the purpose.

We found tolerable rooms at the little inn, and almost immediately set off in the omnibus again for Alatri. It is a long drive (much longer than Murray describes) of about two hours, and you are beginning to wonder where Alatri can be, when you see its huge Cyclopean walls rising against the sky at the end of a valley upon the left, and forming a terrace fit for Titans to walk upon, an architectural Stonehenge. The modern road winds into the town by a gradual ascent. The ancient approach is the earliest instance of a *cordonnata*, a hillside broken by steps, such as the approach to the Roman Capitol. The streets are full of mediæval houses, with gothic windows and loggias; and the two ancient churches have each a fine rose-window in the west front. But towering high above the buildings of all later ages are the Cyclopean walls of the Pelasgic city, forming a quadrangle, and quite perfect, as if they were finished yesterday: for though the stones are fitted together without cement, each is like a mass of rock, and the arched form of their fitting adds to their firmness. One of the ancient gates remains under a single horizontal stone measuring eighteen feet by nine. The figure of the Pelasgic god Priapus is repeatedly sculptured on the walls, and it has long been a semi-religious custom for the inhabitants to go out *en masse* to mutilate it on Easter Monday. The place is mentioned by Plautus, under the Greek form Αλάτριον: Strabo calls it Αλέτριον.

Within the precincts of the Pelasgic fortress stands the cathedral. It only dates from the last century, though the see was created in A.D. 551; but it is a conspicuous feature in all distant views of the town. From the heights overhanging the Cyclopean walls are wild views over the Volscian and Hernican hills, the most prominent feature being a bare mountain, crowned by a little town and a grove of cypresses. This is Fumone, the scene of the imprisonment and death of the abdicated hermit-Pope, Celestine V., immured here by the jealousy of his successor, Boniface VIII., though the next Pope, Clement V., enrolled him amongst the saints. In old days Fumone was carefully watched, for its lord had feudal rights over all the surrounding country, and, when he wished to



Rock Gate, Alatri.

summon his vassals, either in defence or attack, he lighted a bonfire on his hill-top, whence the proverb,—"Quando Fumone fuma, tutta la campagna trema." The people of Alatri are magnificently handsome, and as the women come down the steep stairs under the great gateway, with their flowing veils, their rich costume, and their gleaming brass *conche* poised upon their stately heads, they are wonderfully in keeping with the scene. At Collepardo, where there are famous caves, a few miles beyond Alatri, the costumes are even more splendid. Near this is the famous Pozzo d'Antullo, an extraordinary hollow, formed by a volcanic sinking of the earth.

The drive back to Ferentino in the gloam-

ing of one of the most beautiful days in the beginning of April, gave us a perfect succession of charming pictures, not only of landscape—though that was beautiful exceedingly in the still late light—but of herdsmen in their closely-fitting blue dress, with their guiding-poles over their shoulders, following great grey oxen down the hollow ways between the red earth and bright young grass, and singing as they went; and of women in white dresses, with snow-white *panni* folded over their dark hair, large gold earrings, and embroidered aprons, sometimes coming up from wayside fountains with the great brazen vessels of water, which one sees here everywhere, poised upon their heads, like beautiful Greek Caryatides. And our evening was a perfectly Italian one—seated in the brick-floored, wall-painted room, lighted by Italian lamps, with three burners, and hanging chains, and waited on by a gaily-jewelled hostess, who had nothing to offer but eggs and salad.

Another beautiful morning found us quite



Inn at Ferentino.



Staircase at Ferentino.



Sta. Maria Maggiore, Ferentino.

rested, and up at six to enjoy the early light glinting through the old olive-trees under our window, and the distant views of rosy peaks fading fainter into a misty plain. Then we set off to explore the town, the ancient Ferentinum, up the steep dark street, all balconies, and loggias, and Gothic windows, with plenty of dirt beneath, and only a strip of opal sky lighting it up at the end. On the steepest part of the hill is St. Valentine, with a very curious porch, whose canopy is formed by a projecting apse. A little further is St. Francesco, with strange bas-reliefs in its little fore-court. Hence the Via dell' Antico Acropole, a street full of long steep staircases, beloved by artists, leads up to a terrace under Cyclopean walls of huge stones, something like those of Alatri. The dark passage caverned under these walls emerges close to the Duomo (SS. Giovanni a Paolo), which, externally, has much of its Lombard architecture remaining; and, within, a splendid opus-alexandrinum pavement, mended with fragments of sculptured marble-work,

and a glorious twisted mosaic pillar nearly the whole height of the church, secured against the wall by iron clamps. Behind the church is the bishop's palace, with a stately old staircase guarded by marble lions.

A crowded street, where old women, like the Fates of Michael Angelo, sit spinning in their doorways, surrounded by their domestic circles of goats, cats, dogs, and pigs, all joining vociferously in the conversation, leads to the lower town. The stone used as the font in the little church of St. Giovanni Evangelista has an inscription from the inhabitants of Ferentinum to Cornelia Salonina, wife of the "unconquered Gallienus." From the piazza, where a number of Roman altars are collected, we have a magnificent view over mountain and plain. Hence, also, one may learn, by looking down, to find one's way through the intricate maze of filthy alleys, many of which have such stately names as Via dell' Atreo, Vicolo dei Bagni de Flavio, Vicolo del Calidario, &c., to the finest of the churches, Sta Maria Maggiore, which, in its beautiful west front, has a door with detached red marble columns banded together, and above it the emblems of the Evangelists on either side of the Lamb of God, and a grand rose window.



Papal Palace, Anagni.



Cathedral Door, Anagni.

Near the gate close to this church an inscription hewn in the solid rock records the erection of a statue by the grateful people of Ferentinum to Quinctilius Priscus, who, amongst other largesses, gave them *crustula* and *mulsum* (cakes and mead) upon his birthday, with *sportulæ* (presents of money) for the decurions, and *nucum sparsiones* (scrambles of nuts) for the boys.

Another public carriage met us at the station for Anagni, the ancient Anagnia, the capital of the Hernicans, and one of the five Saturnian cities whose names begin with the first letters of the alphabet—Anagni, Alatri, Arpino, Arca, and Atino. The town clings to terraces on the bare side of the Hernican hills, with the most splendid views in every direction. Its streets perfectly abound in quaint architectural fragments, griffins, lions, open loggias, outside staircases, trefoiled windows, and great arched doorways, and still remind one of the expression "municipium ornatissimum," which Cicero, in his defence of Milo, applies to this town. Virgil also speaks of its riches:—

"Quos, dives Anagnia, pascis."

Passing the piazza, where groups of brilliantly-dressed peasants, wearing *panni* again, are always gathered round the fountain, the huge round arches of the portico of the old Papal palace open on the left. Little that is curious remains in the interior; yet in these rooms William of Nogaret insulted the mighty Boniface VIII., and imprisoned

him in his own palace, when "the *fleur-de-lis* was seen in Anagni." Here, also, Innocent III., Gregory IX., and Alexander IV., held their courts in the thirteenth century, all born here, and all sprung from native families, and once canons of the cathedral. Behind the palace a fragment of a beautiful Gothic loggia of the time of Boniface remains; part of the interior is now used as a theatre. There is not a book-shop in Anagni, and we could find no one, not even the sacristan of the cathedral, who knew anything whatever of its history. The utmost they could tell, was that "Bonifazio" had lived there, that his statue stood on their walls, and that Dante had written of him—*what*, or who he was, they were quite ignorant of.

It is a very short distance up the hill to the cathedral (Sta. Maria), which is the most interesting mediæval building in this part of Italy, except the convent of Subiaco. The see dates from A.D. 487. On the wall, above what was once the great south entrance, Boniface VIII. sits aloft, in robes and tiara, in his throne of state. Over his head, blazoned in gold and mosaic, are the illustrious alliances of the Gaetani before his time. The steps beneath this statue, which must have had a magnificent effect in the open space, as seen from the valley beneath, were destroyed thirty years ago by a certain Marchese (even his name seems to be forgotten), and the present entrance is by the north, where a quaint winding staircase leads into a dark gallery, lined with curious old frescoes and inscriptions, and so into the cathedral. The interior is far more picturesque than beautiful. In the lofty choir is a grand pascal candlestick, supporting a crouching figure. Portraits of all the popes connected with Anagni hang over the throne and stalls. The whole pavement of the church is of the most splendid opus alexandrinum, though much decayed, and in the choir it reaches a degree of minuteness and perfection like delicate jewellers' work. Here the cardinals elected Innocent IV., after they had received the furious letter of the Emperor Frederick II., calling them "sons of Belial." Here (September 7, 1303) Boniface VIII. knelt at the altar in his pontifical robes, when the French, prompted by his hereditary enemies, the Colonnas, had forced the gates of the town, and burst into the streets, crying, "Vive le roi de France, et meure Boniface." Here also three Hohenstaufens, Barbarossa, Frederick II., and Manfred, were excommunicated.

Two chapels on the left of the nave are filled with Gaetani memorials. In one is a Greek inscription. In the other is a painting of the Madonna, of 1322, and the grand mosaic tomb wrought by the Cosmati ("magister Cosmas, civis Romanus, cum filiis suis Luca et Jacopo"), known as "Il sepolchro della famiglia di Bonifazio." In the sacristry are preserved some curious copes, and the croziers of Innocent III. and Boniface VIII. The crypt is given up to the especial saints of Anagni, who are numerous, and whose story, in a series of very early frescoes, occupies the walls. The south altar is devoted to Santa Oliva, whose bones and head are shown in a glass case beneath her statue. Opposite her is St. Magnus, bishop and martyr, who is represented above seated between two virgin saints. Beneath another altar are the martyrs Secunda, Aurelia, and Neonissa. In the tribune, which has a magnificent pavement, is the papal throne, and over it, in ancient fresco, the whole story of the Apocalypse—the seven candlesticks, the seven churches, the twenty-four elders in adoration of the spotless Lamb, &c., and, in the centre, above the altar, the Redeemer seated on a rainbow, with the two-edged sword proceeding out of his mouth.

The tall Romanesque tower of the Cathedral is not joined to the rest of the building, but stands alone upon a little green platform at the west-end of the church. Hence there is a grand view over the valley, but to Roman Catholics a more interesting feature will be the knot of brown buildings on the barren side of the mountain, about six miles above Anagni; for this is Acuto, where the recently founded but ever-increasing order of the Precious Blood had its origin, and where its foundress, Maria de Matthias, lived till her death about seven years ago. The story of her vocation is quite as romantic and curious as that of any old saintly legend, and that of her founding here a large sisterhood and school, which she supported by faith and prayer, without any definite sources of assistance, in the same way in which the immense institutions of the Protestant Muller are carried on at Clifton. Of her extraordinary influence on the surrounding districts, no one who has visited them can have a doubt, or of the power of her sermons, which were simple discourses of loving practical Christianity, such as Miss Marsh might have delivered. When she was likely to preach thousands flocked to hear her, and when she appeared, a silence fell upon the crowd, with the whisper, "Hush, the great mother is going to speak to us."

The Cathedral of Anagni is an open meeting-ground for its people, who do not scruple to talk aloud there when service is not going on, as in a market-place. The sacristan too keeps several fine cats which wander about at ease amongst the tombs and pillars. Once, when we were there, however, we saw one of the most touching pictures of Italian life we have ever met with. A little dead child of three years old, crowned with white roses, and with other flowers in its tiny waxen hands, lay as if asleep upon an open bier in the centre of the floor, and around it, between burning candles, all the little companions with whom it had so lately been at play, were watching and weeping.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE OBSERVATION OF THE TRANSIT OF VENUS IN 1874.

THE transits of the planet Venus over the sun's disc are of the highest importance in the science of astronomy, since they afford the best means of ascertaining the true distance of the sun from the earth; this distance being the grand measure from which most astronomical measurements are made. Unfortunately these transits are of extremely rare occurrence. Only two during the last century have been observed with anything like sufficient accuracy to be of value in a scientific point of view, viz., that of 1761 and 1769.

The next transit which will occur will be on the morning of the 8th December, 1874. After an interval of eight years, another will occur on the 6th December, 1882, and then there will be a long gap of a hundred and twenty-two years during which the phenomenon will not occur. The succeeding one will take place on the 7th June, 2004. In consequence of the peculiar relation of the periods of revolution of the earth and Venus as planets to each other, the transits of Venus always happen at the beginning of June and December. The approaching transit, which is anticipated with so much interest, consequently takes place on the morning of the 8th December, 1874, but unfortunately too early to be visible in this part of the world. The transit will just be over before the low December sun has risen above our horizon. Observers are, therefore, under the necessity of repairing to those regions of the globe where the sun will be considerably elevated during the four hours the planet will occupy in passing across the sun's disc. It is a matter of prime importance that the stations occupied by observers should be as far as possible apart from each other, as it is by the observations being made at the same instant, on opposite ends of the earth's diameter, that the horizontal parallax of the sun is determined, and his true distance obtained. It is important, also, that a great many observations should be made by independent observers, so that, by a comparison of results afterwards, the possible errors of observation may be reduced to a minimum. Before the transit of 1769 much interest was excited, and several European governments fitted out expeditions to those parts of the world where the phenomenon was likely to be seen to the best advantage. England then took a deep interest in the matter, fitting out an expedition to Otaheite, in the Pacific Ocean, the command of which was assigned to Captain Cook. Observations were taken also in Lapland and California, at Pekin, Manilla, Batavia, Iakutsk, Otaheite, and every part of Europe. It is gratifying to learn that the interest already awakened in the forthcoming transit gives promise of being ultimately greater than in that of the last century. The different governments, and learned societies of Europe and America, are corresponding together; the methods of observation are being fixed upon, stations selected, telegraphic communications between them arranged, and instruments of the highest possible perfection constructed. It is now well known that the observations of the former transits were not made with such delicacy and accuracy as to enable our mathematicians to determine with the precision the present state of science demands, the great problem upon which so much in astronomy depends; and it is generally believed that the approaching transit will considerably alter the interval between the earth and the grand central ruler of the solar system.

Since 1769 our instruments of observation have been greatly improved; new methods of registering the exact instants of external and internal contact, almost entirely free from the variations and errors arising from

the state of the stomach or the condition of the eye of the observer, have been discovered, and it is now scarcely possible to conceive of arrangements more perfect than those by which the eye, the ear, and the pencil of the sun are all made mutually to correct each other. Besides which, two new methods of determining the problem can now be employed, viz., the spectroscopic and photographic methods, both of which are of very great value, especially the latter, since by it the sun is made to register the progress of the planet across his face with unerring accuracy.

In the spectroscopic method of observation it is proposed to disperse or dissipate the cromosphere of the sun by a powerful spectroscope, so that the contact of the planet with the real and not the spurious edge of the sun may be discovered. From the observations so made, it is believed that a much higher degree of accuracy may be obtained. It is proposed in the present paper to give a popular description of the photographic apparatus and methods of employing it which will be used, so that something like an idea of the extreme delicacy of the results confidently expected may be obtained. We confine our observations to the photographic method of observation all the more willingly because it will be employed for the first time, and because no description of it can be obtained from any popular work already in existence. The reader is aware that already photographs of the solar spots, of the moon's surface, of Jupiter, and of various constellations have been taken.

These are of very great value in astronomical science, since by them a perfect representation is obtained, from which, by comparison with subsequent pictures by the same apparatus, the most minute celestial changes can be discovered. To obtain these celestial photographs with the required perfection it is necessary that the pictures should be formed of the requisite size, either by lenses or mirrors of great focal length. They must be direct pictures, formed by rays as little oblique as possible. It will not do, for example, to photograph an image of the sun about the size of a sixpenny piece in the focus of an ordinary telescope (which could easily be done), and then enlarge the small picture to a foot or eighteen inches in diameter; because the enlargement can only be produced by rays having a great obliquity, and, consequently, distortions which would make the enlarged pictures of no scientific value would be introduced. To render the photographic pictures of the sun which will be taken during the time of the transit of any value, they must be at least four inches in diameter, and lenses or mirrors of not less than forty or fifty feet focal length must be employed. Such lenses and spectra are now being constructed by our best artists, and their qualities tested, in order that, when the time comes, pictures of the greatest possible perfection may be obtained.

Lord Lindsay (one of our most accomplished and enthusiastic *savans*), with his astronomer, Mr. Gill, are at present actively engaged in fitting up photographic apparatus of both the reflecting and refracting kind, which they intend to carry with them to the Mauritius, which station his lordship has fixed upon for making his observations of the forthcoming transit. As the instruments for photographic delineation which Lord Lindsay will employ will be nearly the same as those employed at the principal stations, a brief description of them will convey a sufficiently accurate idea of the tools employed by our astronomers, as well as the work expected to be done by them. The reflecting instrument which his lordship will employ is a large Cassegrain telescope, the principal mirror of which is thirteen inches in diameter. The mirrors (which are now being constructed by Grubb, of Dublin) are intended to be fitted into the skeleton frame of an equatorially-mounted Newtonian telescope, which is to be taken to the Mauritius for other purposes, and the instrument will have all the requisite photographic apparatus attached to it. Special adaptations for getting quit of the transmitted heat, for the instantaneous discharge of the exposing shutter, &c., are being carried out at the observatory at Dunecht. The instants of exposure will be automatically recorded on the cronographic barrel, as well, approximately, for check by eye and ear. The glass mirrors of this noble instrument will be purposely left unsilvered, as it is expected the best results will be obtained by their being so. Such a large instrument will convey such an amount of light from the highly-polished glass mirrors that a sufficiently intense picture will be taken in the most minute fraction of a second. Being equatorially mounted and carried along by clockwork, with the same velocity as the sun, the image of that luminary will always remain in the position suitable for the taking of the pictures, and these, consequently, can be taken with the utmost rapidity.

Convenient and admirable though such an instrument will unquestionably be, its pictures are not expected to be so perfect or valuable, in a scientific point of view, as those which will be taken by the refracting apparatus which Lord Lindsay is also fitting up for the expedition. The rays of light, it is feared, will too rapidly converge, in one part of their course, to give those absolutely perfect pictures which are required. The refracting apparatus will, to the uninitiated, appear a strange-looking contrivance, but it is expected to do its work with an accuracy superior to all others. A long wooden box, six inches square, and between forty and fifty feet long, will be supported horizontally a few feet from the ground, on short pillars. Its direction will be south and north; it will be blackened inside to absorb extraneous rays, and will have several diaphragms, four inches aperture, like those of a telescope, within it at regular intervals, and it will be painted white on the outside, to prevent the absorption of the heating rays of the sun. At the one end of this long tube or box, a lens, four inches in diameter, and between forty and fifty feet in focal length, will be fixed, and a camera arrangement at the other. A very perfect mirror is placed before the lens, with a Heliostatic arrangement for the purpose of reflecting the sun's rays through the lens along the blackened tube, to the further end, where an image of the sun, four inches in diameter, will be formed, which image it is the purpose of the apparatus to permit of being rapidly photographed.

The instrument, it will be seen, is just an enormously elongated photographic camera for obtaining what photographers call a large and flat picture.

In such an instrument it is of great importance that the flat mirror employed for reflecting the sun's rays through the lens, and along the tube, should be as perfect as possible, since any distortion of its surface through heat, or imperfect workmanship, will be exaggerated in the picture, and that by all the magnifying power of the lens.

Very beautiful flat surfaces can now be produced on glass, which, when silvered by Baron Liebig's process, will give a speculum nearly perfect. Lord Lindsay is getting a mirror of this kind made for him by Mons. Martin, of Paris, sixteen inches in diameter, in the hope that the few square inches in its centre which will actually be employed will be nearly absolutely perfect. What is most to be dreaded is the bending and distortion which will probably be occasioned by the pouring of the sun's rays on such a mirror, and in such a latitude as the Mauritius.

Any ingenious person who could suggest some method by which flat mirrors could be laid aside, and the rays of the sun deflected into the tube without their character being injured, would at the present time confer a great boon upon science, since the instrument we are now describing is, in many points of view, the most important which will be employed in the solution of the great problem of 1874. It will be very obvious, in thinking over the requisites of such an instrument, that the object lens employed must be extremely good. If it is not so, there can be no clean, sharp, well-defined picture formed in its focus. It is, however, extremely difficult to grind and polish even a single lens of so small an aperture as four inches and so great a focal length as forty feet. The curve on one side must have a radius of one hundred and fifty-six inches, and on the other a radius of no less than five hundred inches. To execute such curves with the perfection required, the greatest care and the highest skill are necessary.

Mr. Dallmeyer has, however, undertaken to produce for Lord Lindsay an achromatic lens of the above proportions. When we consider the curves he has to encounter, and the difficulties of centering which must be surmounted, the task is certainly a most formidable one. We are by no means sanguine in regard to the result; but certainly if such a lens can be produced, of the required excellence, it may be expected from the hands of that admirable artist.

Fortunately, Lord Lindsay is already possessed of a single uncorrected lens which gives admirable pictures, which, should he not succeed in getting a better, he can employ. We would strongly urge the carrying out of a suggestion of the late Sir D. Brewster, made to the author of this paper some years ago, viz., to employ a monochromatic lens of *blue glass*. Such a lens would require no correction for colour, since it transmits only the blue rays of the spectrum; it would have only two surfaces, and could be made extremely thin. Fortunately for the employment of such a lens, the blue rays are extremely active for photographic purposes. If made of a proper tinge of colour, such a lens would be nearly as active chemically as an achromatic combination, because, as is well known, the actinic rays reside chiefly at the blue, or violet end of the spectrum. The two surfaces of such a single monochromatic lens could be

so adapted to each other, that the spherical aberration would be less than one-tenth of an inch, which at a distance of forty feet would be absolutely nothing. Such a lens would have every requisite for solar photography, and might be regarded as perfect. The writer is having such a lens constructed, and is highly sanguine in regard to its results. One advantage of the employment of a monochromatic lens, will be the possibility of using a glass or water prism for refracting the rays of the sun into the tube, instead of reflecting them by mirrors, which we formerly saw to be attended with great danger of distortion from heat. No prism of any kind could be used with an uncorrected lens of white glass, or with an achromatic lens, because the dispersions produced by it would render such object lenses useless, but it would have no injurious effect upon a monochromatic lens, because it is only the rays of its own colour which are converged by it, and form the picture in the focus; all others are absorbed. It is probable the above suggestion will be carried out, with what advantage remains to be seen.

Such instruments as we have been describing are now being constructed in various parts of the world, and will ultimately be erected at the principal stations fixed upon by the different governments and learned societies, as well as private observers, and will be provided with the necessary arrangements for determining the precise instants when the different pictures are taken. The pictures so produced will be carefully preserved, and when the necessary allowances for the contraction of the film of collodion are made, careful measurements will be taken. These will be compared with those obtained by the heliometric and other methods; they will, in short, become an important part of the data from which our mathematicians will work out the great problem on which so much in our future science depends. It is expected that with the instruments which can now be employed, and the skill and care of our observers, that the horizontal parallax of the sun will be determined to within the two-hundredth part of a second. The possible error will not exceed that amount.

We are sanguine that in this, the first application of photography to the higher departments of astronomy, it will be found to be a most valuable adjunct, and will take its place in future science as one of the most reliable of all the expositors of the wonders of creation. Hitherto it has been employed in astronomy only to a limited extent, but its value is being rapidly appreciated by our astronomers; and large and valuable instruments are being constructed in different countries, to register those minute changes in the heavens, which must be the basis of our future knowledge of the mechanism of the mighty universe. A magnificent instrument of this kind is at present being erected in the Royal Observatory at Edinburgh, which, in the hands of Professor Piazzi Smith, may be expected to do great things. Now that silvered glass specula can be produced so cheaply, and with such perfection of figure, through the genius and skill of With of Hereford, and others, a new era in astronomical science has been inaugurated, from which results of the most satisfactory kind may confidently be expected.

ROBERT GRAHAM.

MY LIFE.

BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF "POEMS FOR A CHILD."

LITTLE tho' my life may be,
Yet it is mine own;
Every thing I hear or see
Is for me alone.

Music floating very near—
Light of moon or star—
Just because I see and hear,
Are the things they are!

Every life, if viewed as such,
Is a miracle;
Something nobody can touch,
Yet a touch can kill.

Something no one can define,
Yet, while time endures,
What I have is only mine,
Never can be yours.

Very weak and very small
You may deem the whole;
But it is the all in all
Of a deathless soul.

A.

SIR HENRY DURAND.

FIRST PAPER.

SIR HENRY DURAND may be considered the last of that long roll of soldier-statesmen who first won and then governed India for England under the East India Company. It is difficult to say whether he was greater as a military officer and organizer, as a writer of no little scientific ability and literary power, or as a civil ruler concerned with those political and economic questions on the right settlement of which the happiness of millions of our fellow-subjects in the East depends. He was always known throughout India as an officer of surpassing ability, whose counsel was superior to that of all others, if it could be obtained; whose character was brave from its resolute independence and fearless from its marked uprightness; but who had suffered injustice on account of that very righteousness, and ever seemed to be battling against disappointment and sorrow. Wrong-doers feared him, intriguers tried to escape him, and self-seekers shunned his withering scorn. In the last ten years of his life he was, by common consent, the foremost man in India, as an influence for good alike to his colleagues in the Government, to the army, and to the people. Public life in India, with its secret despatches and confidential minutes, does not afford the same materials for learning of what stuff a Governor-General's advisers are made as the parliamentary and platform discussions of a constitutional country like Great Britain. But a strong man cannot be hidden even in India. His work declares him sooner or later, while the formal conversations in the Legislative Council, which are reported, give frequent glimpses of the capacity of the executive members. Moreover, in what has been called the "club" of Anglo-Indians, who know each other, and gauge the ability of their prominent men with considerable accuracy, scanning appointments and motives in a way impossible on the broader platform of English political life, every high official finds in time his just position in public opinion. All through the four administrations of Lord Canning, Lord Elgin, Lord Lawrence, and Lord Mayo it thus came about that Colonel Durand, as he was generally known, was felt to be a power for good, valuable at all times, but supremely so should any crisis occur, whether political or military. When he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab by Lord Mayo our whole Eastern Empire rejoiced, natives as well as Europeans. When, after a few months, a terrible accident suddenly laid the strong man low on the first day of 1871, all India mourned.

My intimate acquaintance with Sir Henry Durand covered these ten years. There is no great Indian question that we have not frequently discussed, and the memory of these valued conversations, especially during the leisure of some months at Simla in 1866, will ever abide. There are few such questions regarding which he did not correspond with me at other times, or his unpublished minutes upon which he did not permit me to read. As the last great example since his friend Sir Henry Lawrence, of the grand old Indian school of Metcalfe and Malcolm, and especially as the only instance of one of that school intimately connected with almost every detail of the Queen's as distinguished from the Company's government of India, it is desirable that the career and the opinions of Sir Henry Durand should be placed on permanent record. We have entered on a new era of government in the East, and it is important that the life of the statesman who has most completely bridged the passage from the old to the new should be held up at once as a guide and a mirror to those who follow. We are forgetting the principles by which the Company's men gained the affection of the people so far as to secure their co-operation in raising them to a higher level, and it is doubtful if we are substituting for these principles methods of procedure equally satisfactory. The opinions of an accomplished Anglo-Indian thinker and administrator like Sir Henry Durand ought to be placed in the hands of every young Englishman who gives the best part of his life to India, in whatever capacity, that he may direct his zeal and regulate his action by the ripe experience of a man all of whose policy, from Cabul in 1838 to Calcutta in 1870, events have so strikingly justified. I know that it was Sir Henry Durand's intention to write an autobiography, had he been spared to enjoy the ease of retirement at home after forty-five years' service. That duty, with all his papers, has been bequeathed to his second son, now a member of the Bengal Civil Service. Meanwhile England ought to know what it was that Sir Henry Durand tried to do for India, and why it

was that he was so reverenced in life and so mourned when he was suddenly cut off.

Henry Marion Durand was first educated at Eton, where Lord Canning is said to have been his school-fellow, and was then sent to Addiscombe. There, as he once amused his grave colleagues in Council by recalling the fact, he had for a fellow-student the present Lord Napier of Magdala, who commanded the corps of gentleman cadets to which he belonged, and who on one occasion severely punished him. When little more than sixteen he passed his examination for the Bengal Engineers, and embarked for India in the *Lady Holland*. Amid the varied passengers proceeding by the Cape in those days, he and the young Scotch missionary, Alexander Duff, soon found out each other, and began that warm friendship which was broken only by death. Dr. Duff tells how the young cadet was marked out from his fellows by certain grave and studious habits, which ripened into an earnestness of disposition that never proved incompatible with the pleasant joke or the merry laugh. The long five months' voyage of these days was devoted by both to a study of the country to which they had consecrated their lives. Had the tedium been felt, it would have been rudely broken by shipwreck on Dassan Island. Obtaining another vessel at the Cape, the party came on destitute of books, papers, and baggage. Young Durand and Dr. Duff landed at Calcutta in the heat of May, 1830—that year from which we date so much that is now remarkable, and all that will probably prove abiding in the social and intellectual progress of Bengal. When the former took up the quarters to which he had been invited in the Bishop's palace, he was fain to clothe himself in episcopal garments until a new outfit could be procured. It is characteristic of Durand that to the last he ever looked on the missionary's career as far nobler than his own. When congratulated on the tardy honour of Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, he pronounced his life a flash in the pan compared with that of Dr. Duff. Lieutenant Durand joined his station up-country in the company of the short-lived Bishop Turner and of the better-known Bishop Corrie, who was then archdeacon.

As an engineer officer his first work was to complete the depôt for invalid soldiers in the Himalayan Sanitarium of Landour. He was also called to report on other sites for military hill settlements, and it is an instance of the sound judgment and foresight for which he has always been so remarkable, that one which he recommended, Chukrata, was adopted forty years after. His work done there, he was set to canals, and then it was that he was thrown into intimate intercourse with those three distinguished members of the corps of Bengal Engineers, Sir Proby Cautley, Lord Napier of Magdala, and Sir W. Baker. The Jumna, where it issues from the hills, was to supply the water, and this rendered necessary a careful geological examination of the whole lower and outer ranges of the Himalayas thence to the Sutlej. The young lieutenant found himself on familiar scientific ground, for he had supplemented his early reading by a careful study of the then rising science of geology. Dr. Falconer, too, was pursuing in these very regions those investigations which resulted in the determination of the age of the Sewalik hills. Lieutenant Durand revelled in their rich fossil remains, which first led to those discussions on the antiquity of the human race which have long since reached a point beyond which his cautious spirit refused to go. He wrote several palæontological papers in 1835, which are to be found in the Bengal Asiatic Society's Journal. Coming farther south, his survey of the country around Delhi brought him into personal contact with Lord Auckland and his secretaries, Messrs. Thomason and Colvin, who afterwards became Lieutenant-Governors of the North-Western Provinces. Then it was that he obtained that economic and practical knowledge of the land and the people which he used with such effect in subsequent discussions, when he was a member of the Governor-General's Council. So thoroughly, like Sir Henry Lawrence in somewhat similar circumstances, does he seem to have mastered the land question, always the greatest in India since the permanent settlement of 1793 in Bengal, that this almost beardless soldier was asked to become Secretary to the Agra Board of Revenue. But the news of an advance into Affghanistan summoned him, like so many rising officers, to the front. Having prepared the engineer park in Delhi for the campaign, he found himself in orders as topographical surveyor to the army of the Indus.

Durand's name first became known to India by that exploit of his which opened the Cabul gate of Ghuznee to the besieging force. Since his death there has been some discussion as to the part which he took—whether he acted independently or under orders. We may content ourselves with the

eulogy of Lord Napier, who, at the dinner given to Sir Henry Durand by his brother officers at Simla in 1870, declared that it was he who, when the powder had been laid down at the Cabul gate of the city under a strong fire, and when failure was announced, "with a keener observation saw that no failure had taken place, and arrested the bugle which would have sounded a retreat." On this occasion Durand scraped the hose with his nails when he found that the powder would not at once ignite. The fearlessness and promptitude of resource shown on that occasion marked all his career. When Cabul was reached, he, as engineer to Shah Soojah's force, saw at once that, unless our troops were securely lodged in a defensible and sheltered place, disaster would be the result. He frequently urged the envoy, Sir William Macnachten, to allow him to fortify the citadel



known as the Bala Hissar. But the barracks that he constructed were made over by our vacillating commanders to the King's harem, and the result we all know. There even a smaller force than we sent to Cabul might have maintained their position against all Affghanistan, and our history might have been spared many pages of black disaster. But Durand was one of several officers—prominent among them the old hero, Major-General Colin Mackenzie, C.B. — whose words of wisdom were unheeded. Unlike them, however, he did not become a victim to the policy which he so ably exposed in the *Calcutta Review*, for he returned to India along with Sir J. Keane. After a short furlough he became private secretary to the new Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough.

Though, like most Anglo-Indians, of no political party, Durand was of the school

now best represented by the present Governor-General—he saw the political danger and evil of all changes not absolutely necessary or justified by the highest reasons. He was a wise conservative, though many of his principles were very radical, notably all the reforms which he suggested in the constitution and working of the East India Company, and which he lived to see fully adopted. Perhaps his warmest political friend, next to Lord Ellenborough, was the present Earl of Derby, whom intellectually he so closely resembled, except in the coldness of that nobleman's political nature. What Durand believed he had arrived at slowly, he held passionately, and he expressed in the most trenchant style. The position of private secretary to the Governor-General is unlike any other office in any country, save Russia, or perhaps Prussia under the old *régime*. To a man of ability and tact the power is vast, alike in patronage and in influence, upon the ruler's policy. No Governor-General can do half his work as it ought to be done without trusting others, and the man he most trusts is his secretary, whom for that very reason he has carefully selected. With only one exception all the private secretaries I have known, from the time of Lord Ellenborough to the present, have been in their way able men. We may expect the promised publication of the late Earl of Ellenborough's papers to show many traces of Durand's influence. Brilliantly able, that Governor-General was often annoyingly crotchety and painfully unjust. The solid and judicious counsels of the private secretary, his stern uprightness, and his perfect knowledge of men of both the civil and military services, must have been invaluable to such a Governor-General, even though, while approving the better course, he sometimes followed the worse. In one point, however, Durand must have encouraged his master—in breaking up the old clique of Benga. civilians who had led Lord Auckland to ruin, and had opposed as interlopers all who desired progress and fair play. The private secretary was present with his chief at the battle of Maharajpore, and there made himself for the first time personally acquainted with the native states of Central India, of which he proved himself subsequently so successful a political agent.

When Lord Ellenborough was recalled he might, according to custom, have obtained one of those high offices to which a private secretary in either of the services is always appointed. But it was left to the next Governor-General, Lord Hardinge, to send Captain Durand to Moulmein as Commissioner of the Tenasserim Provinces. The office had been filled by a civilian of the lazy order, under whom abuses had grown up and corruption had fattened. The new Commissioner knew what he was sent to do, and he knew also the penalty of doing it; but he felt that he would be supported by the Governor-General He cleansed that Augean stable, perhaps a little too sternly, but with the approval of all the independent and righteous men on the spot, especially the American missionaries, with Dr. Judson at their head. Unfortunately Lord Hardinge had left Calcutta for the Upper Provinces, and the ordinary government devolved on the senior member of Council, who was not sorry to recall the too radical Commissioner. The affairs of Moulmein raised a discussion from which he held proudly aloof, in the consciousness of duty well done; but his old ship companion, Dr. Duff, came to the rescue, and established the justice of his policy in the pages of the *Calcutta Review*. The missionaries, wisely abstaining from politics, but none the less warmly on his side, accompanied the Commissioner from the rocky shore of Moulmein with expressions of gratitude for his efforts to promote the cause of education and religion among the people, and with the prayer, so touching when read by the light of his subsequent career and lamented end:—"That our Heavenly Father may still direct you in a way in which your labours may be highly useful to mankind, as well as a source of increasing delight to yourself, and that you may finally receive the ultimate reward of those who continue faithful unto death."

Captain Durand's two years' service in Burma were remarkable for more than his administrative experience, although he then sowed the seeds of what is known as the non-regulation system, by which simple and rude peoples are gradually raised to a platform fit for our more elaborate laws and procedure. He learned to know Judson, and they became fast friends. How much is involved in that fact! The old missionary and the young administrator resembled each other in many of the higher qualities of their nature. Fortunately Durand has left us his estimate of the life and labours of the Apostle of Burma, written soon after the saint closed his long and suffering years. No one who would understand both should omit to turn to vol. xiv. of the *Calcutta Review*, where, in 1850, Durand painted at

full length a portrait of Adoniram Judson. It is surprising that his numerous biographers have overlooked this valuable contribution to the life of the prince of American missionaries. I am interested in it now chiefly from the light that it throws on the inner life of Durand. All who knew him know what an earnest and at the same time catholic Christian he was. He did not in this respect wear his heart on his sleeve, and while devotedly attached to the Church of England, he refused to call any man or any sect master, remembering that One whom he ever sought to follow fully. But though by nature and training averse to mere ecclesiastical talk, there were times when he would open out his heart. I shall ever remember one such occasion, when, as the rest of our party left us in the Himalayas to find a short road over the heights to Nagkunda, we alternately walked and rode along together round the bluff. The glorious October morning, amid scenery which the Alps cannot rival, unbent our spirits, and he talked of higher things—of that life to come which is now his for evermore. His picture of Judson is, in many respects, true of himself, if for the missionary we substitute the God-fearing soldier and administrator:—"He was indeed a mighty champion—mighty in word; mighty in thought; mighty in suffering; mighty in the elasticity of an unconquerable spirit; mighty in the entire absence of selfishness, of avarice, of all the meaner passions of the unregenerate soul; mighty in the yearning spirit of love and of affection; above all, mighty in real humility, in the knowledge and confession of the natural evil and corruption of his own heart, in the weakness which brings forth strength; mighty in fulfilling the apostolic injunction, 'Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men;' mighty in the entire, unreserved devotion of means, time, strength, and great intellect to his master, Christ." And this summing up of an eloquent contrast between the system of the Jesuit Xavier and the *quondam* Presbyterian, afterwards Baptist, Judson may well comfort the many in this country who have been long helping to sow the good seed in our Indian Empire:—

"Far different has been the success of the seven-and-thirty years of Judson's continuous, unflinching labour. His career has not been marked by the alleged sudden conversion of tens of thousands of idolaters. Princes indeed listened, but did not bow their heads to the truths of the Gospel. Brilliant success nowhere attended him. Yet, it may be permitted us to doubt, whether Judson has not laid the foundation of a fabric, which, instead of vanishing in the course of the next three centuries, will, should earth last, grow into the stately proportions of an extensive and solid Spiritual Temple. Driven from Burmah, he planted his small, but really Christian, church of Burmese converts on the frontier of the Burman and Peguan Empire; first, at Amhurst; subsequently, where Boardman had preceded him, at Moulmein—a position from whence, at any favourable moment, it can with great facility go forth to the work of evangelizing the surrounding Heathen. His converts and disciples have not been altogether idle in spite of the stern persecution which awaits them on discovery; and, as most Burmans can read and write, the translation of the Scriptures, their wide dissemination, and the teaching of these converts, few though they be, cannot fail to prepare the soil, and to sow the seed of a future far richer harvest, than the state of this Buddhist stronghold at present promises."

These benevolent and enthusiastic anticipations have been to no little extent realised by our American fellow-labourers. If Buddhism has not yielded an overwhelming number of converts, in the quarter of a century since this was written, tens of thousands of Karens, in whole villages and towns, have been gathered in to the Christian Church. And even Buddhism is so shorn of its intolerance, that in the new capital of Mandalay, not far from the spot where the missionaries suffered such tortures, the present King has erected a Christian church and sends his sons to a Christian school. Captain Durand's experience of Burma led him to regret the war that forced on Lord Dalhousie the annexation of more territory, and to declare that, with so vast an empire as India proper on our hands, it might have been better if the task of civilising Burma had been undertaken by the United States. But in that England has not been its own master, and the present prosperous condition of British Burma forms a pleasing contrast to the misrule of the independent territory.

After completing in England that furlough which Lord Ellenborough's summons to him had broken, Colonel Durand returned to take part in the Second Sikh War, which he afterwards so ably criticized. No one can read Indian history aright who does not study his papers on the Cabul and Sikh campaigns, side by side with Sir Henry Lawrence's essays on the same subjects. The one corrects the other, the one supplements the other, and from both the Artillery and the Engineer officers, often agreeing—not unfrequently differing, we learn the truth of the policy that guided Lord Hardinge, Lord Gough, and Lord Dalhousie. When appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab Sir Henry Durand recalled the carnage of its battle-fields in which he had

taken a part, and eulogized the courage of our enemy of those days, now our loyal subjects to whom he was about to devote all that was left of his life. When the Mutiny broke out Colonel Durand was found at Indore as Political Agent of the new Governor-General, Lord Canning. As Lord Napier expressed it, he remained at his post until the cannon balls from Holkar's insurgent troops actually drove him from the Residency with what Lord Canning called a "hopelessly small escort." Going off towards Bombay to bring up Brigadier-General Stewart's column, he took political direction of it, and in spite of the difficulties which he himself afterwards so graphically described, including three days' fighting at Mundlaisur and the capture of Dhar, that small body relieved Neemuch, cleared Malwa of mutineers, prevented Tantia Topee from crossing the Nerbudda so as to raise the South, and disarmed Holkar's troops. He well deserved the praise of Lord Canning, who publicly declared that his conduct had been marked by great foresight and the soundest judgment as well in civil as in military matters. In such duties he obtained that grasp of the whole subject of our feudatory nobles and their relation to the English Crown, which afterwards made him the ablest of Foreign Secretaries, the soundest of advisers on questions of native feeling and policy.

The Mutiny left Northern India without a native army. There were four thousand British officers without men to command. Our Indian military system was further discredited by what became known as "the white mutiny," or the discontent caused among the twenty thousand English soldiers of the East India Company's local army, by the rash refusal to treat their transfer to the Crown as a new enlistment. As that occurrence had been caused by a want of tact, so its effects were greatly exaggerated by those who desired to see the local army extinguished and India garrisoned only by the ordinary English troops. The first difficulty before Lord Canning, the moment the Mutiny had ceased to be vital, was the military one of reorganizing the army. He turned to Colonel Durand as the one man in all India who could best advised him on this subject. That officer was first instructed to ascertain the opinions of all other authorities on the subject, and then to lay them with his own before the Government of India. The Blue-books of 1858-59 show how well he accomplished the task. In his suggestions he carried with him the support of all official India, including not a few Queen's officers. Lord Canning heartily gave in his adhesion to his views. He was sent home to represent them to the authorities here, when the white mutiny, of which we have spoken, and other influences were thrown into the opposite scale, and India ceased to possess a local army. The result has been a serious addition to its military expenditure estimated by some at not less than a million sterling a year, and which is increasing annually. The military difficulties of England and the purely royal army have been greatly increased, by the necessity for recruiting in only one way to supply the Indian drain, and to send out some 2,000 officers to such a climate for a force of 58,000 men. Opinion is now fast coming round to the views that Colonel Durand so stoutly urged, in season and out of season, with a persistent patriotism that brought him only enmity. Many of our best military reformers would like to see an Indian local army again.

Durand was one of the first members of the Secretary of State's Council, appointed by the then Lord Stanley on the abolition of the East India Company. There he, Lord Lawrence and others continued to fight for the views which they had urged when in India. When Sir Charles Wood became Secretary of State, he was not long in finding the personal evil to himself of such independence. When General Outram came home dying, but insisted on returning to his seat in the Calcutta Council, Colonel Durand with his usual generosity at once resigned to make way for Outram, but on the written pledge that he should take Outram's place as Lord Canning's colleague in India. But the pledge was never fulfilled. Sir C. Wood's promise and Lord Canning's request were alike disregarded, and some years passed over before Durand became military member of the Governor-General's Council. Meanwhile, as he had given up his seat to General Outram, he accepted Lord Canning's invitation to return to India as Foreign Secretary, the highest appointment next to Council and hitherto reserved for the Civil Service. On his appointment by Lord Stanley he had given up all thoughts of returning to the East, and was devoting his leisure to the education of his children. But his ripe experience, his sound judgment, and his uncompromising honesty could not thus be buried. The year 1861 saw him again in Calcutta ready to enter on the last decade of his life in and for India.

GEORGE SMITH.

ON BEING ACQUAINTED WITH GOD.

BY THE LATE REV. NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

"Acquaint now thyself with God, and be at peace."—JOB xxii. 21.

I.—WHAT IS MEANT BY BEING ACQUAINTED WITH GOD.

IF I am asked what it is to know God I find it as difficult to reply by any definition, as to tell what it is to see light or to know and love a friend or a father. We feel its meaning. We know what friendship with God means, either from our blessed experience, or we know, alas! what is meant by want of friendship. We either know what it is to think about God, to open our hearts to Him, to be influenced in our life by His wishes, to be happy and peaceful through faith in His promises, and to long for closer and more intimate fellowship with Him;—or we know that opposite condition of being, which does not like to think about Him, which refuses to submit to His authority, which keeps silence before Him, which believes and trembles, or believes not and is indifferent.

Thus, we can well enough understand, what is meant by being acquainted, or not acquainted, with God.

We quite well understand, too, how we may know a person truly, though not fully. The child of a great thinker, or of a great statesman, might, for example, be unable to comprehend the depth of his father's mind, or to fathom his profound and vast plans, and yet have a most true apprehension of his father's character. In his every-day life, within the narrow circle of his home, and in constant intercourse with him as his most watchful, loving father, he might have as true an *apprehension*, if not as great a *comprehension*, of his justice, righteousness, purity, tenderness, wisdom, and love, as the loftiest spirits who sit with him in counsel, or the millions of people who are benefited by his discoveries, who admire his genius, or who rejoice in the prosperity and innumerable social and political blessings which are secured by his wise and righteous administration. And thus it is that, however incomprehensible the Being of God, as the everlasting and ever-living, may be to the highest intelligences in the universe; however impossible it may be for a creature to comprehend the mind of God; however infinite, in some respects, the distance must ever be between the creature and the Creator—yet he who has learned to utter the Lord's Prayer, and to say, because he sees and feels its truth, "Our Father, who art in heaven," so far as truly knows God as the archangel Gabriel does, or higher still, God's Eternal Son.

II.—ON THE FOLLY AND SIN OF NOT SEEKING TO KNOW GOD.

Let me address myself first to those whose conscience tells them, "You know not God." Who those are, I will not undertake to say. The thought would be very painful if it was suggested by the life of any, "Thou art the man." I should look on him with tender pity, knowing his loss; and were I a holier man, with deepest anguish of mind, infinitely more than if I saw him poor and needy, blind and naked, suffering the loss of all worldly goods, and from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet full of wounds; for this is the sum and substance of all evil and crime, the fountain of misery, the death of the soul, the undying worm, the unquenchable fire, the outer darkness. For that which makes Satan what he is, and the only thing which makes men become like him, is not being acquainted with God.

The greatest crime God ever charged men with was, "They know not me." The greatest blessing and honour ever attributed to a state on earth was to Judah, when it was said, "In Judah is God known;" the grandest title ever bestowed on a child of earth was on the old patriarch, who was called "the friend of God;" the most perfect prospect held out to this world is to be "full of the knowledge of the Lord;" and the highest heaven promised to man is "to know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent." On the other hand, the most awful hour in the eternal future is that in which "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on those who know not God, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power."

With what solemn awe, then, should the very idea be entertained of addressing those who are not yet acquainted with God! It would be impossible to do so at all unless it was in the blessed hope of making them acquainted with Him, and be at peace.

I will assume that I am speaking to some who are not acquainted with God, and will first of all ask their conscience whether they have honestly sought to become acquainted with Him? Suppose it possible that they never can find Him; yet what if they have never tried to find Him? Let the possibility be granted that all the children of men who have believed that they knew Him, and who attributed all they valued and enjoyed in existence to this knowledge, were deluded by a vain imagination; yet what if those I address have never thought it worth their while seriously to put this experience to the proof? What if the thought of their heart has been, "Depart from us; we seek not a knowledge of Thy ways?" What if the past history of their mind has been a contented indifference, or a positive effort to put the thought of God away from them? If this, or anything like this, has been true—can conscience, or reason, or the affections approve of it?

Men profess to believe in God. But their belief, were it sincere, would only reveal their own worthlessness, or that of the God in whom they believe. For can this God in whom they profess to believe be known at all? Can they speak to Him, or He to them? Can He inspire any stirring emotion, any gratitude, joy, or love? Can He influence the conduct, mould the character, purify the affections, kindle hope, awaken confidence, and make the future bright with the prospect of being with Him? If not, if He is such a God as renders it impossible on their part to entertain towards Him such feelings, or render him such homage, then assuredly such a being is not worth knowing. They may fear Him like a dread power, admire Him like a law of nature, or a person of genius; but to be acquainted with Him as a Father and Friend would be impossible. But if the God in whom they believe is worth knowing, how worthless are men who neither know Him nor care to know Him!

Men, again, talk of morality, of loving their fellow-men, and of being just and true, as all that is essential. I do not deny the sincerity of their professions; but I ask, is the knowledge of God excluded from morality? Is love to God less becoming than love to man? Can men without a blush talk of their admiration for what is pure and holy and of good report, and pointing to a living person, admit that in such is some moral excellence worthy of their esteem, and yet be so blind to all that is in God as to have no desire to be acquainted with Him? Oh, what a baseless morality is this! what a false love of the good is that which can turn away with indifference from God! It is like a man professing to love light, and, while admiring the phosphoric sparks that flicker over dead bodies, dislikes the sun filling earth and heaven with glory.

Men again profess to love science and art, and to be fond of learning. They deify talent and genius, and worship intellectual power.

Only think of it, ye who believe that there is a God! What a spectacle! Admiring bits of God's handiwork, spending years in arranging and measuring some of the countless substances with which He builds up his material universe; or discussing, with infinite patience and deep learning, some of His ways of working; and preferring this knowledge of things to the knowledge of the mighty One "in whom all things live and move and have their being." Admiring genius and learning, yet indifferent to the only wise God! Oh, most strange, most mysterious! Surely this is the very root and essence of man's sin, man's weakness and littleness.

And in accordance with this error, men often feel it irksome if a clergyman urges them to acquaint themselves with God. "Why not," they will ask, "give us something practical? We have to do with this present world. We wish to know how to keep our bodies in health, and how to regulate our daily conduct. Tell us how the drunken, the filthy, the dishonest are to be made decent; how to educate our children, or increase our wages; how to regulate the relationship between employers and employed; and leave alone abstruse things about knowing the unseen God." All this but shows the stolid ignorance in which men are steeped up to the lips. As if God was not in this world, and as if to know Him was not the highest function of the soul—the main spring of action, the life of all morality, the only power to reform society, the all in all. Purify the stream, leave the fountain alone! Heed the outbursts of desire, never mind the desire itself! Adjust the telescope, never mind opening the eye! And has it come to this among rational men? Is the father to be banished from the family by His children, or to live among them as a stranger? Is the glorious King to be dethroned from His own dominions? Has God made all things for Himself, and are all things to be separated from Him? This is indeed the reign of hell and death! Well

might the Prophet turn from men, and cry in agony, for the honour of the living God, "O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord!"

III.—GOD DESIRES US TO BECOME ACQUAINTED WITH HIM.

There is nothing more certain. As far as we know or can conceive, there is nothing which God desires so much as that His creatures should be acquainted with Him. He desires them to be as good and as great as possible; but their goodness and greatness is to be acquainted with Him. He desires them to be as happy as it is possible for them to be; but their highest happiness is to be acquainted with Him. We may be sure there is not a beggar whom He would not rather see good and happy, than behold the most magnificent world He ever created, or hear the grandest music He ever inspired in the hearts of the multitude in heaven; but beggars or archangels can be good and happy only by being acquainted with Him.

God has manifested His desire to become acquainted with men by revealing Himself to men, and by seeking them in every possible way. To specify how God has so revealed Himself would be to direct your mind to all things, and to all events; for the very end of everything is to reveal God.

You may, indeed, think it strange that God should create beings at all to know Him. "Why," you may ask, "did He Who is from everlasting, and is infinitely happy and glorious in Himself, create at all? Or if He was pleased to do so, why did He not confine his creative energies to the production of the unfading glories of the material universe, and gaze for ever on worlds of beauty moving in their regulated paths, all in perfect order, without a jar, without one inharmonious note to disturb the music of the spheres?" We can give no other answer, than that God created countless multitudes of beings to know Himself, to be His friends, to share His blessedness and glory; and for this end He made man after His own image, and shared with him all which the Godhead could impart. And so it is not too much to say that God has willed that for ever and ever, during His endless being, His joy shall be inseparably connected with the joy of His creation. No imagination of ours can realise the awful power, the worth, the dignity, with which the Sovereign God has invested us. To be able to give joy to God; to have power to affect, in any way, the Eternal and Almighty; to be the objects of his tender solicitude; to hear Him plead for our hearts or declare that our refusal moves Him to anger;—all this would never enter our minds unless God Himself had said it—it never would have seemed possible unless it was embodied and expressed in the wonder of all wonders, the mystery of all mysteries, yet the light, and life, and joy of our being—God manifest in the flesh, God in Christ—pleading in sorrow, dying to save us, and weeping over our unbelief!

Therefore, I repeat it, that the grandest truth which can present itself to the mind of man is, that God, above all other things, desires us to be acquainted with Him; that the end of our being is to be acquainted; and that our refusal to meet His demand is the sum and substance of all iniquity.

And now, let these thoughts help to put life into all you know. You know much of the ways in which God has revealed Himself to you; you know or feel how He comes to you in conscience, in Providence, in the outward world of matter, in the inward world of spirit, above all, in Jesus Christ—that revelation of God which does not exclude any other, but includes all. But what though ten thousand beams pour themselves from the Eternal throne, if you will not see? What though ten thousand tongues, from the mighty thunderings to the still small voice, cry day and night continually, if we will not hear? To the man who will not seek after God, the universe is as much without God, as it is without light to the blind man's eye. Oh, surely this is a dream—that I should be pleading with immortal men, asking them to know God! Oh, surely this is the saddest, the strangest sight in the universe, that we should require argument, and persuasion, and pleading, to urge us to become acquainted with our God! God help us, awake us, arouse us, quicken us, that we, Thy children, may acquaint ourselves with Thee!

IV.—THE MYSTERY OF OUR REMAINING IGNORANT OF GOD.

Fellow-men, children of the same Father, let me ask you, do you not know Him?—have you never seen Him nor heard His voice?

Has He been so long with thee, and hast thou not known Him? It is He who framed this goodly universe in which we live; Who hung aloft in the palace-roof beneath which we dwell that gorgeous sun and the lustrous

moon and stars; Who has made us so wonderfully and fearfully, and created such fair sights for the eye, such sweet sounds for the ear, and filled the air with fragrance for the nostril. Dost thou not know Him? It is He who has fashioned with such surpassing wisdom and power this soul, this spirit, this being, which each man calls *himself*, with faculties so like a god, with intellect and genius, contrivance, foresight, memory—a being which feels itself greater than sun, moon, and stars. Dost thou not know Him? It is He who has watched us in our infant years, when we were as unconscious of our high destinies as plant or insect; it is He who provided for us fond parents,—Whose love shone in our mother's eye; Whose strength and wisdom were in our father's arm and counsel; Whose tender and affectionate ministrations were in loving brothers and sisters, and many friends. Dost thou not know Him? It is He who hath led us up from childhood until now; Who dried our tears in sorrow; Who, in a way we knew not, led us through the perplexing paths of life; Who never failed us in the time of need; Who spread a table for us in the wilderness, and made our cup run over, and hath daily loaded us with benefits. Dost thou not know Him? It was He Who baptized thee in infancy, and said He was thy Father, thy Saviour, and thy Sanctifier; Who claimed thee as His own from father and from mother; Who took thee in His arms, and said, "I wish this my child to be trained for Me, to know Me and love Me." And dost thou not know Him? It was He who has witnessed thy life, beheld every act, and heard every word; Who searched thy heart every day through and through; Who beheld thee love others, but not Him; thank others, not Him; cling to others, not Him! Yet all this banished not His thoughts of love from thee! He saw mercies abused, yet He gave them still! He saw thy powers of body, thy very health and strength, turned against Him, yet He gave gentle sleep to thine eyes and nights of refreshing! He saw His food and drink turned into gluttony and drunkenness, yet He gave both in abundance! He saw the creature made an idol, yet He gave this creature to thee! He never heard a request for a blessing, yet He gave thousands unasked! He heard no thanksgiving, yet He gave on! He saw time misspent, yet He gave more! He saw money grudged for His service, yet He gave more! He saw Jesus turned away from and trampled under foot, yet He offered Him again and again! He saw the Spirit despised and rejected, yet He took Him not away! He has done all this—and dost thou not know Him? He might have racked thy body with torture, bereaved thee of all thy friends, taken thy money from thee, left thy soul in despair, and treated thee with the indifference or hate wherewith thou hast treated Him—yet He did not! He hath until this hour promised to thee the forgiveness of sins, and offered thee deliverance from its power, and promised thee all the glory of the Son of God, and pled with thee to be His child, and to come to thy Father. Come, let thy heart speak, and it will tell thee that thou hast a Father, and that thou oughtest to know Him; or, if not, that thou art a monster of ignorance and unbelief!

THOUGHTS.

WHY do you grow so silent
As we sit together here,
Watching the fading twilight,
And the young moon shining clear?

As together we look out seawards,
And hear the muffled roar
Of the waves that are slowly breaking
Along the distant shore,

Why do you grow so silent?
But I thought I heard you sigh—
"Dear, I am only thinking
Of an autumn long gone by;

"Only rememb'ring a sunset
Which I watched long, long ago;
Only rememb'ring a moon-rise
Over hills you do not know."

"THOUGHTS."

Page 564

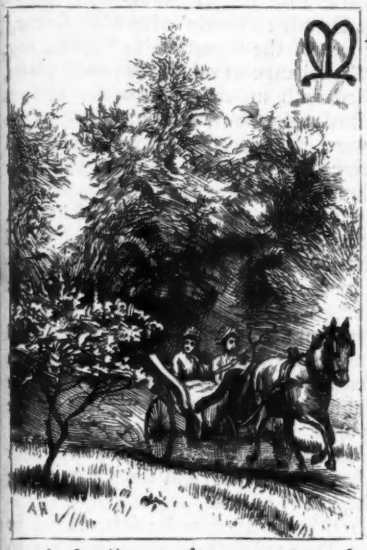


"THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON."

THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON.

By MRS. PARR, Author of "Dorothy Fox."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—MUCH MYSTIFIED.



MALLETT church stood at the top of St. Kit's Hill, at about an equal distance from the dwelling place of any one of its scattered congregation. The toilsome roads leading to it were exposed, the hills were steep; yet neither the weakly nor the aged ever grumbled as Sunday after Sunday they wearily plodded along, for who among them had not some one, whose heart had been, or would be cheered by the sight of its grey old tower, which served as a beacon, and was hailed with joy and thankfulness by all good seamen? Strangers had been heard to say they wondered at a church being built up there; but this remark met with no sympathy from the Malletters, who asked, "Why, for goodness' sake, should it ha' bin put elsewhere than so that the dear blids to sea could catch sight on it, and know they was close home? Why, even the furriners could see the sense o' its placing, as was shown by the painted winder one of 'em had put up a hundred years gone by—a great, hooge man a-carryin' a infant child on his back. Then there was a headstone, with a carved ship a-top, so far back as 1560, showin' that the church was standin' there then. There was some went so far as to say 'twas the 'rection of a Popish lady for the restin' of her son's sawl after his body was washed ashore close by. If so, many a sailor had had cause to bless her mem'ry since, and wives and mothers too, so 'twas to be hoped, any rate, her was at rest, sawl and body too."

Thus viewed, one began to forget the architectural deficiencies of the mottled, weather-stained old building, with its disproportionately high tower, up to which the people looked with loving familiarity as each Sunday morning they lingered under its shadow, waiting until the cracked tinkle of the bell should stop before they entered the church itself. The present rector, Mr. Jago, had never attained to the degree of popularity enjoyed by Mr. Despard; and the older folk, especially, were glad of any opportunity afforded for a disparaging comparison.

"Mr. Despard was as reg'lar as clockwork," said one of the old men, with a shake of the head. "Never no waitin' for he."

"No," answered Mrs. Collins, the butcher's wife; "nor no keepin' o' dinners waitin' neither. Our'n was stone cold last Sunday, through standin' in Inch's bake-house. Mr. Jago ain't a-goin' to tell me he don't know the hour folks's dinners is drawed at; and 'tain't much good preachin' does anybody, when their thoughts is set upon the meat bein' dried up to a stick."

"He should keep the long-winded uns for the arternoon, missis," laughed one of the hearers.

"Ah, well, he might keep 'em to hisself, and I shouldn't be no wus pleased; for with dinners at twelve, by four yer inside's ready for yer cup o' tay; and so you'd a chance o' gettin' it in ole Mr. Despard's time, and I don't suppose anybody'll contend but what he know'd how to do the right thing by us so well as passon Jago, who's for everlastin' at the fire and brimstone, so that it makes anybody's blood run cold. I'd so lief go down to Pethewick's, only I don't hold with meetin's, and such like—it's contrary to sense to fancy that folks as is in the grocery, any more than any other shopkeepin' line, can know so much o' religion as gentlefolks, who've nothin' else to do. Besides, it 'ud go agin my grain to sit under one o' my own sort—not a bit of it. I likes to have my say so well as they."

This truism gave rise to a general laugh, in the midst of which the tinkle—preparatory to the five minutes' ringing, when the rector came in sight—stopped, and they all began bustling into church, where the Joslyns, Miss Despard, Hero, the Captain, and the few small farmers about, were already seated.

There was no cause of complaint against Mr. Jago on this day, for the congregation

had barely seated themselves, when old Matthey Cox, the sexton, commenced pulling vigorously to announce his advent, and before the look of amazement had well left their faces, the rector, hot and flustered from his rapid pace, hurried up the aisle, followed, after a couple of minutes' interval, by Sir Stephen, Mrs. Prescott, Mrs. Labouchere, and Leo Despard.

This was the first Sunday that the Combe ladies had come, and the sensation they created was immense, particularly among the female portion, who gave a very divided attention to the service, at which they had come to assist.

Leo sat in the Combe pew, so that Hero had a double reason for not casting her eyes in that direction. The Captain, true to his training, centred his whole attention on the duty he had come to perform. So that they remained ignorant of the excitement caused by the dress of the two ladies, and the various small items they had deemed it necessary to arm themselves with. Their ivory-backed prayer-books produced a grand sensation among the Sunday-school children, which lasted until the middle of the psalms, when the whispered fact that "one of 'em was a holdin' a bottle with a gold cork to her nawse," induced several of the least fortunately placed to heighten themselves on a long, rickety stool, which suddenly tipping up, upset them, thereby causing a titter, which was followed by the unmistakable whacks of a cane falling promiscuously among the offenders, who spent the remaining term of their probation in emitting lengthened and dolorous sniffs.

At length the service came to an end, and the humbler portion of the congregation hurried outside, where they stood about with the lingering hope of getting a further look at the gentlefolks. When Sir Stephen appeared, he had a good-natured word for all those near him. Mrs. Prescott, also, to please her son, smiled a gracious acknowledgment of the bobs and curtseys; but Katherine, whose temper had suffered from the atmosphere of fish and tar, the shuffling of the men, the sniffing of the children, and the general primitiveness of the whole service, had not recovered herself sufficiently to do aught else than ignore the offenders, past whom she swept without vouchsafing them a single glance. Leo, bent upon impressing his intimacy with the new-comers upon all around, walked by her side, apparently engrossed by her conversation; so that the quick wrath of all present was stirred up against them both.

"Awh, dear, who be she, I wonder," exclaimed sharp-tongued Mrs. Collins, "flinking herself along as if nobody wasn't made o' flesh and blood but she; and that young Despard, with his pridy airs, as if he——"

"Hush!" said one of the men; "there's ole Miss Despard a-comin' with Mrs. Grant," and the rest of the "gentlefolks" appearing, a general exchange of salutations took place, interlarded with inquiries as to the various absent husbands, sons, and brothers, when letters were last received from them, and what were the chances of their return or promotion.

"Why are you waiting, Stephen?" Mrs. Prescott asked. "I really don't feel equal to much standing, my dear, and I told Masters not to bring the pony up that dreadful hill again."

"I shall not detain you long, mother," said Sir Stephen, craning and peering as if he was looking for some one. "Just wait here one instant," he added, hurrying back to the church porch.

He went up to Miss Despard, and after shaking hands with her and the surrounding friends he knew, he said,—

"My mother wishes to be introduced to you, Miss Despard. Will you allow me to take you to where she is standing?"

Aunt Lydia was quite fluttered.

"Mrs. Prescott is very kind," she murmured hesitatingly; "but——"

"Let me give you an arm," he said, not heeding the "but."

And before the old lady had time to recover herself, they had reached Mrs. Prescott's side.

"Mother, this is Miss Despard. I have been telling her how anxious you are to make her acquaintance."

Mrs. Prescott started; but her anxiety not to betray her confusion made her throw a much greater degree of *empressement* into her greeting than she desired to do. Finding her beating heart seemed to choke down the words she strove to utter, she took refuge in holding both Aunt Lydia's thin little hands in hers until, after looking into her face for an instant, she got out,—

"This is a very great pleasure to me, Miss Despard, I have wanted to see you so much. If I had not been so very unwell, I should have called upon you long before this."

"Leo told me that you were very poorly," said Aunt Lydia, overwhelmed by Mrs. Prescott's cordiality, and nervously afraid lest she should not behave herself, as Leo would think, properly.

"What a pleasure for you to have your nephew with you!" Mrs. Prescott continued, vainly endeavouring to stand apart from Leo and Katherine.

"Oh, yes, he is my greatest earthly comfort," said Aunt Lydia.

"And no wonder," Mrs. Prescott answered, lowering her voice, though not able to prevent the others hearing her. "He must be an universal favourite, I am sure, so amiable and nice. We have all taken a wonderful fancy to him, I assure you."

Aunt Lydia's face grew radiant.

"I wish his dear uncle could have heard you say that," she said. "My dear brother——"

But Mrs. Prescott interrupted her by exclaiming—

"Stephen, my dear, we really must not keep Miss Despard standing. My pony carriage is at the foot of the hill, and she must return with us to luncheon. I have so much to talk to you about, Miss Despard. You will come back with me?"

Aunt Lydia looked towards Leo. If he wished it, she dared not refuse, but to accept was a terrible penance.

"Oh! I know Mr. Despard will not refuse to accompany you," Mrs. Prescott said with her most winning smile.

And though Leo would much rather that the "dear old bit of antiquity," as he was wont to call her, had been allowed to return to her own solitary dinner, he could but say—

"Come along, Aunt Lydia, it will do you good."

"But I've no cap, you see, my dear."

"Never mind your cap," laughed Sir Stephen; "you have a bonnet."

"I left Hero so abruptly," pleaded the old lady. "She is staying at the Joslyns, you know, and I may not see her for a week again, and I wanted to speak to her very particularly."

"Well, you cannot speak to her now," said Leo, "for the Joslyns have turned the other way. Send the message by Captain Carthew. Come, do not keep Mrs. Prescott waiting."

So urged, Aunt Lydia, very much against her inclination, gave way, and, by Mrs. Prescott's side, walked down the hill towards the carriage. Katherine and Leo strolled on in front, while Sir Stephen returned to the church to speak to Captain Carthew. He knew that, since the day when they had met in Shivers Lane, Hero had been spending the week at Winkle; but Betsey had said she was certain to be back by Sunday, and so he had felt secure in finding her with the Captain, who, in virtue of being churchwarden, always stayed behind, to distribute certain small weekly payments left to seamen's widows.

He was vexed beyond measure that she should have gone away with no other greeting than the general one he had bestowed upon the Joslyns, the Randalls, and the Thompsons. Only once during the service had their eyes met, and then, on looking up suddenly, Hero had found his fixed upon her, and something in the expression of her face, as she hastily averted it, had made his heart beat quickly and hopefully.

"I am so vexed," he could not help saying to the Captain, "that I have missed speaking to Miss Carthew. I had no idea she intended to return to Winkle."

"She was to have come home with me yesterday; but when I went for her Mrs. Joslyn asked me to let her stay a little longer. She says Hero isn't well, and wants looking after, and the child herself seemed inclined to stay, so I told them to keep her by all means; for I knew, if she felt the thing, she would not have wanted to stay away from home."

"I hope you told her that I had been down two or three times to see if she was at home?" asked Sir Stephen.

"No, upon my honour, I forgot all about you!" laughed the old man frankly; "and she was so taken up with not coming back, that she never asked a word—a wonderful thing for her, for she's generally full of questions about what you're doing, and so on." Then, turning to the subject uppermost in his mind, he began speaking of Aunt Lydia's introduction to Mrs. Prescott.

Hero's name was not again mentioned. Sir Stephen, however, determined that he would get his mother to write an invitation for her and Alice, and this would be a fair excuse for paying a call at Winkle the next day. He was as much mystified as ever by Leo's conduct. Surely, unless he had purposely determined that Hero should believe his giving her up to be little or no sacrifice to him, he would not come to Combe so often as he had done during the past week. Certainly, there was nothing more in his attentions to Katherine than the admiration a beautiful woman invariably calls forth from a young man, more particularly if her position renders any warmer interest between them improbable, if not impossible. Still, Hero was not to know all this, and she might

very reasonably feel jealous. If he could see them together, he should be able to judge better; and, apart from all this, in spite of the efforts he made to overcome it, every now and then his love threatened to conquer him. Suspense was so hard to bear, and yet how could he feel certain that these two, while seemingly divided, really loved each other truly?

Such thoughts filled his mind as he walked home after leaving the Captain. He was told by Katherine, with a puzzled look, that her aunt had carried off Miss Despard to her own room, and that neither of them had been seen since.

"Oh, they will come down when the bell rings," said Sir Stephen.

And so they did; but only to retire again as soon as luncheon was over.

A little time after Sir Stephen vanished; and, to Katherine's increased amazement, when, her curiosity prompting her to see after them, she left Leo, and went to her aunt's little morning room, she found them all talking earnestly upon some subject, which was evidently changed directly she made her appearance.

It was very odd in her aunt and cousin, to strike up such a sudden friendship with this old person, who really had nothing, that she could see, to interest any one in her. What did it mean?

During her absence, Leo's thoughts were busy as her own. There was but one reading, that he could see, to this sudden cordiality displayed towards him by Sir Stephen and his mother—a cordiality to be now extended towards his supposed aunt: they must have noticed, or Mrs. Labouchere must have said, something which led them to believe that she regarded him with more than ordinary interest. Yes, he believed the game was in his own hands. If not, why should they act thus? All the talk about Uncle Anthony being a friend did not deceive him. If that were true, it was very odd that Aunt Lydia knew nothing of this intimacy. He believed that the key of it all was Mrs. Labouchere, and a gnawing pain at his heart made him say, with a feeling of bitterness, "It was to be—there is a fate in these things." If he could but deaden his love for Hero, happiness seemed within his grasp; but, the further away she was from him, the greater struggle it was to give her up.

"Either way, I shall regret it," he sighed. "If such a thing were to happen, and Hero were put out of my reach for ever, I should only love her fifty times more than I do now: and if I make it straight with Hero, and let this opportunity slip through my own fault, I shall never cease from thinking what a fool I've been. And so any man would be who threw away such a chance. What is that about 'a tide in the affairs of men?'—only one is often disposed to steer against it. Poor Hero! she will think I have forgotten her. Ah, if I could but make her know that I love her more than ever I did—that if I were a duke to-morrow I'd rather marry her than any girl living. I wonder what she thinks of me by this time?"

Judging by what had that morning met her eyes, when she cast a look at the group, in the centre of which stood the two men who had played so prominent a part in her life, Hero felt she had forfeited her happiness, and entirely separated herself from their thoughts and feelings. Somehow she was much more angry at Sir Stephen's forgetfulness of her, than at Leo's apparent indifference, and it needed all her self-command to listen smilingly when old Mr. Jamieson whispered confidentially,—

"Why, Hero, how is it neither of the beaux is at your side? Come, now, don't you be too trusting; remember—

'When a widow's in your string
'Tis quite another thing.'

You have my full consent to throwing the soldier overboard if Sir Stephen's made fast. Don't shake your head now," he added, as Hero turned away, "it's of no use waiting for me, and I shan't so much mind being thrown over, if you're to be my lady."

"My lady," thought Hero, as she resigned herself to two young Joslyns, between whom she had promised to walk back to Winkle, "I daresay many would have thought of that, but I didn't. It only seemed to me that what I was doing was right, and yet everything has gone wrong; now they appear to have quite forgotten me."

Poor Hero! many bitter tears had fallen from her eyes during the past week, more especially since her father had been to Winkle, and had left without saying a word of Sir Stephen, who, she had quite expected to hear, had called at Sharrows to inquire after her; and not having done that, surely it would have been no such great thing if he had given her that morning more than a share in the general greeting. "He never really loved me," cried out her aching heart, and this cry went on repeating itself all through the day; and at night the waves lapping against the rocks, and washing the sands, in sight of which she had listened to his vows, echoed the same

sad dirge, and in the intensity of this new pain Leo was entirely forgotten.

CHAPTER XXIX.—"SUDDEN FRIENDSHIPS."

Leo was a little surprised at the small amount of astonishment expressed by Aunt Lydia, respecting Mrs. Prescott's sudden cordiality; "but there," he thought, "if the queen sent for her as being my aunt, the poor old soul would only look upon it as an uncommon display of sense on her Majesty's part," and feeling tenderly disposed towards such an amiable weakness, he said the next morning, as they sat together,—

"And so you liked Mrs. Prescott, Aunt Lydia?"

"Very much indeed, my dear."

"What on earth were you talking about all the time you were away from Mrs. Labouchere and me?"

"Oh! of all sorts of things," said Aunt Lydia, longing to tell him the happiness that was in store for him, and yet anxious to obey Sir Stephen's desire for present silence; "they did not seem inclined to stir from where we were sitting, and I was as comfortable there as in the garden, indeed more so, for though I had my bonnet on, I felt the wind rather chilly."

"Did they say anything about me?" he asked carelessly.

"My dear, if you had been Sir Stephen's own brother, he could not have said more; and as for Mrs. Prescott, well, I very nearly began to feel jealous; you've found friends who can appreciate you in them, and who can help you on too."

"Why, did they give any hint of the kind?"

Aunt Lydia hesitated—what should she say so as to keep within the bounds of truth without enlightening Leo.

"Come," said Leo, "I can see something was said."

"Now Leo, my dear, promise. Well, my dear, I really do not know that I am at all justified in repeating it, as, after all, it may not have meant anything, but certainly—when the conversation turned upon marriage, and I happened to say that until you got your promotion you could not think of getting married—Sir Stephen *did* say it would be a great pity that that should stand in your way; and he added, rather pointedly it seemed to me, that he daresay when the time came you'd find the money was ready."

"How was I to find the money ready?" Leo asked in a sharp voice.

"Well, I don't know, I'm sure, unless he could have had any thought about advancing it."

"Stuff and nonsense!" Leo exclaimed, "what on earth should make him provide it? How could such a thought enter your head?"

"Well, my dear, only because they seem to have taken such a wonderful fancy to you, that it seems to me as if nothing was improbable; they talk about you, and take quite the same interest in your affairs, as if you were a relation."

"Perhaps I may turn into one some of these fine days," said Leo, laughing, while Aunt Lydia seized with horror, lest she had betrayed Sir Stephen, suddenly discovered that she wanted to say something very particular to Fanny before she went into the village.

During her absence Leo turned over in his mind what she had repeated. Not having heard anything of Sir Stephen's former visit, he naturally concluded that this conversation had taken place on the previous day. Could he in any way accept his aunt's suggestion? It was highly improbable, yet what should make them speak about his marrying? What were his affairs to such people as they? Then, if his suspicions were correct, came the question of motive for it. He was far too well acquainted with the world to imagine that, unless Sir Stephen had some potent reasons for so doing, he could be anxious to further the marriage of his cousin to a penniless stranger. Yet what could the motive possibly be? Leo was sadly perplexed how to take it. Could he be deceived altogether? he asked himself. Forewarned of Mrs. Labouchere's refusal to allow herself to be drawn into any species of flirtation, he had been most cautious to savour all his attentions with a homage to which the most fastidious could not object, and Katherine noticing this, piqued by Sir Stephen's continued indifference, and thrown most unusually on her own resources, had vouchsafed to him a more than ordinary share of favour. Still there was nothing in all this to warrant Leo's hopes, and until this meeting and conversation with Aunt Lydia, he was in reality more doubtful of success than he liked to own. Nothing is more easy than for a vain egotistical man to connect the every speech and action of others with himself, and by constantly brooding on one subject to imbue it with the rose colour or grey of his own temperament. In the few minutes which elapsed before Aunt Lydia's return, Leo had made the offer, had been accepted, and, with his wife's fortune placed at his disposal,

was in the position which he had so often envied.

"Was nothing more said?" he asked as Aunt Lydia seated herself.

"No," replied the old lady, with a twinge of conscience, "I think some one interrupted us."

"Oh! what did you think of Mrs. Labouchere? how did you like her?"

"Well, as far as liking—no—not so much as the others; but she's very beautiful, no doubt—queenly one might almost say—dear, dear, when she came over and stood by my side, I couldn't but think of the oak and the bramble."

Leo smiled.

"She is very much admired," he said, "and no wonder, for she has a heap of money and two estates."

"So Mrs. Prescott told me; she seems very fond of her; in fact, she said that next to her son's happiness came her niece's, and if she could but see her united to some one she could give her heart to, she should be happy."

"She would not have Sir Stephen—he wanted to marry her."

"Well, you surprise me," exclaimed Aunt Lydia. "I thought she was alluding to something between them when she spoke as she did, particularly when she hinted at not knowing what might result from this visit to Combe. Certainly there was nothing in their behaviour; but these young people are often so contrary to one another that there's no knowing what they mean.—You haven't seen anything of Hero lately, I suppose?" she added, after a pause.

"How should I see her when she's at Winkle?" Leo answered pettishly. "I hate that old Joslyn; he's a worse fogie than old Carthew, always on his hind legs about things he knows nothing about, just because his father happened to be a major."

"Ah, my dear, you'll be old yourself, you know, one of these days."

"Perhaps I shall; but I shan't make a fool of myself, as most of the old fellows about here do;" and he rose from the table, and an end was put to the conversation. Miss Lydia sighed as Leo left her with the announcement that he was going to Dockmouth, and should not be back until late. She could not help feeling angry with Hero for going to Winkle; it showed temper, she thought, on Hero's part, because she knew that Leo could never be induced to go to the Joslyns; they were not favourites with him. "If she had but stayed at home now," said the old lady, "all would be right by this time, and she would know the happiness that is in store for them, for I know I could trust Hero, and I should not have said more to her than that Sir Stephen intended doing this out of friendship. Ah! how true it is, as Mrs. Prescott said yesterday, that 'God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform.'"

That same morning at breakfast Sir Stephen said,—

"Mother, I want you to ask Miss Carthew and Miss Joslyn to spend to-morrow or Wednesday here."

"What, again?" answered Mrs. Prescott.

"Again! why, they have only been here once. You forget that I stayed a week and more at Sharrows, and that, though quite a stranger to them, they made me as much at home as if they had known me all my life."

"Your man could not imagine what made you stay there," said Katherine languidly, without looking up from the letter in which she had seemed engaged. "He gave Hobson a most amusing account of the *ménage*."

"Did he?" Sir Stephen said in a tone which made Mrs. Prescott put in—

"Oh! I daresay he meant no harm. You may be sure if Fenton was at all uncomfortable, nothing would be right in his eyes. I'm sure I think them very nice people, and if Miss Carthew thinks it worth her while to come, I shall be very glad to see her."

"What do you mean 'if she thinks it worth her while to come?'" Sir Stephen asked, his annoyance anything but cured.

"Why, my dear, I suppose she did not the last time I asked her, for I cannot see why, if she was well enough to go out at all, she could not come here."

"I should have thought that I gave you quite sufficient explanation, and she called here the next day."

"Ah, I was out."

"She was not to know that."

"Of course not. My dear Stephen, how you are arguing about nothing at all! I tell you that I shall be very pleased to see Miss Carthew. What more can I do?"

"Give a more gracious assent, mother, to a thing which, you see, I am anxious you should do, and not, as is invariably the case when I mention the Carthews, raise objections."

Mrs. Prescott looked piteously at Katherine, who said, in the measured, cold manner she adopted when much annoyed,—

"I am sorry that I should have spoken at all on the matter; but these surprisingly

sudden friendships are so new to me, that I must be excused for forgetting that people of such recent date are more than mere acquaintances."

The words were scarcely spoken when the servant announced Mr. Despard, and, with many apologies for such an early visit, Leo said, that just as he got down to the Hard he remembered, that Mrs. Labouchere had mentioned something about wanting some silk; so he had run up to say he was going to Dockmouth, and might he be allowed to get it for her?"

"But you have not come up all that distance on my account, surely?" said Katherine.

"Oh, it is only a matter of ten minutes, and I deserve the walk for being so stupid. I knew there was something I wanted to remember, and I do believe I thought over every word that you had said except the silk, and then all at once it struck me, and here I am for my orders."

A shadow of annoyance seemed to pass over Sir Stephen's face, which served as an inducement for Katherine to be particularly gracious to Leo. He shall see, she thought, that I can form friendships as sudden and unexpected as his own. At another time she would most probably have noticed that there was a little difference in Leo's manner towards her, a certain air of assured confidence, an unnecessary lowering of his voice when saying the complimentary nothings which all might have heard; but just now she was too much occupied in vexing her cousin to give Leo a thought; and when he at length took his leave, she would have stoutly denied that anything in her behaviour could have given confirmation to the fallacious hopes in which the mistaken young man was indulging.

"I will write the note to Miss Carthew, Stephen, if you will come for it to my room when you are ready."

And about an hour after this Sir Stephen went to the pretty little morning-room, which he had had fitted up for his mother's use.

"I have named Wednesday," Mrs. Prescott said, holding the note towards her son. "I thought we might as well have Mr. Despard, and any one else you may want to ask."

"Yes; by the way, mother, I have something to say to you respecting this young Despard;" and he got up and shut the door, which he had left standing open.

Mrs. Prescott winced at these words; but she quickly recovered; her fears were gradually melting away, and since her confidential chat with Aunt Lydia, she had felt a more than complete return of her old security.

"Have you spoken to Katherine yet?"

"To Katherine?" Mrs. Prescott echoed, with apparent astonishment.

"Yes, of course, you will tell her who Mr. Despard is, and the sooner she knows the better. She may feel very much annoyed that she has been ignorantly allowed to form any intimacy with him."

"I don't see that at all; and as to telling Katherine, we have not positively decided that the young man himself is to be told. I should not think of such a thing, Stephen."

"Now, mother, do not wilfully ignore things. Once for all, understand that it is my intention—and no arguments will divert me from this—to tell him as soon as I have got the money."

"What money?"—for Aunt Lydia had been too delicate to refer to Sir Stephen's offer of assistance. It might seem like binding him, she had thought.

"Did not Miss Despard tell you that I intend advancing the money for his next step?"

"*You* advance the money! How, Stephen, I thought you were so pressed just now?"

"I am at present," Sir Stephen said quietly; "but I shall be able to manage it, I hope, before another month is out."

Mrs. Prescott's face turned crimson, and then white, as she said with a gasp to cover her emotion,—

"Is this keeping your promise? You gave me your word that nothing should be done until we returned to town."

"No, I did not, mother. I gave you my word that nothing should be done until I was fully persuaded that I could settle down contentedly at Combe. Besides which, you seem to forget that things have greatly altered in my eyes since I have been made aware of this young man's existence; and at any sacrifice I should think it right to do something for him. In my present condition, I need not tell you, that is impossible."

"You could raise the purchase-money."

"Perhaps I could, but I am sick of raising—putting money in with one hand for the sake of taking it out with the other. Thank God, I shall soon have no more occasion for that; so now, let us return to the subject we started with. I wish you to take the first opportunity of telling Katherine."

"Stephen, you are cruel to me, very cruel and hard-hearted. It is only for me to ex-

press a strong wish, and you at once thwart it. You treat me as if I were a child."

"Mother!"

"It is true. How do you regard my wishes about Pamphillon—about keeping the fact of his birth from this young man, even about keeping it from your cousin? It is my particular desire that no word of this should be mentioned to Katherine."

"From what motive? Only give me a reason for your wishes."

Mrs. Prescott was silent for a few moments.

"Katherine has always believed that I told her everything, and there is no need for her being undeceived."

"You think she might feel the shock as acutely as I do," said Sir Stephen bitterly.

"Katherine has a very curious temper,



Page 596.

Stephen. I had my reasons for being silent, but people do not always see things in the same light."

"I fear very much you will find it a hard matter to get any one to see things in the distorted way you saw them. Mother, you little think that you laid yourself open to the gravest accusations—so much so that I intend, when I go to town, to make Holmes sift the matter thoroughly for me, and bring together every scrap of information. When I tell this young man, no vagueness or doubts shall be left upon his mind. Everything which can be found out shall be there in black and white to satisfy him."

"Stephen!" exclaimed Mrs. Prescott, but though she strove to say more, the words would not come.

Sir Stephen looked at her for a moment intently. It was evident that she was suffering from some great agitation. "Could it be?—no, impossible!" But true to his character, the doubt which had sprung up within him must be at once set at rest.

"Mother," he said, "what is in your mind?—do not again deceive me; tell me, is there anything more I ought to know?"

She shook her head, and he stood silent for a moment.

"Then, except that because it has been so long a secret you still wish it to remain one, you know of no reason why all the world should not know the truth."

Making a violent effort to steady herself, Mrs. Prescott said,—

"Certainly not. Go to Holmes, or to any one you choose. Seek and search as much as you like. You will learn nothing more than I have told you."

Sir Stephen drew his breath more freely.

"I do not desire," he said, "that any more of these unhappy discussions should take place between us, mother. Therefore, let us say now whatever there is to say."

"I can have nothing to say where I find every remark I make questioned, and every wish I express thwarted."

Feeling it better not to notice her petulance, Sir Stephen asked—

"Will you tell Katherine, or shall I?"

"Of course you will do whatever pleases you. I distinctly refuse to speak to my niece on a subject which neither concerns nor interests her; and another thing is, I do not intend to remain here. The perpetual worry I have to endure is more than I can bear up against; therefore, I shall return to my own house, as, if you are determined upon living in this desolate, uncivilised place, the sooner I get accustomed to be separated from you the better."

Sir Stephen did not answer. He stood for an instant irresolute, then seeing his mother was looking fixedly away from him, he walked out of the room.

CHAPTER XXX.—"I'LL MANAGE IT."

If there was one thing more than another that Sir Stephen wished to avoid, it was the interference, the hindrance, and the thousand and one small oppositions, which his mother would be certain to inflict upon him if she were within reach of Pamphillon, or near any one whom her words and wishes could at all influence.

"It would be one constant scene," Sir Stephen said, as he recalled to himself what she had said about leaving Combe. "I expect that at the bottom of the wish to leave here is the wish to be where she can send for Holmes, get hold of Bradstock, and try to talk them over into offering me every kind of opposition. I must put a stop to this by taking matters at once into my own hands. When the place is irretrievably gone, she will come round." These reflections arose out of the sudden decision he had taken to go to town at once.

"She would not leave here," he thought, "during my absence, and this matter about Despard will put her off the right scent. She will suppose I have gone to make these inquiries. As much as is possible I desire to spare her, poor soul! but part with the place I must, and that it should be made harder by her continual entreaties, threats, and arguments, is more than just at present I can stand."

So almost immediately after leaving his mother, Sir Stephen was on his way to Sharrows, with the intention of asking Captain Carthew to lend an eye to various matters of business while he was absent.

"Perhaps," he thought, "it will be as well not to say anything to Katherine about Despard until I return. I shall certainly mention the matter to Holmes, who, in spite of his silence, is very probably in entire possession of the whole thing, and he may be able to give me the details, so that everything is plain and clear to the young fellow. I hate anything to seem doubtful. Of course I know that everything must be right, still I want to see it all straight before me; besides which it will only appear right that directly I *was* made acquainted with the circumstance, I looked into the whole affair for myself."

Just at this point he came suddenly upon Joe.

"Good morning," said Sir Stephen, "I wanted to speak to you; what are you about?"

"Nothin' in partickler, sir. I was only just pokin' about."

"Then come on to Sharrows with me. I am going to London for a few days, and the Captain will look after things while I am absent; so you must go to him for orders."

Joe touched his hat in acquiescence, and, dropping a little behind, he followed for some distance in silence, then by a step bringing himself nearer, he said,—

"I was to Winkle last evenin', sir; I took'd Miss Hero some of her things."

"Oh! and how was she?"

"Not like herself by a brave bit; I can't

make it out, sir, for 'taint like Miss Hero to be wished and moody-hearted, and as for up there"—and Joe gave the jerk by which he usually suggested, without mentioning, Betsey—"'tis look out for squalls, and no mistake. I reckon her can't help it, tho'. Why if anythink was to go amiss with Miss Hero, sir, mark my words, but Betsey 'ed nivir git up steam again," and Joe, shaking his head over such a melancholy sequel, relapsed again into silence.

Close by Sharrows gate they met the Captain, who willingly assented to Sir Stephen's request, and he added,—

"I shall make it my business to drop in upon the ladies each day, to see that all is going on square up there."

"Yes, do," said Sir Stephen; "my poor mother takes this parting with Pamphillon dreadfully to heart."

"Poor soul! well, I'll try and cheer her up a bit, and I'll send Hero to see her; she's a capital hand when anything goes wrong with people."

"I have a note of invitation from my mother to Miss Carthew, which I intended taking to Winkle this afternoon. I wonder if I have time to go there before I start for Dockmouth?"

The Captain shook his head.

"Not if you're to catch the five-o'clock train."

"Well, then, will you deliver a message from me to her, and say that I had this note to deliver when this summons to town came, and that I was very disappointed at not finding her with you on Sunday."

"I'll tell her," laughed the Captain. "Bless her heart, I'd sooner have my grog stopped than that she should be from home, and that she knows, the young monkey. What do you say to me seeing you as far as Dockmouth? I've nothing to do."

"Just the thing I wanted. Will you meet me at the Hard?"

"All right; two o'clock, remember. It won't do to start later."

After they parted Sir Stephen returned to the house, to tell Katherine, if possible, of his sudden journey. He found her writing letters, and to his inquiry about his mother, she said,—

"Have you been talking to aunt? she was very well this morning, but when I went to her, she did not even open the door, but said she felt a very bad headache coming on, and she wished to be left quite quiet."

"I expected as much," Sir Stephen said; "she got very much excited in a conversation we had, and ended by declaring she would return to London at once."

"Oh! that would be a pity; but perhaps she did not mean it?"

"I don't know; I never saw her so put out, and in consequence I am going to London myself."

Katherine's face changed.

"Only for a few days; and before I go I want to say something to you, which you must not take amiss because I do not fully explain it. I intend doing so on my return."

Mrs. Labouchere looked at him inquiringly, and, in rather an awkward manner, Sir Stephen blurted out,—

"I don't want you to get too intimate with Mr. Despard."

Katherine felt her face crimson, but she did not look away. "Surely," she thought, "Stephen can never think me capable of such a thing."

"I see you do not understand me, and it would be impossible that you should," he continued; "mother may say something which will enlighten you, but"—and there he stopped; then after a moment's pause he added, "Perhaps it would have been wiser, as I don't want to say all, to have said nothing; but situated together as we are, I cannot bear to incur a risk, and I think you know me well enough to trust me?"

"Perfectly; shall I refuse to see Mr. Despard?"

"Oh, no; I don't want you to alter your manner to him, but—well, I fancied this morning that his was perhaps rather more familiar to you, and until you know what I want to tell you, I cannot have you subjected to that—it is about myself, not reflecting in any way upon him."

"I will do exactly as you wish."

"Thanks," said Sir Stephen, giving her hand a little shake; "I can always rely on your good sense. I wish all women were like you, Katherine. Now," he went on, "I am going to leave you to take care of yourself and mother. I shall be back on Saturday at the latest. She does not know I am going, so you must tell her, and manage to pacify her as you only know how. Say I wanted to look into something about which I hope she will speak to you; she will understand."

"I'll manage it," Katherine said cheerfully; and by the time he had given Fenton his orders, he found luncheon on the table. When it was time for him to start, he said—

"Perhaps I had better say 'good bye;'

if she asks I'll say I am going to Dockmouth," and he ran up-stairs, and knocking quietly at the door, said, "Mother;" no answer; "Mother," he repeated, "good-bye;" but he received no reply, so after waiting a minute longer he stole softly down, saying he supposed she was asleep.

CHAPTER XXXI.—PRESENTIMENTS AND CERTAINTIES.

It was late in the evening before Mrs. Prescott's maid came to say that her mistress felt better, and would be glad to see Mrs. Labouchere. "Say I will be with her in a few minutes," Katherine said, closing the book which lay open before her, though she had been so engrossed in her own reflections that scarce a page of it had she turned. On going up-stairs, she found Mrs. Prescott sitting by the fire, which the autumnal evenings began to make necessary.

"Oh! I am glad to see you are able to get up, aunt, and you have been having some tea? that is right, you will soon feel better."

"I had no idea that you were dining alone, Katey. Why, where is Stephen?"

"Oh, I don't mind being alone, now and then," Mrs. Labouchere said, wishing for the present to avoid answering the last question. "Davis said she thought you wanted to be left quiet, so I did not bother you about dinner."

"How odd Stephen is!" Mrs. Prescott said in a vexed tone. "I suppose he is stopping at these Joslyns, a horrid wild rocky place, worse than this. I do hope he will not stay late and come back in a boat; I expect if he remains here, he will be brought home drowned some of these days."

"Nonsense," Katherine said with a laugh, "the boatmen all know the coast, and Stephen is not like a reckless boy, aunt."

"Oh! my dear, I shall never rest until I am away from here. I have taken a dislike to the house, and the people, and the country. I feel it does not agree with me, my spirits are wretched. I could sit and cry from morning until night."

"But why? you seemed so well at first?"

"Yes, but I think the air must be too strong, it over-excites my nervous system, and then I suffer from the re-action. I have told Stephen that I cannot remain, and I think he is vexed with me about it. Did he say anything to you?"

"I don't fancy he thought you meant it," Katherine said, wondering how she should tell her aunt that Stephen had gone to London. She is certain to declare that she has a presentiment, because she did not say goodbye to him, she thought.

"I do mean it," said Mrs. Prescott, firmly. "I believe, if I were to remain, I should have a serious illness. You have no idea how shaken my nerves feel; for instance, of course I know that Stephen is most likely safe and perfectly secure from danger, yet every sound runs through me with a sort of dread that something has happened."

"Oh! dear," thought Katherine, "this makes my communication a pleasing prospect. I had better get it over without more delay."

So rising at this last speech, Mrs. Labouchere took hold of her aunt's hand, saying with a little laugh,—

"What a silly old auntie it is! Well, make your mind perfectly easy, for your son is no more likely to get into a boat to-night than we are; he is on *terra firma*, and will remain there for many days to come."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Prescott, sharply.

"What, not satisfied?" exclaimed her niece, "well, I will tell you why. This afternoon he came up to your room."

"Yes, I know he did, and I did not answer him."

"You heard him then?"

"I heard him call me, and then say goodbye."

"Yes, he was going to Dockmouth."

"To Dockmouth! How was I to know he was going to Dockmouth? I fancied he was going to take my note to Miss Carthew. What did he want at Dockmouth?"

"He said I was to tell you—he thought you were asleep—that he has left by the evening express for London."

"London!" exclaimed Mrs. Prescott. "London," then letting her head fall forward on her arms which were leaned upon the table, she groaned out, "Katherine—Katherine—Katherine!"

"My dear aunt, listen; he told me to tell you that he had only gone to see Holmes, regarding something which he wished you to speak to me about."

But Mrs. Prescott seemed only the more distressed; standing suddenly up, she clasped her hands together,—

"What is to be done? how shall I act? Oh! Katherine, we are ruined, ruined."

"Is it about Pamphillon, aunt," asked Mrs. Labouchere, frightened at her excitement.

Mrs. Prescott did not seem to hear her.

"Aunt, do speak. Tell me, what are you so troubled about?"

"Oh Katey, you'll know too soon, every one will know. My God, they may put me in prison, in prison—prison," and she sank back choked by convulsive sobs.

Katherine turned towards the door, but Mrs. Prescott caught her by the arm.

"No, no, let nobody see me," she cried, "not for the world. Katherine, my child, bear with me. Help me, my poor brain is gone. I seem mad;" and she sank down helpless, but not senseless, at Mrs. Labouchere's feet.

"My dear, dear aunt," was all Katherine could say, her tears falling fast from sympathy, to see the agony betrayed in Mrs. Prescott's ashen face and quivering limbs; and, unable to console her by words, she gave her the mute caresses which were more soothing.

"Katey," Mrs. Prescott said in a whisper, "help me to rise! Yes, that will do. I'll sit down here, and come you near me. I must tell you everything. Oh! if I had but told Stephen! had but told him the truth! Let me see—wait."

Mrs. Labouchere sat down, putting her arm round her aunt; but, with no trace of her usual gentleness, Mrs. Prescott pushed her away, and sat silently rocking herself to and fro.

"You're sure he is gone, Katherine. Something may have kept him at Dockmouth," and she started up as if to follow him.

"He is not at Dockmouth, aunt. Fenton has returned. He went with him to the station."

"Then we are lost, Katherine," and she dropped her voice to a whisper; "Stephen is not the owner of Pamphillon."

Mrs. Labouchere felt her heart bound with relief.

"My dear aunt, if it is only the sale of Pamphillon, do not so distress yourself. If Stephen is bent upon selling it, it is of no use offering further opposition."

"But he cannot sell it; he must not. It is not his."

"Not his?"

"No. Stephen was robbed and defrauded by his uncle. Bernard Prescott left a son, the offspring of a low, vile woman whom he had made his wife."

Katherine uttered a sharp cry of pain.

"And Stephen?" she said.

"Never heard of him. Until we came here he knew no more of his existence than you do, Katherine. Here he by chance discovered it, and I told him he was his uncle's natural son, and he believed me."

"Who—who is it, aunt?"

"The young man they call Despard."

"Despard!" echoed Mrs. Labouchere, and unable to ask more, she sat gazing into her aunt's face with eyes filled with horror and astonishment.

"Oh, Katherine! do you wonder now at my hating this place? A sword seemed to pierce my heart every time I looked upon that unfortunate young Despard; if I had known he was here I would never have come. But I was to be punished; my sin was to find me out."

"Then how long have you known it, aunt? How came you to discover it?"

"Oh, Katey! don't ask me: only help me; tell me what is to be done. Stephen will go to Holmes, put him on the right track, and we shall be beggared and disgraced. Oh! this is a cruel world, glad and quick to condemn, and what will they not say? But no one can breathe a word against Stephen. If it had not been for his just inheritance, we never could have kept the one they had tried to defraud him of. Where would Pamphillon be now, if I had not striven and starved myself to keep it; and this young man, instead of being happy and contented, would be hampered and tied down by a title which would only be a burden to him."

"How much of this does he know?" Katherine asked, vainly endeavouring to gain some idea of the matter.

"Nothing. He fancies he is Mr. Despard's adopted son. His aunt believes him to be Sir Bernard's natural son, but even that much she would never have told him without our consent; but from the moment Stephen had a suspicion of the thing, he did nothing but upbraid me for my silence, insist on telling the young man himself, and declare that as his uncle evidently intended for him the fortune he lost, we ought to do all in our power for him."

"And why did not Stephen tell him?"

"He is waiting until he has sold Pamphillon, so that he may give him some money he is in want of, and offer him an annual sum. I did not oppose that, but I wanted no one to know. Even when Stephen said he would have you told, I refused to tell you. Oh! how short-sighted I was! Why did I not tell the truth then? We might have escaped."

Mrs. Labouchere did not answer; she was trying to think over and realise their position. Suddenly she was startled by her aunt's returning excitement. She walked about the room uttering disconnected sentences, upbraided herself for the denial she had given

her son, called upon her niece to help her, until Katherine felt, if anything was to be done, she must at once assume the control she had always possessed over her aunt; so rising up, she took hold of Mrs. Prescott, saying—

"Aunt, sit down. No, it is of no use pushing me away. For Stephen's sake you must listen to reason. If there is any way of shielding him from what he would feel far more than the loss of the estate or the title, it must be done, and whatever is done must be done at once. Now try and quiet yourself, and endeavour to tell me the whole story. Don't say you cannot"—for Mrs. Prescott had exclaimed it would kill her—"for a long time you seem to have kept it secret, but now you have begun to speak you must keep nothing back. I have been thinking that if I started to-morrow I might in some way put a stop to the search, or perhaps prevent it altogether. Something may detain Stephen. Holmes may be out of town, a dozen things may prove obstacles to his making this communication."

Mrs. Prescott threw her arms round her niece's neck.

"Oh, Katey, if we could but stop him. I should feel safe if that man did not know; he has a way of asking questions and ferretting into things, which I feel would make me betray myself without knowing it."

"Very well. Now you see how important it is that you tell me all as nearly as you can; then we may protect you from this. Have no fear, aunt; with Stephen at your side it shall go hard if any ill come near you," and Mrs. Labouchere laid her hand caressingly on the poor distracted head, and after a minute's pause she felt that tears were raining from the hot, dry eyes, and she was certain that now she should hear all her aunt had to tell.

It was some time before Mrs. Prescott was sufficiently composed and collected to commence. After her tears had ceased she sat silent, turning the eye of memory inward upon the past. Katherine, by her side, neither spoke nor stirred, and at length, to her great relief, Mrs. Prescott began:—

"Bernard Prescott, as you know, died very suddenly. He was taken ill while I was with your father in Scotland, and before I had time to get to Pamphillon he was gone. Those about him said what a pity it was he would not let me be summoned before, but he put it off until he could no longer forbid it, and he had been two days dead when I reached him. Every one knew that Stephen was his successor, and therefore I, as his natural guardian, at once took possession of everything. The keys were delivered up to me, and all the people looked to me for orders and directions. Mr. Holmes came down the same evening, and together we looked over the few papers left. There was no will, and until old John told us that after his first fit or faint, Sir Bernard had made him destroy 'a sight o' parchments,' Mr. Holmes seemed much surprised at the absence of letters and papers. In the drawer of his private secrétaire we found a packet directed to me, which I opened. It contained some letters I had written to him years before, a likeness given then, and a sealed letter, on which was put 'Read this when alone.'"

"Had he not made you an offer before Stephen's father did?" Mrs. Labouchere asked.

"Yes, and I fancied it was about those days he had written; so I put the letter in my pocket, and we continued our search. During it Mr. Holmes asked me, if I had ever heard mention made of any discreditable connection which Sir Bernard had formed. I told him no, and he said, 'There was something of the sort some years ago; but the woman is dead, and so, I suppose, is the child. There was a child, at least so I think.' I did not ask any questions—it was not a time to do so; and, not seeing the cause for Holmes's anxiety about the papers, I pleaded the fatigue I had undergone, and went to my room. Bernard Prescott was a very odd man, not one to inspire any personal regard, and, beyond a natural feeling of regret, I felt nothing at his death which could be called sorrow. On the contrary, my love for my boy made me happy to know that he was owner of the patrimony I had often sighed to see him the undoubted heir to; for Bernard was a man in his prime, who might live to be old, and then perhaps marry. Doubt was at an end now. I had had during my married life many more troubles than the world knew of; but the mother of Sir Stephen Prescott could afford, in this unexpected fulfilment of her hopes, to forget past disappointments. All at once I thought of my letter, and, taking it out, I sat down before the fire to read it. So sure did I feel as to its contents that, first of all I took out the likeness, and examined that. I even looked at myself in the glass to see was I much altered; then I looked over the girlish effusions, written when I was not more than sixteen or seventeen. I thought of Bernard

more tenderly, because of his love for me, and remembering that he was now lying in his distant chamber still and cold, and that I had for ever lost this faithful, enduring love, I shed the first real tears of sorrow for him. A shiver, too, ran through me at the thought of being in the house of death, a vague fear at being alone, and with it the desire to get into bed as quickly as possible; so, hastily opening the letter, I read it through—and through—and through—until I had no need to look at the words, so stamped were they on my heart and brain. Whether I sat for only a few minutes or an hour I cannot tell; but, all of a sudden, a flame seemed to fill the room—my hand was empty, and I knew I had destroyed it."

"Destroyed what, aunt?"

"The—the—his certificate of marriage. The woman was called Matilda Williams, and they were married at Hatfield. I have never forgotten that. Often when I am ill I get no rest, because I keep repeating those names over and over again."

"Was there no word of explanation, then?" said Katherine, fearing she was wandering away from the subject.

"Oh, yes. He wrote to tell me that, in a moment of madness, to which my marriage drove him, he had allowed this woman to cajole him into a marriage, that he had a son, whom, for Stephen's sake, he would fain disown. But though he had made away with every other trace of his guilty folly, he said he could not destroy this, and by a crime cut himself off from me for ever. Therefore, he had enclosed it to me—enclosed it to me, a weak, helpless woman, who had not strength to resist such a temptation."

And her sobs broke forth again, and her remorse and accusations made it impossible for Mrs. Labouchere to bring her back to anything like a settled detail. She managed to draw from her, how she knew who the child was with, Mr. Despard's offer, and that he had finally taken entire charge of him; but Mrs. Prescott would only just answer the question put to her, and then return at once to her fears, her self-reproaches, and her agony of dread lest Stephen should suffer for her guilt. Her excitement became so painful, that Mrs. Labouchere wisely forbore to ask more, fearing an attack of illness might come on, and she be prevented following Stephen, which the next morning she was determined upon doing. This she told to Mrs. Prescott, who at once promised she would be quiet; do anything, take anything, if Katherine would but say she would go to London, and start as early as possible.

"I will give you my word, aunt, to have no delay."

And this assurance seeming to calm Mrs. Prescott more than entreaties or remonstrances, she became at once busy about how Mrs. Labouchere had best act? where she would go? what she would do? until, everything settled, she took the composing draught her niece gave her, and Katherine, sitting quietly down, tried to realise all her aunt had just told her. But the excitement and amazement had been too much; she could not think—she could only keep repeating, "Stephen, Stephen."

"THIS ENLIGHTENED AGE."

A MEDITATION IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

I SAY it to myself—in meekest awe—
Of progress, electricity, and steam,
Of this almighty age—this liberal age—
That has no time to breathe, or think, or dream;

I ask it of myself, with bated breath,
Casting a furtive glance about the hall—
Our fathers, were their times so *very* dark?
Were they benighted heathens after all?

Had they not their Galileo—Newton too—
And men as great, though not a Stephenson?
Had they not passable scholars in fair Greece,
Who traced the paths we deign to walk upon?

Had they not poets in those dismal days—
  Homer and Shakespeare, and a few between?
Had they not rulers in their barbarous states,
  Who scattered laws for our wise hands to glean?

Had they not painters, who knew how to paint—
  Raphael, to take an instance—well as we,
With near four hundred years of light the less?
  Is Phidias matched in our great century?

And architects? Sure Egypt and old Rome,
  And ruined Athens, tell of fair reputes!
The Pyramids, and temples of the Greeks,
  May vie with our town-halls and institutes.

Their marble Venice, with her dappled tints,
  Their grey old minsters, strong as chiselled rocks,
Their Tyrolean castles, lifted high,
  May outlast all our brick-and-mortar blocks.

And were there not refinements in those days,
  And elegant luxuries of domestic life?
I read the answer in the precious things
  Whereof these clustering cabinets are rife.

What can we show so beautiful in art?
  What new of ours can match their wondrous old—
This fragile porcelain—this Venetian glass—
  This delicate necklace of Etruscan gold?

And was there not religion, when the Church
  Was one—a common mother—loved and feared?
When haughty souls rejoiced to bear her yoke—
  When all those grand monastic piles were reared?

And were there not some preachers—Chrysostoms,
  Whose golden words still linger, like a chime
Of falling echoes in lone Alpine glens,
  Amongst the sonorous voices of our time?

And soldiers—heroes? Do we shame them much?
  Have men more courage than in days of yore?
Are they more jealous for their manhood now—
  Do they respect and honour women more?

Are they more noble than those good old knights,
  Who scorned to strike a foe, save in the face—
Who reckoned gold as dross to gallant deeds,
  And counted death far happier than disgrace?

Is life more grand with us, who bask at ease,
  And count that only excellent which pays,
Than 'twas to the stout hearts that wore the steel
  In those dark, turbulent, fearless, fighting days?

* * * * *

O nineteenth century! God has given you light;
  The morning has been spreading—that is all.
O liberal age! stoop your conceited head,
  And gather up the crumbs that they let fall.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.



BEES IN THE PAST AND PRESENT.

"So work the honey bees;
Creatures that by rule in nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officer of sorts,
Where some like magistrates correct at home,
Others like merchants venture trade abroad,
Others like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they, with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor,
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in,
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

Thus doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions."
Henry V.

IT was "high" summer; the air smelt like a nosegay with the June flowers—gorse and broom, the late May and the early honeysuckle—as I rode over the wide wild sweeps of the New Forest to a little island of cultivated ground in the middle of the bare heath. It looked as if it might have been enclosed from the waste somewhere about the time of the Red King—boundaries are very ancient in those parts and changes slow. (The family of the man who picked up the body of Rufus, and carried it in his cart to Winchester, still inhabit the same little freehold patch near the spot where the dead tyrant was left lying after Tyrrell's shot.)

Two very large oaks and an ancient yew bore their witness to the age of the little home surrounded by its quickset hedge full of ferns. An orchard of merries (the small black cherry, *mérise*,) and old apple-trees grew on one side, a bunch of lilacs and laburnums on the other, and an avenue of white narcissus, bloody warriors (wallflowers), blue larkspur and crimson peonies, backed with a row of hives, led up to the door of the mud cottage. Mud has an evil speech in the world, but it is warm in winter and cool in summer, and if not very "seemly," makes a pleasant home.

A pyrus and a passion-flower were in bloom upon the walls, but I missed the busy hum of "the yellow bees in the ivy bloom" as I entered the open door.

I had come to condole. Ursley * had lost her old man since I last saw her. She greeted me affectionately, coming out of the great cavernous open fireplace with the settle on each side, and a smouldering peat fire on the ground. Her short blue gown and brown petticoat were as beautifully neat as usual, and the eternal black silk bonnet was on her head, without which no one ever saw her, I wondered sometimes whether she slept in it. She was above seventy, but her refined face, of a type not uncommon in the South country race, with its delicate features, fine-cut and intelligent, was in wonderful preservation, her teeth, her hair, her senses almost as perfect as a girl's. Her manners were those of a perfect lady, courteous, quiet, kind, respecting herself and me, and no duchess could have been more dignified and self-possessed in her reception of me.

"Ah yes, the old man's gone sin I've a seed you. He were a deal o' trouble, *to* be sure, hollerin' and squealin' a' night terrable," said she. Our smooth-tongued disguises of such matters, if true, did not enter into her code of "the become." "He were off o' his head most times, and kep' callin' out there was fuzzen i' the bed, and hitting out at the boughs like, thinking he were in the woods. But there we must just bear what God A'mighty puts upon us, we've nobody to

* Ursula, a contraction as old as James I. See "Fortunes of Nigel."

look to but just He! and He does best for we. The Lord He knows,—the days seems long and lonesome to me, that they do, but then we must just wait for Him to call, you knows."

When our lamentations and condolences had come to an end, she brought out a bottle of mead from the three-cornered cupboard in the wall. It was her last, as I found afterwards, but her Arab hospitality did not allow her to hesitate at setting her best before a guest, and mead is an honourable drink ever since it was the food of gods and heroes, in the old days, and England was "the honey island" pre-eminently.

"And the bees? what is become of them?" inquired I, as the golden syrup flowed into the broken cup before I could stop her.

"A' gone—a' dead," answered she, with a sigh. "We were very sore put about when the old man went, and I were bad a bed, so there were no one gie it a thought to go and tell the bees about the death, and there they a' went and died!"

"What, for sorrow? did they take it to heart so much as all that?" said I ignorantly.

"Well, I can't say for sure how 'tis, but they allus does like that, you know: if you don't go for to give three raps at each pot, and tell 'um their master's gone, they'd allays serve you that way and go off stupid."

"Is it only the master's death you must tell them, Ursley?"

"Nay, any one as belongs to the house. One wouldn't go for a distant cousin—for why, they wouldn't know he, ye see."

"And do they make any answer when they're told?" I asked.

"There's a sort of a kind of a rush inside o' the hive, I mind hearing, when I telled 'um once my mother were gone. They've one vaïce for when they're pleased and one for when they're angered. They're very cunning is' bees,* and knows a many things—they bides at home quiet when the weather changes. I conceits they's got a manner o' government and minds their horficers, as is over them, for to do and to be, quite uncommon; not rampaging like some o' they fellows one sees nowadays, that can't rule theirselves, and won't have none to rule 'em. Then if a swäarm breaks, the half that hasn't got the queen is just lost like, and goes wandering here and there. I ain't afraid to handle um, I could shake um into the pot, if my maister weren't there, and they hadn't got too high up the trees; they'll hang to a bough in a bunch as big as a black hat, sticking a' close together to the queen, clinging on one to t'other, so that you'd have thought they must a' have been stiffed. You puts honey and sugar inside o' the hive to tempt 'um; but there they has their whims like! they'll fancy one man, and they won't fancy another, and they'll take to a hive or they won't, there's no telling. Last summer a swarm went rampolling all over the country right away. I followed after, tinking with a key on the warming pan, they do love the näise o' the brass, it makes them bide, and lures em back,—they likes music, the bees does, but they wouldn't hearken that time, and never come back no more.

"Yes, we lost a horse one while, he went too near the pots, and out they came after he. They ain't afraid o' nought, they're a' for war once they're angered, and they just set on him till his head were black wi' them like as if you'd pitched it. We'd much ado to get him off, for he were blind with pain not to see the way the enemy lay. And there he were stung to death, and he swelled and he swelled wi' the poison, do a' we could, till his legs stuck straight out, like out o' a barrel, and in two hours he were dead.

"Bees is in the Bible, but you'll know that better nor me. Samson rent the young lion as if he'd been a kid, you mind, and after that he found a swäarm o' bees and honey in the karkass. 'Out o' the eater came forth meat and out o' the strong came forth sweet,' says Samson, playing his riddle like to the Philistines. 'What's sweeter than honey? What's stronger than a lion?' says Philistines mocking, when they'd wormed it out of Delilah, the hussey! Men's but a poor lot to keep secrets from such as her, once they gets betwixt she's fingers."

Ursley had been by no means the weaker vessel in the late household, and knew it; she had but a low opinion of men in general, "as poor creetures wi' drink and spending their money foolish and a' such like ways."

"'Dustrious busy little things bees be about a place. I misses 'em I do, I can tell 'ee. Well, it has been nice to see yer face agin. Terrible kind you was when little Tommy died. Be ye going?" and she followed me out to gather me a "posy" of her best flowers. "Lad's love" (southernwood) for the smell, and her one pansy. "I thinks very much o' he (there's plenty o' buds, don'tee mind), I don't know what you names 'um, 'Love in idles' (Q. *idlesse*) is what I've heard 'um called. See you there! you likes to hear tell of they bees," and she pointed to a hum-

* "Let my right hand forget her cunning."

ble bee flying into the open door, "they say 'tis lucky for a bumbledore to come into the houseplace, though for that matter I haven't much to do wi' luck, seemingly!" and she smiled sadly as we parted at the little wicket.

There is a curious vitality in popular beliefs in the world's history. Here was the asssociation of bees with the idea of death; their pleasure in the sounds of brass, of music; the good omen of their appearance, found in some of the most beautiful of the Greek myths; "the courage and warlike ardour," with which Aristotle credits them, "so that the strongest animals do not affright them;" the recognition of their sense, of their knowledge of weather; the respect for their "cunning;" their orderly, industrious ways, and the sort of police they entertain; the feeling that their community is an emblem of civil society and good government.

It was a lingering relic of the old-world, sentimental, poetical belief, the transfiguring of material nature which could only be interpreted in the early childlike ages of the world, by supposing each portion of earth, air, fire, and water, as animated by some god or godling. Their reciprocal action and their influence on man were all accounted for on personal principles. The deification of the year, the sun and moon, of streams, woods, and winds, bees and birds alike, was the only expression of the laws which rule the universe at all possible in that stage of human development.

Now we exercise a patient observation on nature, analyzing, investigating, calculating, and combining our facts, and say coolly with Professor Haughton, "Bees construct the largest amount of cell with the smallest amount of material;" or with Quatrefages, "Their instinct is certainly the most developed of all living creatures with the exception of ants." "The hexagons and rhomboids of bee architecture show the proper proportion between the length and breadth of the cell which will save most wax, as is found by the closest mathematical investigation," says another great authority. Man is obliged to use all sorts of engines for measurement—angles, rules, plumb-lines—to produce his buildings, and guide his hand; the bee executes her work immediately from her mind, without instruments or tools of any kind. "She has successfully solved a problem in higher mathematics, which the discovery of the differential calculus, a century and a half ago, alone enables us to solve at all without the greatest difficulty."

"The inclination of the planes of the cells is always just, so that if the surfaces on which she works are unequal, still the axis running through its inequalities is in the true direction, and the junction of the two axes forms the angle of 60° as accurately as if there were none." The manner in which she adapts her work to the requirements of the moment and the place is marvellous. A centre comb burdened with honey was seen by Huber and others to have broken away from its place, and to be leaning against the next so as to prevent the passage of the bees. As it was October, and the bees could get no fresh material, they immediately gnawed away wax from the older structures, with which they made two horizontal bridges to keep the comb in its place, and then fastened it above and at the sides, with all sorts of irregular pillars, joists, and buttresses; after which they removed so much of the lower cells and honey which blocked the way, as to leave the necessary thoroughfare to the different parts of the hive, showing design, sagacity, and resource.

Huber mentions how they will find out a mistake in their work, and remedy it. Certain pieces of wood had been fastened by him inside a glass hive, to receive the foundations of combs. These had been placed too close to allow of the customary passages. The bees at first built on, not perceiving the defect, but soon changed their lines, so as to give the proper distance, though they were obliged to curve the combs out of all usual form. Huber then tried the experiment in another way. He glazed the floor as well as the roof of the hive. The bees cannot make their work adhere to glass, and they began to build horizontally from side to side; he interposed other plates of glass in different directions, and they curved their combs into the strangest shapes, in order to make them reach the wooden supports. He says that this proceeding denoted more than instinct, as glass was not a substance against which bees could be warned by nature, and that they changed the direction of the work *before* reaching the glass, at the distance precisely suitable for making the necessary turns, —enlarging the cells on the outer side greatly, and on the inner side diminishing them proportionately. As different insects were working on the different sides, there must have been some means of communicating the proportion to be observed; while the bottom being common to both sets of cells, the difficulty of thus regularly varying their dimensions must have been great indeed.

The diameter of the cells also varies according to the grubs to be bred in them. Those for males have the same six sides, with three lozenges at bottom, as those for workers, and the angles are the same; but the diameter of the first is 3⅓ lines—that for the workers only 2⅔. When changing from one size to another, they will make several rows of cells intermediate in size, gradually increasing or diminishing, as required. When there is a great abundance of honey, they will increase both the diameter and the depth of their cells, which are found sometimes as much as an inch or an inch and a half in depth.

The mixture of solitary and joint work amongst them is very difficult to define. Though there are many thousand labourers in a hive, they never begin to build in different places at the same time, as they could not then insure regularity of distance, or equality of comb size. They wait for one bee to choose his site and lay his foundation, then the others come in, and complete his work. At exactly one-third of an inch on each side of the centre comb two more foundations are then laid—that is, at a sufficient distance to enable two bees employed on different cells to pass without jostling. Outside these again, other combs are added on each side, at exactly the same distance, and, besides the thoroughfares between the combs, they are pierced in several places by holes as postern gates, to save time in passing to and fro.

The building of the cells proceeds thus, according to Huber. When the founder bee has established its foundation of wax, placing it vertically to the plane from which, if possible, the comb is to hang down, the other bees then begin to manipulate the material which they bring up with wonderful operations of the tongue. They work one on each side, with such accuracy and nicety, as never to penetrate the thin layer of wax, and so equally, that the plate which they produce is of equal thickness throughout, its surfaces being parallel. The angles of the hexagon, and of the sides which join it, are all equal, and the three rhomboidal plates of the floor have one particular diameter, and no other, the opposite angles being always equal, two obtuse, two acute, covering in the space over and under the hexagon cell exactly.

The first cells have but five sides, in order to give the work strength in hanging to the upper surface. Two cells in front are then worked out to one behind, for the first beginning.

The eye of the bee is extremely convex, with hexagonal facets. She must therefore be very short-sighted, probably for the convenience of work carried on at such close quarters, yet she can travel great distances in the most unerring right lines. When a bee hunter desires to find a wild nest in a pathless wood, he "lines a bee" home—*i.e.* imprisons a laden bee in a quill, and marks its course when set free. Straight as an arrow, as if it carried a compass in its little head, it flies through the forest. He then catches a second bee, carries it to some distance on one side or the other, and again tracks its flight exactly. At the point where the two lines intersect each other the nest will be found.

Andrew Knight, a most sagacious observer, tells how when a colony or swarm is ready to move, its delegates are sent forth to investigate and report. He has watched them examining every cranny of a tree, testing the dead knots, and any crank places where water could enter. They will discover an eligible cavity at a great distance from the hive, and in the closest recesses of a wood. Sometimes two swarms with their property will coalesce, when they will fly in an almost direct line to their new home, showing that the pioneers had in some way communicated the result of their researches. That bees should accept a hive when offered them, in the place of a hole in a tree (which probably becomes more and more difficult to find in a cultivated country), is probably the result of habit produced by domestication during many generations, rather than anything inherent in their nature, and is a proof of a change in their manners, of acquired ways of life, transmitted from past times, which is extremely curious as evidence of the accumulation of knowledge and experience. "Some families of bees show a greater disposition to migrate than others," adds Mr. Knight.

"Beasts in general, although they evidently have a language, yet it is one which seems to be capable only of expressing love, fear, anger, passion—not ideas. They cannot transmit the impressions received from outward objects, as, for instance, they can tell of the approach of an enemy, but cannot explain of what kind. A language of more extensive use has apparently, however, been given to bees; something, at least, very like to the passing of ideas takes place between them," says Mr. Knight, by means of the antennæ. When these are removed they are evidently unable to communicate with each other.

It is strange how often the hunger of the mind for knowledge (a hunger which, like that of the body, seems implanted in us, in order that we should feed both the one and the other with food convenient to each) is satisfied with the mere husk of a word. "It is instinct," we say, and rest content with our ignorance. What do we mean by instinct? How is the conception in the mind of the insect put into execution, at once, without either tools or experience? In this case the idea is a most elaborate one, six squares of wax put together in a hexagon, roofed in with three rhomboids, set at a very peculiar angle in a pyramidal cone, and surrounded with a number of fragmentary cells adapted to the unequal surfaces with which the insect has to deal. It is certainly no mere mechanical act which produces them, for each change requires a separate thought and a fresh contrivance. How is the model in the mind of the bee transferred into fact by the mouth and feet of the little worker? *We* require long practice, much measurement, elaborate calculations and instruments, to make the simplest construction, and can trust neither our eyes nor hands without all these combined.

With her, to will and to do seems to be almost one act, which is Dante's definition of the Divinity, "Dove si puote cio che si vuole." The range is small indeed, but, as far as it goes, it is so nearly akin to our conception of divine action, that no less a man than Sir Isaac Newton declares (though the passage is somewhat obscure) that he can only explain it by conceiving the Deity to work directly on matter through the animal; whereas, with man there is an intermediate agent—namely, the independent mind of a human being, or, as Pope puts it,—

> "And reason raise o'er instinct as you can;
> In this 'tis God that acts, in that 'tis man."

We are entering a new phase of interpretation in the hands of our great naturalist, but it seems in the direction of considering instinct as merely a modification of reason.

The contrast between these modern methods of dealing with the problem with that in which the ancients considered it, is indeed curious. The Greeks treated the bee as an object of religious contemplation, as "a royal and sacred animal, the emblem of calm activity, rule, order, and noble efforts," and all sorts of presages were drawn from its different qualities. Virgil, in the fourth Georgic, declares that "she partakes of divine intelligence" (a sort of converse of Newton's idea). She is the pure, the wise, the holy above all.

This sacred being produces "an ethereal essence out of flowers, which was the most agreeable offering to the gods, and the most wholesome food for man." Pythagoras was said to have lived on honey alone, and his followers derogated from his example by adding a little bread. Democritus was supposed to have "prolonged his days by breathing its beneficent emanations," adding the smell to the taste. It also restored sight to the blind. "He who eats of it each day cannot fall sick," says Aristoxenes. The Essenes, *i.e.* the priests of Diana at Ephesus, called themselves kings of bees, as of the holiest and purest of creations, "full of sense, industrious in work, friends of order, and, at the same time, warlike."

The gods are nourished on nectar and ambrosia—*i.e.* the essence of milk and honey, the purest food which can be conceived. The infant Zeus (Jupiter) was brought up in a grotto in Crete, by Melissa the nymph of honey, and fed by the sacred bees. In token of gratitude he had gifted his nurses with their beautiful golden hue, and the power of braving tempests. He was called "Father of the Bees."

They were sacred to Demeter (Ceres), who, as goddess of the earth, mother and nurse of all being, receives all living things into her breast, and thus rules over the dead. Her priestesses are the nymphs of the bees, Melissæ. Prosperity, wisdom, innocence, and justice were supposed thus to be symbolized. Proserpine, daughter of the infernal Ceres, who directs souls in their passage through life, and delivers them from the bodies which weigh them down on earth, is the Queen and Virgin of Bees. Thus they became the emblem of death. Honey was the symbol of the last sleep, partly from its soporific qualities, partly from the ancient belief in the sweetness of death, while gall was supposed on the other hand to typify life. Bitter and sweet is the destiny of man, and the opposition and continual mingling of the two qualities in his fate is the source of a whole series of myths and symbols running one into another.

There was another curious antithesis of which the Greeks seem to have been very fond, the work of destruction in the world producing life. The bee, "type of the soul, is generated spontaneously," said they, "in the decomposed carcass of the bull," which was the incarnation of the idea of the fertility of the earth, and therefore the type of matter; while the bee being held to allude to the return of the soul to its celestial country "across the path of the sun, and

beyond the sphere of the moon," the symbol became "a consoling sign of the permanence of the principle of life."

In India and Ethiopia the same symbol occurs, the great bee of a dark blue colour sits on the head of the god Krishna, and overshadows him with its wings.

Poets and philosophers alike agreed in praising "the innate love of order of the bees, their chastity, their laborious active lives, the peaceful work of which produced such admirable food for gods and men," and contrasting them with "the noisy and lazy wasps, types of impurity, greediness, and indolence" (very unfairly as far as the laziness was concerned, when their wonderfully elaborate nests are considered).

"The bee, whose superior instincts led it to love all beautiful things, delighted in measure, rhythm, and harmony, particularly in the sound of brass;" a metal which the gods of the planets had caused to come out of the earth, and which was sacred to them. Virgil mentions it as especially holy. The noise of brazen instruments had the power of bringing back to a hive the dispersed swarms which were going abroad. The sound was as agreeable to the moon, Selene, who was delivered by it from the powers of darkness, *i.e.* from eclipses, as to the bee, whose nature was no less divine, and of which she bore the name.

By the characteristic of swarming she became the emblem of colonisation, the representative of the manner in which the parent country sent forth her superfluous children, "to seek fresh woods and pastures new"—a process indeed which the Greeks carried out in a more systematic fashion than the hordes of isolated individuals whom we pour forth to reach some distant country at haphazard; instead of the old idea of an orderly combination of different kinds of citizens, intended to work together in a fresh commonwealth modelled upon the old, in their new home, "like the bees."

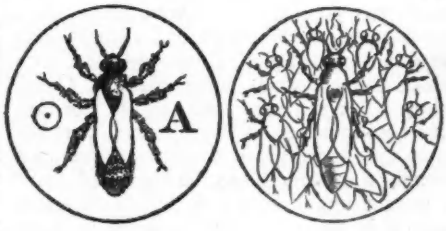
The ancients indeed appear to have been so much struck by the surprising instincts of the bee that it became one of their principal symbols, to which were attached some of their highest and most important ideas. The rules for the initiated in the ancient worship of Demeter, for instance, indicate "the union of firmness and gentleness, of voluntary privations, and of severe and continual exercises of body and mind, so as to fit a man to repulse all attacks upon order, and to defend the institutions consecrated by the faith of his fathers," all of which was symbolized by the bee. She was a "happy omen for the warrior, who, like her, watches over the safety of his country." She was "always ready to make the sacrifice of her own life for the public good."

The idea of a noble combat, a generous strife, is one running through the most remarkable of these myths. In them were embodied the holiest and most religious feelings of the period—of the spirit engaged in the coils of a mortal body, but struggling to set herself free. "Souls, indeed, which have not lost sight of their celestial country, but which, like the bee, aspire to return thither, and seek by works of purity and justice, to merit this return, are called Melissæ." Even as late as the time of Porphyry, the same idea is insisted on; he speaks of her as the type "of the soul which has lowered herself by taking on a body; yet still she dreams of the return upwards, she does not forget the place of her birth, and returns thither."

It is most difficult in our hard-headed practical age, to conceive the wealth of imagery and symbolism, of fanciful allusions and similes where no likeness was, of emblematic dreamy poetry involved in these conceptions,—the transfiguring of the material world, the transforming and "supernaturalising" of lower existences, the transferring of conscious thought to what we now consider inert matter, or merely mechanical action.

The manner in which the myths run into each other, and in which every god is not only himself but some other as well, makes the puzzle to our prosaic minds still greater.

Yet, still the extreme beauty of this side, at least, of nature worship, the lofty conceptions of the objects of the life of man, and of the result of death, which were thus set before the minds of the initiated and the young,



may make us doubt whether all is gain in our social aspirations, since the bee was engraved on the reverse of the coins of Athens and Ephesus, as the emblem held up of the ideal life which their citizens were to be encouraged to lead.

UNDER THE SURFACE.

I.

ON the surface, foam and roar,
Restless heave and passionate dash;
Shingle rattle along the shore,
Gathering boom and thundering crash.

Under the surface, soft green light,
A hush of peace and an endless calm,
Wind and waves from a choral height
Falling sweet as a far-off psalm.

On the surface, swell and swirl,
Tossing weed and drifting waif,
Broken spars that the mad waves whirl,
Where round wreck-watching rocks they chafe.

Under the surface, loveliest forms,
Feathery fronds with crimson curl,—
Treasures too deep for the raid of storms —
Delicate coral and hidden pearl.

II.

On the surface, lilies white,
A painted skiff with a singing crew,
Sky reflections soft and bright,
Tremulous crimson, gold, and blue.

Under the surface, life in death,
Slimy tangle and oozy moans,
Creeping things with watery breath,
Blackening roots and whitening bones.

On the surface, a shining reach,
A crystal couch for the moonbeam's rest,
Starry ripples along the beach,
Sunset songs from the breezy west.

Under the surface, glooms and fears,
Treacherous currents, swift and strong,
Deafening rush in the drowning ears.—
Have ye rightly read my song?

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

PICTURES OF ITALIAN LIFE.

IV.—THE VOLSCIAN HILLS.

VELLETRI is in many respects a much better centre for excursions than Albano, being situated on the railway itself, so that tourists are saved the long drive down to the station, which makes excursions from the latter town so fatiguing. Its streets are wide and clean, and the air healthy and invigorating. Like Albano, it has no costumes of its own, but on festas the people flock in from the neighbouring villages, and enliven it with their white *panni* and brilliant red and blue bodices. Of the old Volscian city of Velitræ, which once occupied this site and which was so long at war with Rome, there are many scattered traces, and vestiges may be discovered of the vallum and fosse with which the place was surrounded by Coriolanus. But the inhabitants of the Volscian city were removed to Rome, where they became the forefathers of the Trasteverini, and though in imperial times the place had again a certain importance, and though Augustus himself is declared by the natives to have been born there (in contradiction to the account of Suetonius, who expressly states that he was born at Rome, at the sign of the Ox-heads, in the Palatium), the principal existing remains are all mediæval.

From the station a gradual ascent leads into the town, fringed with trees, and with beautiful views of the Volscian range, over the hill-side slopes so rich in the vines which produce the famous wine of Velletri. The extraordinary folly which has affected



Street in Velletri.

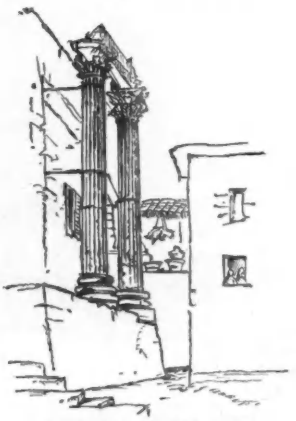
almost every town in Italy since the change of government, has changed all the old historical appellations of the streets to the meaningless "Corso Cavour, Via Vittorio Emmanuele, Via Garibaldi," &c. But one

side of the principal square is still occupied by a stately palace, built by Martino Longhi, which belongs to Prince Lancellotti, who is *the* prince here. Opposite rises the beautiful tall detached campanile of Santa Maria in Trivio, raised to commemorate the deliverance of the city from the plague in 1348, whilst it was being besieged by Nicola Gaetani, Lord of Fondi. Other old palaces of impoverished nobles abound in the smaller streets, the most remarkable being the Palazzo Filippi, which is really magnificent, in spite of its desertion and decay. The old palace of the popes, now called Palazzo Communale, built by Giacomo della Porta, occupies the highest part of the town, the citadel of old Velitræ, and beside it stands the palace of the Cardinal-Archbishop, with a bas-relief on its front commemorating the opening of the Via Appia Nuova by Pius IX., and an inscription rather inconsistent with present ideas—"Papalis et imperialis est mihi libertas." Close to these palaces are two little churches, San Michaele and Il Santissimo Sangue. Over the door of the latter is an ancient sun-dial—"Horologium Beronianum"—found in the neighbouring ruins. In the interior is an inscription recording a miraculous appearance of the Virgin, and an altar to an early Christian who has been canonised on the belief that she was a martyr—"Temporalem mortem S. Tertura Victorina contemnens coronam vitæ æternæ possidet in pace." By the side is the catacomb inscription :—

URTURA VICTORINA
VAE VIXIT ANNUS XLII
III MATRI FECERUNT
BENEMERENTI IN PACE.

In the lower part of the town is the cathedral, dedicated to S. Clemente, and partly ancient, though altered in 1660. It contains a chapel of the Borgias, who are still one of the great families of the place, with their monuments. On the left of the altar is a beautiful fresco of the Virgin and Child, with St. John, St. Sebastian, St. Jerome, and St. Roch, by an unknown artist of the Perugino school. In the sacristy is the *lavamano*, which Julius II. presented to the church while he was Cardinal-Archbishop of Velletri. Latino Orsini, to whom the hymn "Dies Iræ" is wrongly attributed, but who was one of the most distinguished prelates of the thirteenth century, was also bishop here. We were present on Easter Sunday, when the existing archbishop performed high-mass in the presence of thousands of countrywomen, kneeling in their white and brown *panni*, and the sight was very imposing and impressive.

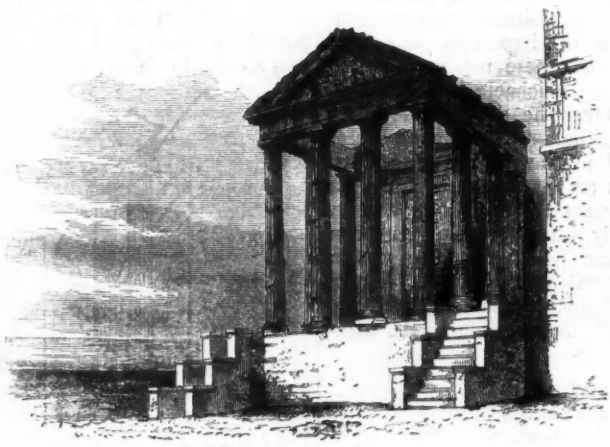
Nothing can be more charming than the environs of Velletri in early spring. It is almost the only place near Rome where the trees are allowed to grow at their own will, and are not cut into squares, and the lanes around are delightfully shady and attractive. Gulfs of verdure with little streams running in their deep hollows may be discovered in all directions, and there are also pleasant walks to many convents and churches on neighbouring heights. Near the Roman gate is the ascent to the Cappuccini, whence the view is especially fine, the long lines of the Pontine marshes and the beautiful Circean promontory being seen behind the old houses and churches of the town. In this direction is the battle-field where Charles III. of Naples gained the victory over the Austrians which gave the kingdom of the two Sicilies to the Spanish Bourbons.



Temple of Castor and Pollux, Cori.

For the excursion to Norba it is quite necessary to make an early start, and can anything be more charming than six o'clock on a cloudless morning in April, if, with jingling bells we drive out of the old town and descend into the hollow lanes shaded by fresh green trees and gay with peasants going out in bands to the work of the day. The road winds through dips in the low hills. It is the country which was formerly known as the "Volscorum Ager." We only pass one village, San Giulianello. A little beyond this, Rocca Massima is seen on the top of a precipice, but travellers may reach it by a good mountain path, if they are anxious to explore the site of the ancient Arx Carventana. An excellent road ascends to Cori,

which soon becomes visible, though its temples cannot be seen from here as Murray describes, as they are on the other side of the hill. Through the olives there is a beautiful view across the Pontine marshes to the sea, with the Circean promontory and the neighbouring islands. Of these the largest is San Felice. Then comes Ponza, whither Tiberius banished his nephew Nero, the son of Germanicus, and where many Christians lived in exile, or suffered martyrdom, under Tiberius and Caligula. Lastly we see Pandataria, to which Julia, daughter of Augustus, and then wife of Tiberius, was banished by her father. Hither, too, her beautiful daughter, Agrippina, wife of Germanicus, was banished by Tiberius, and here she was starved to death. Here also Octavia, the divorced wife of Nero, and daughter of Claudius and Messalina, was banished by the Empress Poppæa, who forced her to commit suicide by opening her veins.



Temple of Minerva, Cori.

Thinking of these associations, and stopping to gather honeysuckle—*fiori della Madonna* (because it generally flowers in May)—we reach the gates of Cori. We must leave our carriage here, for the streets, chiefly staircases, are too steep for anything but mules and foot passengers. It is best to make our way first to the quaint old inn in the Piazza Romana, to order dinner from the fat, good-tempered landlady with the silver *spadello* in her hair, and to get the honest old landlord, Filippo Capobianchi, to provide a guide, which is desirable, if time be of importance, and delivers one from the swarm of would-be cicerones who pounce upon the stranger like so many harpies. The inn at Cori is quite tolerable as a resting-place, but is strangely backward in civilised knowledge. A friend of ours who stayed there was astonished at seeing that the eggs when boiled were always bored through with a very small hole, and, asking the reason, was told that of course it must be so, or they would burst in the boiling!

Virgil and Diodorus speak of Cori as a colony of Alba Longa. Pliny asserts that it was founded by the Trojan Dardanus. It was certainly one of the thirty cities of the Latin League in B.C. 493, and Livy speaks of it as in the enjoyment of municipal rights during the second Punic war. During this war it is mentioned as one of the rebellious cities which refused to contribute the necessary supplies. It was taken and sacked many years after by one of the wandering bands of Spartacus. Propertius and Lucan describe it as totally ruined.

Yet there are few places in the neighbourhood of Rome which have so many or such fine remains of antiquity as Cori. In mounting to the upper town three distinct tiers of its ancient walls may be traced. The first, in the lower town, built of polygonal blocks, has their interstices filled up with smaller stones; the second, near Santa Oliva, has polygonal blocks alone, very carefully fitted; and the third, at the top of the hill, is still polygonal, but of ruder construction. Behind some wretched houses are two columns still standing, with beautiful Corinthian capitals, a fragment of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, as is proved by still legible inscriptions. Another capital of the same temple is before a house door a little further up the ascent. The adjoining house to this temple is called the Palace of Pilate. On the top of the hill stands the church of S. Pietro, where the font (in the first chapel on the right) is sustained by a sculptured marble altar, adorned with rams' heads. Behind the church is a small garden, where we find entire the beautiful Doric peristyle of the Temple of Minerva, generally known here as the Temple of Hercules.

Eight columns still remain, four in the front. Here the figure of Minerva, which now stands under the Senators' palace on the Roman Capitol, was found. The ruin is most picturesque, and is grandly situated on a terrace

"Whence Cora's sentinel's o'erlook
The never-ending fen."

Raphael made a sketch of it, which is still extant. As we sat to draw here, the children, who were vainly locked out by the Sacristan, and climbed after us over the wall, got pieces of stone for blocks, and sticks for pencils, and imitated every line we made.

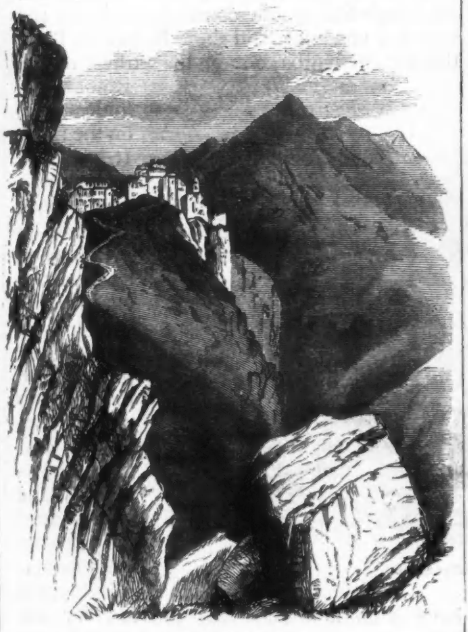
Halfway up the hill is the beautiful old convent of Santa Oliva, who is an old friend of ours, for we saw her shrine in the crypt at Anagni. She was a holy maiden of Cori, to whom the Virgin appeared in 1521. Her cloister, with a double row of arches, is most picturesque, and it contains an old well. The body of the church has a ceiling whose intention is the same as that of the Sistine, representing scenes of Old and New Testament story. In the apse is the Coronation of the Virgin, evidently by a pupil of Pinturicchio; the donor kneels beneath. The aisle of the church, a labyrinth of columns of different sizes and designs, is shown as the Temple of Jupiter. The temples of Cori are all attributed to Sylla. Outside the gate of the town, on the Norba side, is the beautiful bridge called *Ponte alla Catena*, built of huge masses of tufa, spanning the deep ravine of the Pichionni, and overhung by quaint old houses.



Cyclopean Wall at Segni.

Norba and Norma are five long miles from Cori, and can be reached only on foot or on muleback without making an immense detour. A very steep and intensely stony way leads up the hill-side from near the Ponte alla Catena. The olive-gardens beside it are fringed with wild blue iris—*gigli* the Italians call them, and the *gigli*, which are the arms of Florence, are represented as iris. The path emerges on the steep of the mountain, and clambers along with precipices above and below, amid the wildest scenery. All around are grey rocks, with short grass between, on which the flocks of goats pasture, whose shepherds, clad in goatskins, are the only human beings we meet here. Hawks swoop overhead. It is a vast view over what looks like a boundless plain, for all the undulations and sinuosities of the country are lost to us at this great height. The village which glitters midway between us and the sea is Cisterna, "the Three Taverns" of St. Paul. At length Sermoneta comes in sight on the top of a precipice, and then Norma. Then the ancient Norba, one of the earliest of the Roman colonies, rises on the right. It has been an utter ruin ever since the time of Sylla, when it was betrayed into the hands of his general, Lepidus, and the garrison put themselves and the inhabitants to the sword, and the place never recovered. It must have been a tremendous fortress, for the walls are seven thousand feet in circuit, and the blocks of which they are built, and on which time has failed to make any impression, are often ten feet in length. The gates may be traced, and an inner series of walls surrounding the citadel. A square enclosure sunk in the earth is surrounded by Cyclopean walls; its object is unknown. Our guide said that when the Deluge occurred it would have failed to make any impression upon Norba—a very ancient city at that time—so strong was it; but here the rain which fell was made of lead, and the inhabitants, who were giants, were all destroyed, and every house, and all the temples of the ancient religion of that time, and only the walls remained, for they were so strong that not even a leaden deluge could affect them.

A man in scarlet cap and with long curly hair guided us through the high beans which occupied the platform of the ancient city, to the "Grotte di Norba." It is a ruin of later Roman brickwork, covering the entrance to long caves and cellars, but is always shown to strangers as the place where the spirit of Junius Brutus is held imprisoned, waiting for the final judgment, and whence his howls are heard at night mingling with the thunder-storms. Hence, through a jagged rift in the mountain-side we look upon Norma, perched like an eagle's nest upon the top of tremendous precipices of bare rock.



View of Norba.

Instead of returning the same way, it is best to descend from hence to the valley, clambering down through the broken rock and sliding shale, clinging to the myrtle and Judas bushes, for, in the depths, nestling under the hill, is the mediæval town of Ninfa, almost as entirely a ruin as Norba itself. It is an unspeakably quiet scene of sylvan beauty, and there is something unearthly about it which possesses and absorbs every sense. If fairies exist anywhere, surely Ninfa is their capital; Ninfa, where Flora holds her court, where the only inhabitants are the roses and lilies, and all the thousand flowers which grow so abundantly in the deserted streets, where honeysuckle and jessamine fling their garlands through the windows of every house, and where the very altars of the churches are thrones for the flame-coloured valerian. Outside the walls you would scarcely believe it was a town, so encrusted in verdure is every building, that the houses look like green mounds rising out of the plain. It is as if Nature had built the city for a perpetual Feast of Tabernacles. One tall tower stands near the entrance and watches its reflection in the still waters of a pool white with lilies and fringed with forget-me-not. By the road-side a crystal spring rises in great abundance in a little basin of ancient brickwork, and falls into the pool, where it turns a mill, and a little further on becomes a lake, on which Pliny mentions the floating islands in his time, which were called Saltuares, because they were said to move to the time of dancing feet. An inscription on the mill tells that it was built by one of the Gaetani, lord of the place, in 1765. The town must have been inhabited then, yet none can tell now the story of its desertion. It has belonged to the Gaetani since the thirteenth century, and Pope Alexander III. was consecrated here, September 20, 1159. From the tower, say the natives of Norma, "la bella Ninfa," who was disobedient to her parents, flung herself into the pool to evade becoming the *sposina* of the unsympathetic *partito* they had chosen for her, and ever since the name of the little city has kept her memory alive. Let it be so, though etymologists suggest the little river Nymphæus as a godfather. The water-nymphs will avenge all insults by the fever-bearing vapours of their lake. Ninfa can never be rebuilt. Even the shepherds cannot dare to pass the night there. Death, garlanded with flowers, is death still. Gregory I., who built a church here in 1216, to "St. Mary of the Myrtle-branch," dedicated it in vain. No sound will ever be heard but the hum of the myriad insects which float amongst the flower-possessed streets and houses, the croaking of the green frogs in the surrounding waters, and the everlasting sighing and rustling of the wind in the tall bulrushes.

Evening closed in upon us at Ninfa; the low houses turned purple against the sunset, and the lake became like molten gold. We hurried away from the fever. It was too late to ascend the mountain way again with its unguarded precipices, but another path led us along the foot of the hills through the low-lying moorlands—parched and ugly at mid-day, but beautiful in the soft twilight,

when each arum and thistle, thickly diamonded with dew, sparkled and glittered in the last gleams, and the figures of our party on their mules stood out dark against the soft afterglow. And then, as the bells of Cori were ringing the last strokes of the Ave Maria, which serves as the summons for the peasants of the Campagna to save themselves from the malaria in their high mountain homes, we wound up to the town through the ancient olive groves, the most solemn thing in nature, and looked down through the gnarled stems over the vast marshes to the great Circean promontory engraven in black upon a flaming sky.

From Cori a road leads over the hills to Segni, but we reached it by railway from Ferentino. The station is at the bottom of the mountain, while the town is at the top, and we had the discomfort of finding that the omnibus met no train from the south, and having to wait until the great heat of the April day was over before we could walk up. However we employed the time in sketching two fine old castles near the railway, one of them, Colleferro, now turned into farm-buildings, being especially picturesque, its front formed by deeply recessed arches. The ascent to Segni is most wild and rugged, and the road wound along the mountain edge without any parapet beyond a fringe of Judas bushes just bursting into bloom to be ready for the Good Friday close at hand, and with tremendous precipices below, rather alarming in a carriage. Segni was the ancient Signia, colonised by Tarquinus Superbus as a restraint upon the inhabitants of the Volscian and Hernican hills. It is mentioned in the "Captives" of Plautus, where the parasite and epicure Ergasilus swears in turn by Cora, Prænestе, Signia, Phrysinone, and Alatrium, and explains, when asked by his host Hegio why he swears by foreign cities, that they are just as disagreeable as the dinner he is about to receive from him. Long anterior to the time of the Tarquins, however, is the chief interest of the place, and the Pelasgic walls, built of gigantic masses of rock jammed into one another, though of no great height, almost surround the existing town, and are among the most extensive in Italy. In some places they are most picturesque, especially where a tall cross crowns the huge pile of stones, and stands out against the vast expanse of distance, for you look across the great depths to billow upon billow of purple Hernican hills, and beyond these upon all the ranges of the Abruzzi, still, in April, covered with snow. The church of S. Pietro, built quite at the end of the fortifications, is another striking point. In the late cathedral is a fine statue of S. Vitalianus, who was a native of this city, the feeble though canonized pope in whose reign Constans plundered Rome of so many of its treasures, including the metal roof of the Pantheon. The statue was placed here in 1721, and taken from the image on his coins. Its inscription boasts that Segni divided the empire with Rome. Pope Innocent III. (Conti) was another native of Segni, and in 1145 Eugenius III. built a palace here. Nothing can be more kind or cordial than the reception which the inhabitants of Segni give to strangers. The women here wear a different costume to those in the towns on the other side of the valley. They have no *panni*, but a large silver bodkin fastens up their hair, and their bodices, usually green, are laced behind instead of in front. Almost all the natives are proprietors in the country on a very small scale, and nothing can exceed the strange effect at sunset when they return home from their fields, thousands at a time, streaming along the terrace in front of the gateway, and up the steep streets into the upper town, each accompanied by his domestic animals—his donkeys, his goats, or his pet pigs, which come frisking behind their masters in the most diverting manner, for all share their homes with them. Then the whole street is blocked up for a time, and the cries, the shouts, the braying, the barking, and, above all, the squeaking and grunting, baffle all description.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.



Peasants of Segni going home.

A HALF-YEARLY OVERHAUL.

By a RIVER-SIDE VISITOR.

THOUGH there is a permanent class of out-door paupers, receiving relief continuously year after year, it is nevertheless a technicality of the poor law, that out-door relief cannot be granted for a longer period than six months. It can only be continued for a greater length of time by being re-granted, after an overhaul of the case; and though in many instances this becomes a mere formality, the principle is no doubt sound, and the institution of periodic overhauls a thoroughly good one. In some parishes the general overhauls of the out-door poor are made quarterly, but in the majority, they are half-yearly, and all being pretty much alike, we will take as a representative one an overhaul at which we have to "assist." It is that of a large metropolitan parish, the out-door poor of which number—men, women, and children—close upon two thousand; the overhauling of the cases, though conducted in a very rapid fashion, generally lasting from nine in the morning till seven in the evening. The overhauls are the great occasions of the year to all concerned in them. A number of the aged and infirm are excused from attendance, their cases being merely reported upon by the relieving officer; but all recipients of relief who are physically capable of doing so are bound to attend, and bring their children with them; non-attendance, according to the strict letter of the law, being equivalent to a voluntary foregoing of the relief. The usual practice, however, is to give the culprits an opportunity of appearing before the guardians at the next ordinary board meeting, when if a reasonably satisfactory cause for non-attendance is shown, they are let off with a caution.

In the particular parish with which we are dealing the official board and waiting rooms are altogether too small for the purposes of the overhaul, which is therefore held in a large public hall; the "cases" assembling in the great Lecture Hall of the building, the guardians using a smaller apartment on an upper floor as their board room. In this room they were assembled at nine in the morning of the 1st of April of the present year, that being the date fixed for the spring overhaul; and were ranged along one side of the usual green-baize-covered board-room table. There was nothing in the least terrific in their appearance, nothing that would at all justify the opinion entertained by many people, that poor-law guardians are a class who grind the faces of the poor, and make the bread of charity bitter to them. On the contrary, they are a pleasant, kindly-looking body of gentlemen. They are one and all men of local standing and fair position, retired manufacturers, and tradesmen, or merchants and shopkeepers still in business. Several of them are known to be liberally and unostentatiously charitable in their private capacities, so that it may fairly be taken for granted that these guardians at least are not specially wanting in sympathy for the poor. Facing the guardians at the table, and each with his book before him, sit the clerk to the board, the relieving officer, and an officer representing another board, which on certain points works in conjunction with the poor-law board. A large-print Bible lies open on the table for the purpose of testing children as to their reading, this particular body of guardians taking schooling into consideration when apportioning relief, and on the other hand calling upon the parents to produce certificates of school attendance at each overhaul. Where the certificates are, as often happens, of an unsatisfactory character, they examine the children themselves.

While preparations for action are being made in the board-room, the gathering of the clans of poverty is going on in the hall below, under the superintendence of the assistant relieving officers. The entrance to the hall is through a vaulted passage which echoes every footstep, so that you can—

> "Hear the tramp
> Of hundreds speeding along—
> Of either sex, and various stamp,
> Sickly, crippled, or strong,—
> Walking, limping, creeping
> From court, and alley, and lane,
> But all in one direction sweeping,
> Like rivers that seek the main."

Most of them are acquainted with the usages of the overhaul, are aware that the "cases" are called alphabetically, and those you see quietly falling into line on the staircase leading to the board-room are the "A's." The "B's" take the benches nearest to the staircase, the "C's" the benches next to them, and so on to the back of the hall. As a public building let for every variety of amusement and public meeting, it has many motley assemblies within its walls in the course of a year, but the most motley of all is this half-yearly gathering of the outdoor poor. It is a

sight to afford food for saddest meditation—such a sight as is not likely to be forgotten by any who have once witnessed it. It is not that they are a specially ragged or dirty assembly; on the contrary, a stranger being told what they were, would probably be surprised at the prevailing cleanliness and tidiness. Whatever may be the habits or appearance of some among them at other times, all do their best to make themselves as neat and presentable as possible on these occasions. It is their interest to do so, for it is well known that the guardians are emphatically "down" upon any mere *slovenliness*, as distinct from poverty. There is not an unwashed face to be seen, and scarcely a tattered garment, though those practically acquainted with such matters can be tolerably certain that a goodly number of the garments worn have been borrowed for the day. On these points the sight is a comparatively satisfactory one; it is in things more deeply significant than these that the sadness of the scene lies—in the bowed and wasted and crippled forms, in the gaunt and careworn countenances, the child faces prematurely old and sorrowful looking, the stolid, indifferent, hopeless expression to be seen in some of the born poor, and the nervous shrinking manner of some of those who have "seen better days."

But there is little time for general reflections just now. On a signal from the chairman of the guardians the board-room door is closed, shutting out the sight and sound of the gathering below. The officers open their books, the chairman prepares to tick off the names on his list, and the real work of the overhaul commences. The first eight or nine names read off are those of aged persons whose attendance has been excused. They are cases with which the guardians as well as the relieving officer are familiar. The statements in respect to them are broadly to the effect that the circumstances of the cases are unchanged, and in each the relief is at once re-granted.

The first actual "call" is read out thus:—"Hannah A——, sixty-four years of age; single woman; receives eighteenpence and a loaf per week." The door-keeper and the assistant officer in charge in the hall have each a list of the cases, so that they have them ready marshalled, and Hannah A—— is ushered into the board-room immediately her name is called. She curtsies low as she enters, and then taking up her position in front of the chairman, stands with her eyes fixed on the ground. "What do you work at?" is the one question asked her. She does a bit of cleaning or washing when she can get it to do, and is able to do it, is her answer; and the provisos are well put in, for you have only to look at her to note her wasted form, sunken cheeks, and laboured breathing—to understand that she is not capable of doing much hard work, or the sort of person likely to get it to do. She is told that her relief will go on as before, and curtseying again she passes out.

The next case is a somewhat similar one, and is dealt with in the same way. The third case is that of a widow of seventy, whose children have all grown up and gone out in the world, she knows not where. It is an old case, and, without making any inquiry, the chairman, greeting her with a nod of recognition, says, "That will do; your relief will go on as before." He is about to pass on to the next case, when, observing that the woman lingers in the room, he asks, "Have you anything to say?" "Well, begging the gentlemen's pardon," she replies, "she wanted to ask them whether they would be kind enough to allow her sixpence a week instead of the bread she was then having?" "Why?" asks the chairman. "Well, because since the previous overhaul," she explains, "she has lost the two teeth that were still remaining to her at that time, and cannot manage to eat the bread after it is a day or two old." The toothless gums displayed in speaking bear testimony to the truth of her statement, and her request is at once complied with.

The next case is the first of the most numerous class of the cases—the widows with children. Her age on the books is thirty-six, but she looks older. She is leading a little fellow of two years by the hand, and three other children are clinging around her. The two elder ones, a boy of eleven and a girl of nine, are tested as to their reading, and give satisfaction. The mother is then asked what she does. Works with her needle, she answers—takes the collar work. The guardians know well what a case of "much work for little pay" *that* is—how she must slave from morn till night to maintain herself and children, even with the help of her parish allowance of four shillings, and four loaves per week; and without further questioning they tell her that her relief will go on. Nearly all the succeeding cases to the end of the A's are widows with families. In one or two instances, where the children are very numerous, the guardians arrange to altogether relieve the parent of one or two

of the number by sending them to the pauper school of the district. In a few cases, in which children of thirteen or upwards, who were at the last overhaul dependent upon their mothers, have in the interval gone to work, and are now bringing in money, the shilling and loaf per week —which is the general allowance per child— is taken off for that particular child; while in other cases, in which, since the previous overhaul, the circumstances of the family have undergone a change for the worse, additions in money or bread, or both, are made to the relief. Some of the mothers receive a word of commendation upon the well-cared-for appearance of their children, or the interest they are showing in having them educated; others, a word of reproof for slovenliness or neglect; but neither in these latter cases, or those worse ones (a few of them occur in the course of the day) in which parents are detected in making wilful misstatements, is there anything approaching browbeating or bullying.

All concerned being fairly settled to the work in hand, it proceeds rapidly and smoothly, and nothing specially worth noting occurs until the B's are reached. As in the case of the other letters, the first names read off are those of aged people, whose attendance has been excused. On coming to the fourth, the relieving officer pauses in a manner which shows that he has something special to say. Now, among certain classes in the district, both rich and poor, this officer bears the reputation of being a terrible fellow, a Tartar, a man to "jump down your throat," and so forth; and any one holding this view of his character would naturally suppose that he is now going to say something damaging to the case. Let us listen.

"I wish particularly to call your attention to this case," he says, addressing the guardians; "it is an old married couple—the man eighty-two, the woman seventy-nine. They have been in the parish many years, but have never troubled it till within the last nine months. They are only having a shilling a week each, and though they are thankful for that, and make no complaint, and are not aware that I am going to speak about them, I do think it is a case in which another shilling a week might be allowed."

The guardians evidently think so too, for after asking the officer a question or two, and debating a little among themselves, they decide to augment the relief by two shillings a week instead of one.

Presently, however, the relieving officer gives a taste of those sharper qualities that have led to his getting the "Tartar" reputation. A woman who, without being questioned, had been informed that her relief would go on as before, was beginning to request that it might be increased, when the officer cut her short, "jumped down her throat," as she would have said, by quietly, but very significantly saying—

"See here, Mrs. ——, I haven't said anything, but if you apply for more relief, I will."

Whereupon Mrs. ——, without uttering another word, hastily withdraws, and the officer then mentions a circumstance which, had it been named before, would certainly have been more calculated to lead to her relief being reduced than added to. In other instances, he is equally decisive in "pulling up" customers who show a tendency to shuffling; or who attempt to put words into their children's mouths when the children are being separately questioned; but, on the other hand, he voluntarily pleads for an increase in the relief in other cases.

F proves a rather eventful letter. The first "call" case in it is an old Irishwoman, whose attendance would have been excused, but she has elected to appear, having an application to make. She is a gaunt and withered dame, with wrinkled parchment-like skin, bleary eyes, and trembling gait. No bread is included in her relief as at present fixed, and her application is for a loaf per week to be granted.

"But you couldn't eat a loaf," says the chairman.

"Begorra, but I could, though!" she replies, with a promptness and spirit that would scarcely have been expected in one so feeble looking.

"What relief are you getting now?" is next asked.

"Eighteenpence a week, and I have to pay sivenpence a week for rint out of that."

"Sevenpence a week!" exclaimed the chairman, elevating his eyebrows, "do you get a room for sevenpence a week?"

"No, not a room," she explains, "only the fourth part of a room;" she and three other women renting an apartment among them, and each having her corner.

"But wasn't there something about your bread before?" queried the chairman, coming back to the main point.

She admits that there was; that her relief had been a shilling and a loaf a week, prior to the last overhaul, when the loaf at her own request was commuted for sixpence per week.

"Because you had no teeth, I suppose," observes the chairman, that being the usual ground on which such commutation is asked.

"No, not for that," she answers eagerly. "I have teeth enough left to eat with yet," and baring her gums she shows some half-dozen rather formidable-looking grinders. She then proceeds to explain that when she had the bread she used to sometimes find that she did not get through it all in the course of the week, and she had thought that if, on these occasions, the remainder had been money instead of the "heel" of a week-old loaf, she could have got a pinch of tea with it, and so she had asked for the alteration. But now she sometimes finds herself in the position of not having a bit of bread with her tea. A loaf in addition to her money would make all the difference, and if they would only grant her that loaf she would be quite happy. She stands silent, a painfully eager look of entreaty upon her poor old face. The chairman glances at the countenances of his colleagues, and sees that there is no need to ask their opinion. They are evidently with him on the matter. In a kindly tone he tells the old woman that her request shall be granted, whereupon, invoking blessing upon the heads of all concerned, she totters out. Let us hope that if not, in her own phrase, quite happy, she will at least be comparatively so. She deserves to be so if moderate desires upon the point is any recommendation, for eighteenpence and a loaf per week is certainly by no means an extravagant notion of the material constituents of happiness here below, though there is one other essential, if not material, element in the old woman's idea of happiness—liberty. She would be much better off in "the house"—would be better fed, better clothed, better sheltered, have more comfort in every way. The guardians know this, and have, in a kindly spirit, offered her the house on previous occasions, but she has always declined the offer, preferring to the comforts *coupled with the restrictions* of the union, the liberty of a sevenpenny corner of a room in a crowded tenement house, and the desperately hard living that can be imagined when the amount of her relief is taken into consideration.

Those who have any considerable knowledge of the very poor will be aware that an invincible aversion to "the house" is a common feeling among them, and later on in the overhaul a striking example of the strength of this feeling occurs. The case is explained and discussed before it is called. It is that of a widow with two children. She is, in homely phrase, "eaten up with rheumatism," is permanently crippled, and often utterly helpless, while in cold and wet seasons it subjects her to the cruelest agony. She has only been a widow eighteen months, and having been left with a well-furnished little home, she has hitherto supplemented her out-door relief by selling her furniture piece by piece. It is known, however, that that resource is all but exhausted; she cannot work, and the amount of her relief alone is of course altogether inadequate to provide the nourishment and attendance which her case requires. She has steadily and uncompromisingly refused "the house" when the relieving officer or doctor have urged her to accept it; but it is hoped that the guardians may have more influence with her, and for her own sake they agree to press her upon the point, even to the extent of threatening to withdraw her out-door relief. This being arranged, the woman is called, and painfully hobbles into the room, her wasted face flushed with the exertion, her limbs and form alike distorted by her baneful malady. The rule of the overhaul is for the "cases" to stand, but a chair is at once placed for her, and when she is seated the chairman asks—

"Don't you think, Mrs. ——, you had better go into our infirmary for a time, to see if we can cure you? You'll have everything that your case requires."

She shakes her head, and the chairman goes on.

"We like your spirit of independence; it is a good spirit, and one that we try to encourage in a general way; but, seeing how ill and helpless you are, we think you are carrying it too far. We only ask you to go in for a time, to see if your health can be restored; and while you were there we would send your children to our school, and take care of what furniture you have left."

"No; I shouldn't like to go into the house," she murmurs in a scarcely audible tone, and again shaking her head.

"Well, it's for your good that we wish it," says the chairman, after a pause, "and really if you won't allow us to persuade you we shall have to take your relief from you, to force you in. We wouldn't be doing our duty to leave you in your present condition. Come, now, we only desire your good in the matter; you had better take our offer."

Her lip quivers, the flush on her cheek deepens, and her breath comes pantingly as for a minute's space she sits in silent agony. But she does not yield.

"No!" she repeats, she cannot bring herself to go into the workhouse; if it must be so she would rather lie down and die in her own poor room. There is nothing melodramatic, nothing even emphatic in her tone, but it is easy to perceive that she means what she says, and so there is nothing for the guardians but to back out of their threat. They saw she was agitated, they said, so they would not press the matter any further then. Perhaps she would alter her mind if she thought things over at her leisure. Her relief would continue in the meantime, and she could give them an answer in a fortnight. This delay only served to show that her determination to die in her own room rather than go into the workhouse was fixed and unalterable, and finding that such was the case the guardians, at the expiration of the fortnight, did all they could for her under the circumstances—materially increased her out-door relief, and her means of comfort were also added to by the private bounty of two ladies who came to hear of the case.

To come back to the regular course of our narrative. The third call in the F's is the first of a particular class of cases, and there is a consultation as to how it shall be dealt with. There are large market-gardens in the neighbourhood, which employ quite a little colony of Irishwomen; but during the winter months there is no garden work doing, and most of these women, with their children, fall upon the parish, a few of them "wintering in the house," but the bulk of them receiving out-door relief. The question now is, shall the relief be withdrawn, the gardening season having commenced, but not yet being in full swing; and after a little discussion it is agreed to be more or less guided by the statement of this Bridget F——, whose case is a representative one. She is accordingly called in, and shows a stalwart, broad-shouldered, middle-aged woman with much freckled, deeply sun-bronzed face, wearing very patchy garments, and hobnailed boots.

"Well, Bridget, your work has commenced, you know," is the chairman's greeting.

"Well, yes, yer honour," Bridget replies, "but it's only chance work yet. I had only two days last week, and I haven't had any this week so far."

There is a brief silence, which is broken by Bridget exclaiming that she hopes they will let her relief go on for another fortnight, by which time, if the weather is favourable, she expects to be in regular employment. There is a little whispering among the guardians, and then the chairman announces that her relief will be continued for another month. This is an agreeable surprise for Bridget, who, by way of thanks, blesses "their honours," and departs rejoicing both for herself and others, for she too knows that her case is a representative one, and she no doubt publishes the good news on getting out of the board-room.

With the exception of an interval of an hour in the middle of the day, the sad and saddening work of the overhaul goes on from nine in the morning till about seven in the evening. Those we have cited are but a few out of something like a thousand cases; and they will perhaps suffice to give a general idea of the work of a pauper overhaul. The procession that all day long slowly files through the board-room is as piteous a spectacle as could well be imagined. Nearly every class of the poor, the fallen, the afflicted, are represented there. There is a deaf and dumb woman and two or three imbeciles, who are brought there in order that the guardians may from their appearance be able to form an opinion as to how they are being cared for by those having charge of them. There is tottering infancy and tottering age. But while sheer weight of years has made some of the men and women as feeble and helpless as children, there are numbers of younger men and women — men and women who by mere tale of years should be in their prime—whom accident or disease has rendered equally feeble and helpless. There are, as we have said, many who have seen better days—people who have been brought to pauperism by the ruin of trades to which they had been brought up, failures in business, the death of bread winners, or other ill chances of life; and there are many, again, who have been more or less paupers all their lives, and with whose families there seems but too evident a prospect of its being "like parents, like children." Of the bulk of the body it may be said that it is their misfortune, not their fault that they are there, of others that it is their fault, not their misfortune. Some of them, it is known, have abused or thrown away good chances in life, while the story of more than one is the old, old story so familiar in the history of broken lives and ruined hopes—the story summed up in the one direful word—DRINK.

Such, so far as we have been able to picture it, is a pauper overhaul; a sorrowful scene in itself, and one calculated to give rise to many reflections—the saddest being that even these are not the poorest of the poor.

LADY BELL.

By the AUTHOR of "Citoyenne Jacqueline."

CHAPTER XXXIX.—TO TIE OR NOT TO TIE THE KNOT?



"TAKE care, Lady Bell," exclaimed Harry, in rising agitation, "lest I'm only delivered from one temptation to be plunged into another."

"Ah! temptations have no power for you," proclaimed Lady Bell, with a mixture of pride and sorrow; "you are as firm as a rock, and as unyielding when you think you are in the right."

"Don't be too sure," said Captain Fane, and she saw that he could be nervous with all his firmness. "I have let you say how you will want me, because it has been marrow to my bones and joy to my heart, Bell, when God knows I am anxious and sad enough. But at least you do not resign me to the importunities of any rival, unless it be to the image of Britannia herself," he suggested, with an effort at a jest and a smile, "flourishing, as our general figure-head, and to the death which she may bear in her hand. Think what I must feel to leave you, exposed to the cunning wiles of all the beaux and bucks and great matches who hunt women as men hunt game. These men play with women, and have no remorse,—not believing in a God in heaven, they do not believe in a man or woman on earth. They seek to buy women, and sooner than be foiled in the base barter which they propose, and be forced to confess their titles, rent-rolls, money-bags, even their pretty persons, disparaged, they will try to get the better of women by cruel arts. Such men will betray women infernally."

He had worked himself up till he was pouring forth a torrent of rage, hatred, and apprehension. Cold as the morning was, he had to wipe his forehead.

"Why, Harry!" remonstrated Lady Bell, startled, but not altogether offended by his jealous fury, not unwilling to be roused from the dejection into which she was sinking.

There was no question of the gloom near at hand, and to last for many a day. Come what liked in the future, Harry Fane was going, would go to join his ship in the first place, and the war in the second. He might be subjected to work, weariness, privation, but he had action and change for his portion. As for her, she must abide in her place forlorn, with the brightness passed from the sky, the zest gone out of the feast. The "Lubin" of the song was indeed on the eve of departure, of long uncertain tarrying, perhaps till her bloom was faded, her heart withered and dry. Lady Bell had asked once in very idleness and restlessness, that movement, passion, even, in its pangs, might ruffle the still waters of her heart. They were ruffled with a vengeance, lashed into a piteous storm, to heave and swell for many a day, ere they settled down again in peace.

Knowing what was hanging over her, Lady Bell was fain to forget the knowledge for a moment, in the interesting consideration that Captain Fane, in spite of her frank confession, was half beside himself with jealousy.

She did not altogether disapprove of this state of matters, for was it not evidence of how well the self-controlled sailor loved her?

She was a little frightened at the strength of his passion, nevertheless. Extravagantly as she herself had loved him, she did not know him fully and closely, after all. One of the charms of her love was its mystery.

But Lady Bell thought Harry Fane too severe in his strictures, and certainly needing to be pulled up and taken to task. Aching as her heart was, she tried to make believe for a brief space that the ache was not there, and to do her part in enlightening her lover.

She began to pout with her white face and her tearful eyes:

"Would I forget you in your absence, Harry? Could you ever believe that? What effect would all the wicked stratagems of the finest gentlemen have on me?"

"How can I tell?" he answered gloomily;

"I found a whole hornets' nest buzzing round you when I met you first, and again at the masquerade, and you did not seem able to put them down."

"Why should I put them down? They are entitled to live as well as the rest of us, even though a busy fellow of a bee looks down upon them as drones or butterflies; indeed they are rather that than hornets. They have never done me harm, and they have squired and amused me many a day; you ought to be more generous to them, sir, and to learn to keep a civil tongue in your head."

"We have no time for quarrelling," cried Harry, "you may teach me better manners one day, if we are spared and restored to each other, and you are still willing to undertake the office. But I could not profit by the best of lessons, and I submit that it would be taking me altogether at a disadvantage to begin when I am just about to bid you farewell."

"Not yet! not yet!" besought Lady Bell, dislodged from her poor little temporary cranny of arch resistance and coquettish teasing, and stretched anew, like another Andromeda, on a sheer precipice, over a sea of misery, until she fell back into her lamentation, "If we had but understood each other faster, and been married within these few weeks—sailors and soldiers must woo and wed in haste—before these terrible sailing orders arrived! Then I could have sailed with you; I should not have been frighted, though we had encountered the enemy. I could have kept quiet below, with you on deck to run to when the guns ceased firing. I might have proved how little I cared for any other man by following you all over the world."

"You can prove it, dear," declared Harry Fane, hoarse with eagerness, taking her at her word, giving reins to his passion, and smothering and trampling down every doubt and scruple. "Let us be married before I go, and although I cannot take you with me, I may send for you to my station. Some one of my old messmates and friends will be glad to do as he would be done by, and bring you out to me in his ship."

Lady Bell was astounded; she had been utterly unprepared for this catching up of her speech, heartfelt though it was.

Harry Fane rushed on, overwhelming her with his special pleading.

"That and that alone would reassure my mind, which is on the rack for you, exposed on a pinnacle as you are. Don't be vexed with me when I say it, but you are a beautiful woman of rank, very young, greatly admired, as you well may be, moving in gay worldly circles, which unsettle even a man's head, and throw dust in his eyes. You have not a near relation whose right it would be to control and guide you, only such thoughtless, irresponsible guardians as even my good cousin. Oh! my love, how shall I leave you thus? for God knows how long," he groaned in anguish, "these six—twelve years. This horrid war has long been hanging over us. Our American brethren are brave and resolute as we are; the strife may last while mother country and colony hold out. How can I trust your constancy exposed to such a test, assailed as they will be when I am gone, and you a young woman, and therefore weak, without blame or shame to you?"

"I understand," acknowledged Lady Bell, piteously. "I am not angry with you for distrusting me—how can I be, when I remember how weak I was once before? how wrong as well as weak, I know by my love for you. I was unfair to myself and to another. Do I not shrink from looking you and every one in the face when I think of my marriage? Do I not blush for the name I bear, because of the reason for bearing it? That I let myself be sold as a chattel or a slave, rather than die free—and I was not a loyal slave, Harry, never think it. I revolted and fled, like many another slave."

He was hardly listening to her, he was so dead set on over-persuading her and himself that he might make her his, and that by doing so he would save her.

"Then do not risk danger again, you are not so much older. I may not even be able to reach you with the poor stay of letters when all your friends will be against me. I cannot wonder and complain, but I must think of myself and my love, and of you and yours, for you love me, and me only, Lady Bell, your lips have sworn it now over and over."

"Ay, and I swear it again," averred Lady Bell, with fond pride.

"No other man will ever be to you what I can be. Are not true lovers made for helpmeets as well as mates? And although I have no cause for boasting, less at this moment perhaps than at any other, still do you not love me, darling, because you think me honest, though plain, earnest if harsh, a little wiser in my blundering, a little more bent on truth and righteousness in my faultiness, than the ruck of those heartless trifiers and

blasphemous renouncers of all obligations around me?"

"Have I not called you the best of men?" boasted Lady Bell, with an immensity of faith which might have staggered him and opened his eyes. But he only shut them harder, while he modestly declined the innocent hyperbole.

"Oh, no, a prodigiously erring fellow, and nearly mad at this moment, I suspect. But we should walk through life hand in hand, love, and ask to rise to the best that nature and grace could make us. For that end we should seek to be reverent and dutiful, and to turn our backs on vanities, follies, and worse. It is not wrong to make this end so sure, that if we live it cannot be baulked, and that no one can ever come more between us to beguile us of our faith in God and each other."

"If I could only claim you as my wife," he argued unweariedly, "I should have no further fear to leave you thus solemnly bound to me—thus able by uttering one word to dismiss all suitors, or to consign them to the tender mercies of a man whom you could then call from the ends of the earth, too happy to come, as I came to you at the masquerade, to give you protection. My name alone, when you choose to take it, and replace by it the name which you tell me, hanging your head (I cannot bear to have my love hang her head), it is no pleasure or pride for you to wear, would protect you."

"Ah! Harry, shall I ever wear your dear name?"

"If you will, Lady Bell; and I venture to affirm that it will shelter you as the name of your chosen husband. In the mean time I shall be doing my best to make my name honourable for you. But ah, Bell, grant me my reward now, during the few short hours which we are yet to spend together—while it is in your power to grant it, since it is doubtful whether I shall ever return to claim it."

"Come back quick, Harry, and you may blame me as you will, I shall be too happy to be blamed by you, and to do whatever you desire," promised Lady Bell.

"Heaven forgive my conceit, it was my very wonder and delight, which caused me to find fault or fret at every small mote in my sun. But I shall not contradict or plague you more, very likely you will soon have seen the last of a lumpish fellow, whose greatest merit that I can see is, that he no sooner knew you than he cast his quips and cranks, as a misanthropic sailor, to the winds, and loved you with his whole heart and soul."

"Oh, heavens! seen the last, contradict—plague! Harry, while you profess to love me, how can you speak so unkind?"

CHAPTER XL.—ISLINGTON CHURCH EARLY ONE MARCH MORNING.

HARRY FANE was convinced of all that he had said, to the extremity of the situation which appeared to justify a violent alternative as the only refuge from their trouble. Naturally he succeeded in persuading Lady Bell, while he was not even guilty of deliberately playing upon her feelings. He was tortured with having the cup snatched from his lips, with doubt and dread, and he groaned out his torture audibly, until Lady Bell was brought to enter but a faltering futile objection to his desperate project.

"How can we get married so soon, nobody knowing, your cousin away, not a preparation made?"

Nothing more easy, as the records of the generation showed, as Lady Bell's own recollection might have told her.

Even when a public marriage would be attended with difficulties, a private marriage could be resorted to, and had been resorted to, more than once already by officers hastily bound for America. These private marriages were, according to convenience, announced shortly after the event, or allowed gradually to filter out in suspicious rumours, till the secret was no secret, by the time it was finally disclosed.

Certainly Lady Bab Yelverton, the only child of the Earl of Suffolk, whose runaway match had been much talked of this season, had brought private marriages somewhat into disgrace.

But then Lady Bab, by the way a mere chit of a girl, two years younger than Lady Bell, had defied parental authority in the most daring and glaring manner; Lady Bab had gone off from her father and mother's house with Lieutenant Gould, just returned from being wounded in America, to be worse wounded by Cupid or Plutus at home. Lord Suffolk had threatened his daughter with his curse, the cutting her off with a shilling.

Lady Bab's gross filial undutifulness was regarded as even more reprehensible than the Duchess of Leinster's disregard to maternal obligations. The duchess, who was the widowed mother of seventeen children, as well as "the proudest, most expensive woman in town," had thought fit to marry her eldest son's tutor.

But if Lady Bell chose to be very imprudent, she was still at liberty to please

herself. There was only her friend, Mrs. Sundon, whom Lady Bell was bound to consult, and, fortunately or unfortunately, Mrs. Sundon was too far away in the emergency to be consulted in time.

Captain Fane was his own master, save when he was with his squadron. He had fewer surviving relatives than Lady Bell had.

Why then should there be any privacy thought of in the matter?

Because, although there were no near relations, there were many friends; if there was no fortune on either side to be thrown away, there were sufficient prospects to be sacrificed, and penalties to be incurred. Lady Bell had been so much the rage, been believed to have the refusing of such excellent offers, that a host of influential people, if they knew the reckless step which she proposed to take, would rush in—all the faster, that it was no particular business of theirs—to try if they could not prevent the shocking disaster of an attractive young woman of rank committing an unequal love marriage.

Even the Sundons, who had looked on and promoted the intimacy between the pair, would, as Captain Fane foresaw, take blame to themselves when it was too late to oppose the grand conclusion of the intimacy.

Lady Bell for herself, and Captain Fane for her, had a natural dislike to the exclamations, the expostulations, the nine days' wonder which they must provoke.

Lady Bell would have to sustain the scorn, and to support much that was painful in her new position, all alone, as if she were still a widow, should she marry Captain Fane publicly, and should he join his ship immediately and sail on a long voyage with sea-fights in the distance.

On the other hand, Lady Bell and Captain Fane might marry as many of their compeers married, secretly, keep their own counsel, and none be any the wiser, till the gentleman returned to make known the marriage and claim his wife.

No doubt that was the line of argument followed and found satisfactory long ago by men and women, honourable otherwise, who allowed themselves to become involved in the compromises, the concealments, the double dealings, and the acted lies of private marriages, for which they were not condemned by their contemporaries.

In justice alike to our progenitors and to ourselves, we crave leave to remember, that just as our grandfathers and grandmothers managed to combine in their portly and stately persons, along with a foreground of magnificence and elegance, a background of slipshodness and sluttishness, so even where their virtues were admirable, their manly morals were laxer, their womanly manners less delicate, than the morals and manners of the present generation.

There was one obstacle to a private marriage in Lady Bell's case, which nearly compelled the couple to brave public clamour and indignation. Lady Bell was a minor. Captain Fane, in despair at this difficulty, hurried like a madman, braving all imputations, to the most notorious gaming-houses in town where Squire Godwin's whereabout might be discovered.

The gallant Captain proposed, failing every other resource, to make a forlorn appeal to Lady Bell's nearest relations.

The gentleman was luckier than he deserved, he stumbled on the very man he sought, who was in London unknown to Lady Bell, and unencountered by her.

Captain Fane and Squire Godwin had an interview, during which the former succeeded in coming to an arrangement with the latter, but by what representation and inducement, by what descent to lower depths on the part of the ruined gentleman, and by what ill-bestowal of a portion of Harry Fane's last prize money never transpired. The transaction was not likely to be reported by Mr. Godwin, neither was it one on which Harry Fane could care to look back.

Captain Fane, however, took the precaution of introducing Squire Godwin for a few moments to the Sundons' house in Cleveland Court.

Lady Bell met her uncle for the first time since her marriage to Squire Trevor. She could not help regarding Squire Godwin as a bird of evil omen. His appearance on the scene, like a malignant spectre at the critical juncture, was a shock to Lady Bell, and smote her, while it lasted, with blank confusion and consternation.

But Mr. Godwin's stay was very short, since the master of the house was kept in the dark, as to the origin of a visit which he did not relish, and for bringing about which he did not thank Captain Fane.

Sir Peter was ready to shake himself up and put a stop to the intrusion, while he prevented any attempt which it might imply of the resumption of authority by Squire Godwin over his niece, Lady Bell Trevor, Sir Peter's honoured guest.

Mr. Godwin did not wait to be dismissed, he took his leave, giving Lady Bell, in her agitation, a dim impression that while his air

was as distinguished as ever, in the studied carelessness of which the study was so perfect, that it became invisible, and his dress as irreproachable, every line in his handsome person was drawn more deeply and sharply. Crows'-toes and furrows had multiplied incalculably, till the wrinkles of premature old age were shrivelling and wizening his face. The once noble field was all covered over with cramped, contracted, ugly hand-writing.

Lady Bell could not so much as rally breath and courage to inquire for her Aunt Die. She was so simple and ignorant, that she did not even guess what had brought her lover into strange contact and alliance with Squire Godwin, or how the latter came by the knowledge, the merest whisper of which was sufficient to cause her to leap from her chair, for Mr. Godwin contrived in his brief greetings to say one or two pertinent words aside to her.

The Squire addressed Lady Bell Trevor with a little more consideration than he had been wont to bestow on Lady Bell Etheredge, but there remained the echo of the old contempt in the tone of his speech.

"So you think to contract a second marriage, madam; well, matrimony is honourable, though I have not tried it on my own account. I am sorry that I cannot say much for the wisdom of the step in this instance, but I do not presume to advise, far less to interfere. It does say much for the happiness of the last knot (eh! my Lady Bell?) that you are so keen to tie another."

The one difficulty overcome, the remainder of the scheme was even exceptionally practicable, and circumstances like cards played themselves, as it were, in Captain Fane's and Lady Bell's hand.

A letter arrived from Lady Sundon to inform Sir Peter in particular and "all friends who were interested," that her boy was in a fair way of recovery, but still called for not less than a month's nursing from her and Lyddy.

In the delay, Sir Peter, who was miserable, left in town with only Nancy of all his family, and who had got all he could expect from the opinion of the medical men, resolved to break up his establishment in London for the season, return to Sundon Green, and await his wife there.

Thus the best pretext was afforded gratis to Lady Bell for sincerely assuring Sir Peter, with grateful mention of his hospitality, that he need not have any hesitation on her account. Her visit had already extended beyond its proposed limits. Mrs. Sundon was anxious for Lady Bell's return. Lady Bell herself was beginning to long to be out of the racket which had made a fine change, but which she did not affect for a continuance, and to be at home again and settled down quietly at Summerhill.

But first Lady Bell had to spend a few days at the village of Islington, with her old nurse at Lady Lucie Penruddock's.

The nurse's accommodation was so scanty, that Lady Bell could not take her maid. Lady Bell would come back to Cleveland Court to fetch the servant when Sir Peter had kindly arranged to send his old coachman to be their escort to Lumley, before the Sundons themselves went into the country.

Nothing could be more proper and obliging. In the mean time, Captain Fane had taken leave of his friends in town, and started for Portsmouth; but he journeyed by a roundabout road, and halted on the way.

Lady Bell did think that fate had been against her, when she was constrained to accomplish a second marriage, shorn like the first of state and splendour. But there was no help for it.

In the parish church of Islington, attended by her nurse, and given away by a friend of the nurse's, with the clerk and the pew-opener to serve as additional witnesses, early one stormy March morning, Lady Bell was lawfully married to Harry Fane.

CHAPTER XLI.—BACK AT SUMMERHILL.

It was like a dream to Lady Bell as she travelled back to Summerhill.

There passed in review before her like the shifting scenes of a dream her London season and its triumphs, the love which had taken her by storm in the middle of the world's vanities, the declaration of love after the play, the announcement on the Mall, of the arrival of Harry Fane's sailing orders, the visit to Islington, the hasty private marriage, and at last the wrench with which the bridegroom had torn himself from his bride.

Could it all have happened to Lady Bell, and was she really a new creature, belonging to another, bearing another name—his precious name, if the truth were known?

Or had she only awakened from a dream? The dream might have passed with the bleakness and storms, which were over and gone, while in their place had come the March of daffodils and bluebells ready to welcome her back to Summerhill.

Ah! no, Lady Bell was a new creature. Her heart was at the sea. These land charms had become stale, flat, and unpro-

fitable to her, since he was not there to share them. She would give them all willingly for a taste of the breeze, salt on her lips. Her eyes filled with tears, "idle tears," at the sight of a flock of curlews hovering over a waste and recalling to her sea-gulls skimming the waves. Her whole being seemed dissolving in yearning and longing for her lover and husband. Existence would not be worth having till he was restored to her.

But, in the first place, how was Lady Bell to present herself to her dear Mrs. Sundon?—how account for the transformation in her, to those penetrating eyes, and that wise, experienced heart, unless by confiding the truth to Mrs. Sundon? And, in that case, how was she to obtain forgiveness for the march which she had stolen on her friend?

Captain Fane had left Lady Bell free to take what friends she chose into the secret. It was on her account, rather than his, that a secret had been made.

Lady Bell had no thought but of telling the story to "Sunny" some time—long before Captain Fane's return.

But there was no question that the telling would call for an effort on Lady Bell's part, tell when she might. There would be more than a breach of confidence to receive forgiveness—more, even, than the assertion of Lady Bell's independence—there would be her subjugation to the powerful influence of another, which had superseded Mrs. Sundon's influence.

The deed was done, yet Lady Bell felt more unequal than ever to the sensation she would create; the remonstrances, useless though they must be, which she would raise, the reflections that might be cast on another, the offence that might be taken by a friend to whom she had not ceased to be warmly attached. In fact, instead of loving her neighbour less, because of the one great central human love, she seemed to grow specially tender to the wrongs and smarts of every human creature, all for one mortal man's dear sake.

Withal, the bashfulness of the acknowledged bride was quadrupled in the unacknowledged bride. True, Lady Bell had been married before, but that marriage had been altogether different—such a miserable travesty and poor mockery, that Lady Bell actually cried over the remembrance of her old self, and the dead Squire, for what they had defrauded each other of, and been defrauded of, many a time, during the first weeks of her marriage to Harry Fane.

It felt so strange to see Summerhill again. There was the dainty, slightly fantastic women's house and grounds exactly as she had left them, but surely with a failure in their qualities which she had not distinguished before.

The place presented the same want of shade and substance which Queen Elizabeth had specially requested might be made in her picture. And the traits of life at Summerhill had corresponded with Queen Elizabeth's idea that she and her maids should eat in private of the lightest and most refined viands, while the ladies left all that was solid and strong to the grosser appetites and needs of the gentlemen.

Everything at Summerhill was fresh and feminine to a degree; but there was a suspicion of flimsiness and make-believe in the very delicacy and over-abundance of knick-knacks, where two young women had kept house together, and sworn unalterable first friendship, presuming to turn the course of nature, like these sister figures away among the Welsh mountains.

To recognise Summerhill the same as she had left it, and yet to look on it with different eyes, knowing all the time that the difference lay in her own eyes, was a singular, half-remorseful experience to Lady Bell. She was almost glad that Mrs. Sundon did not hear the carriage-wheels and run out to meet her. There was only Caro in her nurse's arms at the door. It was a positive relief to see that Caro, quite in the course of nature, had grown by the addition of a few more months to her short lease of life, until there was some risk of her not knowing Caro, in addition to the apprehended risk of Caro's not knowing Lady Bell. There was comfort in finding that anybody, even Caro, had undergone a change, because of the tremendous change in Lady Bell, of which she was tremblingly conscious. She should be thankful when the meeting with her friend was over.

Lady Bell hurried, stumbling in her habit, into the bright little parlour, blindingly bright, and at the same time empty it looked, though it had the fine presence of Mrs. Sundon advancing to its threshold.

There were two little cries of "Bell," "Sunny," which had a rush of old familiar affection in their tones that meant kisses—perfectly hearty and sincere in their fondness, and a little laughter, with twinkled-away tears.

These tears seemed natural enough when Lady Bell was weary after an exciting journey, and Mrs. Sundon might be wearier still with



"LADY BELL."

Page 622.

waiting, with staying all alone, having had no cheerful young friend at hand to dissipate grievous memories.

It seemed to Lady Bell as if a cloud of anticipated awkwardness and indefinable constraint and distress had burst and vanished, as such clouds will sometimes vanish at the moment of contact. She had found again her indulgent, magnanimous Mrs. Sundon, on whose favour and generosity Lady Bell could throw herself confidently—only she would spare both her friend and herself in the first hours of their meeting.

When Lady Bell had composed herself to scrutinize and draw conclusions, it struck her with quick pain that Sunny was looking ill.

Mrs. Sundon wore an exceedingly simple muslin dress, with the tight sleeves ending in frills at the wrist, and falling over the hands, the neckerchief being surmounted with the same wide plaited frills, out of which rose the fair pillar of the throat, like the neck of a white heifer out of a garland.

But Lady Bell had never seen the grand womanly proportions brought nearer to the spareness of attenuation, while the face was almost wan in its colourlessness.

Clearly Mrs. Sundon had not been flourishing on keeping house alone; she had been wont to treat "nerves" and "vapours," regarded as bodily complaints, with lofty derision and condemnation; yet her own nerves were unstrung, for she continued, though she did not allow it in words, to be agitated by Lady Bell's arrival. There was a stir and quiver of Mrs. Sundon's features, as of a rock which had been disturbed and shaken, and could not at once regain its entire balance and firm quietude.

Lady Bell could not account for the involuntary disturbance and the striving in vain to overcome it, in her friend's expressive face, and in her cold passive hand, which shook sensibly in Lady Bell's feverish clasp, unless it were that Mrs. Sundon's health had become impaired.

If that were so, there must be laid to Lady Bell's charge, among other acts of wilfulness and indiscretion, an ungracious oversight—the friend who had been so good to Lady Bell had pined in her absence, and had been left to pine.

Or was it simply the disturbance in Lady Bell's own flushed face, the thrilling of her own pulses, which her morbid fancy and guilty conscience transferred to her poor abused friend?

No; here was an absent-minded, distrait woman, who had to assume an interest which she did not feel, in narratives that ought to have been, from her old familiarity with the scene, and her sisterly regard for the heroine, stimulating and engrossing in their effect upon the listener.

Lady Bell was conscious of this, while she sat chattering incessantly of all her different adventures, at the auctions and the routs, and was not once pulled up and brought to book by such searching cross-examination as the judge, jury, and counsel for the prosecution combined in the old Sunny, would have known well how to conduct.

Even when Lady Bell forced her tripping tongue to speak Captain Fane's name, while her eyes fell convicted, until their lashes rested on her cheeks dyed with burning blushes, she might have spared herself the trepidation and terror of instant discovery. Sunny's mind was wool-gathering, and she did not recall her scattered faculties to make a single observation.

Lady Bell would have begun to have a revulsion of feeling, and, from being chilled, would have been mortified had she not been alarmed.

As the day wore on, however, Lady Bell talked and talked her friend out of her stupor, and procured a measure of response in home news. These were but vapid concerns now to Lady Bell, but she was not going to betray her conviction of their vapidness.

Caro had cut ever so many teeth. The stubble chickens were ready for killing. The Spanish jasmine had survived the winter. The mayor and the good people of Lumley and Nutfield were all well, and—oh yes, Master Charles had got his colours, and was going up to town to practise drill with the awkward squad in the reserve of his regiment, before he joined the main body somewhere in the colonies—Mrs. Sundon had forgotten exactly where. No, she could not say that she was vastly sorry for Miss Kingscote, as the young fellow was fulfilling his calling, and going where duty and the prospect of promotion, whether it were by life or death, called him.

The last words, in answer to Lady Bell's sympathetic inquiry, were spoken so shortly as to remind Lady Bell that there was a worse end than that of death in Mrs. Sundon's experience.

CHAPTER XLII.—SECRETS AT SUMMERHILL.

At last the day came to an end.

Caro, with every other likely interruption,

was disposed of. Evening, with its atmosphere of peace and trust in such a home, descended on the jarring of cross purposes and the tenacity of individual cares.

The two young women, sitting at each side of their hearth, where the crackling leaping wood fire was acceptable, appeared to be under the strong necessity of growing confidential.

Lady Bell would open the ball. Before putting in a petition for those at sea in her prayers for the night, she would make her confession. After a conscious pause she said, suddenly—

"Sunny, I know you do not approve of secrets."

Mrs. Sundon started.

"When did I say there must be no secrets?" she asked sharply. "I should think there have been plenty of secrets where you and I were concerned, with regard to which the one has not interfered with the other."

Lady Bell was taken aback by the tone; but she was full of her own intended recital, which was so happy in its essence.

"Yes," she answered softly; "but these were old secrets before we knew each other, or before we were friends. Later, Sunny, you said there should be no secrets."

"I must have been an idiot to say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Sundon, still speaking abruptly, and with asperity. "Who can tell what a day or an hour may bring forth? In place of believing that there cannot be freedom of intercourse where secrets are suffered to exist, I believe that there cannot be real freedom where there must not be secrets. I say this, Lady Bell," proceeded Mrs. Sundon, more calmly, "that you may not be misled into telling me your secrets under the delusive impression that I shall return the compliment by telling you mine."

"I am not a child, to think of giving and taking secrets in that fashion," protested Lady Bell, feeling herself repulsed, and with her affection and dignity alike wounded. "I can keep my secrets—sure I would not force them on anybody," she said, with her heart swelling under conflicting emotions.

Lady Bell had a great longing to disburden herself to her friend, and be, as she fully believed, not blamed only, but made much of, cried over, wished joy over (as only an old servant had wished Lady Bell joy).

But she had also an importunate sense that the secret which Mrs. Sundon despised was not Lady Bell's alone, but his, who was worthy of all respect, because if their hastily-contracted marriage was a folly which he had committed, it was the first folly in him that she had heard of, and it had been committed for love of her.

She remembered that she had never made the faintest appeal to his sympathy in vain.

"At least, sleep on your secrets, Bell, dear. That will be the wisest plan," asserted Mrs. Sundon, yawning. "I have been keeping early hours since you went, and I am certain that you have need of rest."

Mrs. Sundon lit the bed-chamber candle with her own hand, and offered it and a kiss to Lady Bell, both of which she took rather coldly.

If Lady Bell was not a child to barter secrets, neither was she a child to be coaxed out of just surprise and indignation, and sent to bed as the fitting finale.

Mrs. Sundon's behaviour might arise from overmuch caution and scrupulous integrity; but it could hardly spring from an excess of friendship. Evidently she did not wish to receive the information which Lady Bell was so willing to bestow, either because she was doubtful of its nature, and might not know how to deal with it, or because she was not disposed to reciprocate it.

For the first time in the course of their friendship Lady Bell had reason to call Mrs. Sundon a little cold-hearted and hard. Accordingly, Lady Bell retreated to her room, holding up her head, and stepping out in dudgeon, the height of which certainly helped to qualify the disappointment; then went to bed and fell fast asleep, to dream brightly of Harry Fane.

Lady Bell awoke in the middle of the night and the darkness, to a half-sleepy perception of people moving about in the house, of doors opened and shut, of whispers in which a man's voice, though subdued, was still distinctly audible and conspicuous in a household of women (for the Summerhill man-servant slept in a loft outside). It was this voice which had mingled with and helped to shape Lady Bell's dreams. As Lady Bell became more widely awake she began to marvel and grow alarmed.

Why was not all the house at rest at the dead of night? Who was this man that was speaking to somebody in the room below, shuffling along the passage, and tampering with the bolts of the front door?

These were the days of daring robberies and brutal burglaries—on the highways, in shops, in private houses, especially in suburban houses, slightly guarded like Summerhill.

The absence of heavy plunder did not

avail. A servant girl, answering a knock at a door on a chain, had been dragged half way through the opening that her pocket might be cut away. A tradesman had been knocked down and left insensible, that the silver buckles might be taken from his shoes.

No dread of punishment deterred burglars from their prey. Every justice-court and assize, every cross-road and square before the county-town gaols abounded with the grisly fruit of such punishment, to no purpose as far as the putting down of crime was concerned. Some other means must be found before safety and peace took the place of insecurity and violence.

The news-prints of the next week might contain the account of the breaking into of



Page 621.

"Summerhill by Lumley," the residence of two ladies of distinction, a child, and their female servants, with whom the mistresses were rash enough to lodge alone.

The gang of lawless wretches who would commit the crime, might not have contented themselves with ransacking the house and making themselves masters of whatever money and articles of value it contained, which they could carry away, but in order to render their escape more secure, and to delay pursuit, might have murdered in their beds the poor women whom the "monsters" could not gag into helplessness.

The news-prints would contain the particulars, which would be studied by many readers with much the same attraction of horror which belongs in quieter times to the

sensational romance, deepened in this case by the impressive knowledge that not only the story was true, but that it might be the personal experience of any one of the readers before his or her life was ended. There might be a little special luxury of public indignation and pity, which in modern speech would be branded as snobbish, connected with the facts. These two murdered gentlewomen would not only be young, of great personal attractions, estimable in their way, with a peculiar interest attached to them from having retired from the great world of which they had been the ornaments to lead lives of simplicity, self-improvement, and beneficence.

Here and there a reader would recognise the names as those of familiar friends, and be startled and shocked for half a day or half an hour.

One reader many months hence might be struck to the heart, more effectually than by shot or shell.

But nobody, not even Captain Fane, would regard the revolting calamity as very wonderful or unprecedented in its occurrence.

These reflections, which have taken some time to write, flashed in a second across Lady Bell's mind, and curdled her warm blood. She lay trembling and listening for a few seconds longer, and then she sprang from her bed with an instinctive determination that she would not lie still and be murdered there; she would do something to save her life, for herself and her dear husband, far away, and unaware of her danger.

It might not be too late to rouse the house and scare the villains. Lady Bell felt about for her mantle, thrust her feet into slippers, slid open her door.

A stream of light fell across the lobby from a candle flaring on the first landing-place.

The thieves must be going about their work deliberately, but at least the illumination would serve to show Lady Bell her foes, and would give her courage to fly to Mrs. Sundon's room, which was at the end of the corridor.

What if Lady Bell found the door fastened?

The apprehension caused her to call out in trying the handle, "Let me in, Sunny, something is wrong; for God's sake let me in."

The handle turned, and Lady Bell, by her own impetuosity nearly falling headlong into the room, found it empty, and its bed empty.

Had Sunny been awakened first? Had she gone down and met her fate? The idea was enough to convulse Lady Bell with fresh horror, if it had not been that, simultaneously with this flight of her imagination, her senses conveyed to her the distinct impression that there were no marks of disturbance, on the part of the late occupant, in the room itself. A rushlight remained burning quietly; no clothes were pulled down at random and tossed about. There was not even a trace of the clothes which had been lately worn by Mrs. Sundon lying neatly folded and in their proper place.

It dawned upon Lady Bell that Mrs. Sundon had not undressed, and another instant's inspection added the evidence that the bed had not been slept in.

Lady Bell rubbed her eyes, bent her head, and listened. The clock in the parlour was at that moment striking two o'clock.

Lady Bell had not been wrong with regard to the hour, that it was the middle of the night, though she dismissed with thankfulness the one overwhelming fear of robbers.

But what was this watching for? Why had Sunny renounced her pointedly-mentioned habit of keeping early hours? Why was she not a-bed when she seemed courting sleep? Had she fallen asleep over a book, or taken a "turn," and fallen ill instead?

Lady Bell looked curiously over the banisters in time to see the house door, which must have been a-jar, pushed gently open, and Mrs. Sundon, with a shawl round her shoulders, a handkerchief tied over her head, and such a dark lantern as a conspirator might have carried in his hand, come in from the darkness and the night-dews.

At a slight movement—the creaking of a board,—Mrs. Sundon looked up and caught sight of a blooming face, recovered from its brief blanching, rosy with sleep, the eyes yet winking away the appalling visions which they had conjured up. The whole was set in a night-cap which seemed to reverse the usual arrangements of night-caps, for it was close under the round little chin, and had an aperture gathered together by an imposing bow and ends of muslin on the very top of the head.

Mrs. Sundon closed the slide of the lantern with a clink, reducing the lower lobby to darkness, and leaving Lady Bell in the character of "Peeping Tom," nowhere.

Mrs. Sundon came with unhesitating steps up-stairs, and taking the first word of scolding, accosted Lady Bell impatiently, scornfully, angrily.

"What on earth are you doing here at

this hour, Bell? Do you mean to rouse the house? Do you wish to catch your death of cold?"

"And what are you doing there, Sunny?" retorted Lady Bell. "Are you in the custom of keeping lights burning, and not going to bed, but taking walks in the middle of the night?"

"I knew I could not sleep," explained Mrs. Sundon curtly and haughtily, "somebody had told me that the nightingale was heard already, and that there were glow-worms to be seen in the lane just opposite our gate. I wished to try the truth of the story. I thought a mouthful of fresh air might compose me before I lay down. Where was the harm or the marvel? Back with you to bed, Bell, and don't stand shivering there."

Where was the harm and the marvel, indeed, except that nightingales don't ordinarily sing in March, or glow-worms keep delicate young women from their beds, and except in the change that had come over Sunny, which included in it all sorts of misgivings and anxieties.

CHAPTER XLIII.—MRS. SUNDON'S NEWS.

A SECOND refreshing sleep, and the broad, bright March morning light were potent as ever in dispelling Lady Bell's doubts and fears of the previous night.

When she went down to breakfast and found Mrs. Sundon, though looking somewhat worn in the clear searching sunshine, calmly open and kind as ever, Lady Bell was fain to tell herself that she had been morbid and fanciful, and that there could have been nothing in her friend's manner and actions on the previous night to bewilder and vex her.

As a culmination to every other morning cheer, Lady Bell had acquired a well-spring of happiness. Had she not Harry Fane? Was she not his? They might be parted for a longer time than she cared to reckon, but that did not annul facts. She had always him to think of; she was free, if ever woman were free, to think of this man, to cherish his image, till he was restored to her.

And the thinking of Harry Fane, with the full right and title to do so, even as he might be thinking of Lady Bell on the deck of his frigate, out at sea, was still so new a privilege, so unimpaired by the sickness of hope deferred, that it was very sweet to Lady Bell.

She strolled out into the grounds of Summerhill, to indulge in the privilege more at her ease, and with less danger of the thread of her reverie being broken.

Mingling pleasantly with the reverie, and fitting into it, without any conscious will of hers, was the notice which she gave, with a dreamy smile, to every bud and plant of her old sphere of operations in the walks, the wilderness, the floral knots.

She had not forgotten one of them, she was not unfaithful to them, but they were achievements of a past age, of another world.

What a child she had been, to be sure, when she was so taken up with these trifles! As if she were not a child yet, in her hopefulness, her fearlessness, especially when a happy thought entered into her meditative, ingenious brain, and she clasped hands with herself on the idea.

She would, with these busy little hands, trace out by a living, growing outline of fragrant herbs, thyme, mint, basil, the figure of a ship, the *Thunderbomb;* none but she would touch it, or, for that matter, understand its significance. Her hands would shape it, preserve it in shape, and keep it free from weeds, until *he* came back at last to take her to himself, when she would bring him here to this sequestered corner, and clasping his arm, show him her version of the *Thunderbomb*.

She would set about it this very moment, as the first beginning of the glad ending. Thus, though she was not provided with her garden gloves, apron, or basket, she would not wait till she had fetched them, but started energetically to collect her materials.

"Are you attempting something already, Bell, in this out-of-the-way corner?" asked Mrs. Sundon's full voice at Lady Bell's back.

"I am going to plant out the figure of a ship, Sunny," said Lady Bell, stopping short and turning round, panting and glowing from her exertions.

Surely the moment of explanation had come, for the next question, which Lady Bell alike wished and dreaded, must be, "Why, a ship, my water-nymph?"

But the question was not put; instead of putting it, Mrs. Sundon laid her hand on Lady Bell's shoulder, and said with a sigh, "I am sorry to interrupt you, my dear, when you are so agreeably occupied, but there is something which I should like to say to you."

Lady Bell dropped the herbs which she had been carrying surreptitiously in her lap, shook herself free from the particles of earth that she had contracted, stood upright, and prepared resignedly to stroll with Sunny and hear what she had to say, in place of Lady Bell telling her own, dear, delightful, if naughty, story.

"Bell," continued Mrs. Sundon, with a perceptible effort, "I said last night that there must be secrets between even the best friends. I have been thinking over the matter since, and there is one thing which I cannot bring myself to keep from you. When have you last heard of your uncle, Mr. Godwin of St. Bevis's?"

Lady Bell stood still, staring. Was the secret—her secret—finding its way out after all, but in a roundabout, annoying fashion, of which she did not approve?

"I saw Squire Godwin when I was in town, just before—" she broke off, changing colour, to ask quickly, "Have you heard from him? Has he been here?"

"No, child; what should bring him here?" replied Mrs. Sundon with a shiver; then she demanded peremptorily, with a little choking catch of her breath, "Tell me, Bell, for pity's sake, precisely when you saw your uncle last?"

"It was two nights before I went to visit my old nurse at Islington," replied Lady Bell wondering, but released from much personal interest in the subject; "I was four days at Islington, one day in London, and two more in coming down here; I declare it seems a long time in looking back, so much may happen in ten days. But it is not above ten days by the sun since I said good day to Mr. Godwin in Cleveland Court."

"Not more! It is too long as it is," muttered Mrs. Sundon, pressing her lips together; "of course, an old story; I was gone wild to fancy for a second that the meeting could have been later. Bell," Mrs. Sundon went on quickly, in answer to the speculation in Lady Bell's eyes, "it is painful for me to tell you the bad news which I know for a certainty; your uncle came by his death in a scuffle in a gambling-house in St. James's, within the last six days."

Lady Bell was rooted to the spot. "What an end!" she said with a gasp. "He was not kind to me," she admitted plaintively, mourning for the want of the power of mourning; "but he did me a kindness on that last occasion, poor Uncle Godwin!"

"Yes, Bell, be sorry for him if you can; it is a miserable fate. But Squire Godwin was spared a greater misery," cried Mrs. Sundon, in a voice shrill with anguish, "he might have been the slayer and not the slain, as another is, and that is Gregory Sundon, pierced by whose rapier your uncle fell."

The words had barely passed the shrinking lips, when Lady Bell was hanging on Mrs. Sundon's neck.

"We could not help it, Sunny; it can make no difference to us," said Lady Bell.

"No difference! Bell, Bell, it is little you know," moaned Mrs. Sundon.

"What will become of Mrs. Die and Mrs. Kitty?" said Lady Bell, after a moment's sorrowful recollection.

"They are provided for," answered Mrs. Sundon promptly, "you may rely on that. I believe even the heir of entail of what is left of the estates, will suffer them to stay on in the ruined shell of the house, which neither he nor any other man will re-build."

"Ought I to go to them?" asked Lady Bell timidly, struggling with repugnance.

"I think not," Mrs. Sundon decided for her friend; "you could do them no good, and they could do you none; where would be the use, Bell? But I am thinking of giving up my share of Summerhill, shortly," she seized the opportunity to make an unsuspected announcement, speaking rapidly, while the meaning under her words was not plain, and her motives, only partially expressed, sounded forced and inadequate.

Her trouble was too much for her, though she could keep it under to judge for a friend.

"I shall be sorry to put you to inconvenience or cause you regret, just when you have come back, too," Mrs. Sundon told Lady Bell, "but I have not been well of late. The truth is, I doubt whether we are altogether right in burying ourselves. Caro's education will soon need to be considered. In short, my dear Lady Bell, I have made up my mind to go up to town, and take lodgings there for a time."

Once more Lady Bell was taken aback; she had sustained a succession of surprises.

She looked round her on the peaceful retreat where Captain Fane would picture her; she even thought of her floral ship just planned, and the first slips of the edging set.

Lady Bell was not certain that Mrs. Sundon was acting with all the candour and consideration which Lady Bell might have expected from her friend, in thus arriving at an apparently fixed conclusion without previous reference to and consultation with the joint householder of Summerhill.

But the poor soul was in great grief through her wretched husband.

What did it signify where Lady Bell lived while Harry Fane was absent? Nay, it was in town that she would soonest hear from the seat of war of squadrons and frigates.

It was in town that Lady Bell's acquaintance with Harry Fane had its rise, progress, and completion.

In the sequel of such a story localities are apt to be viewed in one of two lights: either places become unbearable as reminding the actor too vividly of lost joys, or the same places are invested with a new, peculiarly tender interest, and are clung to because of the very memories which this tree, or that turn of the road, is capable of arousing.

In the last case the hope of restoration is paramount; the strong sorrow of separation is both a youthful sorrow and a recent sorrow, and is not without an indescribable charm of its own.

This was true of Lady Bell as she decided that she would like to go back to town. She would like above all things to be within hail of the Admiralty, and some of the admirals' wives, who were on her visiting list; she would also prize being in the vicinity of the Mall of St. James's, the play-houses, the exhibitions, the Pantheon, with the power of visiting them all again.

Lady Bell heard Mrs. Sundon saying, half-eagerly, half-sorrowfully, "You may make the same arrangement with some other friends and go to them."

"Why, Sunny, what are you thinking of?" cried Lady Bell excitedly, "are you tired of me? Do you want to get rid of me, and cast me adrift on the world?"

"No, no, Bell," denied Mrs. Sundon faintly.

"Are you not aware that town and country are the same to me; for that matter, I've grown so shockingly dissipated in one season that I think on the whole I shall prefer the town if you and Caro are there. Do you forget all we've been to each other? or are you so unjust and unkind as to imagine that a horrible accident which, if I may say so, only fills me with pity and endears you to me the more, can part us?"

"I can only thank you, child," said Mrs. Sundon.

"I have no friend one hundredth part so near and dear to whom I could go. Should I return to Miss Kingscote, do you think?" suggested Lady Bell, her lively mind taking stock of all kinds of probabilities, "when I could not abide the prospect without the solace of Master Charles's company? Yes, indeed, Sunny, I could not have stood the dear, dull, rough, old soul alone before, and that when I had not another refuge or a crown in my pocket. If the war were over, indeed, and all the brave men engaged in it were returned"—Lady Bell paused. In spite of the shock which she had received, her eyes glittered with softest dew, her lips formed themselves into a smile of the gladdest anticipation, for a third time the secret hung trembling on her lips.

But again Mrs. Sundon interposed and closed anew the tender bars. She was gazing at the warm, rosy light in Lady Bell's face, contrasted as it was with the chill, grey shadow on her own. She looked as if she saw the contrast. Perhaps at the moment she could not bear to have the opposite fortunes of herself and her friend shown her in detail. Mrs. Sundon was not the woman in the state of mind to listen to a happy love tale.

Lady Bell was young in heart, beside her friend, who was young only in years. Lady Bell did not know many things and had forgotten others. It was not seemly to bring her joy to be returned thanks for by her friend while in mortal sorrow, or that the wine of life bubbling up in the one full cup should be caused to overflow into that other cup in which were rue and wormwood, and the dregs of God's wrath, wrung out.

Mrs. Sundon turned into the merest fragmentary hint the narrative which Lady Bell had such a mind to tell by interposing, catching up and making her own of its introductory sentences.

"When the war is over, some fortunate man, who has met his fate and whose fate has met him, will wreath his sword in myrtle and take up house with my Bell," said Mrs. Sundon gently but unsteadily. "We shall leave the particulars till he come to make them clear. Life is so full of uncertainties—no, I did not mean to frighten you, child. But if you care to stay with me still, to put up with a poor, tried, broken woman, I promise you I shall do the best I can for my dear Bell."

"I am pure certain you will, Sunny," answered Lady Bell affectionately, recovering the faster from the chagrin of having her confidence persistently rejected, because she was already recollecting, and taking shame to herself for the inopportune moment which she had chosen for offering her confidence.

Lady Bell shrank from asking Mrs. Sundon how she had learned the lamentable catastrophe; whether from the journals or a town letter, and from going into the details; with what had become of Mr. Sundon, whether he was in hiding or had succeeded in effecting his escape. Of this Lady Bell had no doubt, the unhappy affair would be hushed up like other broils of a similar description. It concerned too many people of position for its exposure to be sanctioned.

MORE HUNGARIAN LEGENDS.

I. BIRDIES, WHITHER ARE YOU FLYING?

"YOU are sleepy, my sweet ones, your eyelids are closing," says Earth to the Flowers. "Lie down upon the soft, warm couch I have prepared for you, and I will cover you with a beautiful white coverlet, all sparkling with diamonds. The wind blows coldly, the leaves of the trees are falling fast, and even Heaven slips into its warm grey cloak—lie down."

But the little Flowers are naughty, they will not obey their good mamma's bidding, and they shake their lovely little heads and laugh at her earnest prayer, not heeding the beautiful leaves of their brilliant garments which drop off and fall shrivelled and faded to the ground. But now mamma gets angry, she no more begs, but draws them down, down to her loving breast, and lo—they have disappeared. Also the old Oak far off in the forest. Which old Oak? There are so many oaks in the forest, how shall we ever know one from the other?

I will tell you how. My old Oak looks not so very old as other trees of his age; he looks rather too juvenile for an old bachelor, and too merry for a being of his great importance. He is really the nicest old tree I ever saw, rather too fat, but his fatness, which would be ridiculous in others, even adds to the respectability of his appearance.

Mrs. Owl, the housekeeper, would bestow a complacent smile upon this my description. Don't you know Mrs. Owl? Mrs. Owl, who has been the old bachelor's companion for many many years, is a lady entirely adapted to her station, a lady who carries the respectability of fatness to a yet higher degree than even her most venerable master. We can take it for granted, that the old Oak could have won many another, perhaps more dashing and amiable creature to keep him company, but he wisely preferred to engage somebody exactly suited to his age and to his habits, having learned by experience that a young and lively bird-lady never would have kept his house so scrupulously clean, and besides, would have flirted with every tree of the neighbourhood and with every bird, old or young, which would have paid a visit to his branches. Mrs. Owl, on the contrary, was a pattern of virtue and propriety; she had never flirted in her life, and avoided even the presence of those rascals of Sunrays, which used to play tricks on the good old tree, a circumstance that excited the indignation of Mrs. Owl to such a degree, that she contracted the habit of going out only at night.

Now that we have sufficiently described the two principal persons of our narrative, we will proceed to the subject.

Well, even the trees of the old Oak in the forest were withering. Mrs. Owl rejoiced in the frequent absence of her malicious little enemies the Sunrays, in consequence of which the forest became every day more sad and more gloomy. Only once more the merry warbling of birds sounded from its trees—on the day of the last meeting, as a farewell for a long time.

The whole company met as usual upon the good old Oak, with Mrs. Owl as their president. She sat quite comfortable upon the thickest branch, in a plain brown gown, surmounted by an enormous grey cap, without which nobody had ever seen her. It would have been impossible to say that her features were bad, except perhaps the round rolling eyes with the big yellow spectacles, the crooked nose, and the enormous mouth which moved continually. The other parts of her face were covered by her cap, but we fondly hope, that those at least were prettier than the above mentioned ones.

But this is no business of ours, we have only to state that Mrs. Owl was sitting upon the thickest branch, surrounded by her most distinguished guests, for instance, Nightingales, Larks, Swallows, Sparrows (of the higher mercantile line), and Storks. Less important persons covered the lower branches, and those chirped and warbled with as much noise as if they were in a real House of Parliament, discussing the happiness of a country, and abusing one another under this most solemn pretence. By degrees the House of Lords, as Mrs. Owl used to call her society, was moved by the animation of the others, and the debate became sharper as is becoming for individuals of their distinction. We must at least own, that the subject which had the power to rouse the passions of the whole assembly even to fierceness, was an important one, especially for birds; they had to point out the country in which they would spend the cold season of this year. Of course it was impossible to agree.

"I will go to Shiraz," said the Nightingale, "into the land where rose-trees are blooming under the bluest sky, where birds are breathing love with the perfumed air of the country,

where we gather our songs from the lips of the roses, whose every kiss is an immortal melody!"

"Pshaw!" said the Swallow, with a contemptuous glance. "It is not there the eternal Sunray glows. Far away, behind the snowy tops of the Pyrenees, there is a land. Its mighty forests are glowing with golden fruits, its fields are covered with purple flowers, bearing deep in their chalice a secret of passion, of love, of oblivion—there I shall fly."

"Nonsense!" said the Sparrow, yawning at the Swallow's poetical description, and complacently stroking his fat stomach, like a real old merchant as he was. "Nonsense! Why don't you stay at home, as I do! What business of yours is it to leave your nests, to stroll about in the world and to spend your money abroad? I am never better off than in winter time; there in that great farmhouse on the other side of the way, I get to eat and to drink, and when it is too cold for exertion, I creep into a snug and warm haystack and sleep a great deal better than in summer upon a tree."

"Contemptible, mean creature!" cried the Lark. "Dare not to think us thy equals, because thou too hast got wings and a voice to chirp thy dirty opinions! No, we are of a different mould! None of us will ever forget life's great and holy aims, in ignorance and comfort as thou and thy set. We others, we have something better to live for, a grand, a beautiful vocation—it is song, it is poetry! Our home is not here, it is nowhere upon earth; our home is the air, the high blue sky, with the eternal lights, gleaming on its eternal vaults—and who can sing when above his home dark clouds begin to gather, when the bright hopes of his country fall faded to the ground? I will fly through the deserts of Arabia, into a green oasis."

"You have gone stark mad, all of you," cried the Stork, furiously jumping on one leg as is the Stork's habit, when excited. "Everybody knows, that the only country for a reasonable being to spend the cold season in, is India, the home of the lotos and the aloe. You will all perish before next spring; but it will serve you right, you unpractical, romantic blockheads!"

After this most unparliamentary speech, they all bowed to their beautiful hostess, their tails waved a gracious farewell, and off they went—one to the right, the other to the left, convinced in their innermost hearts, that they never would meet again.

* * * *

Winter had passed—the trees in the great forest awoke and were covered again by luxuriant fresh foliage; the little flowers left their warm nursery for the open field, the brilliant garden, and one gay spring day the birds met again upon the good old tree, to the undisguised astonishment of the Stork, who could not believe his eyes, when he saw his unpractical, romantic companions, alive and healthy, in spite of his very dark and lugubrious predictions. The good old Oak had a friendly nod and a kind word for everybody, and the young people resumed their accustomed seats upon his branches, after having bowed in a stiff and rather too formal way to Mrs. Owl, who was used to such tokens of the overwhelming respect she had the gift to inspire, instead of those very vulgar tender emotions, other bird-ladies had the shameful impudence to awaken in the breasts of the young scapegraces present.

"So you have returned after all!" said one to the other. "But have you not met with many a fearful accident on the foolish journey you undertook?"

"Not at all," said the Nightingale. "I have been where the long tresses of the Circassian beauties look radiant in the glowing light of an oriental sun, where men walk upon soft carpets of roses, where the stings of fate and the stings of thorns are lost amidst perfume and enjoyment. I looked into the shady bower—there was love! I peeped through the purple curtain of the chieftain's tent—there was love! I sung near the cottage of the peasant—there was love! I have been in the home of love and of roses—in beautiful Shiraz!"

"I have seen the pale Sennora going to church one sunny Sunday," said the Swallow. "Her black tresses were covered with a white veil, and her lustrous eyes bent upon the prayer-book in her little hands. It was night—the moon shone upon a white mansion and the marble fountain in the lofty hall. Hush! there is a white figure standing on the balcony. It is the pale Sennora, bending her unveiled face to a dark figure below, and listening, listening. She does not see the heavy curtains of her window stir, and a beautiful, manly face, with deep set, burning eyes, looking out of it, and at her, with a look, oh so sorrowful, so threatening. She does not see it, she is listening, listening with her whole soul in her radiant eyes—to the false vows below, to the false song that will make her wretched. I have been in the land where I always saw true love betrayed—in Spain."

"I have been where the sun throws his rays upon the immensity of the desert!" said the Lark. "I saw the Arabian upon his small swift horse. He rode on in full speed, a slender figure sat before him on the saddle, whose white arms were thrown round his neck, whose black hair was flying in the glowing wind. The setting sun shed a blood-red light upon the dark horizon of the plain—was it that light, which made the earth so red, where motionless and rigid lay the pale Arabian and his faithful horse? The white figure had vanished. Far from the spot, a troop of merchants made their way towards the sainted walls of Mekka—there, upon the back of the camels in purple tents were hidden their wares, more costly than the jewels of Golkonda. Something white may be seen fluttering out of the last tent; is it not the veil of the captive beauty which tries to fly back to the dead warrior's unknown grave? I have been in the land where love is brought to market, and merchants do not shrink to deal with such frail ware—in Turkey and Arabia."

"I have seen the bajadere dancing upon the rich green turf!" said the Stork. "I have soared in a cloud of incense near the blue waves of the holy river—and I have seen the altar above which it gathered. It was a funeral pile of sandalwood, surrounded by a circle of burning torches, and cries of joy, melodies of triumph filled the air. The smoke became denser, the flames flashed up in purple fire, and shed a glorious light upon the group on the pile—a vivid picture of life and death. There, upon a couch of flowers lay the hideous corpse of a Hindoo, and at his side on her knees, a beautiful woman, with flashing eyes, her radiant eyes lifted to heaven, her bridal dress all covered with roses! I have been where the eternal conflict between human customs and the laws of nature will never be ended—in India."

The fat Sparrow, who had interrupted the poetical descriptions of his companions, by many a yawn, greeted the last words of the Stork with a sigh of relief. "Now, after having wandered over half the world," said he at last, "you will stay at home and build your nests as other reasonable birds do. What was the use of it after all? Am I not better off with my nest already prepared for the winter, and was I not right to keep my own counsel and to spend the winter in my snug little lodging?"

"You were right after your own fashion," chimed in Mrs. Owl, with a wise glittering of her spectacles—because wisdom was her share of beauty, hidden under the brown feathers of her ugly cap. "Each one has a different temper and inclinations, and everybody may be happy and unhappy after his own fashion. But your companions have decidedly the advantage of having seen the world, having acquired experience, and of having lost through this that limited manner of thinking which sticks to all those who have never ventured to leave their nests."

This said, Mrs. Owl nodded to the company, and the young folks fled away, to build their nests and to sing their adventures to the other trees of the forest. Have they learned by experience, or will the next session of the parliament be the scene of violent controversies? I don't know. But I will ask the old Oak in the forest, and write you his answer.

STEPHANIE WOHL.

Buda Pest.

THE YOUNG ARTIST'S DREAM.

(MEDIÆVAL.)

I FAIN would grow to be a man,
And paint, if any mortal can,
The Virgin Mother, sad and sweet,
St. John, an infant, at her feet:

And on her knees, the Holy Child,
With looks of love and pity mild;
The golden glory round Him spread,
The white dove hovering o'er His head.

And bright as spring the hues should glow,
My love for Jesus burning through;
My daily work would be a prayer,
And God be with me everywhere.

What rapture when the work were done,
If haply it such praise hath won,
That men may deem it fit to grace
Some humble niche of holy place!

I will not covet gold or fame,
And none need know the painter's name;
Enough of recompense 'twould be,
If some sad hearts were cheered by me!

Or if one careless soul should stay,
Until his coldness passed away,
And worship in a better mood,
Not God alone, but all Things Good!

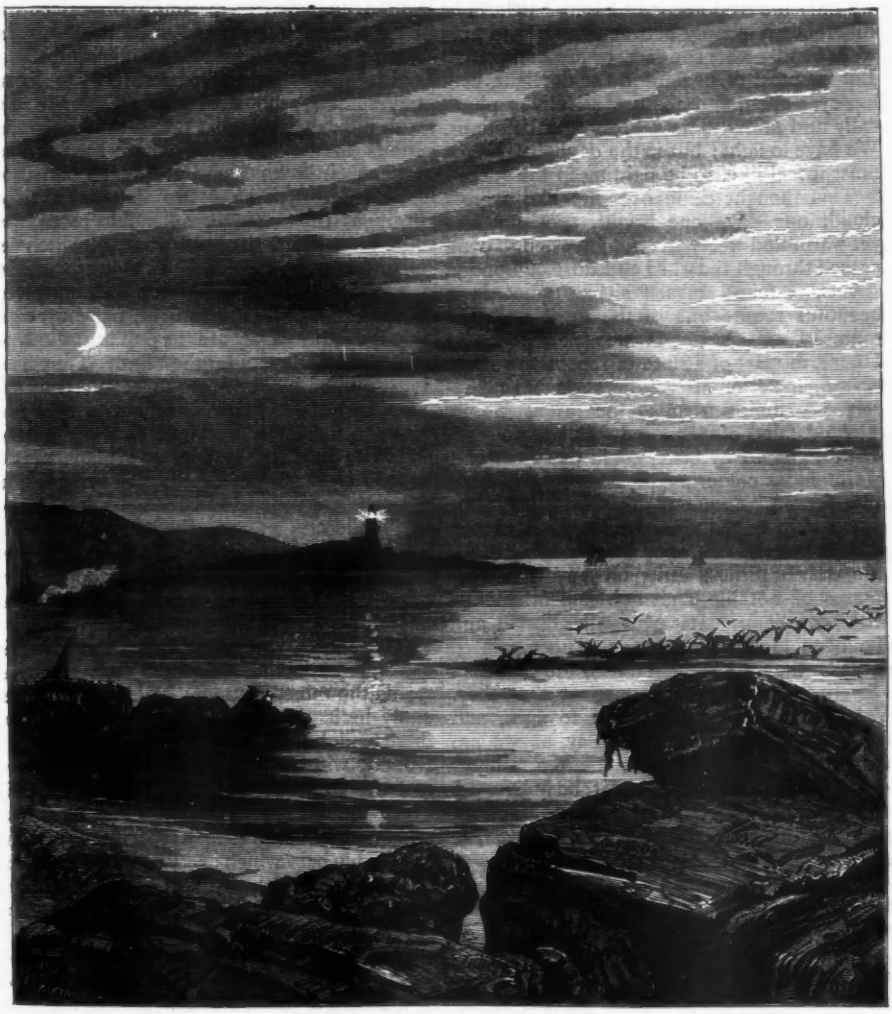
M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

UNDER THE LIGHTHOUSE.

WE sat and we watched the sun going down
In a glory behind the sea;
Below us lay harbour and pier and town,
And his ship beside the quay.

And I, "Oh, how many, many a time,
I shall come up here all alone!
Up here, to the lighthouse-wall I shall climb,
And sit on the selfsame stone.

"And watch and wait, till my eyes are dim,
To see you sail over the bar,
And strain mine eyes to yon utmost rim—
I shall know you, never so far!"



And, "What will you do," said my love to me,
"If you watch for my ship in vain?
Or I should come home no more from the sea,
Though my ship cross the bar again?"

I looked in his eyes, and I felt so strong;
And I said, with a steadfast smile,
"I do not fear that the time would seem long,
If I thought of you all the while.

"And, oh, I would rather I watched in vain,
And that you came home no more,
Than you should sail over the bar again,
And I not stand on the shore!

"For what would you do, if you looked for me,
And they told you I was dead?"
Chill, chill, the wind stole in from the sea;
And never a word he said.

M. A. M. H.

FIGHTING IN THE DARK.

By the AUTHOR of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

"I was ever a fighter. So—one fight more.
The last—and the best."

Robert Browning.

AY, until that "last and best" fight, to which we all look forward, life is, as we only too well know, one long battle. The difference is simply between those who fight well, or ill—who conquer, or are conquered. But we most of us fight in the daylight, with our eyes open, our faculties all alive; physically and morally, we see our way before us. We have to fight; but in the daylight. What must it feel like, to be fighting in the dark?

This thought came over me like a great cloud, one day—one bright, sunshiny, and yet warm and weary May-day—when, having passed through the whirl and dust of London streets, I found myself sitting quiet in a beautiful room—one of the most beautiful rooms I ever saw. It was at Grosvenor House, the last of a suite of reception-rooms, where generation after generation have "received" their friends—the rich, noble, talented, fair—of the period. Everything that wealth, guided by taste, could do, was done. Harmonious colouring, pleasant forms, above all a certain antique dignity and grace, gave a soul even to the mere furniture. Over the carpets you saw in fancy the sweeping trains of stately beauties; sitting on the chairs were figures of notable and noble gentlemen—wits, courtiers, statesmen—all ghosts; and had been ghosts for centuries! Those painted faces on the walls—the Titians, the Rubens's—were infinitely more permanent than they. Yet all had had their battle to fight, and fought it, each in his little day, as we are fighting now. During this idle ten minutes—as rare in mine as in most busy lives—I sat and pondered; then, since it does no good to dig into the grave of the past, I turned and looked about me.

This splendid room—oh how pleasant it must be to live in such rooms, which supply a continual feast to eye and imagination—has been emptied of most of its furniture, and a scarlet-covered low platform erected in it, whereon are placed two grand pianos, with a table and chairs. Other chairs are arranged in rows, filling up all the available space. On these chairs gradually gather a number of well-dressed people, brilliant in all the colours of the rainbow—no, of the modiste! for the innocent "primary colours" in which Nature delights are quite out of fashion this year. Instead, we have an endless variety of faded and neutral tints, said to be artistic, but just a trifle dull; and here and there, where unguided taste simply obeys the milliner, one beholds, as now, all sorts of startling contrasts and abominable combinations.

Little matter this, however, to some new-comers who are passing, slowly and with difficulty, between the lines of occupied chairs to the platform: young men, young women, little boys and girls, each one carefully led, or perhaps two led at a time, through the strange, splendid room, the strangeness and the splendours of which are alike lost upon them. For these are they of whom I was thinking—who, like ourselves, have their life's battle to fight, but must fight it in the dark. They are the pupils of the Normal Musical School for the Blind. They have been invited by the Marquis of Westminster to a sort of afternoon meeting, to which he has also invited a few hundred more guests, in order that the system and plans of the school may be explained, the progress of the scholars shown, and means taken to try and collect £25,000, wherewith to build a new College, instead of the three small houses in Paxton Terrace, Upper Norwood, where the establishment has been located since its beginning, a year and a half ago.

These facts, with a few more, the Marquis states, after having welcomed in a few brief words the mixed company to his house, especially indicating, in a graceful manner, that there will be no "sending round the hat." Nobody will be asked to give, only to listen, and afterwards to judge how far the object is worthy of, not charity—the College from first to last disclaims being a charity—but that reasonable help which every community ought in duty to extend to those of its members whom, for no fault of their own, Providence has hindered from helping themselves.

He is not a speech-maker—this kindly-looking, simple-mannered gentleman, said to be the richest peer in England—but what he does say is said with good taste, good feeling, a wise brevity, and above all, with a complete absence of the patronising air which even good men are prone to when doing a benevolent action. He pleads the cause of his blind guests—the true scriptural guests who "cannot repay thee"—with an earnest common sense that would have done credit

to any man of business; tells how, somewhat under two years ago, Mr. F. G. Campbell, an educated blind gentleman, holding office in the Perkins Institute, Boston, United States, came over here, in order to bring eastward the improved system of education in the west; how his aim was—not to compete with existing institutions, but to add to them one which has never been attempted here, a school where those who have the strong musical faculty which nature, tender in compensations, so often gives to the blind, may be educated as piano-tuners, organists, and scientific musicians; where also other pupils, who show any special talent, may receive an education such as has been given to the blind in America and France, with results so satisfactory that 50 per cent. of that class, who with us—and we have 30,000 of them—remain helpless objects of charity, are in these other countries able to earn their own living by their own industry; an end which, if he only knew—and we felt half sorry for this good Marquis in that he did not know—how sweetest of all bread tastes the bread which is earned, is the most desirable aim for every human being.

He finished his speech, listened to with due attention by the full room, and by his own wife and children, sitting just below him. I saw her years upon years ago, driving a pony-carriage through Trentham Park—the lovely little girl whom Landseer had just painted—and I recognised at once the changed, matronly, but still beautiful face. Evidently she took the warmest interest in the whole proceedings.

Sir Rutherford Alcock, the treasurer of the College, and one of its most energetic supporters, followed. So did the Honourable William Ashley, both speaking in the same practical tone; not taking any sentimental view of the subject, but simply arguing from the obvious premises, that since society must have inevitably a certain number of the helpless blind to support, it would be wiser for the community, and tenfold happier for themselves, to spend the same amount of money that must be spent to maintain them useless, in making them—or as many of them as can be made—useful and self-dependent. This, Mr. Campbell seems to have a remarkable power of doing. His school has, in little more than a year, become filled to overflowing, even though each pupil pays £60 per annum. Every week hopeless applicants have to be sent away, while the accommodation for those retained is far too narrow for either health or comfort. The system, in its general working, the treasurer said, was open for the inspection of anybody; but some of its results were now attempted to be shown.

At Mr. Campbell's summons there rose up a semicircle of blind faces, deeply pathetic in their apparent unconsciousness of being looked at, or of furnishing anything sad to behold. The most of them were exceedingly placid, and even cheerful faces, nothing at all painful about them; and when they began to sing—a chorale of Bach's—their intense enjoyment of the music they were creating was quite refreshing to see. (How one keeps saying "We see," "We perceive," quite unable to comprehend what perpetual darkness, alas! must be.) They were all of what is termed the "better" classes, neatly and tastefully dressed; the girls with bright coloured ribbons in their hair, of the colours of which they themselves can form no conception. Many of the faces were highly intelligent, and vividly alive with that fearless expression of feeling which we, who see and are seen, learn to disguise or conceal. They sang with all their hearts, and they sang exceedingly well. Not by ear, as might have been imagined, but by a scientific system of notation; which, aided by the wonderful memory which the blind almost always possess, enabled them to read and execute the most difficult music, vocal and instrumental.

After this came an object lesson, chiefly botanical, and a geography class, when a little blind boy felt his way over an embossed globe to the Indies and back, describing each port he touched at, and what merchandise he bought there, in the clearest and cleverest manner—coming home viâ Marseilles, where Mr. Campbell stopped him to ask what country that town belonged to, and who was the present President thereof. "Marshal Macmahon!" answered the boy promptly, which produced a murmur of applause, as the Marshal had only assumed his dangerous dignity about twenty-four hours. But this little incident proved, in a quite fortuitous way, how intelligently the pupils are taught, made to comprehend and apply what they learn, besides being kept *en rapport* with all that is going on in the busy outside world.

Then there was led forward a little girl, a small creature of six or so, evidently the pet of the establishment. In passing, she knocked down a heap of books. The Marquis sprang from his chair, picked them all up, and the little girl too, and placed her safe on the music-stool, where, with another bigger girl,

she played a duet in a manner quite remarkable for pupils who a year ago did not know a note of music. And she sang too, in her clear babyish treble, a pretty song about "I love the merry sunshine—it makes the earth so gay." Watching her bright, contented face the while, one felt what a ray of actual sunshine was being poured in already upon this dark young life, that otherwise might have gone darkling to the end. After the child's song, the applause was faint; but looking round, I saw tears in the eyes of more than one fashionable dame—more perhaps than she was accustomed to shed at the Opera.

There was another exceedingly interesting solo singer, a young girl not out of her teens, who had one of the loveliest soprano voices I ever heard. The expression with which she gave "Mother, O sing me to rest," and Tennyson's "Sweet and low, sweet and low, wind of the western sea," showed that, with proper cultivation, a public singer of very high order might be made of this poor blind girl. Poor! said I? As she stood, with a faint added colour on her cheek and a slight tremble in some of her notes, until she forgot herself entirely, and sang out of her peaceful darkness as easily and contentedly as a nightingale singing out of a midnight wood, you hardly felt that she was to be pitied at all—the happy musician, to whom nature had made so great amends for what she had lost.

Indeed, pity was the last feeling excited, or meant to be excited, by this afternoon's doings. After an arithmetical lesson—quite bewildering in the rapidity with which teachers and pupils went through, in their heads, the most abstruse calculations—Mr. Campbell rose to speak. Every eye was fixed upon him—this brave blind man, who had originated and carried out so much. I wish I could give his face, which he himself will never see; very "American," but the finest type of American face. Keen, spare, shrewd; at once humorous and kindly. Clearly, an energetic fighter, a man of one idea, whom nothing will turn aside from his purpose till he has carried it out. The more so as his idea, and not himself, is always foremost. He is one of the very rare instances of an enthusiast not an egotist.

He spoke entirely of his work, passing himself over in a single sentence. "For me, I have been blind from childhood. I was a poor man's son. When all the education I could get was finished, I found it utterly inadequate to help me to make my way in the world. I determined I would make my way, and assist others to do it; and I have managed this, somehow."

Such, so far as I can remember them, were his words. The simple pathos of "I have managed it, somehow," with all therein implied, was indescribable. We fighters—often so terribly weary, even under God's blessed daylight—can understand what it must have been thus to go fighting on, in the dark.

Nevertheless, not one word of complaint, not one cry for compassion, either for himself or his fellows. "Do not pity us," was the burden of all he said; "do not pity us, but help us, and teach us how we may best help ourselves." To make the blind as independent as possible—to show that, though one sense is gone, there is infinite opportunity for usefulness and happiness in the four others that are left—that was the aim of all his teaching, and his pleading for the wherewithal to carry out that teaching. As he spoke, with an earnestness that now and then rose to absolute eloquence, for himself and his pupils, you could perceive, by the faces of the young men, how they echoed him in their hearts; while among several of the young women, great tears came tumbling down from eyes which, though they could not see, could still weep.

I wondered what the audience thought of it all—those fashionable ladies and gentlemen, caught in the very height of their London season, and suddenly placed face to face with an aspect of life, to them certainly not an everyday view. They, who are supposed neither to toil nor spin, brought opposite to these toilers—toiling on through difficulties hard enough for us who see, but to them, in their darkness, almost insurmountable. Yet they can and do surmount them, as the sight of Mr. Campbell and several of his teachers, totally blind, like himself, yet working out a most useful and cheerful life, was enough to show.

I wondered, would any of these young fashionables, going home to dress for dinner, pause to consider whether that Indian shawl, or diamond ring, or box at the Opera, might not be dispensed with for once, and the money applied to teach some blind boy or girl, for half a year, how to earn his or her own bread, rather than eat the bitter bread of charity?

After various performances, musical and otherwise, five o'clock came, and the meeting ended with a vote of thanks to the Marquis for his hospitality—thanks well deserved. True, the entertainment would cost him nothing, or what to him was next to nothing,

except that which rich people do not always give—time, thought, and trouble. Therefore, when I, with the other three or four hundred of the invited public, had taken our innocent cup of afternoon tea (out of such dainty china!) in the next room, I was pleased to see, in the room beyond, a long table, spread with all sorts of solid delicacies. How the young blind folks would enjoy them! What a feast they would have, down to that smallest little girl, and for how long would they not remember the treat! No wonder that (as I afterwards heard) one of the little boys said enthusiastically, when he got home, "I love the Marquis! He is the best gentleman I ever knew—except my father!" If I were the Marquis, I think I should have felt quite proud.

Before the Grosvenor House party separated, Mr. Campbell had announced that there would be a public meeting, presided at by the Lord Mayor, on the 30th June, for the furtherance of the same end—viz., to try and collect that £25,000 for the erection of the College, the site being promised, and he having, wonderful to say, himself drawn out the plans. So, a few weeks after, I found myself in the full whirl of City life, utterly confused by the noise and bustle of the streets, and obliged to inquire, with sad humiliation, "the way to the Mansion House." The amused policeman pointed to a side-door, round the corner, and said, "There!"

I entered, passing up the staircase to a room where, I suppose, half the charitable works done by the benevolent City of London for the last two or three centuries, have originated. Not a beautiful room, by any means; meretricious in gilding, obnoxious in architecture and ornament. But there was a sanctity about it, when one thought of the endless meetings held at that long table, "under the patronage of the Lord Mayor,"—of the thousands, nay millions of money, which have been there subscribed for innumerable sufferers, the victims of "plague, pestilence, famine, battle, and murder," to say nothing of fire and shipwreck, at home and abroad. The boundless charity of the great City would cover all its sins against art. So, though in the full room the presence of fat and fashion, and the absence of beauty and taste, were rather conspicuous, one tried to see only the great number of warmly interested women, and men, evidently bent on business, to whom giving even their time cost something, because every minute was worth so many golden guineas.

Therefore, no minutes to waste. It was amusing to notice how, while at Grosvenor House the meeting announced for three P.M. did not virtually begin till a quarter to four, here, almost immediately after some City clock had struck thrice, there was announced "The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor," and Sir Sydney Waterlow advanced, and took his seat at the head of the table.

He opened the meeting at once, addressing "My lord,"—the ever-faithful Marquis of Westminster—at his right hand,—"ladies, and gentlemen,"—of the latter there was a large proportion, very much larger than at Grosvenor House,—and speaking with great simplicity, clearness, and practicality. He said, before he had opened the doors of the Mansion House in aid of the Normal College, he had investigated its claims in every possible way—and he looked like a man who would do this, nor grudge any amount of conscientious trouble in examining thoroughly whatever business he undertook. He had examined everything, and considered the College fully worthy of the £25,000 wanted to build it; after which he left its advocacy to those who knew all about it—its president, the Marquis of Westminster; and its treasurer, Sir Rutherford Alcock.

Thereupon, these two successively spoke. Their facts and their arguments were nearly the same as those given at Grosvenor House, especially the one argument—I think unanswerable—that, granting there exists in the community a class necessarily helpless and dependent, it is wise, nay even economical, for society to educate it, as far as possible, into independent, happy self-help, than to pension it off in hopeless idleness.

Most public meetings are very much alike, but I was struck with the tone of this one, the general absence of "floweriness" in the speeches, their conciseness and point, and the air of business-like attention noticeable in all present—these much-occupied City men, who must do even their benevolence as briefly as possible. There was another thing—a little incident that accidentally tested the patient courtesy which, they say, makes our English aristocracy some of the most thoroughly "well-bred" people in the world.

When Sir Rutherford had ended his speech, seconding the resolution, and the Lord Mayor was just putting it formally to the meeting, there rose up from behind his lordship a quite unexpected vision of a tall, thin, grey-haired, rather discontented-looking gentleman, who "wished to say a few words." Of course he said them; and they consisted

of an angry protest against this College for arrogating to itself the credit of being the only musical school for the blind. "Why," not long ago," he urged, "I was present at a performance of a cantata, or sonata, or something—about the Prodigal Son,—done, and done very well too, by twenty-five blind people, pupils of the Society for teaching the blind to read." And then he went on, rather violently, to urge how unfair it was of the College to put itself in rivalry with old-established institutions; with much more to the same purpose, calculated to produce all the bad effect which fault-finding usually does produce on a certain order of minds, who, not having any particular mind of their own, are always ready to side with the last speaker. This gentleman might have done a good deal of harm, had he not fortunately stood in his own light by a certain want of calmness in his asseverations. As it was, when he ended there was an awkward silence. Then, very quietly, and in a perfectly courteous and unimpassioned manner, the Marquis rose, and also "said a few words."

"He had," he remarked, "the greatest pleasure in confirming all that Sir Thomas Gladstone had stated about this performance of "the Prodigal Son," at which, being an old subscriber to the institution, he had himself been present. It was, however, an institution for teaching the blind *to read*. If to their other instruction they added music, so much the better. He was exceedingly glad to hear they were sending out twenty-five educated musicians. But," added the Marquis, "the Normal College, being especially for music, hopes to send out two hundred and twenty-five. It does not interfere at all with existing schools, it only adds to them one more; and it must feel extremely indebted to Sir Thomas Gladstone for giving an opportunity for this explanation."

Then came a sentence or two from Sir Rutherford Alcock, and another from Mr. Campbell, explaining that when he first came from America he went to this same institution, and had been especially desired by them to start for himself, independent of them. After this the Lord Mayor rose again; the temporary fault-finder was silenced in a storm of hearty applause, and the hindered business of the meeting was continued cheerfully.

Canon Barry came forward and said a few energetic sentences; but the speaker who followed him was one at whose appearance a murmur of half-suppressed feeling ran through the whole room. All the world knows Professor Fawcett, M.P., and his sad story; how, in the very height of a brilliant University career, in which he was as notable for physical as for intellectual vigour—the best skater, swimmer, oarsman—enjoying life to the full,—in the midst of this a sudden accident struck him with total blindness. How, since, he has fought nobly on—the fight in the dark—till at last there came and stood beside him what, I fancy, while men are heroic and women are loving, no blind man need ever want, a good wife to be his eyesight. All this is too well known to make the mention of it here either painful or objectionable. When he rose to his full tall height, and faced the audience—that strong, grave, placid, sightless face—everybody knowing who he was, and why he came there, it was an argument more powerful than a hundred speeches.

Nevertheless, I would I could give that speech in all its manly pathos; a voice calm, brave, patient, coming out of that perpetual darkness, the mystery of which, strive as we may, we can never understand. No more than we can understand the still deeper mystery, *why* it should be so; or whether it was the better or the worse for being, in this case, a darkness that fell at noon-day.

Professor Fawcett said it was obvious enough why he came here, to speak of that which he could understand; adding, with a simple dignity of accepted suffering that made one feel ashamed at having ever murmured at anything—"after all, in spite of every alleviation—and none have more cause than myself to be grateful for the unceasing tenderness which is shown to the blind—after all, it is a lot hard to bear—very hard to bear." Here the voice broke a moment, the strong man's voice, so proudly uncomplaining,—then strengthened itself again and went on to argue, with an earnestness learnt out of bitter experience, that the kindest thing which can be done for the blind is to make them, in every way, as self-dependent as possible.

"I have often heard," he said, "in similar meetings to this, people who would not willingly wound any human being, use in talking of the blind a tone of patronising pity which is the most wounding thing of all. Help, not pity, is what we need—sympathy, encouragement, but, above all, practical help." And then he went on speaking much as the others had spoken, but out of a knowledge from which they were shut out. He was listened to with a breathless silence which, when he sat down, broke into an irrepressible shout of applause. It must, I

think, have rung in the heart of his wife, who accompanied him, as she does almost everywhere, and made her prouder than ever of her blind husband.

The next speaker—he had good aquiline, what people call "aristocratic" features, and that high, narrow shape of head which, curiously enough, I have generally seen associated with his peculiar phase of religious belief—was easy to recognise as Lord Shaftesbury. He began by paying a generous and respectful tribute, "although opposed in political opinions," to Professor Fawcett. What he had to say on behalf of the College was said with the clear conciseness of a man accustomed to business, and the dignified weight of a peer of the realm, conscious that his opinion was valuable. Throughout his speech ran a certain scriptural phraseology not surprising nor ungraceful in a man who is known to be deeply religious in life as in outward profession. His good word for the College was a good thing to have.

So was that of the speaker who came next, so different from Lord Shaftesbury that the contrast was as striking as that of the statues of Pitt and Fox in the gallery of the Houses of Parliament. Who this gentleman was I have at this present writing not the slightest idea; I did not catch the name. He was a short stout man, a man of the people. His h's were not altogether perfect, and he spoke with a strong provincial accent; but he made a most capital speech—concise, forcible, full of earnestness and humour. He told how he himself had vainly tried to establish a school for the blind at the east of London. They were eager enough to learn. Brushes and brooms they could make in quantities; ready to sell, but nobody would buy. "Sighted" workmen could make them much better and at lower prices. He had spent, he said, no end of time, labour, and money upon this school, and had to give it up as a total failure. Then he went lately to Mr. Campbell's establishment at Norwood and found it a complete success. He didn't know how it was, but Mr. Campbell had certainly the knack of creating success. He urged earnestly the subscribing of this £25,000, which he treated in a light and cheerful manner, as being, to the City of London, a very little thing. And then, apologizing for his rough and ready form of speaking, which was, indeed, the most admirable form he could have chosen, and all the more so from its being such a contrast to his scholarly predecessors, the honest man sat down amidst prolonged and hearty cheers.

There were a few more words from another city gentleman, who seemed to consider the greatest misfortune the blind had suffered was in not being able to see the Shah, or the Lord Mayor's recent entertainment to that potentate; from one or two others, evidently well known—though, alas! not to me—and then with a vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor, and another excellent little speech from his Lordship, the meeting ended. It had not been without its fruits, as the number of subscriptions showed. Sir Sydney Waterlow announced that the list would still be kept open, in that familiar Mansion House treasury which yearly receives so much, and pours its benefits over such a wide-extended field. Let us hope that after all our honest nameless friend may prove right, and that the long sum of £25,000 is, after all, easy enough to gather in.

One thing I thought of with an amused pleasure as I threaded my way out again into the bewildering streets, trying to remember everything, so as to tell the story of these two meetings, in the East and West, in a form that would carry the tale and the plea as far as possible. The idea of this "Royal Normal Musical College for the Blind" is entirely American. The Principal and most of the teachers are decidedly "Yankee;" the scheme itself comes from Boston, where the Perkins Institution furnished the basis of the system of instruction which has been so successfully transplanted to Norwood. Truly Brother Jonathan need not think we are jealous of him when we thus gladly accept his helping hand; when the great, the wise, and the good among us, welcome kindly and aid gladly this solitary blind American, who wants to benefit our countrymen as he has benefited his own. Shall we not help him, we that are in the happy, cheerful light,—him and them, whether English or American matters not, who thus bravely go on fighting in the dark?

If so, let any one who chooses go, any day, to those three little houses in Paxton Terrace, opposite the Low-level station of the Crystal Palace, and watch for an hour or two, the work and the play of the large little family there, in their contented darkness. How happy they are—how merry even; how earnestly they study, and how gaily they amuse themselves, must be seen to be understood. Having seen, let the visitor judge for himself; and act accordingly.

LOOKING BACK.

IT'S oh for the sunny stream
That leaps by the daisied lea;
And it's oh for the cot by the wood,
Where my goodman first brought me!

I walk up and down among silk,
And the servants come at my call,
And my hands are whiter than milk;
But I mourn in midst of it all.



It's oh for the cot by the wood—
The smoke curling up to the west—
The working and waiting and looking forth
For a face to bring me rest!

Kindly looks it has for me still—
It is tender and true as of old;
But 'tis hard to have no skill,
And a brain that won't take hold!

I try and strive till I faint,
And wish I could only lie
Always asleep, and dream that I live
In the happy days gone by.

It's oh for the sunny stream
That leaps by the daisied lea—
And it's oh for the cot by the wood
Where my goodman first brought me!

MAY PAUL.

FALLEN IN THE MIDST OF THE BATTLE.

[THIS sermon was preached in Westminster Abbey on July 27, 1873, being the Sunday following that on which the deaths of Bishop Wilberforce and Lord Westbury had been announced in London.]

"How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"—2 SAM. i. 25, 27.

THE first lesson of last Sunday is one which only three years ago was appointed to be read in the regular cycle of the service of the Church. It describes how, after the battle of Gilboa, there came on the morning of the third day to the camp of David, a messenger—with the signs of extreme distress and dismay—dust and clay smeared on his face, and his clothing torn, to announce the tidings of the defeat. There were only two in that great slaughter, of whose fate David was eager to know the truth. "How knowest thou that Saul and Jonathan are dead?" When the sad tidings were fully established, he sank into the profound prostration of Eastern grief. He and his six hundred heroes sat, with their garments rent; uttering the loud Oriental wail; observing the rigid Eastern fast, till the sunset of the sorrowful day released them. Then David roused himself to action. The first vent to his grief was the exaction of the life of the messenger, according to the hard temper of those fierce times. But the second and permanent vent was in the touching dirge which, according to the tender spirit of the sweet Psalmist of Israel, he poured forth over the two departed chiefs. "David lamented with this lament over Saul and Jonathan." It was preserved in the Book of Jasher, or of the Just, and probably owed its preservation to the circumstance recorded in connection with the elegy itself. It is there called the Song of the Archer, 'the Song of the Bow,' which David taught to his own tribe of Judah, as the song of the favourite weapon of the rival tribe of Benjamin, to which Jonathan belonged, conspicuous throughout his whole career as the archer of archers, by the bow and arrows, which alike in war and in peace were always by his side.

It is a dirge which has become the model of all like lamentations.* Its strain has been wedded to immortal music in the funeral march—the "Dead March of Saul"—which, since the days of Handel, has always been associated with the departure of illustrious Englishmen. The words of the text are inserted over the dome of the chapel which contains the ashes of the Spanish Cid, *Quomodo ceciderunt robusti, et perierunt arma bellica.* It is the expression of that true patriotic sentiment, which binds a whole nation together—which causes each one of us to feel a pride in the gifts and powers, and grief at the loss, of any of our famous countrymen, even of those with whom we have the least connection, with whom, it may even be, we have been in perpetual conflict. It describes also, in language as true as it is pathetic, the shock with which we receive the tidings of the sudden close of any brilliant or eventful life. The stately form of the royal stag, the wild roe or gazelle of Israel (so the word should be rendered), had perished "on the high places of Israel"—perished where the fall was least to be looked for, not on the level plains, where the chariots and horses of the Philistines might be expected to have conquered; but on the mountains of Gilboa, where all might have been thought safe and secure—on the solitary field of verdure which still marks its rocky sides, and on which the royal mourner prayed, in the bitterness of his grief, that no dew or rain might ever thereafter fall; for "there was the shield of the mighty cast away," the shield of Saul, never again to glisten in the brightness of its polish, as its master brandished it in the splendour of the sunshine; and the bow of Jonathan, laid low in the dust, never again to be wielded by the most captivating of the heroes of Israel.

And also this song sanctions and sanctifies the irrepressible instinct of the human heart, which at such solemn moments refuses to speak of the dead anything but that which is good, and desires to dwell only on the nobler aspects of the complex character which makes up the whole human being. From the sad battle-field of Gilboa, the memory of David flies back to all that was most attractive and winning in the deeds of Saul and of his son. He thinks not of the darker shades in the life of either. He forgets the javelin which Saul in his frenzy hurled at Jonathan's head, and "the fierce anger" with which Jonathan went out from the table of Saul. He speaks only of those glorious days when they were 'lovely and pleasant' in their union against the common enemy. He sees them only in the magnificence of their activity and their courage; swifter in their rapid movements than

* For the details of the lament of David, see GOOD WORDS for 1863, p. 121.

the eagles into whose nests they climbed; stronger in their giant strength than the lions, like to which they sprang out of their lair upon the unsuspecting foe. He remembers only the famous bow of the mighty archer of the archer tribe, of the tribe of Benjamin; the flashing sword of the gallant King; that "went not back and returned not empty" from the overthrow of their huge, unwieldy adversaries. He forgets the gloomy forebodings, the threatening passions, the darkening shadows that beset the evening of their life. He returns to those brighter, earlier years, when the King came in from his triumphant battles; when the Israelite maidens stood waiting to celebrate the thousands whom Saul had slain, expecting the spoil that he was to bring them home, the scarlet robes, the ornaments of gold to be worked on their apparel. This is the judgment—the generous, the charitable, the merciful judgment—which we would wish for ourselves, which we would ask from God and man, when our last hour shall come. This is the sanction given to the bright assurance of hope, with which our Church in its funeral service commits into the hands of an All-wise and All-just Creator the fragile remnants of mortality, in full reliance on the power of that "mighty working whereby God is able to subdue all things to Himself."

Such was the lesson which was read on the morning of last Sunday. It was read again in this church on the evening of that day, as the best expression of the deep and significant application which it had acquired within the few previous hours.

In those few hours, there had come the tidings that the angel of death hath summoned two of the foremost men from the high places of our country. One in the decline of years—the other in the prime of vigour,—but both in the fulness of their faculties — both ornaments of the great professions to which they were devoted,—both beloved by their friends and dreaded by their foes; each conspicuous for the sharp weapons of war with which they had often encountered each the other; each conscious of the other's strength; each bearing before the world and into the presence of their Judge, that mingled and mysterious tissue of human nature which He alone who trieth the heart and reins can unravel with absolute and unerring truth.—"In their deaths they were not divided."

Such a union in the grave of those who have been parted in life of itself suggests solemn reflections, on which especially in this place poets and moralists have often dwelt. It raises the soul to that higher judgment, which humbles and rebukes the conflicts of human passion. "Death quits all scores." We turn with David from the shadows of that which is of the earth earthy, to that which is heavenly and immortal—to that which in such moments we alone wish to remember and perpetuate—to those points where, without falsifying our own unchanged convictions, we may yet sincerely echo the voice of public lamentation and turn it to our abiding profit.

Of the great Lawyer who has gone from us this is not the occasion to say more than a very few words. To those who know the majesty of that justice which guards alike the humble wants "of the poor and needy and him that hath no helper," and also the eager struggles of the soul after spiritual truth and freedom, it can never be a matter of indifference when the Most High sends into this world or takes away from it one of those keen intellects which pierces through the entanglements of prejudice and the mists of passion; in whose light the crooked ways are made straight, and the false is shrivelled up and passes away "like a scroll of parchment when it is rolled together." "How is the mighty fallen," so let us say of the powerful mind that laboured in his noble calling, even amidst extreme bodily weakness and anguish, almost to the very end, "how is the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

But of the great Churchman, whom the nation deplores, it is impossible not to speak more at length within these walls, in the presence of those to whom his face, his words, his very look and tones, were so familiar as to form almost a part of our existence.

Over this Abbey he presided in the early days of his famous career; many a time and oft, within our walls, his eloquence has touched the hearts of thousands; beneath these floors lie the remains of his yet more illustrious father, in the grave which, but for the overwhelming force of family affection, would have contained his own at this moment.

In the awful suddenness of his departure there is something, even without going beyond the event itself, that must strike the most careless. The beauty, the pride, the joyous, fleet-footed gazelle of Israel, has indeed fallen on his high places. The stroke of death, which came in the very midst of life, has, as by a lightning flash, transfigured with a preternatural vividness the whole course and character of the departed. That wide-

sweeping, many-sounding cataract of ubiquitous vitality has been checked midway in its headlong course. That figure which stood confronting us at the end of almost every avenue and prospect of public and social life has disappeared for ever from our gaze. Those keen weapons of war that made his opponents feel in him that they had found a foeman worthy of their steel,

> "—— Expecto credite quantus
> In clypeum assurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam,"——

have crumbled into dust. That spirit of boundless energy has passed from the very height and fulness of earthly existence into the unseen world (if I may so apply the sacred words, as they were applied by one who was all but a witness of the fatal catastrophe) has passed away "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, as at the last trump."

> "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!
> Thou wast slain in thy high places. . . . .
> I am distressed for thee. . . . .
> Very pleasant hast thou been unto me. . . . .
> How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

I do not now dwell, though well I might, on that call which is at hand for all of us, on the slightness of the thin veil which parts us all from the great unknown hereafter. "One taken and another left."—I dwell on it mainly for the sake of riveting our attention, in the spirit of David's lamentation, on the most permanent lessons to be drawn from a career so splendidly furnished, so suddenly cut short. On the personal graces and accomplishments of the departed, it is not for a comparative stranger to enlarge; nor to intermeddle with that grief which wrings the hearts of many a mourning friend at this moment over a loss which to them is beyond repair. Of his opinions, it would be useless, on this occasion, to say a single word. Of the complex result of that marvellous mixture as of many men, many personalities, in one—of the various aspects thus presented to those who viewed his career most nearly—of its ultimate effects on the spiritual development of the English Church and nation—impartial history must judge at leisure. We are not here to-day to criticize, but to learn; we are here, not to condemn or to be condemned, but to be instructed, to be soothed; to be elevated into those spheres where no jarring thoughts may intrude; where, speaking as in the Palace of Truth, we would speak only of the incontrovertible and the indestructible.

What was there, then, in his career as a Churchman which has an enduring value beyond all questions of party, beyond all analysis of motives or of individual character? There was first the sense of the grandeur of the profession of an English clergyman. This was quite irrespective of any views that he may have held for or against the sacerdotal, sacramental virtue of the clerical order. It was something higher and more profound. It was the consciousness that the English Church and the ministry of the English Church, were institutions reaching far down into the vitals of our constitution and our characters, and embracing all the elements of our domestic, social, and political life. To this consciousness, no doubt, his own extraordinary geniality and versatility gave wings and feet and hands; but from whatever cause, it enabled him to combine, as in one focus, all the characteristics and capacities with which the Creator had so richly endowed him; it enabled him to regard the ecclesiastical office, not as many gifted men of our day, with contempt or indifference, but with pride and affection. He represented as in a visible shape, the conspicuous, the many-sided character which the English Church, which every national church, ought to seek for itself. When we admire this in him, we claim it as the heritage of the Church itself. When we recall the innumerable points at which he touched the circle of social and intellectual interests, we see as in a figure the richness, the variety of the gifts which the English Church must absorb if it would hope to maintain its influence. We see in the admiration bestowed on this aspect of his course, the pledge, the assertion, that for all such manifestations of eloquence and of power, the great ecclesiastical order ought to find a place, if it is to hold its own amongst the ruling influences which guide mankind. The World of our day is sometimes tempted to regard the clerical profession as too narrow, too insignificant, to be worthy of national concern or world-wide contemplation. The Church of our day is sometimes tempted to regard the great gifts of genius, prudence, common sense, patriotism, wit, grace, knowledge, as too secular, to be worthy of a spiritual man, or of a spiritual order. Such was not the view, either on the one side or the other, by which alone the admiration of a course like that which has now closed can in any degree be justified or explained. If the Church of England is to be a civilised Church, and not a barbarian sect; if it is to be ruled by a reasonable religion, and not by a fond superstition, then, and then

only, it can draw wisdom and strength from such varied attainments as those whose loss we now deplore.

And this hold on the vast outer world, this interest in the general policy of the Church, was in him united with a steady, cordial fulfilment of all those laborious duties which his diocesan functions imposed upon him—rather, I would say, which his own magnificent conception of those functions created for him. Keen as was his perception, insatiable as was his enjoyment of the intellectual and social pleasures, which were open to him in an unusual degree, partly through his great historic position, but yet more through his own unbounded receptivity, through his own inexhaustible endowments; yet, in spite of these distractions, notwithstanding these temptations, he devoted himself to the tedious details of administration, he lent himself to the never-ending calls on his patience, time, and judgment, increasing in proportion to his fame and his usefulness, as though he had no other occupation or interest. Indefatigable with the indefatigability which has been called one of the truest signs of genius; fired with that strong sense of public obligation which belongs to every genuine Englishman; touched (shall we not venture to say?) by something of that loftier spiritual inspiration which to him was almost a birthright, and which blended itself inextricably with the lights and shades of his manifold character,—he employed his singular gifts, his penetrating influence, in the service of the humblest of the curates or the homeliest of the parishes under his charge, as unsparingly, as cheerfully, as affectionately as in behalf of the highest in the land. When he turned his face towards his diocese, then, in the language of the "Ordination Service" "he drew all his studies that way." In these latter days, when the office of an English bishop had been transformed into a centre of life before unknown, his example became perforce contagious. No bishop, no clergyman, we might almost say no layman within his reach could rest still without feeling the touch, the stimulus, the magic atmosphere of an activity which, as has been well said by the Primate, could neither rest itself nor suffer those about him to rest.

No doubt in this respect he was but one instrument amongst many in the work of reanimating a slumbering church. He inherited the forces of that religious movement which, beginning with Wesley in the last century, was continued in all the simplicity of Christian zeal from his father's house at Clapham. Even in the fresh reinvigoration of the Episcopal office, other prelates, now gone to their reward, preceded him in the conscientious and incessant discharge of hitherto unpractised duties; others still living have followed him with an energy no less vigilant, and perhaps even more self-denying. But it was reserved for his splendid gifts to crown these labours with a peculiar halo of their own, which once kindled can never again be extinguished. It is a part of his example, which alike from its homeliness and its brilliancy, all, however remote from ecclesiastical affairs, however differing alike from his means and ends, can appreciate and admire. It derives an additional solemnity from the reflection that he laboured thus incessantly with the constant and increasing forethought of the sudden end which at last came in so unlooked-for a form. "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day. The night cometh when no man can work." The night has come upon him; as with the sun of the tropics, there was no twilight, no preparation. It may come to each of us in like manner. May it find us working and watching. "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh, shall find watching. If He shall come in the second watch, or come in the third watch, and find them so, blessed are those servants." His life was a glorification of industrious work. His death was the seal set upon it.

Of the details of that work in his two great dioceses, those who preceded me this morning and will succeed me this evening, have far more right to speak than myself. But there is one point on which I may be allowed to dwell for a moment, because it is drawn from our own experience here, and because it applies with special force to one particular portion of my hearers. It is the custom of this Abbey, the consequence of its peculiar ecclesiastical position, that, when a Confirmation is held for the Westminster scholars, the Dean selects some Bishop formerly connected with Westminster to administer the rite. It has been my lot for nine successive years (with one exception) to request on those occasions the aid of the departed Bishop, both because he once ruled as chief officer over our body, and also because of the singular and surpassing grace with which he discharged this particular office. The Confirmation service, as thus administered amongst us, was gradually moulded through the influences which he brought to bear upon it. It was in order to concentrate the effect of his presence

on those who came to him to be confirmed, in order to bring them more directly within the thrilling tones of that sweet, silvery voice, sinking on those occasions almost into a solemn whisper, or a familiar conversation, that the service was transferred from its ordinary place in the Choir to the Chapel of King Henry VII.; and there, year by year, the successive generations of scholars heard the words of fatherly counsel from those marvellous lips which never spoke with more gracious simplicity and unaffected pathos than in those addresses. The slightest hint conveyed to him but the moment before would be caught up and transformed into some striking figure or precept that could never be forgotten. The advice, the warning, the consolations, though always on the same subject, were always varied, always fresh "as from the womb of the morning." You, my young hearers, who three weeks ago knelt in that chapel to receive his benediction, will remember in after years that you heard on that now memorable occasion the parting admonitions of one of England's most famous prelates. May you reflect even now in the days of your youth that it was the inspiring sight of your youthful faces, the peculiar interest awakened in him by the trials, the tenderness, the innocence, the influence, of boys at school, that were the means of drawing forth from that most eloquent son of a most eloquent father, words and arguments, I venture to say, more persuasive, more affecting, and therefore more truly eloquent, than any that were heard from his mouth either by the listening peers or by the great congregation. To you at least he spoke at those moments with the fixed determination to do you good. On you he poured forth all that was in him of his nobler, finer nature. Be it yours to bear this recollection as his latest legacy to this glorious abbey, which he so long had known and loved, and which delights to rank his name as amongst the most brilliant of those who have presided over its destinies.

And now, in conclusion, a few words of more general import.

Amidst the uncertainty and insecurity of all judgments formed under the shock of such a catastrophe, one thing is certain. The shock has left a blank, it has opened a void, which cannot but change the relative aspects, and affect, in a greater or less degree, the future action, of the English clergy.

In every public meeting, in every religious assembly, in every social gathering, one face will be looked for that will be seen no more—one voice that charmed all hearers is for ever silent. Not only so, but an existence is extinguished which was the chief stimulating or retarding force of almost every movement of ecclesiastical policy. Of the peculiar weapons by which the war or the peace of the Church has been maintained for the last thirty years, not a few—whether shield or spear, sword or bow—are buried with him in his grave.

It was said by one who loved him dearly and knew him well, when he left his first episcopate, "The romance of the diocese is gone." The same in its measure, and in a larger and more varied sense, may be said now that he has left us altogether. The romance, the conflict, the dramatic interest, the multifarious excitement, the trumpet's silver call, the phosphoric, electric atmosphere, the iron sharpening iron, the joy and the toil of the battle, the magic of dissolving views—all these are gone.

New necessities, new duties, new opportunities for good, crowd into the vacant space. We have turned over a fresh leaf in the history of the English Church. It is for those who remain to weigh well what are the characters which shall by us be written on those future pages. It is true that we have been warned, in various tones, that such as he was is not likely again to point or adorn the tale of our eventful annals. It may well be so, for such a rare and at the same time such an intricate combination of qualities comes once in an age or a nation, and comes not again. The mighty are fallen, and the weapons of war are perished, and no art or effort can recall or reconstruct them. But the materials out of which those weapons were forged, the stage on which the heroes of the world or Church have acted their part, still continue, and will continue as long as goodness has to be promoted, as long as freedom has to be secured, as long as truth has to be vindicated, as long as selfishness and falsehood and indolence have to be combated on the face of this distracted earth.

Blessed—we are sometimes tempted to think in the weariness of the struggle—blessed, thrice happy, are they that have fallen in the fulness of years and honours—that have gone to their long rest beyond the reach of misconstruction, of failure, of temptation. Blessed, thrice blessed, to have passed at one bound, from the midst of toilsome labour and arduous duties and eager aspirations, into the presence of Him who knows whereof we are made, and in whose

light we shall see light. Yet for those who are left behind in the dull wear and tear of earthly scenes, there is a call that reverberates from the grave. The bow of Jonathan may refuse to be bent save by the hand of Jonathan, but it is not broken asunder; the sword and shield of Saul may have been cast away, but the hosts of Israel are still around us to be led on to victory. God speaks and works in divers manners and sundry times. We are not bounded by an iron fate. We are proud, even those of us who stood furthest apart from either of them, we are proud of the two gifted Englishmen who are ours henceforth only in memory. But we will not believe that the light of Israel is quenched in their graves. Tell it not in Gath, nor publish it in the streets of Askelon. The race in which they run is not yet over; a greater goal than they reached is still to be achieved; England and the English Church have still a course larger and wider than any individual career.

The animation, the fire that may have been enkindled or fostered by any such bright existence as that which has just been closed, is the beginning, not the conclusion, of religion—the means, and not the end of our moral being. We know well that there have been in other times and countries revivals of religious life, which have been not for good, but for evil—or at least only for a mixed and partial good—zeal without knowledge, life without light, faith without charity—revivals not of living and eternal truths, but of ancient errors and dark superstitions.

There are many who, whilst they admired the energy and the ability of the departed, were constrained to look in other directions for the full advancement of the kingdom of God. To many it seems plain that the current of ecclesiastical activity which has been set in motion during the last half century must, if it is to produce results of lasting beneficence, be guided into deeper and wider channels. The best tribute to the dead is to secure that in the years that are coming there shall be imparted to the future movements of the English Church that upward spirit which shall indeed lead us through "the valley of the shadow of death" to "the green pastures and beside the waters of comfort." Let us remember that the true purpose of every religious institution, of every religious revival, ought to be nothing more and nothing less than the attempt to make Earth like Heaven, and men like Jesus Christ. Let us remember that the glory of the clergy is not to set themselves apart as a separate caste, but to make themselves one with their fellow-citizens and fellow-Christians. Let us remember that the chiefest and noblest "weapons of war" with which error can be subdued are those which are forged and tested and burnished in the furnace of fearless, unflinching inquiry, of absolute love of truth, of unshrinking, unswerving sincerity, which are wielded with discriminating forbearance, with sacred impartiality, with boundless charity. Let us not seek to exterminate differences (for differences are the signs and fruits of life), but to prevent differences from becoming divisions. Let us be sure that in every effort to enlarge our borders, to open our gates, to retain whatever there is of true and holy amongst ourselves, to welcome whatever there is of true and holy amongst our estranged brethren, is the strength of a Church whose boast is that it is the Church of England, the Church of the Reformation, the Church of Him who said, "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men to myself;" who said, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." Let us look upon the pioneers of scientific or historical or literary truth, not as our secret foes, or submissive slaves, but as our allies, even if sometimes disguised as enemies—as the very instructors whom God in his goodness has placed over us. Let us be sure that institutions, however venerable, which minister not to edification, but to strife and bitterness—that doctrines, however solemn, which are turned into watchwords of party, are as the salt that has lost its savour; that the salt, whether of the Church or of the world, whether of institutions or doctrines, is the quickening spirit, not the letter that kills, is the heroic, the candid, the saintly soul, even more than the capacious intellect, is the unshaken belief that the things which being not seen are eternal, are greater than the things which being seen are temporal. The veil which parts us from those eternal things is, at such moments as these, rent asunder. The hand of death, like the Word of God, is "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, of joints and marrow, a discerner of the thought and intents of the heart" in men, in nations, and in Churches. May we share in that keen insight—may we carry on, it may be with instruments quite unlike to those which have been vouchsafed to us in the past, the inexhaustible work of purifying and regenerating

ourselves and our country, which at each successive parting of the mighty ones of the earth is left to us from generation to generation, as it was from Saul to David, from David to Solomon. It is a work which will grow with the growth of England's greatness, with the increasing appreciation of the value and virtue of Truth, with the larger sense of the freedom of God's grace. "Be strong and of good courage, and do it; fear not nor be dismayed, for the Lord God will be with thee as with those that went before us; He will not fail thee nor forsake thee, until thou hast finished all the work for the service of the house of the Lord."*

A. P. STANLEY.

HOW ST. PAUL LIVED.

BY THE LATE REV. NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—GAL. ii. 20.

WHAT a revelation is this of what a brother man experienced eighteen centuries ago! If I discovered this verse engraven on a rock in the desert, if I never knew who had carved it there, I would still have to acknowledge that it was true; and there is not a Christian on earth, however weak, but recognises in these words the expression of his own life. He may not, indeed, have realised that life so vividly, so earnestly, so habitually, as it is here described, but he could say with truth, "I know what that means. *That* is my heaven on earth, that is what I hunger and thirst for, that is what I long to attain, and *all* that is of God in my soul and in my experience, all that is real life in me, is revealed in these words." But we know who spoke them, and recorded them on this great rock. It was St. Paul, of whom we know more than perhaps of any man in sacred history. There is no man with whose *inner* life as well as his outer we are so thoroughly acquainted as the Apostle Paul, and never did there live a nobler spirit. He has made the world grander by his very existence in it. He is one of our greatest kings, ruling the hearts of men; one of our truest teachers; one of our high priests, who has offered unto God the sacrifice of a consecrated, holy life, and of a most thankful, rejoicing spirit of prayer and praise. In reading the life of St. Paul, we cannot possibly resist the impression made by all he said, by all he was, and by all he did, that here at least we have one of the truest and most honest of men, living according to God's will, and always simple, sincere, pure and transparent, as a sunbeam giving life and light, because possessing himself the life and light of Christ; enduring every hardship, encountering every difficulty, carrying every burden; pursuing his way amidst perils of every kind that could fall to the lot of men: meeting opposition,—often mean, paltry, and despicably wicked,—and experiencing cowardly desertions from friends in time of danger; labouring as a preacher and a busy workman; and all this with a meekness, tender affection, gentle forbearance, unswerving fortitude, a majestic common sense and absence of all excitement, yet with such a joy unspeakable, as makes one love him on this side of idolatry. Amidst the galaxy of saints gathered in from all lands in the Church above, there is no one whom Christians will greet more with the feeling of a dear and intimate friend than St. Paul, so divine in his spirituality, yet so perfectly human in all his sympathies. It is truly a Godsend to the church to know what this man knew and thought of Jesus Christ, what power this Jesus had over him, what he found Jesus to be to him, and what he was enabled to become, endure, perform, and rejoice in through Jesus. Yet if St. Paul returned to the world, and we could question him on such points, I do not believe we could obtain more information to help us than what he has left in his holy epistles for our instruction in righteousness and personal comfort. I believe what he wrote to have been inspired; but I believe he wrote, just as any Christian man would, what he knew to be true, what he honestly believed, and what he daily experienced; and I am more thankful than I can express in words for such a testimony as this from such a man at such a time; because I know he was no exception to other Christians, or to any Christian in the Church now, and that what he was, you and I may be and must in some measure be, if we would experience the same joyous and holy life on earth truly, although in a less degree.

The life which St. Paul lived in the flesh,

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* 1 Chron. xxviii. 20 (Lesson of the day).

that is, his every-day life on earth, was, take it all in all, the most beautiful ever lived by any mere man whom we know of. How many of our largest modern volumes would it require to write the details of that life which we have recorded in brief fragments, mere hints, allusions, and always with some other object in view than to speak about himself only? When one glances at what we would call the mere index to such a life, during the long thirty years or more of his public ministry, it suggests a biography such as no other man could have furnished. The journey to Damascus and the occurrences there; the three years spent amidst the solitudes of Arabia, of which we know nothing; the scenes amidst the storms in which the early Church was nursed; the disputes with Jews and Gentiles, Greeks and Romans and Asiatics, with priests and Pharisees, apostles and teachers, Roman centurions, judges, and governors; his long journeys by land and dreary voyages by sea; his *adventures*, as we would call them, so stirring, so exciting, so painful; his perils everywhere, in cities, in the wilderness; his frequent imprisonments and shipwrecks, his persecutions and sufferings, from the lash and from stoning; his hard labours at a common trade to support with his honest hands himself and those who were with him; his struggles with poverty, without a home, often in pain, nakedness, and the want of all things; his preaching and speaking at all times, in all places, to every kind of audience, from the barbarians in Melita to the cultivated in Athens; his letters to the churches, and his arguments, pleadings, and labours in private; his constant risk of a cruel and bloody martyrdom—all this is but the faintest outline of his outward life in the flesh. But behind this outer life there was the man himself, absorbed by one feeling, which possessed his soul with the mastery of a passion, yet with the perfect calm of an abstract principle—sending him forward in his course like a planet round the central sun, travelling with irresistible force, but with such a peace, regularity, and calm in every movement as make them harmonious and sweet as music. That over-mastering power was for St. Paul his faith in Jesus Christ,—a faith which worked by love.

"The life I live I live by faith." Let us mark it well. I do not think we can exaggerate St. Paul's beautiful life of love and peace, of utter unselfish devotedness to God and to the good of his fellow-men. We have a very imperfect rendering of it; but he has not left the secret of this life a mystery. He opens his heart to us, and shows us how it was he could thus live, in order that we, too, might avail ourselves of a power that was for him because for all. "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me."

His daily life was derived from daily confidence in the Divine Saviour, Christ for him, Christ with him, Christ in him. For him Jesus was more real than any other person. He knew Him more intimately than any other; because Jesus did not shut up His presence, but revealed Himself, and was ever with him, St. Paul could say, "I know whom I have trusted. I know Him, His character, His likings, His ways. I know Him as my Lord, my friend, my present help, I can lean on Him as my staff. I can rest my weary heart on Him, and pour it out before Him. There is not a difficulty, nor sorrow, nor temptation I cannot tell to Him and consult Him about, not a thing I want I cannot ask from Him, and the oftener I trust Him, the longer I know Him, the more I trust Him and love Him. I can do all things through Christ that strengthens me. His grace is sufficient for me. The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

Oh! what a life of life were ours, would we but thus trust the Son of God, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever! Oh, what a revolution, what a new birth, is there for the man who sees Jesus as a Person whom to love and trust is the only true religion on earth! It is as if a blind man who was painfully, and with uncertainty, groping his way through the world, should suddenly behold the sun and all things reflected in his light. His cry would be, "Behold, all things are become new."

I could not wish a richer blessing for you,—for it is life, peace, and heaven itself,—than that you should believe, and act on the belief, that you have a loving Saviour, who longs that you should know Him, and live by faith in Him, in sickness and health, in youth and old age, and by this faith resist the devil, and overcome the world, and enjoy perfect peace, and here be partakers of the glory which is to be revealed. That man who lives by faith in the Son of God, though he were a beggar, a leper, a Lazarus with sores, and dogs only to pity him, is one of God's royal family!

WORDSWORTH'S THREE YARROWS.

IN the thought of all true poets, their ideal creations have their root in the poet's own experience. However remote from actual life the perfected creation may appear, whether it be a 'Midsummer Night's Dream' or a 'Revolt of Islam,' it will be found that all its finer features were the birth of some chance bright moments, when certain aspects of nature, or expressions of human countenance, or incidents of life, or subtle traits of character, struck on the poet's soul, and impressed themselves indelibly there. But though we may be quite sure of this, yet so subtilely works the transmuting power of imagination, so reticent have poets generally been about their own creations, so little have they been given to analyze themselves, that the cases are few in which we can lay our finger on this and that actual fact, and say these are the elements out of which the bright creation came. There are, however, some instances among modern poets in which we are allowed to trace the very footprints. And when we can do so, instead of diminishing our admiration of the perfected results, it gives them, I believe, an added interest. Lockhart has recorded his belief that there is hardly a scene, incident, or character in all Scott's poems or romances of which the first suggestion may not be traced to some old verse in the 'Border Minstrelsy,' or to some incident or character which he fell in with during those raids in which he gleaned the materials of that wonderful book from the sequestered places of the green Border Hills. It may not be without interest if we turn to a contemporary and friend of Scott's, and trace the actual facts out of which arose three of Wordsworth's most exquisite lyrics, 'Yarrow Unvisited,' 'Yarrow Visited,' and 'Yarrow Revisited.'

It was in August, 1803, that Wordsworth, though he had been born and reared in sight of Scotland's hills, for the first time set his foot on Scottish ground. He and his sister Dorothy, with Coleridge for their companion, left Keswick, to make a walking tour through Scotland. The poet's means, which were then but scanty, his income being not more than £100 a year, would not allow any more costly way of travelling; and well for us that it was so. Out of that 'plain living,' which circumstances enforced, how much of the 'high thinking' came! And certainly, as walking is the least expensive, so it is the best way in which a poet can see a country. Walking alone, or with one congenial friend, he can stop, and gaze, and listen, and saunter, and meditate, at his will, and let all sights and sounds of nature melt into him as in no other way they can. On foot the three travelled up Nithsdale, by Falls of Clyde, on to Loch Lomond, where Coleridge, with whom the morbid period of his life had set in, having accompanied them thus far, fell foot-sore, and got into the dumps and left them. The brother, with his hardly less poetic sister, went on alone, and traversed on foot the finest highlands of Argyll and Perthshire. It is needless to trace their route in prose; for the poet has left his imperishable footprints at Inversnaid in the 'Sweet Highland Girl;' on Loch Aweside and Kilchurn in his address to the 'Child of Loud-Throated War;' at the small glen or head of Glen Almond in the poem on 'Ossian's Grave;' on Loch Katrine Side in 'What! you are Stepping Westward;' in 'Rob Roy's Grave,' which, however, Wordsworth took to be at Glengyle, not where it really is, in Balquhidder Kirkyard; and at Strathire, in the 'Solitary Reaper.' As they two moved quietly along, the poet's imagination fell here on some well-known spot, there on some familiar human incident, and touched them with a light which will consecrate them for ever. It was, as I have seen on some grey autumnal day among the mountains, the slanting silver light moving over the dusky wilderness, and touching into sudden brightness now a deep-shadowed corrie, now a slip of greensward by a burn, or flushing a heathery brae, or suddenly bringing out from the gloom some tremendous precipice, or striking into momentary glory some far-off mountain peak. Only that glory was momentary, seen but by a single eye, and then gone. The light which the poet shed on those favoured spots remains a joy for all generations if they have but the heart to feel it.

Hardly less beautiful than her brother's poems—indeed, sometimes quite equal to them, though far less known—are the entries in her journal which his sister made during that memorable tour. Native poets have done much for Scotland, but nature has done far more, and all that they have sung is but a poor instalment of the grandeur and the glory that lies still unuttered. When Wordsworth set foot across the border, with his fresh eye and strong imagination he saw

further and clearer into the heart of things that met him than any of the native poets had done, and added a new and deeper tone to their minstrelsy.

In this first tour, when the poet and his sister had descended from the Highlands, they went to Rosslyn, and then it was, as Lockhart tells us, that Scott first saw Wordsworth. 'Their mutual acquaintance, Stoddart, had so often talked of them to each other, that they met as if they had not been strangers, and they parted friends.' The 17th of September was the day they first met. Wordsworth and his sister walked from Rosslyn down the valley to Lasswade, where Scott was then living, but they arrived before Mr. and Mrs. Scott had risen. 'We were received,' Wordsworth says, 'with that frank cordiality which, under whatever circumstances I afterwards met Scott, always marked his manners. . . . The same lively, entertaining conversation, full of anecdote, and averse from disquisition; the same unaffected modesty about himself; the same cheerful and benevolent and hopeful view of man and the world.' They heard something that day of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' of which they were to hear more at Jedburgh. At the close of this day Scott walked with his two new friends to Rosslyn, and on parting promised to meet them in two days at Melrose. The tourists passed by Peebles to the Vale of Tweed. There, after looking for a moment at Neidpath Castle, 'beggared and outraged' by the loss of its trees, he turned from these

> 'Wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed:
> For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
> And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
> And the green silent pastures, yet remain.'

From Peebles, travelling down the Tweed by Traquair, Elibank, Ashestiel, through that vale, where as yet railway was undreamt of, they found it

> 'More pensive in sunshine
> Than others in moonshine.'

At Clovenford they had reached the spot whence, if at all, they should have turned aside to Yarrow. A short walk to the hill above, and the whole of Yarrow Vale would have lain at their feet. They debated about it, and determined to reserve the pleasure for a future day. Thence they passed to Melrose, where they met Walter Scott, under whose guidance they saw the Abbey. Then with him, for he was then 'Shirra,' and on his official rounds, they went to Jedburgh. It was the time of the Assize, and the inns were so filled with the judges' retinue and the lawyers, that the poet and his sister had difficulty in finding quarters. As they passed the evening in their lodging, under the roof of that kind hostess, whom Wordsworth celebrated in 'The Matron of Jedburgh,' Scott left his brethren of the bar at their post, and stole away to spend an hour or two with the water-drinking poet and his sister. He then repeated to them a part of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' in which Wordsworth at once hailed the coming poet, and which he regarded to the last as the finest of all Scott's poems. Next day, while Scott was engaged, no doubt, in court, he left them to go to Ferneyhurst and the old Jed Forest, with William Laidlaw for their guide, whom Miss Wordsworth in her journal describes as 'a young man from the braes of Yarrow, an acquaintance of Mr. Scott's,' who, having been much delighted with some of William's poems, which he had chanced to see in a newspaper, had wished to be introduced to him. He 'lived at the most retired part of the Dale of Yarrow, where he had a farm. He was fond of reading, and well informed, but at first meeting as shy as any of our Grasmere lads, and not less rustic in his appearance.' This was the author of 'Lucy's Flitting,' Laidlaw's one ballad or song, which, for pure natural pathos, is unsurpassed, if indeed it is equalled, by any lyric that either of the two great poets ever wrote.

Next day Scott accompanied Wordsworth and his sister for two miles up a bare hill above Hawick. Thence they looked wide 'over the moors of Liddesdale, and saw the Cheviot hills. We wished we could have gone with Mr. Scott into some of the remote dales of this country, where in almost every house he can find a home.' But the friends were obliged to part, the Wordsworths to take the road by Mosspaul and Ewesdale to Langholm, Scott to return to his sheriff duties. It would have been a curious sight to see how Wordsworth would have comported himself if he had been ushered into a company of Scott's friends, the Hill Farmers of the Dandy Dinmont stamp, with their big punch-bowls and deep draughts.

When Wordsworth returned to his Grasmere home, he finished the poem 'Yarrow Unvisited,' which had been suggested by the incident I have mentioned at Clovenford.

Eleven years passed before Wordsworth again visited Scotland. The visit this time was less memorable. It was not lighted up by that wonderful journal of his sister's, and it called forth from the poet himself only

four memorials in verse. Of these 'Yarrow Visited' is the only one in the poet's happiest manner. The road by which Wordsworth and his travelling companions approached Yarrow was that leading across the hill from Innerleithen. The night before they passed in the sequestered hamlet of Traquair, perhaps it may have been in Traquair Manse. Next morning the Ettrick Shepherd met the party at Traquair, and became their guide to his once home-land. One can imagine the simple-hearted, garrulous vanity with which Hogg would perform his office of guide, and how Wordsworth, who believed himself to be so much the greater of the two, would receive the patronising attentions.

From Traquair they walked, and so had a full view of Yarrow vale from the descending road. In Yarrow, they visited in his cottage the aged father of the Ettrick Shepherd, himself a shepherd, a fine old man more than eighty years of age. This must have been at one or other of Hogg's two homes on Yarrow, Benger Mount or Altrive Lake. How Wordsworth was solemnized and elevated by this his first look on Yarrow, we shall see when we come to consider the poem 'Yarrow Visited.' Their route that day lay up the stream to St. Mary's Loch, for this has left its impress on the poem. And from thence they seem to have traversed the whole course of Yarrow, till its union with the Ettrick.

Seventeen more years passed before Wordsworth again crossed the Scottish Border. This time it was on a sad errand, to visit Sir Walter Scott once again before 'his last going from Tweedside,' in hope of recruiting his shattered health in Italy. 'How sadly changed did I find him from the man I had seen so healthy, gay, and hopeful a few years before, when he said at the inn at Paterdale, in my presence, "I mean to live till I am eighty, and shall write as long as I live!"' Wordsworth and his daughter spent the first evening with the family party at Abbotsford, and among them was William Laidlaw, now a very old friend of Sir Walter's, who had for several years been his amanuensis. Next day—it was a Tuesday—they drove to Newark Castle, accompanied by most of the home party; and the two poets, both now stricken with years, wandered about the woodland walks overhanging that Yarrow, of which each in his prime had sung so well. They did not, however, penetrate beyond the wooded banks near the lower part of the river, into the upper and more pastoral region. It was this day which was commemorated by Wordsworth in his 'Yarrow Revisited.' On their return home they came down the north bank of Tweed and crossed the river at the ford immediately under Abbotsford. As the wheels of their carriage grated upon the pebbles in the bed of the stream, Wordsworth looked up and saw at that moment a rich but sad light, purple rather than golden, spread over Eildon. Thinking that this was probably the very last time that Sir Walter would ever cross the stream, he was not a little moved, and gave vent to some of his feelings in the sonnet—

> 'A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
> Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
> Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height.'

Farther on, fain to comfort himself and others, he breaks out—

> 'Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might
> Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
> Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
> Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
> Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
> Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
> Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope!'

He appeals to the elements and to the universal heart of man to come to the help of him, whom elsewhere he calls 'the whole world's darling;' but it will not do.

There were other affecting incidents connected with that visit. It was on the morning of the Thursday, just before Wordsworth left at noon, that Sir Walter wrote in the album of Wordsworth's daughter those last and imperfectly finished stanzas. As he stood by his desk, and put the book into her hand, he said to her in her father's presence, 'I should not have done anything of this kind, but for your father's sake; they are probably the last verses I shall ever write.' And they were the last.

One stanza clings to memory. Alluding to the fact that Wordsworth had listened to the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' before it was given to the world, and had hailed it as a true work of genius, Sir Walter says,—

> 'And meet it is that he who saw
> The first faint rays of genius burn,
> Should mark their latest light with awe,
> Low glimmering from their funeral urn.'

At parting, Wordsworth expressed to Sir Walter his hope that the mild climate of Italy would restore his health, and the classic remembrances interest him, to which Sir Walter replied in the words from 'Yarrow Unvisited,' which Wordsworth in his musings in 'Aquapendente,' six years afterwards, thus recalls:—

> 'Still, in more than ear-deep seats,
> Survives for me, and cannot but survive,
> The tone of voice which wedded borrowed words

To sadness not their own, when, with faint smile,
Forced by intent to take from speech its edge,
He said, 'When I am there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow.' Prophecy
More than fulfilled, as gay Campania's shores
Soon witnessed, and the city of seven hills,
Her sparkling fountains and her mouldering tombs;
And more than all, that Eminence which showed
Her splendours, seen, not felt, the while he stood,
A few short steps (painful they were) apart
From Tasso's Convent-haven and retired grave.'

These are the three visits of Wordsworth to Scotland, and the incidents connected with them, which called forth his 'Three Yarrows.' The first visit and the last are associated with Sir Walter, the second with the Ettrick Shepherd. And each of the three poets has shed on Yarrow the light of his peculiar genius. It would be an interesting subject to turn aside and note what a different aspect Yarrow wore, what different feelings it called up in each poet, as seen by his own individual eye. But there is an anterior question which may very naturally occur to any one to ask—What is there peculiar about Yarrow of all the thousand streams of Scotland to rivet the affection, and call forth the finest minstrelsy of these three poets? A chance comer passing down its green braes and holms, if told that this dale was consecrated to song, might well exclaim,—

'What's Yarrow but a river bare
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder.'

To a casual and hurried glance it might well seem so; but there, too, as elsewhere, it is not to the first rapid look that the truth reveals itself.

What is it then that has so consecrated Yarrow to song and poetry, made it dear to the hearts of so many poets, dear too to every heart, in which there dwells any tone of melody? The very name is itself a poem, sounding so wildly sweet, so sad and musical. And when you see it, the place answers with a strange fitness to the name. It is, as it were, the inner sanctuary of the whole Scottish Border, of that mountain tract which sweeps from sea to sea, from St. Abbs Head and the Lammermuir westward to the hills of Galloway. It concentrates in itself all that is most charactereristic of that scenery. The soft green rounded hills with their flowing outlines overlapping and melting into each other,—the clear streams winding down between them from side to side, margined with green slips of holm,—the steep braesides with the splendour of mountain grass interlaced here and there with darker ferns, or purple heather,—the hundred sideburns that feed the main Dale-river, coming from hidden Hopes where the grey tower still moulders,—the pensive aspect of the whole region so solitary and desolate. Then Yarrow is the centre of the once famous but now vanished Forest of Ettrick, with its memories of proud huntings and chivalry, of glamourie and the land of Faery. Again, it is the home of some 'old unhappy far-off thing,' some immemorial romantic sorrow, so remote that tradition has forgotten its incidents, yet cannot forget the impression of its sadness. Ballad after ballad comes down loaded with a dirge-like wail for some sad event, made still sadder for that it befell in Yarrow. The oldest that survives, 'The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow,' tells of a knight, one probably of the clan Scott, treacherously slain in combat by a kinsman:—

'She's kiss'd his cheek, she's kaim'd his hair,
As oft she'd done before, O;
She's belted him wi' his noble brand,
And he's awa' to Yarrow.'

To Yarrow too belongs that most pathetic 'Lament of the Border Widow,' sung by his wife Marjory over the grave of the Outlaw Piers Cockburn, when she had buried him by his tower of Henderland:—

'I sew'd his sheet, making my maen;
I watch'd the corpse, myself alane;
I watch'd his body, night and day,
No living creature cam that way.

'I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sate,
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod sae green.

'But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the mool on his yellow hair;
O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turn'd about, away to gae?'

Below Henderland, a mile down Yarrow, moulders Dryhope Tower, the birthplace in Queen Mary's time of the famous Mary Scott, the first Flower of Yarrow, renowned for her beauty, wooed by all the Chieftains of the Border, and won to be his wife by the famous Wat of Harden. Another mile down, comes into Yarrow River the Douglas Burn, which, after it flowed past the now ruined Blackhouse Tower, home of Lady Margaret and scene of the Douglas Tragedy, had its waters dyed with the blood of the stricken Lord William.

'O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted doun.

'They lighted doun to tak a drink
Of the spring that ran sae clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she 'gan to fear.'

And all the way down, not a 'Hope' or a burn joins Yarrow from either side, but had its Peel Tower, the scene of such-like tragic or romantic incident, some of them remembered, more forgotten.

Last century the old popular wail was

taken up by two ladies, each of an ancient Border name, and each the authoress of an earlier set of the 'Flowers of the Forest.' But their strains were but the echoes of a far older refrain, coeval probably with Flodden, which Scott sought to recover, but found two lines only :—

'I ride single in my saddle,
For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.'

Last century, too, Hamilton of Bangour carried on the strain, but in a lighter mood, in his well-known ballad,—

'Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride.'

And soon after Logan recurred to the older and more plaintive form of the melody, adding to it another note of sadness :—

'They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough,
They nothing saw but the coming night,
They nothing heard but the roar of Yarrow.
No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother,
No longer walk, thou weeping maid,
Alas! thou hast no more a brother.'

Such was the great background of pathetic feeling out of which Yarrow came forth to meet the poets of this century. In the earliest years of it Scott had, by gathering together and concentrating all that was oldest and finest in the ancient songs of 'The Forest,' conferred a new and deeper consecration on Yarrow. When Wordsworth passed down Tweed-dale with his sister from that first interview at Lasswade, Scott had not yet made the last minstrel

'Pass where Newark's ruined tower
Looks forth from Yarrow's birchen bower;'

much less dreamed of Marmion, with those so interesting introductions, in one of which he sings of St. Mary's silent lake,

'There's nothing left to Fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness :
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.'

Then Wordsworth came, and as he travelled down the bank of Tweed, and felt that on the other side of the hill, within an hour's walk, lay Yarrow, the very sanctuary of old border song, doubtless the poetic heart was stirred within him, and he longed to look on the romantic river. But he was constrained—probably enough from some quite prosaic reason—to pass on, and the thoughts and feelings came to him which took shape in 'Yarrow Unvisited.' Turn to the poem. It opens in a lighter, more frolicsome vein than was usual with Wordsworth—frolicsome, we may call it, not humorous, for to humour Wordsworth attained not. His sister evidently desires

'To turn aside
And see the braes of Yarrow.'

To her wish—it may have been importunity—the poet replies, 'We have seen so many famous rivers all Scotland over; so many famous streams yet lie before us to see—Galla Water, Leader Haughs, Dryburgh by the chiming Tweed—

'There's pleasant Teviotdale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow :
Why throw away a needful day,
To go in search of Yarrow?'

And then he breaks out,—

'What's Yarrow but a river bare
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder.'

His sister looks up in his face surprised and pained to hear her brother speak in what seemed scorn of the old romantic river. To her look the poet replies in a somewhat more serious strain, admits there must be something worth their seeing in Yarrow—the green holms, the fair flowing river—but they must for the present pass them by—must allow—

'The swan on still Saint Mary's Lake,
Float double, swan and shadow.'

And then the deep undertone of feeling which lay beneath all the lighter chaff and seeming disparagement, breaks out in these two immortal stanzas :—

'Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it :
We have a vision of our own ;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
For, when we're there although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow!'

After this ideal gleam has for a moment broken over it, the light of common day again closes in, and the poem ends with the comforting thought that

'Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow
That earth has something yet to show,
The bonny holms of Yarrow!'

The whole poem, if it contains only two stanzas pitched in Wordsworth's highest strain, is throughout in his most felicitous vein of expression. The manner is that of the old ballad, with an infusion of modern reflection, which yet does not spoil its naturalness. The metre is that in which most of the old Yarrow ballads, from 'The Dowie Dens' onward, are cast, with the second and the fourth lines in each stanza ending in double rhymes, to let the refrain fall full on the fine melodious name of Yarrow. It plays with the subject, rises and falls—now playful, then serious, then back to homeliness, with a most graceful movement. It has in it something of that ethereality of thought and manner which belonged to

Wordsworth's earlier lyrics—those composed during the last years of the preceding and the first few years of this century. This peculiar ethereality—which is a thing to feel rather than to describe—left him after about 1805, and though replaced in the best of his later poems by increased depth and mellowness of reflection, yet could no more be compensated than the fresh gleam of new-fledged leaves in spring can be made up for by their autumnal glory.

Years pass, and Wordsworth at length, guided by the Ettrick Shepherd, looks on the actual Yarrow, and takes up the strain where he had left it eleven years ago. Then the feeling was—

> 'We have a vision of our own;
> Ah! why should we undo it?'

Now it is—

> 'And is this—Yarrow?—This the stream
> Of which my fancy cherish'd,
> So faithfully, a waking dream?
> An image that hath perish'd!'

This famous exclamation, which has long since passed into the mind of the world, had scarcely found vent, when there falls a strange sadness on the poet's heart, and he would that some minstrel were near to dispel it with glad music. Yet why should he be sad? The stream wanders on its way clear and silvery—

> 'Nor have these eyes by greener hills
> Been soothed, in all my wanderings;
> And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
> Is visibly delighted;
> For not a feature of those hills
> Is in the mirror slighted.'

And 'a blue sky bends o'er Yarrow Vale,' save where it is flecked by "pearly whiteness" of a fair September morning. Everything that meets his eye is beautiful and soothing. It is that the braes, though beautiful, look so solitary and desolate, and the solitariness of the present answers too well to the sadness of the past. Summing up all the sorrows of innumerable songs in one question, he exclaims,—

> 'Where was it that the famous Flower
> Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?'

And here, if we might pause on details of fact, we might say that Wordsworth fell into an inaccuracy; for Mary Scott of Dryhope, the real 'Flower of Yarrow,' never did lie bleeding on Yarrow, but became the wife of Wat of Harden and the mother of a wide-branching race. But Wordsworth speaks of *his* bed, evidently confounding the lady 'Flower of Yarrow' with that 'slaughtered youth' for whom so many ballads had sung lament. But this slight divergence from fact no way mars the truth of feeling which makes the poet long to pierce into the dumb past and know something of the pathetic histories that have immortalised these braes. But, though he cannot recall the buried histories of the past, he does not fail to read to the very core the present sentiment that pervades Yarrow:—

> 'Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
> A softness still and holy;
> The grace of forest charms decayed,
> And pastoral melancholy.'

No words in the language penetrate more truly and deeply into the very heart of nature. It was one of Wordsworth's great gifts to be able to concentrate the whole feeling of a wide scene into a few words, simple, strong, penetrating to the very core of it. Many a time, and for many a varied scene, he has done this, but perhaps he has never put forth this power more happily than in the four lines in which he has summed up for all time the true quality of Yarrow. You look on Yarrow, you repeat those four lines over to yourself, and you feel that the finer, more subtle, essence of nature has never been more perfectly uttered in human words. There it stands complete. No poet coming after Wordsworth need try to do it again, for it has been done once, perfectly and for ever.

The verses which follow relapse from that high altitude into a more ordinary level of description. Having traversed the stream from St. Mary's Loch to Newark and Bowhill, he leaves it with the impression that sight has not destroyed imagination—the actual not effaced the ideal:—

> '—— Not by sight alone,
> Lov'd Yarrow, have I won thee;
> A ray of fancy still survives—
> Her sunshine plays upon thee!
> —— I know where'er I go,
> Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
> Will dwell with me—to heighten joy
> And cheer my mind in sorrow.'

Compared with 'Yarrow Unvisited,' 'Yarrow Visited' does not go with such a swing from end to end. The second poem has in it more of contemplative pause than the first. There is more irregularity in the quality of its stanzas—some of them rising to an excellence which Wordsworth has not surpassed, and which has impressed them on the poetic memory as possessions for ever, others sinking down to the level of ordinary poetic workmanship. But even in a lyric of a dozen stanzas, if a note is struck here and there of the highest pitch, it is a question whether it is possible to maintain the strain at the same level throughout. It will be found, I think, on examination that the lyric stanzas which have taken an undying hold on mankind, are almost always embedded among

other stanzas not so eminent. It is not given even to the most gifted poets to keep on expressing the best thoughts in the best words throughout all the stanzas of a long lyric.

Seventeen more years, and then came the farewell visit to Abbotsford, and that last day on Yarrow, when

> 'Once more, by Newark's Castle-gate,
> Long left without a warder,
> He stood, looked, listened, and with him,
> Great minstrel of the Border!
> And through the silent portal arch
> Of mouldering Newark enter'd;
> And clomb the winding stair that once
> Too timidly was mounted
> By the 'last Minstrel' (not the last!)
> Ere he his Tale recounted.'

It was a day late in September, and, judging by the traits touched in "Yarrow Revisited," the party from Abbotsford did not go to the upper course of Yarrow, where the braes are green and treeless, but lingered among the woods of Bowhill and about the ruin of Newark. The leaves on these woods were sere, but made redder or more golden as the breezes played, or the autumnal sunshine shot through them.

As they wandered through the wooded banks that overhang Yarrow, they

> 'Made a day of happy hours,
> Their happy days recalling;
> And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
> And down the meadow ranging,
> Did meet us with unaltered face,
> Though we were changed and changing;
> If *then*, some natural shadows spread
> Our inward prospect over,
> The soul's deep valley was not slow
> Its brightness to recover.'

No wonder that some shadows should overspread their mental prospect, for, as regarded Scott,

> '—— Sickness lingering yet
> Has o'er his pillow brooded;
> And Care waylays his steps,—a Sprite
> Not easily eluded.'

Against these forebodings of decay Wordsworth, throughout the poem, contends with wonderful buoyancy. But the pressure of fact was too heavy to be put by. It required something more than the soothing influences of nature, or even the faith which Wordsworth so cherished,

> 'Naught shall prevail against us, or disturb
> The cheerful faith that all which we behold
> Is full of goodness,'

to have enabled Scott or his friends to bear his then condition. From the sight of that inevitable decay Wordsworth turned and tried to soothe himself and his friends with the hope that though he was compelled to leave his Tweed and Teviot, 'Sorento's breezy waves' would give him gracious welcome, and Tiber before his eyes 'with unimagined beauty shine.'

> 'For Thou, upon a hundred streams,
> By tales of love and sorrow,
> Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
> Hast shed the power of Yarrow;
> And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
> Wherever they invite Thee,
> At parent Nature's grateful call,
> With gladness must requite thee.'

Alas! how different was the reality! In Lockhart's life of him may be read with how dull and unstirred a heart he gazed on all that Italy contains of art or nature, how the only things that for a moment reanimated him were the Tombs of the Stuarts in St. Peter's, and the sight of the heather on the Apennines reminding him of his own land.

After the expression of the hope of what Italy may do for him Wordsworth passes on, in four more stanzas, to reflect on the power of "localised Romance," what it does to elevate and beautify existence, how

> 'The visions of the past
> Sustain the heart in feeling
> Life as she is,—our changeful Life.'

And then the poem, longer than either of the two preceding ones, closes with this farewell benediction on the stream, whose immemorial charm his own three poems have so greatly enhanced:—

> 'Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream!
> Fulfil thy pensive duty,
> Well pleased that future Bards should chant
> For simple hearts thy beauty;
> To dream-light dear while yet unseen,
> Dear to the common sunshine,
> And dearer still, as now I feel,
> To memory's shadowy moonshine.'

This poem, along with the touching sonnet which condenses many of the same sentiments, and tells Scott that 'the might of the whole world's good wishes with him goes,' was sent soon afterwards to him, and reached him before he left London for Italy. No record remains as to how he took these poems, or what pleasure they gave him. Probably the pall of gloom was by this time settling down on his mind too heavily to be lifted off by any songs that mortal poet could indite.

Compared with the two former poems, 'Yarrow Revisited' falls short of the ideal tone to which they were set. In the former, the poet's mind was free to follow its natural impulse, and, unencumbered with present fact, to see Yarrow Vale in the visionary light which nature or foregone humanities had combined to shed upon it.

In the last poem the sense of Scott's recent misfortunes and declining health was too painfully present to admit of such treatment. Wordsworth was himself conscious of this, and in the retrospect he made this remark:—'There is too much pressure of fact for these verses to harmonize, as much as I could

wish, with the two preceding poems.' This is true. And yet if it wants the idealizing touch, it has qualities of its own which well compensate for that want. It is one of the latest of Wordsworth's poems in which his natural power is seen still unabated; and if it falls below the best things he did in his best days, it is only second to these, and displays his later or autumnal manner in its best form. Several of the stanzas above quoted are only a little below the finest verses in the best of the 'Lyrical Ballads,' written in his poetic prime. But if some may estimate the artistic merit of 'Yarrow Revisited' lower than I am inclined to do, they cannot deny its human and historic interest. It is an enduring record of the friendship of two poets, the greatest of their time, and of the last scene in that friendship. Commencing with that first meeting at Lasswade, before either was much known to fame, their friendship lasted unabated till death parted them. They had lived apart, and met only by occasional visits, when Wordsworth crossed the Scottish border, or Scott visited the Lakes.

On one of these latter occasions they had together ascended Helvellyn, and Wordsworth commemorated that ascent by the lines addressed to Lady Scott,—

'Inmate of a mountain dwelling.'

And again in the 'Musings in Aquapendente' he reverted to

'Old Helvellyn's brow,
Where once together, in his day of strength,
We stood rejoicing, as if earth were free
From sorrow, like the sky above our heads.'

The characters of the two poets were not less different than were the views and methods on which their poetry was constructed. But they each esteemed and honoured the other, throughout their days of active creation, and now they had met for what they well knew, though they did not say it, must be their final interview. It was an affecting and solemn interview, according to the prose account of it which Wordsworth and Lockhart have each given. Nor less affecting is this its poetic record.

Then, again, the poem is a memorial of the very last visit Scott ever paid not only to Yarrow but to any scene in that land which he had so loved and glorified. A memorial of that day, struck off on the spot, even by an inferior hand, would have been precious. But when no less a poet than Wordsworth was there to commemorate this, Scott's last day by his native streams, and when into that record he poured so much of the mellow music of his autumnal genius, the whole poem reaches to a quite tragic pathos. As you croon over its solemn cadences, and think of the circumstances out of which it arose, and the sequel that was so soon to follow, you seem to overhear in every line

'The still sad music of humanity.'

Wordsworth never revisited those scenes. But once again, on hearing of the death of James Hogg, in November, 1835, his thoughts flew back to Yarrow, and poured themselves forth in this 'Extempore Effusion,' probably the very last outburst in which his genius flashed forth with its old poetic fervour:—

'When first, descending from the moorlands,
I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

'When last along its banks I wandered,
Through groves which had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
My steps the Border-minstrel led.

'The mighty minstrel breathes no longer,
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;
And death upon the braes of Yarrow,
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes.

* * * * * * *

'Like clouds that rake the mountain summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!

'Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
"Who next will drop and disappear?"'

These lines are a fitting epilogue to the three poems, 'by which,' as Lockhart has said, 'Wordsworth has connected his name to all time with the most romantic of Scottish streams,' and he might have added, with the greatest of Scottish poets.

J. C. SHAIRP.

LADY BELL.

By the AUTHOR of "Citoyenne Jacqueline."

CHAPTER XLIV.—FROM THE COUNTRY TO THE TOWN AGAIN.



EVENTS had so come about, that when Lady Bell walked over to Nutfield to mingle congratulations and condolences with Miss Kingscote on Master Charles's having joined the army, Lady Bell had also to tell of the contemplated departure of herself and Mrs. Sundon, a crushing coincidence to Miss Kingscote.

But Lady Bell was led to think that her going was a merciful provision, so far as concerned the keeping of her secret from a woman who could no more keep a secret than she could hold her tongue.

Lady Bell sat again in the homely parlour where she had stitched the chair covers, and had sought to make the lagging hours pass more quickly by playing shovel-board with Master Charles, or by benevolently contributing her finishing touches to his education, in teaching him the air of a song or the last cotillon step. That was in the days when she was poor, old Squire Trevor's runaway wife.

Now Lady Bell was a wife who gloried in her hidden title, a rich woman gloating over her secret hoards. But she tried to speak and look as before. She even strove to put Miss Kingscote off any scent which, imperceptible to Mrs. Sundon, might yet hang about Lady Bell.

Lady Bell was elaborately lively and witty. She entertained Miss Kingscote with all her adventures which were public property. She was really sorry on Miss Kingscote's account that she, Lady Bell, had not been so obliging as to get into a fire or an earthquake when she was in town.

For Miss Kingscote loved the marvellous in her own or her friend's stories.

There were twins who had lived a long lifetime apart, and had yet followed the well-known law of twins, by dying within the same hour.

Somebody had known a party of resurrectionists who had been thinking of taking up a dead, and had found a living body.

An honest woman had expired from no worse disease than a whitlow.

A wild duck had been discovered sitting on a nest in an oak tree.

People had seen a perfect rainbow at nine o'clock at night.

After these *lusus naturæ* Miss Kingscote was best pleased with pretty stories.

His Majesty had graciously interposed his august arms, to prevent the fall of a tottering old woman, who was presenting a petition in favour of her grandson, a hardened, dashing, young highwayman, taken in the act, and lying under sentence of death.

Her Majesty had received the most beautiful set of sable furs ever beheld in England, as a present from the Empress of Russia.

Lady Bell did not stint her old friend in such annals, but it was in vain.

Within half an hour of Lady Bell's entrance, Miss Kingscote had cried out that there was a difference in Lady Bell.

The subtle distinction in eye, lip, voice, which had failed to attract the attention of a woman like Mrs. Sundon, or having attracted it, had not won a single comment or conjecture from Lady Bell's bosom friend in whole days of renewed intimate intercourse, was instantly patent beyond evasion to the simple woman whose leisure and unconsciousness were those of a child.

Miss Kingscote did not hesitate to put her clumsy hand on the alteration, and, in other circumstances, the rude but natural process might have had a fascination for Lady Bell. She might have sought to make up to herself for the lurking mortification of getting off so easily at home from Mrs. Sundon's delicacy or indifference, by going again and again to Nutfield to be covered with confusion, and brought to the brink of detection by Miss Kingscote. For Lady Bell's second secret was a happy secret.

But there were two objections to the dangerous indulgence. Lady Bell was going away, and Miss Kingscote had an incurable propensity to tell a discovery all round.

"La! Lady Bell," Miss Kingscote cried that first day, "what do have come to you? When you ain't speaking, you sit with your lips a-smiling and your eyes staring at the wall as if you saw a flea a-sticking in it, and the sight were rare fine and main welcome to you. When wenches let their minds slip away like that, we all can guess what they slip to. These be fine Lon'on manners, to gabble like a dabchick for five minutes, and for the next not to speak a word. Yet I'll go bail I've been telling you every article in Master Charles's kit, and asking your mind on each. And there you sit a-smiling at me for all the world like a poor soul as has lost her mind."

"I've found it again then, Miss Kingscote," said Lady Bell, hastening to atone for her offence. "Master Charles took away a wrap-rascal with him, you said?"

"I never said he did aught of the kind. He took away the good frieze coat of his father afore him. Why, the less we have of grand Lon'on manners the better, say I—you take me? I'm cracking my joke, my dear. Nay, we could not hope to keep two such fine birds as you and Madam Sundon long among us. Only it do come hard that you should take your flight alongst with my Master Charles—the Lord bring him back from the wars safe and sound!"

"Amen to that prayer for all gallant men serving their country," Lady Bell chimed in, sedately, and softly clasping her hands on her knees.

"I'll warrant you have an interest in that response, my Lady Bell, else you would have been none so quick in making it so prettily," said Miss Kingscote. "There, now, you've gone as red as the red July flower, which I was wont to compare you to when you lived with me and Master Charles, and we didn't know you was quality; these were happy days."

"That they were, Miss Kingscote," acknowledged kind little Lady Bell, kind when you took her in the right way, and growing kinder now than ever.

"And how am I to face the next winter, with you all clean gone, and nought to dream on but bloody battles in the Back Woods with them Red Injins?" Miss Kingscote bemoaned herself dismally.

"But the Indians are on Master Charles's side," Lady Bell said cheerfully.

Miss Kingscote dismissed the suggestion with scorn. "Don't go to tell me that. I'll have nought to divert me but spying winding sheets in them candles."

"At least I should not begin to think of the winter before the summer is here," Lady Bell recommended as good philosophy; "you know Master Charles has to be trained to be a soldier in one of the barracks near town, where we shall be able to see a great deal of him. Who knows but the war may end sooner than his training?"

"If you had but stayed with us a bit longer yourself," regretted Miss Kingscote; "a wedding-ring leapt out of the fire right into my lap last night."

"Good gracious! then you must be going to be married yourself, my dear Miss Kingscote, so that you need not mind who goes," vowed Lady Bell, like the naughty puss she was at that moment.

"Ne'er a one of I, since I have given up all thoughts of marrying, leastways till I'm sought, for I'll make no rash promises. As for Master Charles, he's going a-campaigning,—the worse luck to the lasses!—afore he goes a-courting. The ring mun have been yours, Lady Bell, I see it in your face; I know the face of a young woman as has marriage beaming in her eye."

"You are wrong, you are wrong," insisted Lady Bell, laughing in an ecstasy of mischievous delight; "I'll wager you a silk gown, Miss Kingscote, that I'll never marry again."

"It is easy to say 'done,'" declared Miss Kingscote, opening her goggle eyes, "but you can't ever mean it; no, if you had abode still we might have had the wedding at Summerhill, and that would have given us a fillip, and been a rare diversion. I would have had a hop at it myself, to set it off, because you are a favourite. I would have given you such a jig as would have shaken the boards."

"I am obliged to you all the same, Miss Kingscote," said Lady Bell, making the tub curtsey which she had made at her first drawing-room. "I would do anything in life to please you; indeed I would, an' I could; but the thing is clean impossible."

"You are making fun of me, that's what you're doing, Lady Bell," Miss Kingscote came to the bright conclusion; "but I would have been even with you if you had abode still, for there is a fellow in the maze—never go for to tell me there's none, with that red in your cheek and that light in your eye; and you come to bid farewell to Nutfield, a-carrying

a heart aneath your gownd. But I was sure and certain whenever one of you madams set your noses to the smoke of Lon'on, you would ne'er rest till you had both harked back to the town."

The London smoke of which Miss Kingscote spoke, and which had smelt sweet to Lady Bell, had not begun to soil the fresh spring green of the parks and public gardens, when Lady Bell and Mrs. Sundon were gone, bag and baggage, from Summerhill.

The ladies were established in genteel lodgings in the Haymarket. The situation was central, and full of the bustle which was then thought desirable in a town lodging. The rooms in themselves were somewhat faded and dingy, after those of Summerhill, but the young women who occupied them were sufficient to brighten and adorn most rooms.

In the inconsistency which had lately become visible in Mrs. Sundon's character, in spite of the stress which had been laid on the coming requirements of Miss Caro's juvenile education, the child was left behind after all.

Caro, who was being reared so wisely and so carefully; who, under the very restrictions which her mother imposed, had occupied so much of Mrs. Sundon's thoughts; the woman child, in whom was centred her mother's chief hopes and expectations—was disposed of apart from that mother!

Caro was intrusted confidently to Miss Kingscote, that the child might run wild under that good woman's perfectly kindly, but not over-discreet superintendency. Caro was, in her small person, to fill the vacant places—to lighten the dulness of Nutfield.

Caro's beautiful, stately young mother was to resume without encumbrance her place in the gay world, and take again, freely, her share in its pomps and pleasures, undeterred by the last terrible misfortune which had befallen the miserable man she had loved, who was still her husband, and Caro's father!

Even Lady Bell, unsuspicious and preengrossed, was perplexed, almost pained, by the leaving out of Caro from her mother's train.

CHAPTER XLV.—MASTER CHARLES SEEING THE LIONS, AND LADY BELL PLAYING BO-PEEP WITH THE PUBLIC.

Master Charles had thought, when he was quitting Nutfield, that his martial education would be enthralling, and that any time which he could spare from it would be improvingly and delightfully spent in the sights and the life of the town. He had believed that to renew and maintain his brotherly intimacy with Mrs. Sundon and Lady Bell would be a point of honour, and a sacrifice to friendship.

Master Charles knew better after he had been a week in the awkward squad, and a hermit in a town lodging. He racked his back, strained his arms and legs, and caught a crick in his neck on parade. He was horribly liable to dose, and be for ever disgraced on sentry.

He promenaded the busy streets, and grew weary of the exercise. He delivered with an important face letters of introduction, which were but carelessly received. He was made to comprehend that while he was not a fellow of much account, even where his few rescued ancestral acres lay, except for the honest, friendly hands which had been stretched forth to hold him up and help him forward, he was absolutely nobody in mighty London.

No club hospitality of White's or Boodle's was extended to him. He might sit night after night at the play, or tickling his ears at the opera, but it must be without a comrade.

His very brother officers were strangers to him, like the rest of the world, and were also somewhat slow to recognise the merits which were so slenderly gilded by fortune.

Of course, that was particularly the case when the rough diamonds and overgrown school-boys of his mess, before they had become acquainted with those qualities in their last sub which they could heartily appreciate, found in him a mind and will of his own, in what they regarded as most reprehensible punctilios.

He might saunter, and sit, and regale himself in the parks and public gardens, now open for the season, and feel all the time in the middle of the cultivated surroundings and the animated crowds like a pelican in the wilderness.

He might even be so lucky as to get a card for a private assembly; he might dress carefully in the linen and lace which had been his sister Deb's pride, and in the uniform which not a month ago he had held so splendid; he might try conscientiously to call to mind the lessons which he had got gratis, from two such authorities as Lady Bell and Mrs. Sundon, on town breeding.

What was his reward? A curtsey from his hostess; two fingers from his host; some

chicken-bones and negus, if he chose to fight for them, late in the evening. But not an introduction which he cared for; not an opportunity worth having to practise his dancing, and show his gallantry, before he went off, tired and sulky, to spend money which he could ill spare on a coach or a chair to his barracks or his lodgings.

He could have pummelled a few feather heads, or trounced a few unconsciousable dandies with satisfaction, by way of variety. For this young gentleman was not of a sad and severe quiet temper naturally. He was frank and free, bold and brave; one of the best riders after the hounds, and most untiring dancer of "Tit for Tat" and "Jack-on-the-Green" within cry of his native Lumley.

There were places to which Master Charles would have been moderately welcome as a poor young country pigeon, who had yet some feathers of which he might be plucked. But then he had passed his word to a lady that he would not bet or play cards unless in the tamest fashion.

If he were fit for nothing else, he was fit to keep his word—to the salvation of his worldly estate, his independence, his prospects in life, and of what was infinitely more—his honour and honesty in the sight of God and man. People might call him milksop or Methodist, or what they chose; he had passed his word, and he would keep it, like a sprig of the stock which had developed in its day many a gallant indomitable Puritan.

Master Charles very soon opened his eyes to the advantage (in which lay a key to the position) of being on intimate terms with two of the prettiest, wittiest young women of rank and fashion in London.

He would not have slighted Mrs. Sundon and Lady Bell had they been neither pretty nor witty, and had their claims to rank and fashion failed on being put to the test; for it was true—what Mrs. Sundon had once said of Master Charles—that he was honourable above his brethren. But what was generous in his manliness did not rob him of the acuteness which could see and seize an advantage.

It is not to say, moreover, that Master Charles's motives were wholly or even chiefly self-interested, because it was a great gain to him that these rooms in the Haymarket were open to him at any hour of the day, and he could go there not only for a cup of tea, but for breakfast, dinner, or supper, as it suited him, when he was off duty.

He could do, and rejoice to do, something for his friends again. He could be of almost as great use to the ladies in the town as in the country. Unquestionably, in the former they had squires at command, but that did not argue that they could dispense with the manly, kindly young fellow on whom they could implicitly rely, who never presumed on his services.

Mrs. Sundon and Lady Bell were as glad to see Master Charles in town as he was to see them, though the preponderance of the gain might be on his side. He remarked with pride that change of place wrought no change in their regard. The ladies remained faithful to the league entered into when they were rusticating as country belles and Ladies Bountiful in the depths of the country.

Master Charles made himself at home with the mistresses of the lodging in the Haymarket in all simplicity, as he and his sister had given Lady Bell Trevor and Mrs. Sundon a home at Nutfield.

Mrs. Sundon took a good woman's interest in Master Charles. She had rescued him from perilous ways, and that alone constituted him her *protégé*, though in age he was a year her senior, as he was rather fond of reminding her.

She was well disposed to continue the guardianship which he could afford her, and which she could repay a hundredfold; for she could give him the priceless benefit, not of her experience alone, but of her purity and integrity, in threading his way among the snares and pitfalls which the town placed in the path of a young country gentleman uninitiated in its base craft, and liable to be abashed by its impudence.

Mrs. Sundon and Lady Bell could enable Master Charles, by accepting their gentle companionship, to make in safety and triumph an honest acquaintance with town life, without stumbling and tumbling into vice and ruin.

Lady Bell vied with Mrs. Sundon in conferring the womanly obligation, and in seeking worthily to entertain and cicerone Master Charles.

The truth was, that Lady Bell had felt it a little awkward to return to the gay world which she had so recently forsaken, while bound by a tie of which that world knew nothing.

She had supposed that she would pass the period of Harry Fane's absence in retirement at Summerhill. It was to be otherwise, and she did not know how she was to meet her hosts of admirers without showing consciousness, and betraying a change.

She did not consider that if she succeeded in appearing as she was before, she would be acting a false part, and imposing a cheat on the public. She was the most innocent and ignorant of clandestine wives, yet she had a dim, vague notion that it would not be nice for those men—Sir George Waring, Lord Boscobel, and others—to press round her as when she was free.

Nay, she felt that she would be fit to die with shame and remorse if the men were seriously misled; and supposing she could not parry what had been already laid at her feet during the winter—offers, offers of marriage, from deceived, mocked men to a married woman, who exulted in her marriage, though she let it be unproclaimed.

One means of escape from the difficulty Lady Bell had not anticipated, and it proved a little trying to her girlish vanity.

In that short interval since she had abdicated her power as a belle and toast, she had been just a little forgotten. Other claimants to her crown had appeared, and been so far acknowledged.

There were conspicuous defaulters from the ranks of Lady Bell's former sworn admirers, the most flagrant being Sir George Waring, and with him his familiar spirit, Mrs. Lascelles.

Some said that Sir George, whose good-nature did not exempt him from the prevailing infirmity of spleen—or a tolerably vigorous and stubborn spite—had not forgotten an affront which Lady Bell had been so indiscreet as to administer to him on the night of the masquerade ball at White's.

Sir George himself, his toadies and imitators, begged to explain that his defection was provoked by the discovery that Lady Bell Trevor was a little humbug. She had pretended to withdraw voluntarily from the town's homage into the shade, and here was she turning up again to solicit public patronage before "summer had set in with its usual severity."

Besides, Lady Bell lost in certain quarters by her association with Mrs. Sundon. These lax, yet bitter judges, knew Mrs. Sundon as a fine woman, who was too good for her neighbours.

Had not Mrs. Sundon first insisted on marrying and whitewashing poor Sundon of Chevely, and then been hard on the sinner and left him in the lurch, till worse—faugh! mention it not to ears polite!—something like murder, came of it?

If the judges wanted wifely virtue in such circumstances, it was virtue after the model of Mrs. Beverley's in the *Gamester*. Virtue in a woman ought on no account to be guilty of turning round upon, upbraiding, departing from a man, not though he were self-indulgent, forsworn, craven, cruel; though he had lied to her, stolen from her, well-nigh destroyed her.

There were whispers, too, early current in influential circles, of country cousins who could establish claims upon, and clog the heels of the dainty beauty, Lady Bell Trevor. A privileged train of detrimentals was not a desirable appendage to a young lady.

One odd, authoritative fellow had appeared on the night of the masquerade. Here was another (if, indeed, it were not one and the same bumpkin) in the raw ensign, of whom nobody knew a syllable, except that he was promoted to be the constant attendant on Lady Bell and Mrs. Sundon at public places.

But Mrs. Sundon and Lady Bell did not hear the malicious small talk of the highest society.

Beyond a twinge, not unwholesome, of mortification at finding herself not so much valued as she had imagined, Lady Bell did not take to heart her losses in "sublime" beaux. She was positively relieved by the defection of a portion of her servants, and she had still more than she knew what to do with.

At first she was incomprehensibly shy and nervous to her admirers; then—growing hardened, alas!—she began to find that it was rather amusing and exciting to play with and baffle her followers.

Lady Bell's confession to Mrs. Sundon had died on her lips, till half in sensitiveness, half in pride, and partly in the thoughtless obtuseness of what had become custom, she was reconciled to Mrs. Sundon's remaining in the dark by her own choice, with regard to an event of the importance of which, at the same time, Lady Bell's friend could not have the smallest conception beforehand.

Lady Bell grew at her ease—cool, careless with her society, while they could not for their lives tell why the young widow, Lady Bell Trevor, should appropriate an immunity not granted to and seldom taken by single women.

Mrs. Sundon looked on, but did not seem to see; or, doing as she wished to be done by, would not interfere with Lady Bell's pranks, which were really committed in the exuberance of satisfaction, and in girlish roguishness.

But Lady Bell got daring in provoking

and defying juries of chaperons and courts of men. She would offer to play ecarté with this man, or to make up a couple wanting in a country dance with that. She would employ Mr. Gower or Sir Thomas Neville to bring her shawl, and reward him with a pinch of snuff out of her own particular little enamel snuff-box. What were these men to her? or what could she ever be to them? Why should she be mincing and scrupulous, like a mere girl?

All the time Lady Bell clung to Master Charles as to an old friend, or brotherly ally, who would come to her aid, back her, cover her retreat at any moment.

Lady Bell won the name of being a terrible flirt, and that honest, neighbourly, brotherly friendship, which was fully recognised down at Summerhill, was exactly the relation which the suspicious, sneering, vitiated gay world could not understand.

CHAPTER XLVI.—ANOTHER WATER-PARTY, AND A STRANGE ENCOUNTER AT THE DOCKS.

Mrs. Sundon, Lady Bell, and Master Charles went often to Ranelagh and Vauxhall, where their presence became as conspicuous as, and rather more attractive than, that of the gigantic Russian Count Orloff, who was yet to put his size and strength to use in strangling his Czar, Peter III.

Master Charles was shown these places in their spring perfection, while he was subjected to a little of the envy for superior advantages which he had vented on others, but which men don't object to receive in their own persons. He was too modest to swagger, but he did hold up his head, with his chin somewhat in the air, as he made the circle of the Rotunda, or hurried along quite willing to be surprised and enchanted by the cascade, with two such ladies hanging familiarly on his arms.

To Lady Bell's great regret, Mrs. Siddons had completed her engagement for the season, and was gone on a professional tour.

Yet Lady Bell was heard to reflect, with a deep sigh, "It was so heavenly the last time I heard her, that I do not know how I could have stood her falling off, which must have been."

In correspondence with this pensive sentiment, Lady Bell argued, rather ungratefully, that Sir Joshua did not show "near such fine pictures," nor "t'other man such fine plates" (witness her treasured piece of Wedgwood ware), as she had seen on a former occasion.

However, when Lady Bell made up a water-party to Kew, she admitted that it was far more harmonious and decorous than that which she had arranged with Lady Sundon and Mrs. Lascelles to Hampton. Lady Bell could never lift up her hands and eyes high enough, and condemn too severely the folly into which she had been entangled at Hampton.

"To think that a gentleman who was present had to tell us that we should be exposed to something disagreeable, which was just what happened. No, I shall never cease to be shocked at the impropriety of singing with Sir George Waring on the water in the afternoon," said Lady Bell, when sitting again in a barge.

She spoke as solemnly as if her conduct before and after that event had been highly exemplary, the pink of prudence, and as if she were delivering a sermon pointed with the moral of her own transgressions to the blessed baby, Master Charles.

"It must have been monstrous cold for you to go on the water like this in February," remarked the unimpressed gentleman; "I wonder how you ever came to think of it."

"Master Charles, it was the loveliest day," corrected Lady Bell with a relapse into enthusiasm, "I had the charmingest weather all winter. I can't believe that it had been winter, or if so, winter must have borrowed the very finest days from summer."

"That is mighty queer, ain't it, Mrs. Sundon," appealed Master Charles; "we didn't know the past winter different from the rest of the winters in our lives. It was as miry and slushy as ever down at Nutfield and Summerhill."

"It was not that here," Lady Bell said decidedly. "You and Sunny make the grossest mistake when you maintain that the parks and gardens, and lawns and meadows, such as these, must look far better all rustling with green, and red and white with roses and lilies, than when I saw them last. You are quite wrong. I fancy the buds must be more to some people than the blossoms, and the first green shoots of the lilac to such full purple clusters as you have yonder," pointing to an overhanging bush.

"Not many people will agree with you in such a whim, Bell," Mrs. Sundon joined in the conversation, lifting up her head from leaning it on her hand.

"I cannot help it," replied the unshaken Lady Bell. "The Mall of St. James's will never look half so well as it looked under the bare boughs against the grey sky. I was

walking there yesterday, and I thought the trees were scrubby and dusty, that they had suffered an eclipse like Sir Joshua's pictures and Mr. Wedgwood's ware. No, Master Charles, it was not monstrous cold—I never felt cold, and everything was monstrous pretty then."

"Why, Lady Bell, you must have been bewitched," Master Charles accused her.

"Perhaps I was," she laughed, with tender tears in her laughter, "and I should like nothing better than to be so bewitched again. Oh! when will the months roll on till foggy November brings bleak February?—I am weary of the slow march of time."

"I'll have got my marching orders for another sort of march before then," Master Charles told her soberly; "will that help you, Lady Bell? It seems to me you have quarrelled with the present company."

"How can you say so, sir, when you and Sunny are here?" Lady Bell flung back the accusation indignantly. "You must be the next thing to the best company, if you are not the very best, which you can no more help, than I can help being silly. No, your marching away will not do any good, unless you would all march away, and march back again, in double quick time, merrily."

In this pursuit of pleasure Master Charles and Lady Bell could not be expected to be very discreet. Master Charles indeed knew little or nothing of places and circles except what his companions and his instinct told him. As for Lady Bell, she had taken a reckless fit, and was tempted to trample on conventionalities. But even Mrs. Sundon exercised scant discrimination, and put in few vetos.

The trio were to be met wherever the public congregated and there was any spectacle to be beheld, without being over-scrupulous as to the style of the public, or the nature of the spectacle. It might be Blanchard's balloon, or a mermaid that was to be inspected. The resort might be Portland Chapel, or a ridotto.

Mrs. Sundon, though she never played herself, would watch players. She would sit for an hour at a time like a statue, by a faro-table.

"Poor soul, what wrought her husband's undoing, and has made a waste of her own womanhood, is invested with a morbid fascination for her," Master Charles and Lady Bell said to each other, with saddened faces trying to draw their friend away without success.

"Let me be," she dismissed the couple authoritatively, "I'm an old stager here to you two, though I wear mighty well. Go about the rooms, and enjoy yourselves, never mind me. I prefer to sit still, croaking like a raven."

Lady Bell had only received one letter from her husband, and that was from no farther off than Portsmouth, written just before he sailed.

Captain Fane warned Lady Bell, both French and American ships had been seen in the Channel; not that she was to have any fear for him, since she had armed him and sent him forth to victory. But he mentioned the presence of the double enemy to prepare her for a probable contingency. The *Thunderbomb* might have to give chase, or to be given chase to, and thus be drawn out of her course, so that it might be impossible for Lady Bell to hear from him again, about the time he had told her.

Lady Bell had not heard again, but the interval was too short, and she was too much built up in her late-found love and happiness to be troubled with apprehension. Still she longed for news.

She commenced to prick her ears, and gather with avidity every rumour circulated either in society or in the newspapers, of what homeward-bound ships had come into harbour, of what outward-bound ships had been spoken, of what land engagements had taken place, of where Paul Jones was last heard of.

Master Charles catered for Lady Bell in this respect; naturally he was full of the movements of the two warlike brothers Howe—the Admiral and the General appointed to the same expedition of taking Long and Staten islands—and she rejoiced over the repulse of the rebels at the Three Rivers.

Lady Bell was appalled at the mention of the corps passing through Hell-gate in order to fight the skirmish of the White Plains.

She hailed the arrival of Sir Peter Parker's fleet off Cape Fear. She gloried with much trembling over the action at Cape Sullivan and the story of the *Bristol*, the cable of which had been cut with the shot, so that she had lain "raked" by the enemy's fire, when Captain Morris had stood wounded till his arm was blown off, and at one time the Commodore had been left alone on the quarter-deck, "a spectacle of intrepidity."

She recoiled from the disastrous information that an English transport with troops had sailed right into Boston harbour, not knowing that it had been evacuated by the

British, when the first detachments were made prisoners without the chance of striking a blow.

"If that were to happen again," Lady Bell said to herself, following a train of thought, "I should sail by the very next ship to go into prison with him, console him and be happy."

One morning in her careful study of the "St. James's Chronicle," Lady Bell read that an ordinary merchant ship, the *Sweet Sue*, trading to the West Indies, cargo, sugar, and rum, had arrived at her wharf, near London Bridge, having overcome the perils of her voyage.

The *Sweet Sue* had encountered, and been in communication with, several of his Majesty's ships, having had to tack and beat about for a week at a time in different latitudes.

Excited by the statement, vague as it was, Lady Bell took a resolution. She would procure a fly, drive away by herself to the office of the shipowners whose address the newspaper gave, and, as a simple stranger with an interest in the navy, would make personal inquiries if any of the vessels which had passed and overhauled the *Sweet Sue* was his Majesty's frigate, *Thunderbomb*, Commander, Harry Fane.

She would not even trust the commission to Master Charles, or to any one save herself. How could she give such a commission without entering into an explanation; and this was not the time for an explanation. Besides, who would care to sift every word of the answer, and cross-question and extract further information as Lady Bell would. She knew nothing of wharves or docks, but that was all the better for her purpose, since she desired privacy.

Lady Bell had no difficulty in excusing herself from bestowing her company on Mrs. Sundon that afternoon, and luckily it was a day when Master Charles was on duty.

Lady Bell set out in her fly, and did an ostensible errand of shopping, and then with a beating heart gave her driver his direction. Under his guidance, her vehicle was soon jammed into a double row of loaded and empty waggons, drays, strings of work-horses travelling backwards and forwards, rattling and lumbering, getting hopelessly locked, and struggling in the agonies of extrication in the narrow thoroughfares. Lady Bell and her equipage, though it was but a fly, presented an incongruous appearance among the other vehicles, and the general company, which consisted of warehousemen, carters, and porters, seafaring men—native and foreign—bargemen, and their lodging-house keepers, poor soldiers' and sailors' wives, low hucksters, clamorous sellers of fish from Billingsgate, with the uncouth and hideous nondescripts, that put the finishing touches to such crowds.

Amidst the huge waggons and the grinding drags, Lady Bell's fly looked a fly indeed. Lady Bell herself showed as much out of place, contrasted with the homely, sordid figures in filthy smocks and jackets, ragged gowns and torn caps, as if she had come down from the moon.

Lady Bell was in her plainest, darkest gauze gown, but that was lightened by a great point-lace collar, open at the throat for the heat, coming down in front to the short waist, where it was fastened by a knot of white riband. Her arms, in their long, grey gloves, were crossed before her to keep her hands still. Her large flapping hat served her for a shade.

But though Lady Bell was stared at, and even openly remarked upon occasionally, her progress was not impeded. For it did happen that fine gentlemen—ay, and fine ladies—found their way sometimes into these quarters; and whether they came for good or for evil, they came, it was understood, with sufficient power to protect themselves in broad day.

The sunshine was pouring down without shrinking or shame on such sights, sounds, and smells as Lady Bell could not have imagined.

Lady Bell was rational and humane for her years and opportunities. Looking out on these haggard and care-laden, as well as brutalised, distorted faces, even in the midst of her own engrossing concerns, her gentle pity quite as much as her loathing horror was stirred; and "Oh, that Harry and I could do something in the future to help our poor fellow-creatures!" was passing through the young wife's mind. "Harry has thought and feeling to spare, hates frittering, hardening luxury and frivolity, is fond of dwelling on the good deeds of Captain Coram and such public benefactors. Harry means that we shall be reverent and tender folks, and it will be a fit thank-offering for our reunion when it comes."

Lady Bell kept looking out eagerly for the office she was in search of, among places of a similar description, where sailing vessels were to be heard of, and where intending passengers came for information, or to take out

their berths, among great stores and sheds extending to the quays. At last she saw the name, and, causing her conveyance to be drawn up close to the door, she alighted, and walked in through the dark passage to the clerk's room.

It was past the busiest hours of the day, and there was only one shabby, middle-aged man sitting at a desk. He looked up, and stared hard at the solitary state of Lady Bell's youth and quality; then leapt to the very same shrewd conclusion which Mrs. Siddons had arrived at long before—a young lady in fault, and the devil to pay. Here was a wheel within a wheel, which he might work to his own ends.

Not being by any means an honourable specimen of the genus elderly shipping-



clerk, he thought less of sparing the young lady than of himself profiting by her errors. He hesitated whether, under the circumstances, he should be rough or obsequious, give Lady Bell false or correct information, forcibly detain her, taking the law into his own hands till he sought to communicate with her friends, or ostentatiously connive at her misdemeanours.

In the end, Lady Bell's amount of self-command and self-assertion, qualities simply due to the great institution of her class, in saying what she wanted, carried the day, and induced her informant to take the latter and easier course. He bowed and becked before Lady Bell.

He told her quickly all that the captain of the *Sweet Sue* knew of the ships of war

which had signalled her, in which, to Lady Bell's deep disappointment, there was not a single mention of the *Thunderbomb* or of Captain Fane, or even any scrap or clue which loving ingenuity could twist into a connection with that noble vessel and gallant commander. There was nothing for it but that Lady Bell should make the best of a misspent afternoon, tender a reward to the glib mouthpiece of the *Sweet Sue*, return to her fly, and get out of the foreign region as fast as possible.

Something caught Lady Bell's eye, however, as she was ushered out, and stood for an instant in the doorway. She was not so entirely overcome as to fail to remark that she was not singular in the light of a visitor from the upper ten thousand to the docks. While she had been in the office, an aristocratic chair had been set down directly opposite by its bearers, with whose faces Lady Bell seemed to feel strangely familiar. The chair stood within the arch of a shed, over which was printed, "Inquire within for the Dover and Deal boats."

As Lady Bell put her foot on the step of the fly, eager to escape from a dangerous contiguity, the chairmen lifted the chair and carried it past, vouchsafing Lady Bell a glimpse of a face and a figure which kept her arrested on the step.

The face was looking another way, but there was no mistaking the profile behind the black-lace square, or the air of the figure in the mode mantle. There was Mrs. Sundon as sure as here was Lady Bell. These were the chairmen whom Mrs. Sundon was in the habit of employing when she used a chair. No wonder Lady Bell's first glance had struck her with their well-known features.

What Mrs. Sundon was doing at the docks and the shed with "Inquire within for Dover and Deal boats;" whether she had been following in the track of Lady Bell, at whom she had not even looked; or whether it were an astounding coincidence—Lady Bell could not tell, and durst not ask; but she was as certain of Sunny's identity as of her own.

"What were you doing with yourself this afternoon, Sunny?" Lady Bell did falter, when both had got home safely and separately to the Haymarket.

"What was I doing with myself, Bell?" Mrs. Sundon repeated languidly; "I was out seeking to ascertain some useful particulars with regard to an old servant."

It might have been so. It was not in Lady Bell's power to pursue the investigation.

CHAPTER XLVII.—DANCING THE BOLERO.

THE curious encounter of the friends had slipped into the background of Lady Bell's memory when she and Mrs. Sundon, attended by Master Charles, went to Vauxhall next evening. They were to be in time for the fag-end of a large regatta, a new importation from Venetian canals to the Thames. The regatta was to be witnessed by their Graces of Cumberland and Gloucester, with a great influx of fine company in their train, making Vauxhall for the occasion take the *pas* from Ranelagh.

There were showery clouds in the blue sky, but these only served to freshen the gardens, and to offer opportunities for more races than those on the water, races from the water—coming, in sudden, pelting downpours, —to the shelter at hand in the grand special pavilion, the rotunda, and every kiosk and summer-house. And there was always the hope that the inconstant, swiftly-changing weather would become fine ere the sunset, and permit the lamp-lit trees and the fireworks to twinkle and blaze without drawback.

Lady Bell had forgotten her late expedition and its failure. With her healthy nerves and her grand capacity for enjoyment, she was in a full career of pleasure.

She had relished the spectacle of the long lines of ornamental barges and gaily-dressed rowers, pulling with might and main between the ranks of moored barges, some of them bearing royal arms and containing royal liveries, all of them crowded with resplendent holiday freights.

She had said to herself, rolling the private consideration as a sweet morsel under her tongue, that she had an express and peculiar title to regard the show with interest and enthusiasm. Her Harry Fane belonged to the water, only it was to the great open blue sea, as these bargemen belonged to the river. It was as a sailor's wife that she felt a proud property, next to that of the bargemen's wives, in the rowers' pluck and skill.

Lady Bell was amused and pleased by Master Charles's honest, unsophisticated admiration, his protestations that the regatta did not come far behind a fox-hunt, and that he should like to be trained to row as well as to fence.

Then Lady Bell and Master Charles laid a very innocent wager of a dish of cherries against a dish of strawberries as to which boat would win. Lady Bell's boat won, which she said was due to the rowers

acknowledging in her a fit umpire; and she crowed over the small triumph and the smaller piece of conceit.

Lady Bell and Master Charles did not find amiss the scampering to get out of the rain, which they did half-a-dozen times before supper.

Lady Bell hoped that Sunny was also enjoying Vauxhall in her own fashion. But there was no doubt, though it might sound paradoxical, that, since Mrs. Sundon had returned to the world and gone into society, she had become unsocial and reserved in her enjoyment. Even to-night, Mrs. Sundon was falling behind and straying apart, and the practice struck Lady Bell both as looking odd, and as not being quite safe in such a public place.

At last Mrs. Sundon told Master Charles to take Lady Bell to the rotunda, for she, Mrs. Sundon, was going to join a walking party, some of the members of which she knew, outside; but she would not keep Lady Bell and Master Charles from the music and dancing. Mrs. Sundon would come and meet her party in the third alcove to the right, in time for the fireworks.

Lady Bell began to look thoughtful and anxious. "Oh, dear!" she said in strict confidence to Master Charles; "I hope my Sunny's misfortunes are not telling upon her, so that her poor head is touched and going. It sounds vastly impertinent in me to say it, for she has always been ever so much braver and wiser than I; but she has changed, grown whimsical, does unaccountable things since we came to town; not a doubt of it."

"I suppose we do unaccountable things, madam," Master Charles rallied Lady Bell, seeking to reassure her and himself. "The change is not at all in ourselves. We cannot accuse the town of working wonders on us."

Lady Bell glanced quickly at him. If the town was thus sharpening his country wits, so that he could turn the accusation upon herself, there might, indeed, be no end to its transformations.

The two had been standing in the ring watching the dancers. These consisted no longer, on ordinary nights, of the cream of the guests where ladies were concerned. They did not care to dance in the mixed sets at Vauxhall or Ranelagh, unless where a large private party formed sets of their own, or when a great lady indulged in a passing frolic.

But the regatta nights were exceptional, like the nights of the club balls, which were still given in summer at Vauxhall or Ranelagh. In the Pavilion, which was reserved for the royal dukes and their circles, the example of dancing had been set. It was not followed by Lady Bell, though she saw several of her acquaintances break through their rules, and stand up in a minuet or a cotillon. Master Charles begged that she would put him through his paces, and see how much he had improved by the last lessons which he had been receiving from a professor of the art since he came to town, without tempting his companion in the least.

But a bolero was called for, and when the band struck up the appropriate air, the caller for the dance found his courage or that of his partner fail, and the floor remained empty.

A bolero was an altogether different dance from a minuet, and a far greater novelty. The spectators, to whom fine dancing was then a fine sight, expressed their chagrin that no bolero was to be performed.

In a light-hearted impulse, born of a sense of unbounded personal security, and of a secret spring of confidence and delight, which had been beguiling her into many follies lately, Lady Bell agreed with Master Charles that they should supply the deficiency in the company—the two would dance a bolero for the public edification and satisfaction.

A competent judge of the Spanish bolero pronounced in that day that "it should only be danced by married women."

A bolero at Vauxhall was sure to create a sensation. A bolero danced by Master Charles and Lady Bell deserved to be chronicled for its own merits.

Master Charles's fresh comeliness had lately received the magical finishing touch which converted him from a countrified young gentleman to a fine young fellow, a man of the world, but without the traces of youthful dissipation and degeneracy which so often marred the class.

In his red coat and gold-fringed sash, wearing his own curly brown hair, brought into a certain dignified order by the help of powder and a riband, with his white silk stockings, shoes, and buckles, and his gold-laced hat in his hand, Master Charles looked as handsome an honest a lad as ever trod the boards of Vauxhall.

For Lady Bell, she has been described often enough; but this night, the refined charms which had made her one of the belles and toasts of the town the previous winter, were set off by the peculiar elegance of her dress.

Lady Bell wore a white muslin gown, with

a broad blue sash—the only thing that was not delicate gossamer in her dress—loosely confining, as it would have confined a child's waist, Lady Bell's clipsome waist. A muslin neckerchief, screening and shading her white neck and shoulders, was worn under the low body of the gown, with a light, broad frill falling to the waist. Even the chip-hat which she wore in full dress at Vauxhall, had a wide muslin border under its brim, floating round and softening her laughing face.

So pretty were the pair, so genteel and well-matched were their figures, with such spirit and taste did Lady Bell especially dance the bolero, that rounds of vociferous applause accompanied the performance, and when it was over, once more for a moment tongues "wagged all" in Lady Bell's praise.

"By the powers! I could go in for Lady Bell yet, sir, if I had your chance," swore an impressible man to another.

"Mon cher, no," objected his companion, more supremely selfish, cursed with a more vindictively retentive memory, in his blandness occupying himself with adding a sting to the universal flattery. "The widow has got far too skittish for a slow dog like me. You need not laugh. I have observed her romping all the evening with this last country cousin. To be sure, that aint much, when she and her immaculate friend, Mrs. Sundon, have been seen with him literally everywhere for the last month. No, thank you, Gower. Let her country friends keep Lady Bell, if they can."

"Ah!" the last speaker suddenly shrieked like a woman. "What does that rude fellow mean by tearing past us, and treading on my toes? I have a prejudice against having my toes trodden upon, even in a mob; but if he desires to provoke me into sending you for his card, with a promise of calling for him next day, he shan't be gratified, in return for his impudence."

"I don't think any offence was intended, Sir George. The gentleman did not see us," represented the more placable Gower.

"Let the offence lie down among the dead men, then, with the other fricasseries which will soon put Vauxhall and Ranelagh beyond the pale of polite people," granted Sir George indifferently, having nursed his toes into convalescence, and recovered his boasted equanimity. "I say, Nat, I am tired of staring and being stared at. Let us have a game of ombre, if you will not lay five guineas yon fellow did not mean to jostle me; but I am afraid he is too far off by this time to have the dispute properly settled, without more trouble than it is worth."

There is a chill creeping sensation, a result of the weather, or of the state of the body, or the nerves, which sometimes comes over men and women in the middle of light, laughter, and the best of company. Superstition has given the sensation voice and words varying according to the race and generation. But the differing interpretations, whether serious or mocking, coincide in bearing reference to an evil eye, an enemy, or a grave. A hostile influence, however superficial, transitory, and purely material, is recognised even in the lightest turning aside of the sensation, and of the effect which it produces on the mind.

Lady Bell experienced the feeling at the very moment when she had stopped dancing the bolero. In addition to the feeling there occurred to her the most extraordinary hallucination.

As Lady Bell raised her eyes to the close-packed circle of admiring faces round her and Master Charles, there swam before her, for a second, Harry Fane's marked face, not as she had seen it last subdued with tenderness, but stern with displeasure, and contracted with anger.

Lady Bell opened her eyes widely and gazed around her on all sides of the swaying mass with a mixture of eagerness and distress, so vivid and painful was the vision which she had conjured up.

There were many white facings to blue coats, like that above which Lady Bell's imagination had set the sailor's face, for naval officers had abounded at the regatta, but no such face, no such expression met her search. How should it? What room was there for it?

"Have you done yourself up, Lady Bell?" inquired Master Charles with kindly concern for her involuntary shiver and the paling of her complexion.

"No, I don't think so," answered Lady Bell with hesitation, "but I should like to sit down, I should not mind going home and not waiting for the fireworks—No, I don't mean it," she corrected herself, with a faint laugh when she saw her squire's discomfiture. "I could not be so cruel, for I know how fond you are of the fireworks—don't contradict me, and I'm sure I should not know where to find Sunny, till she choose to come and fetch us."

But Lady Bell, with all her efforts, could not recover her ease and gaiety; she was restless, she soon got up and proposed that she

and Master Charles should go in pursuit of Mrs. Sundon.

Master Charles was ready to do anything Lady Bell proposed, even to giving up the fireworks, though they were the grand winding up of the evening to his country breeding.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—CROSS PURPOSES, WITH AN OLD FACE IN A NEW LIGHT.

MASTER CHARLES and Lady Bell strolled here and there under the rustling boughs and coloured lamps, a combination which made Vauxhall and Ranelagh look like fairyland, to those happy unsophisticated people for whom fairies and fairyland never cease to exist.

The couple walked after the principal parties, which were taking advantage of the eventual clearing up of the weather, and some one of which Lady Bell regarded as likely to have been joined by her friend.

But no Mrs. Sundon's conspicuously elegant person could be detected in the main figure of any group.

"I should say that that was Sunny," cried Lady Bell, stopping and peering down one of the dusky unlit side walks which were generally avoided. "If there were more people with her, but there is only one man, is there not? Why there is not even one, and it is Mrs. Sundon, I know her by the way in which she carries her train, and holds her fan. Did you ever see such avoidance of her fellows, or such foolhardiness? Sunny, Sunny," running forward to remonstrate, as Mrs. Sundon advanced into the light, "it is not safe or right to go walking about alone, and out of the frequented parts of the grounds, as we did at Summerhill, you must know that?"

"I knew it before you could walk alone, madam," answered Mrs. Sundon with a dubious laugh, "so that there was really no occasion for you and Master Charles coming to look after me—a nice pair of chits to propose to take me, your elder—yours at least, Bell, and the matron of the party, under your wing," she ended with unmistakable banter.

"Sure, there is one thing that you do not know, Sunny," protested Lady Bell with great gravity and earnestness, "that you are still a young and very handsome woman."

"I think I have been told so in my day, Bell," said Mrs. Sundon carelessly, "my day which is past, girl, for all you say," she continued with a fall in her voice. "But what is more to the purpose, I like people to keep their promises. Where should I have been if I had gone to seek for you in the appointed alcove? There is no good in looking foolish, mind your word another time. Hark, I hear the gun fired as the signal for the fireworks, let us hurry to get good places."

"She has turned the tables upon us," whispered Master Charles as Mrs. Sundon preceded Lady Bell and him.

"Sunny always liked her own way," announced Lady Bell, meditatively, in an answering undertone, "and hated to be interfered with, but then she was the last person to give just cause for interference, the very last person to commit an unreasonable, for a woman of the world, an indecorous action—don't you think so, Master Charles?"

"I was wondering whether you reckon yourself a woman of the world, Lady Bell," he observed lightly.

"Oh, nonsense, sir, you are aware that I am not half so wise, or for that matter so good, as Sunny," said Lady Bell pettishly.

"She may have business of her own which she wishes to conduct apart from us," suggested Master Charles.

"What business could she conduct at Vauxhall?" Lady Bell turned upon him, questioning him sharply. "No, I will not have such an explanation; you do not know what you are saying, Master Charles. It is disparaging to Mrs. Sundon, to make such a supposition. I should not like her to have business to conduct apart anywhere, though I know she has her secrets," Lady Bell recollected herself, "sad, sad secrets of the past, my poor silent injured Sunny; but that is all over, and I should hate her to have business to conduct at Vauxhall."

"Well, I'm at my wits' end for anything further to say," declared Master Charles, "unless," and here he spoke very simply and seriously, "that, knowing Mrs. Sundon to be as wise and good, as you and I know her to be," and he seemed to pause and dwell upon, not shrink from the knowledge, while an expression of reverence and devotion rose up in his round ruddy face and dignified it—"we need not fear to trust her in acts that would be unjustifiable in another."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Master Charles," cried Lady Bell warmly, "that is the very assurance I wanted; you have done me a world of good, and sure we are none of us to judge our neighbours by appearance. What would become of ourselves if we were treated in that fashion? It is manful of you to stand up for her on what you

know of her goodness. She feared that what she did for you, because she would not content herself with merely shaking her head lackadaisically and letting you go on the road to ruin, would turn you dead against her, and make you set her down for ever after as a hectoring, domineering woman. She was so pleased to find that you were true to her and to yourself."

"Was she?" demanded Master Charles with fervour, passing over the compliment from Lady Bell herself. "Hectoring, domineering! Does Mrs. Sundon not know that I think her the noblest, the kindest of women? Does she not believe that I would do anything—die to serve her?"

"I think she gives you credit for very friendly feeling," replied Lady Bell a little evasively and awkwardly, beginning to repent of having betrayed her companion into heroics.

"But who would have thought it?" she put it to herself in a succession of silent considerations, "that the young fellow was so deeply and fondly grateful to Sunny?

"It is as well that he is going to the wars, for though I would stake my life on his honour, next to Harry Fane's, there are such grievous contradictions as miserably unfortunate attachments.

"Master Charles deserves a better fate than to form such an attachment, and waste his heart and his young days upon it.

"Sunny is a very uncommon woman, a rare jewel, the more irresistible to a generous man, because of her sorrows.

"She might well stand between poor Master Charles—though we think him a boy, he can appreciate her, and he grows more of a man every day—and the restoration of the Kingscotes of Nutfield. I trow Sunny would in her very integrity have done our boy little good in that case.

"But there will be time and space enough and to spare, for change in such an incipient, desperate attachment as his, if it exist, during these weary wars for which Master Charles is bound, like every man worthy of the name."

Aloud Lady Bell contrived to render the too serious and suggestive conversation a jesting one.

"If you swear service so sentimentally to a third person, who is not within hearing, I vow, Master Charles, people will think you are making love to me."

"I have no objection," retorted the young fellow, piqued into sauciness by the necessity of retaliating on Lady Bell the suspicion of ridicule, which she had cast on his impulsive speech.

"But unfortunately I have the greatest objection, sir," Lady Bell nodded archly back to him! "Ah! there goes the first rocket."

Master Charles was not yet so confirmed and undone a victim to gratitude and Mrs. Sundon, as not to have a very considerable amount of excitement and glee to spend on the fireworks. "Did you ever see the like?" he was constantly appealing to his companions, while he clapped his hands and stamped his feet, and wished in his hearty country voice which sounded distinctly in the middle of the hubbub of the gala crowd, that he had the fireworks to set off down at Lumley. "Wouldn't they make the major sneeze and jump? There was a green cheese! Now we have a crumpled-up red riband. Why they've put to shame the lamps which I thought like the Turkish rogue Aladdin's jewelled fruit, the first night—not to say our modest homely moon and stars."

Lady Bell interrupted his rhapsodies by grasping and clinging to his arm, while she drew a low sobbing breath.

"What is it, Lady Bell? Does anything ail you?" he inquired a second time that night. "Has any rascal dared to fling a squib at you? Just show him to me and I'll trounce him, though you have sustained no harm that I can see, I can tell you that for your comfort. But you're ill, poor soul! granting that it must have come on sudden, for you were making play a moment ago."

So Master Charles spoke out his regret as a relief to his own and Mrs. Sundon's wonder and anxiety, when the glare of the light fell on Lady Bell. Her face was scared and wild with distress, and her hands were clenched as from the effects of a shock. Master Charles and Mrs. Sundon hastened to withdraw Lady Bell from the concourse to make her rest on him, while they dispatched an attendant for a chair.

"I am better," Lady Bell strove to say with a gasp in response to their cares. "It is nothing," glancing round her, terrified. "I'm mortal sorry for alarming and troubling you, but I could not help it—and I must be disordered after all, for, twice to-night, something which could not be, passed before my eyes." She stopped, shuddering at the idea.

"Don't think of it, child," Mrs. Sundon forbade Lady Bell with emphasis, "you have been eating unripe fruit, or loitering about in wet shoes. I take blame to myself for not having looked better after you. God help



"LADY BELL."

Page 670.

us! I am a selfish woman to have the charge of a young thing like you."

"No, no," said Lady Bell, "it is not that. But haven't you heard," she quaked in every limb again, yet she could not let go the disturbing thought, "that deaths are sometimes made known to those most concerned in them by the appearance of the dying to the friends far away? Yet oh! sure the dying would look like themselves, as they were wont to look, not like that," moaned Lady Bell, cowering, and hiding her face. Master Charles and Mrs. Sundon glanced at each other in utter perplexity.

"I have it, Mrs. Sundon," exclaimed Master Charles triumphantly, "it was the green light from some of the whirligigs. I noticed it made everybody, even you, appear ghastly."

"We'll have no more, Bell," Mrs. Sundon laid down the law authoritatively; "you are disordered, your fancy is running riot. I must get you home and to bed, when I shall prescribe for you. If you are not better to-morrow, we shall have you blooded, and you'll be all right; we'll have no more of chimeras dire."

The truth was, that in one of the sudden bursts of vivid illumination which made the summer dusk all the darker by the contrast, Lady Bell had again seen for a horrible moment, borne on the crest of a wave of faces, Harry Fane's face directed towards her with a look of keen reproach and bitter scorn.

EMPTY.

CAN this be my poem?—this poor fragment
Of bald thought in meanest language dressed?
Can this string of rhymes be my sweet poem?
All its poetry wholly unexpressed!

Does it tell me of the dreams that wandered,
In the silent night-time, through my brain?
Of the woven web of wondrous fancies—
Half of keenest joy and half of pain?

Does it tell me of the awful beauty
That came down to hide this sordid earth?
Does it tell me of the inward crying?
Of the glory whence it had its birth?

Only as the lamp, all dull and rusted,
Tells me of the flame that is put out,—
Of the shiny hair and happy faces
Lighted, when its radiance streamed about!

Only as this piece of glass, now lying
In the shade beside me, as I sit,
Tells me of the soft hues of the rainbow,
That the morning sunshine gave to it!

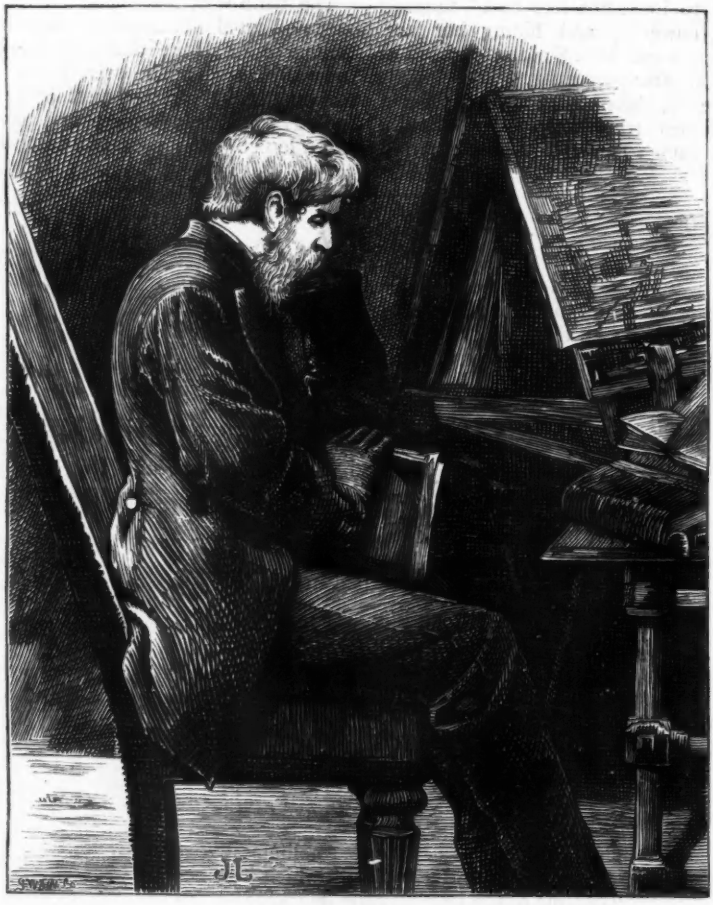
Only as this little flask, now smelling
Of the dust and mould with which 'tis lined,
Tells me of the lovely subtle fragrance
Of the perfume that it once enshrined!

Only as a picture, blurred and faded,
Tells me of the bloom of colour there,
When the painter's soul was with his canvas,
And his paint was bright and fresh and fair!

Only as the wires and keys—notes broken,
Odd, and scattered—tell me of a strain
That once filled my very soul with rapture,
But can never be spelled out again!

Only as a bare, brown flower-stalk tells me
Of the delicate blossom that it wore,
Of the humming bees, in silken petals,
And the downy butterflies, it bore!

Only as a crazy boat, sun-blistered,
Drawn up high and dry upon the sands,
Tells me of the blue and buoyant billows
Bearing breezy sails to foreign lands!



Only as a little dead lark, lying
With bedraggled wings and withered throat,
Tells me of the songs it heard in heaven—
Trying to teach me, here and there, a note!

Oh no! Oh no! this is not my treasure—
This is but the shell where it has lain:
It is gone, the life and light and glory!—
And 'twill never come to me again.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

OUR DWELLING-HOUSES.

IT seems strange, after the thousands of years men have been living in houses, that they should not know how to build them. And yet this is true, if we are to judge by the complaints and cries of despair which rise every now and then in the newspapers.

A little time ago, several letters appeared, from one well-known author, in which our house-building was entitled "a million blunders," and the builder "the curse of families." At the time of the Prince of Wales's illness, the papers were filled with letters, telling us that our houses were so constructed as to be receivers of sewer-gas, "laid on" to them by pipes, as the water or the gas for lighting is; that the drains are frequently not connected with the sewers, but discharge their contents into the soil just outside the house, and sometimes even inside it, under the floors; so that, even with open windows, we live in a polluted atmosphere. In their architecture, our houses are only bad copies of old ones, whilst in their decoration they do not even attempt the high artistic beauty which these possessed.

The complainers suggest various remedies for these evils. Mr. Charles Reed thinks the "million blunders" would be lessened by abolishing plaster ceilings (forgetting that this would allow us to hear the slightest sounds in the room overhead); and by making the roofs flat, that we might go out on them to get the air—a doubtful advantage, among the smuts from the chimney tops. Mr. Fergusson, whose extensive and intimate knowledge of the history of architecture entitle his opinions to the highest respect, says that our failures arise from our having no style of our own, and persisting in copying the styles of other times and nations, with ideas and habits different from ours. He holds that we must go on blundering till we return to the old system under which these styles were formed, when there were no architects, but every workman knew the style of his day, and worked in it naturally. But the state of society which produced these old traditional styles has ceased to exist, and we cannot put the clock of time backwards. Every country, every village almost, had its own style, just as it had its own costume, handed down from generation to generation; and we might as well hope to revive these as the old mode of working in architecture.

In one of the letters to the *Times*, it is said, that, to put matters right, young architects should not be kept drawing at the desk, but be sent to "the bench, the banquer, and the anvil; thence to the laboratory of the chemist, and to the lecture hall of the geologist." But we fear that to be able to frame doors, hew stones, or beat out ornamental iron hinges, or even to explain the formation of stones, would not help the architect much in planning better houses.

There is some truth in one suggestion—that demand and supply govern this, as they do other things; that our architecture is bad because people prefer bad architecture, won't pay for good, and don't know it when they see it; and that the builders provide such houses as they know will sell and let.

And it must be admitted that the common plan of London houses is, on the whole, exceedingly convenient; well suited to our habits, and about the best that can be devised in the circumstances. For the conditions under which they are planned are somewhat difficult. Each house is a thin slice, about twenty feet wide and from forty to sixty feet deep, of a large block, with windows only at back and front. Into this space, about fifteen or twenty rooms of various sizes, some of them large reception rooms, have to be arranged; and, by perpetual improvements in economizing space, by contrivances for obtaining light, by breaks and recesses and open shafts or wells, in the centre of the block, by piling six or seven stories one above the other—the amount of accommodation that is obtained on a narrow frontage, and at a slight expense to the builder, is really astonishing.

The evil is, that this economy and contrivance are carried too far. The attempt to light the back parlour from an open hole or shaft in the centre of the house has the most dismal result. To dwell in one of those tall houses is like living on a ladder, and makes life a perpetual getting up-stairs. To save bricks and space, the party-walls between the houses are so thin that not only piano-playing and the ringing of the bells, but even the sounds of conversation in the next house, are distinctly heard. So slim is everything about them, that they only stand because the one house keeps up the other. The timbers are reduced in size till the floors shake with every footstep: the plaster has so much sand in it, that only the wall-paper pasted over it keeps it on the wall; the

plumber's work is planned so as to fill bedrooms with sewer gas, and is scamped in execution; the gas-pipes leak, and instances have even been known in which gas-brackets have been fixed to the wall without pipes being led to them. Another source of economy is that each house is exactly like its neighbour; so that we know our own only by the number on the door. This saves trouble and thought. The workman does the same thing a hundred times over, and learns to do it quickly and cheaply. The calculation of the builder is, that a dozen such houses, run up at once, will cost no more than eight or nine built slowly and carefully, as they are wanted; so that he is not out of pocket, although half of them remain unlet. Besides, a badly-built house is to him like a "dreeping roast," as the Scotch say—a continuous source of income from the perpetual jobbings required to keep it habitable. For he takes care, in the agreement in letting the house, to throw the obligation of keeping it in repair on the tenant.

Cheaply built as it is, however, there is a profusion of architectural ornament, in the shape of porticos and balustrades and cornices outside. But it is all done in cement, and costs no more than if the house had been built in good, plain brick-work; while, for the building trade, it has the advantage of needing to be repainted every three years, and to be even occasionally renewed when it cracks, and threatens to fall off from the building.

Inside, the rooms have elaborately enriched cornices, and patches of ornament in the centre of the ceiling, which are otherwise quite bare; but this also is cheap and—nasty. The marble chimney-piece at first sight seems composed of solid blocks, but we find on examination that it consists of thin slabs stuck together, made by the hundred, all from the same bad design.

Such are generally the only kind of houses to be had, and people must either take them or want. The evil arises partly from the prevalent system of short building leases, which tempts builders to construct the houses so that they shall be worth nothing to the ground landlord when they revert to him at the end of the lease. In Scotland the system of perpetual ground-rents makes it possible for a man to get a site for building with a tenure as good as a freehold; and, as there is no motive for bad work, a more substantial mode of construction prevails. The London builders are probably not wholly to blame. They build the kind of houses which they think will let best. People no doubt prefer a house covered with vulgar ornament, think it finer, and are willing to give a higher rent for it. The remedy lies with people themselves. Let the builders once understand that we refuse to have our lives made uncomfortable in order that the ground landlord may get back a bad house at the end of the lease, and some of them might see it their interest to bring better ones into the market.

To obtain this result we must, in the first place, be content to pay higher rents, which implies higher rates and taxes. A good house is worth paying for. A century ago people lived in better houses, according to their means, than they do now. The houses had larger rooms, were better built, and more tastefully finished. In some houses in the older squares of London the doors are of solid mahogany, the stairs of oak, the ceilings divided into panels by rich mouldings, or covered with a delicate tracery of ornament; or filled-in with a great painting, excellent in point of art (though in position out of place), of which the gilded cornice forms the frame. The marble chimney-pieces were designed for their place, and were often exquisitely carved by men who would have been fitted to take good rank as sculptors.

All this must have cost money, but people made up for it by living more plainly. And there is surely something incongruous in our giving dinners of innumerable courses, with endless varieties of fine wines, in hot little dining-rooms, which are mean in architecture, and vulgar in decoration.

It is not our lack of wealth which makes modern houses so inferior to old ones; for the country grows richer daily. Their flimsy construction is due partly to a bad system of land tenure, but more to the desire of having things cheap, even at the risk of their being bad. But this will hardly account for the bad art prevalent in most houses. Even those in the most fashionable situations, built for people of unbounded wealth, have often stucco fronts; and, even when houses are faced with stone and sumptuously built, the trouble and expense of designing the ornament for each is saved, as in some such recently erected, where the same elaborate doorway is repeated fifty times over in the same row. It would be about as sensible to ornament a room with a dozen engravings of the same picture or copies of the same statue. This only shows that people, notwithstanding all the talk about art, do not really care for it.

For criticism and talk, or even visiting

picture exhibitions is, after all, of little avail in producing a knowledge of art in houses and in furniture and common things, among those who live amid the ugliness of our towns. The sense of beauty is corrupted; as it would be in music if we heard nothing but grind-organs and street bands. People become unconscious of the ugliness, or if, perceiving and hating it, they attempt reform, their efforts are apt to be wild and spasmodic, and wrongly directed. It is quite natural that when they attempt colour about their houses they should run into reaction against the dinginess around them, painting their rooms in bright harsh colours; and, for the flower-boxes in their windows, or in the paper covers with which they conceal the flower-pots in their rooms, using colours of such vividness as destroys the tints of the flowers and makes the leaves of the plants look black.

It seems a pity that, with all our wealth, we should not know better how to spend it. But it is difficult to suggest a remedy for this state of matters. If people, when building, furnishing, and decorating their houses, would follow in faith the guidance of those who have a true sense of colour and form, as applied to these arts, something might be done. And such men exist, and would take to the work if there were but a demand for it; so that, in time, by having truer art round us, a better taste might be cultivated.

But, from the causes above stated, the public prefer bad work, and they find no difficulty in getting it. Even when conscious of their ignorance, and desirous of learning better things, they don't know whom to follow. There is no lack of clever experts, but they counsel different things. To advise the following of any of them might merely add to the confusion, and make people surround themselves with art unsuitable to them, which might please them for a little as a new sensation, but the gravitating force of the common influences around would soon make the pendulum swing back to its old position.

The Gothic revival is an instance of this. The men of taste began it. It received the support of the clergy. The nonconformist bodies followed suit in the style of their chapels, and sometimes the style was adopted for houses, banks, and warehouses. But it was seldom carried out fully. The windows were filled with great sheets of plate glass wholly unsuited to the style; the doors and other internal fittings were often the same as in common houses; pointed windows were found an inconvenient form for shutters and window blinds, and any furniture except such as was made purposely, at a ruinous expense, was out of keeping with the architecture; while the adoption of Gothic by builders who did not understand it, for rows of common dwellings and even public-houses, has furnished a proof that vulgarity and absurdity can be exhibited in this style even more readily than in the old one.

Any improvement in our domestic architecture, to be lasting, and to possess the power of development, should not necessitate too great a change in our ideas and habits of life. It should not be a revolution and a violent breaking-in on our traditions, but an improvement, merely, in the things that we have been used to.

To improve satisfactorily in this way is really more difficult than to attempt something new and strange. As to the last, people have no criterion by which they can judge of its excellence; but, every one being used to the common style and understanding it, is so far a competent critic, and is able to condemn falsity and extravagance which might pass unnoticed in a thing that one is ignorant of. But for this very reason the result is more likely to be satisfactory in the end.

As regards the plan of our houses, no fundamental change is practicable, unless we adopt, which we are not likely to do, the French system of making each storey a separate house. There is, however, room for improvement in the minor arrangements and lighting of the rooms.

Any style of architecture in which ordinary square-headed sash windows are unsuitable,—though it may please at first by its novelty, and when treated by men who have made it a special study may produce in isolated cases very satisfactory results,—will never be generally adopted; while attempts to copy it by builders and architects who do not understand it, are certain to disgust all but the ignorant.

Our common style, such as ordinary builders attempt to carry out, is capable, without any fundamental alteration, of giving us all the best characteristics of domestic architecture,—solidity and dignity, refinement and beauty, and the feeling of homely comfort. That it usually fails in doing so arises not from faults inherent in it, but because these qualities are not appreciated by those who work in it. They prefer, and those for whom they build are willing to endure, cheap display and vulgar pretentiousness.

When the old styles were in vogue, people were unconsciously better educated in art by seeing only good art round them;

and they were farther restrained from error by the laws which the custom of the time enforced; just as a man in the present day may avoid offences against good manners by conforming to those of the society in which he has been brought up.

It ought not to be considered an objection to any improvements in our architecture that they are a revival of old features. In order to give greater solidity to the external ornament of our houses, we need not refuse to reproduce, in place of our "compo" ornaments, the red margins round the windows and the cornices of cut and moulded bricks common in the old houses of Queen Anne's time; or, should we like them, the quaint curved gables of the Jacobean style; or, if we prefer opening casements instead of the usual hung sashes, large windows may be divided by stone mullions and transoms. They are not pure architecture, it is true; but they may not, on that account, be unsuitable for domestic work. The evil of the present state of the art has mainly arisen from the absurd notion which insisted that only the features of classic temples were to be used in house architecture.

It is possible that, in its salient features, all the changes possible in architecture may have been already rung. In any case the common cry for a new style is foolish. If it is to be produced, it can only be by adopting such changes as the requirements of comfort and beauty demand; and, in doing this, there is no more harm in reviving old features than in Mr. Tennyson enriching our modern language by the revival of old words.

To sweep away all old customs and habits and start afresh untrammelled, guided only by reason and our sense of right, is not a course which in human affairs has hitherto proved successful. The French tried it in politics with the result, as we English think, of destroying their power of judging in political matters, of splitting up the country into irreconcilable parties, each with a system of opinions logically consistent, but the general result being only hopeless incongruity in the politics of the country. On the other hand the French have never broken away from tradition in art. Though their architecture was affected by Greek influences during the First Empire, and is being affected by early renaissance now, the mass of rules and traditions in it, and in the arts which minister to it, has not altered, and consequently there is harmony throughout all the decoration and furniture of every French house.

We, on the other hand, have not in politics wiped the slate clean and attempted to compose a new constitution. We prefer the system of natural growth, and though we grumble, as 'tis our nature to, at the old constitution, and find fault with it, we do so as to an old friend, whom we are familiar enough to take liberties with, but would never think of parting from.

In art matters, however, our prophets have been counselling a total abandonment of old methods, and, so far as they have succeeded, the result is the same as in French politics,—hopeless incongruity. In architecture, furnishing and decoration, an English house is divided against itself, and cannot stand the test of criticism. The architecture may perhaps be designed all in keeping, but the painter takes his own way, and makes the decoration without reference to it, while the upholsterer fills it with furniture which fits in with neither.

I cannot but think, therefore, that any attempt to improve our house architecture by adopting such a style as Gothic, which, notwithstanding all attempts to introduce it, is still strange and foreign to us, can only produce confusion and failure; and that it would be wiser, in attempting a change for the better, to take the old familiar style with its square-headed sash-windows as a basis to work on.

In it, as well as in Gothic, we may have convenience in planning, solidity in construction, and both good colour and good art. And we have wealth enough to get all these if we only had the eyes to see them and the hearts to care for them. But wealth alone will not give us good architecture any more than it will give us learning. What we want is not a new style, but better taste and greater care in carrying out the common vernacular style that we have.

To abolish architects and leave builders to their own devices will not help up to this. If our architecture is to be changed for the better, it must be by men who have a thorough knowledge of the resources of the art, who know what has been done in it, and will not mistake their own crude ideas for new discoveries; men who can produce examples of houses, suited to our habits of life and thought, convenient in arrangement and good in point of art, which builders might be able to understand and reproduce, for common use, without hopeless failure.

J. STEVENSON.

CUTTLEFISHES.

THE group of animals chosen as the subject of this article includes several of the most curious and remarkable of animal forms. Grotesque, or even uncouth in appearance, their external characters are well calculated to excite our curiosity; whilst a more intimate acquaintance with their structure and habits only serves to further awaken our interest and admiration. Scientifically viewed, the cuttlefishes are grouped together in a class of one of the great primary divisions of the animal kingdom, known as the *Mollusca*. Within the limits of this extensive sub-kingdom all our ordinary shell-fish, such as oysters, mussels, whelks, &c., are included, and the cuttlefishes may, with all propriety, be ranked with these latter forms, in that they also possess a "shell." And, if a very homely comparison be admissible, it might be said that the cuttlefishes stand to the oyster and its allies in the relationship of far-removed cousins. The bodies of both are found to be constructed or built up on the same fundamental and typical plan, the cuttlefish, however, exhibiting in various points, a higher degree of structure than their more familiar neighbours.

Having thus briefly indicated the relative position of the cuttlefishes in the scale of being, we may next observe their more special and distinctive peculiarities. These forms were included by Linnæus in a large division or class of the Mollusca, to which he gave the name *Cephalopoda*, a term signifying "head-footed" Mollusca; and a glance at the figure of any ordinary member of the group (figs. 1 and 6), will show that the epithet "head-footed" has not been misapplied; but that, on the contrary, it indicates a highly characteristic feature of these forms. Encircling the well-marked head, after the fashion of a crown, we observe a circle of curious "feet," the consideration of these appendages forming a most interesting part of the history of these forms. The body we observe to be contained within a fleshy skin, endowed with muscular power, and appropriately enough known as the "mantle." The edge, or margin, of the "mantle" may be developed in various ways to form fins, of use in the locomotion of these creatures, the position and number of these fins varying greatly throughout the group. A very slight examination of the internal anatomy of the ordinary cuttlefish would show that its breathing was performed by means of two plume-like gills contained within the "mantle-sac;" and could we have observed the animal in life, we should have seen that the water, after being used for respiration, was forcibly ejected from an anterior tube or "funnel" (figs. 1 and 6, *a*) opening under the head, and was made, in the most beautiful manner, subservient to the locomotion of the creature.

Having observed in detail the chief points included in a naturalist's definition of the animals before us, we may now turn to the

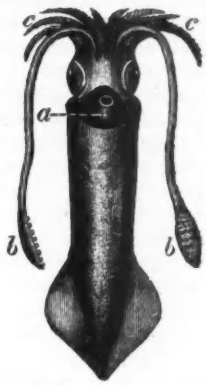


Fig. 1. The Common Squid or Calamary (*Loligo vulgaris*). *a*, funnel: *b b*, two of the "feet" elongated to form tentacles, and bearing suckers at their extremities: *c c*, ordinary feet furnished with suckers.

consideration of the chief points of interest in their life, history, and habits. The remembrance of the somewhat technical details just mentioned, will serve to assist us in our further investigations.

To thoroughly understand the morphology or general structure of these forms, a familiar and typical member of the class may be selected for examination. And no better example of the cuttlefish tribe could be found than the common squid or calamary of our own coasts (fig. 1), a form which must be familiar to every seaside visitor. The representation of this creature in the accompanying figure will serve to recall its form to mind, and will also give an idea of its appearance to those who are not familiar with the "common objects of the shore." In this form we shall find all the essential points in the structure of the group to be embodied. Let us therefore examine in order its general appearance and form. The external characters first claim our attention, and the head with its crown of feet (figs. 1 and 6, *b*, *c*) offers a convenient starting point. The term "feet" applied to these appendages is quite appropriate, since the relation of these organs in the

cuttlefish corresponds with the same parts in other Mollusca; and the term is further appropriate in its functional sense, because these "feet" constitute the chief organs of movement or locomotion in these creatures. But we might also name them "arms" and "tentacles," so varied are the uses to which they may be applied. They are "arms," inasmuch as they are used for the purpose of prehension—that is, of seizing or grasping objects, and since they undoubtedly subserve the sense of touch, the name "tentacles" is thus by no means inappropriate. If we study the conformation of these curious appendages with a little care, we can readily detect several curious and interesting features. They are capable of free movement in every direction, being endowed with a high degree of muscularity, and the due performance of their prehensile function is provided for in the most perfect manner by the possession on their inner surfaces of rows of cup-like suckers, or "acetabula," as they are named by the naturalist.

Each sucker exhibits a characteristic structure, the details and modes of operation of which will be readily understood from an inspection of the accompanying diagram (fig. 2). Bounding each sucking-disc we have a

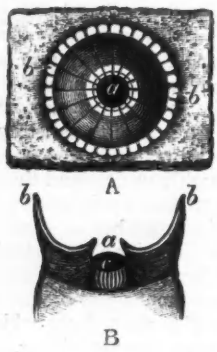


Fig. 2. A, Diagram of a sucker as seen from above: *a*, circular aperture in the centre of the sucker: *b b*, cartilaginous rim or border of sucker. B, Diagrammatic longitudinal section of a sucker: *a*, central aperture in profile, at the base of which the retractile muscular piston (*c*) is seen: *b b*, cartilaginous rim in section.

ring of cartilaginous or gristly material (*b*, *b*), and within this ring a shallow, cup-like space is enclosed. The floor of this space is composed of muscular fibres, in the centre of which an aperture (*a*), usually of circular form, is found. And, lastly, within this aperture a muscular plug or piston (*c*), capable of being protruded or retracted, is contained. Such is the essential conformation of the suckers, and once grasping this general idea of their structure, their mode of operation will be at once understood. For the adhesion of the suckers is effected in virtue of a well-known natural law, the operation of which is familiarly exemplified in the action of the leather sucker, by means of which the schoolboy delights to lift large stones and bodies of considerable weight; and the *rationale* of the schoolboy's experiment can be readily made plain. He presses his flat disc of leather upon the stone, and kneads it, until he has exhausted the air below the sucker—in other words, he produces a vacuum, or space, unoccupied with air below the sucker, which is made to adhere firmly to the surface of the stone by the pressure of the superincumbent atmosphere, which presses upon every square inch of surface with a pressure of about fifteen pounds. Similarly, then, to the mode of operation of the schoolboy's sucker is the adhesion of the suckers of the cuttlefish secured; only, in the latter case, the *modus operandi* is after a much more elegant and readier fashion than in the schoolboy's experiment. Here the cuttlefish has merely to apply his suckers, then to withdraw or retract the little muscular piston (*c*) and the muscular disc, and a perfect vacuum is at once produced, whilst, in order to release his grasp, the cuttlefish has merely to again push up the piston, when the vacuum is destroyed by the admission of air below the suckers, and the arms are thus set free. And when we consider the great number of the suckers borne on each arm or tentacle, and reflect on the rapidity with which the entire apparatus can be brought into play, we must admit that the grasp of the cuttlefish is of the most powerful and effective kind. In some species, the muscular piston is prolonged into a horny hook, capable of protrusion and retraction like the claws of a cat, the efficiency of the suckers and the hold on any given object being thus increased.

Allusion has already been made to the general investing sac or skin in which the body is contained. This investing skin, known as the "mantle," demands remembrance as the shell-secreting organ in this and other Mollusca. But in the present instance we may notice a peculiar faculty possessed by these forms—that of changing or altering the hue of their bodies. This chameleon-like propensity has long been known in the *Cephalopoda*, and, strangely enough, the changes of hue in the above-named and famous lizard, are produced in a manner exactly similar to that observed in the cuttlefishes. The outer skin of these forms is exceedingly thin and transparent,

and beneath this thin outer layer the firmer inner skin can be seen. This inner layer contains in its substance numerous little cells, containing pigment or colouring matter of various hues, and by altering the position of these colour-cells, or "chromatophora," as they are called, the changes of hue are effected. Thus, by expanding and contracting the colour-cells, or by bringing them into view through the transparent outer skin, or depressing them out of sight, the hue of the cuttlefish's body can be altered or intensified at will. Nor are the colour-cells of one hue or colour only, but in several species the pigment has been found to consist of red, blue, yellow, or even black matter. It is necessary, however, to enter a protest as to the indiscriminate use and confusion of the terms "colour" and "hue." To change the colour of a body is a very different matter from altering its hue, and in the chameleon and cuttlefish the change is one of hue, and not absolutely of colour. Thus, after the common squid is taken out of the water, and laid on the sand, its expiring agonies, if one may use the term, are marked by a most striking and vivid display and alteration of hues, the changes of hue ranging from a dark crimson red to a pale flesh tint, or even to a want of any colour whatever. This exemplifies change of hue, the primary colour remaining the same, and the alterations being limited to merely a deepening and softening of tints.

The mode of locomotion in the cuttlefishes may at this stage be appropriately considered. Motion in these forms is effected after three distinct modes or fashions. The first and simplest mode in which they move about, is by means of the arms or feet. Using these appendages as locomotive organs, we find the cuttlefishes crawling head downwards over the sea-bed—an apparently awkward, and at the same time ludicrous mode of progression. Secondly, we have them moving sideways, by means of the side fins or expansions of the mantle, with which most of them are provided. Or lastly, they may propel themselves backwards through the water, after the most elegant fashion, by the expulsion of water from the funnel (figs. 1 and 6, *a*), which at the outset we remarked as being situated in the front of the body. These creatures thus progress by three modes of locomotion, which when considered in relation to our own and particular structure, seem the most awkward that could well be suggested or tried. Yet, regarded in relation to the special structure and requirements of the cuttlefishes, these ways of movement are found to be well suited and useful in every respect. The latter mode of movement, by means of the expulsion of water from the anterior funnel, and by means of which the creature is propelled backwards, exemplifies an exceedingly beautiful provision for the utilisation of an otherwise useless commodity. In other words, the water thus used for the purpose of locomotion consists of the effete water which has been used in the gills for purifying the blood of the creature, and which, instead of being simply got rid of as a useless product, is thus economized and made subservient to the movement and locomotion of these forms. Nothing can be more elegant than the movements of the cuttlefishes by this latter means of locomotion; and the writer well remembers the delight with which he watched a shoal of squids thus propelling themselves over the surface of a calm summer sea. The tip of the body just protruded over the surface of the water, whilst below, the head and funnel were at work, and the triangular fin appeared to perform the part of a front rudder to guide and direct the way. The entire process reminded one of a swift vessel, propelled by efficient apparatus, and manned and guided by a skilful crew.

A brief notice of the internal structure of our cuttlefish will suffice in the present instance. The mouth opens in the centre of

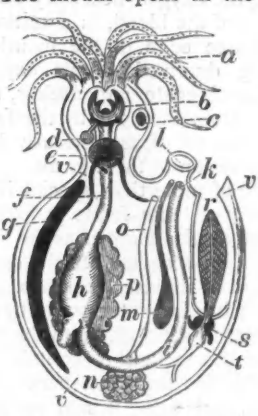


Fig. 3. Diagram of Cephalopod Structure. *a*, tentacles: *b*, horny jaws: *c*, eye: *d*, salivary gland: *e*, chief nervous centre: *f*, gullet: *g*, internal shell: *h*, stomach: *i*, intestine: *l*, funnel: *m*, ink-sac: *p*, liver: *r*, gill, enclosed in gill-chamber: *s*, gill-heart, driving venous blood to gill: *t*, systemic heart circulating blood through body: *v*, *v*, mantle.

the crown of feet, and contains a masticatory apparatus of a very powerful kind. This consists of a series of horny jaws (fig. 3, *b*), exactly resembling in shape and appearance the beaks of parrots, and by their aid the cuttlefish is enabled to triturate and break

down the multifarious substances on which he subsists. In tastes these creatures are decidedly carnivorous, whilst they are entirely cosmopolitan, in that they are not at all particular from which division of the animal series their food is derived. Fishes form a large proportion of their food, but a crab or lobster does not come amiss, the arms and jaws speedily reducing the food to a condition suitable for safe and rapid digestion. Within the mouth we also find a peculiarly armed tongue, set with spines, and serving further to rasp down and triturate the food. And in the way of digestive apparatus the cuttlefish is exceedingly well supplied, its organization being indicative of a high degree of the specialisation of organs and functions. Salivary glands (*d*), a capacious liver (*p*), stomach (*h*), and intestine (*i*), are invariably present, whilst for the circulation of the blood an equally perfect system is provided. In these forms we have two sets of circulatory organs or hearts. One of these (*l*), is used to distribute the pure or arterial blood throughout the body, whilst the others (*s*), are devoted to sending the impure or venous blood to the gills for purification. The gills or breathing organs (*r*) in all living cuttlefishes, save one, the pearly nautilus, are two in number, and these organs are enclosed in special chambers or cavities in the sides of the body, formed by folds of the mantle. The water conveying the oxygen necessary for the due purification of the blood, is admitted by the front and free edge of the mantle; whilst after being deprived of its oxygen, and thus rendered effete and useless, the water is expelled from the body by the funnel (*l*), and thus made use of, as previously described, in the locomotion of these forms.

A feature of more than special interest in the economy of these forms is found in the peculiar sac or gland known as the "ink-sac." This gland (*m*), is devoted to the secretion of an inky fluid of intense blackness, and communicates with the outer world by a special tube or duct, which opens into the "funnel." The use of this sac and its contained fluid is very remarkable; for, when hard pressed by its enemies, and when it sees no other way of escape, the cuttlefish squirts out from the ink-sac the contained inky fluid, which diffusing itself rapidly throughout the surrounding water, enables the animal to escape under cover of a literal cloak of darkness. Doubtless from this circumstance the ancient poets took their idea of making their favourite heroes escape under a cloud or mist, sent for their protection by some patronising deity. Homer in particular employs such a thought. A popular fiction long described the chief ingredient in Chinese ink to be the ink of the cuttlefish, but recent inquiries among that peculiar people show that their famous pigment is compounded solely from mineral matter. The ancient Greeks and Romans undoubtedly used the ink of the cuttlefish as a writing fluid, and according to all accounts it answered the purpose exceedingly well. Indeed, the term "sepia," still applied to a pigment of a brownish hue, has likely been derived from the same word, the Latin name for the cuttlefish, and a term scientifically applied to distinguish the ordinary Sepia or cuttlefish of European and other seas. And curiously enough, even after having been petrified as a fossil organism, this ink appears still to retain its properties. Dr. Buckland tells us that on one occasion, having procured the petrified ink-sac of an extinct cuttlefish, he moistened and otherwise prepared the ink, and presented it to an artist friend, who, having used it, inquired from what emporium such excellent colour might be obtained. The surprise and astonishment of the painter on learning the source of his pigment, may be better imagined than described.

The "shell" of the cuttlefishes forms the last structural feature to which our attention may be directed. In these forms the shell may be either situated on the outside of the body in the position we ordinarily observe the shell; or it may be contained within the

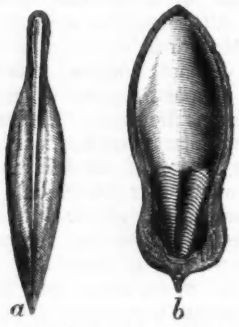


Fig. 4. Internal shells of Cephalopoda. *a*, "Pen" or internal shell of Squid: *b*, "Bone" or "Sepiostaire" or internal shell of *Sepia*.

body, and be thus internal in its nature. In the common cuttlefish we have selected for examination, the shell is of the latter description, and were we to lay open the back of the creature, we should find it existing as an elongated flexible rod of horny material, bearing a resemblance in shape to a quill pen (fig. 4, *a*), and from which circumstance the name of the cuttlefish "pen" has been derived.

In forms allied to our squid, it exists as a broad flattened plate of calcareous or limy material, and is then known as the cuttlefish bone or sepiostaire (*b*), this latter being the structure frequently seen suspended in the cages of our singing-birds, and is also the same material from which the "pounce" of days gone by was manufactured. But in neither of these shapes would the ordinary reader trace any resemblance to the shell of everyday life, or which belongs to our

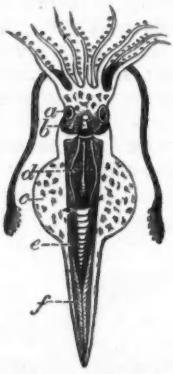


Fig. 5. Restored figure of *Belemnite*, showing, *a*, head, eyes, feet, and tentacles: *b*, funnel: *c*, side-fins or expansions of "mantle:" *d*, "pro-ostracum:" with ink-sac: "phragmocone" or chambered portion of shell; and *f*, the "guard."

ordinary shell-fish; yet here we find an excellent example of a most important guiding principle in the study of living beings, and to which it may be profitable to direct our attention. By this principle, known as the law of homology, is meant the relation between parts which are constructed on the same fundamental and typical plan, or in other words, the relation between the same organ in different animals, and "under every variety of function and form." This principle is a most valuable aid to the naturalist. Without it, he would continually be committing serious blunders in his account of living beings and things; and he would be further at an utter loss to understand and unravel the many deviations met with in his investigation of the animal series. An example of such deviation we have in the metamorphosed shell of the cuttlefish. Let us very briefly see how homology will assist us in tracing out and unravelling this seemingly tangled skein.

Three modes of procedure offer themselves to our notice at this stage. We may firstly observe the structure itself, and try to trace its homology with the other and more typical structure or organ. But this mode of examination will fail us, since we cannot detect any resemblance of form between the "pen" of the squid and the shell of the pearly nautilus (fig. 7), or the shell of the oyster. We may next observe its development, and see whether or not, in the earlier stages of its formation, it corresponds to the primary plan of structure which the known and recognised organ presents. However excellent this second mode of determining the homology may prove, it is obviously unsuited to our present and popular requirements; and accordingly we are left to adopt the third plan, that of ascertaining whether or not the metamorphosed shell may be regarded as an intermediate stage or connecting link between the distinct types of structure; or, better still, whether or not it may represent a transitionary stage between an alteration of structure on the one hand, and the original plan on the other.

Apply this reasoning to the altered shell of the cuttlefish, and observe the results deducible from our considerations. Firstly, observe the organ which has formed and secreted the "pen" or shell. We find that the shell lies in the back of the creature, buried in the substance of the "mantle" by which it was formed and secreted. And by this simple observation we have already advanced a most important step on our homological journey. For when we examine the mode of formation of the typical shell, we



Fig. 6. *Spirula Lævis* (New Zealand); showing *a*, funnel: *b*, tentacles: *c*, ordinary feet: and *d*, internal chambered shell.

find the "mantle" to be the shell-secreting organ; and the important fact lies before us, that whatever this "pen" may be, it is, at any rate, formed by the same organ which in other Molluscs secretes the ordinary shell. In the broad limy plate, or "sepiostaire" of the *Sepia* (fig. 4, *b*), we reach a second stage on our way. In this latter case the cuttle-bone is composed of lime—the same element which enters into the composition of ordinary shells: and when we examine this structure closely,

we find that it exhibits, at its upper portion, a tendency to become divided into layers or plates, separable from each other, this arrangement foreshadowing the chambered structure of the typical shell. The next form from which our clue may be taken is the *Belemnite*, (fig. 5); a form which long since became extinct, and a restoration of which is depicted in the figure. The only parts of these fossil forms which are at all well preserved to us, are their shells, which resembled those of ordinary and living cuttlefishes in that they were internal, but differed from those of the latter forms in being of a highly complicated structure. From the diagram it will be seen that the shell of the Belemnite was a much more important structure than that of our squid or sepia. It consisted of a front portion named "pro-ostracum" (*d*), a hollow portion occupied by a series of chambers, and named the "phragmocone" (*e*), and lastly a hinder fibrous part known as the "guard" (*f*). Here, then, we observe an internal shell, secreted similarly to that of the squid or sepia, by the mantle, formed of lime, and exactly homologous with the "pen," or "sepiostaire," but more highly organized than either of these structures, and clearly shadowing forth in its arrangement of chambers, the chambered or divided structure of the more typical shell. A further link in the chain introduces the *Spirula* (fig. 6), a cuttlefish, the history of which as a living form has not been satisfactorily determined, owing to the difficulty with which living specimens are procured. The shells of these forms are, however, cast up on certain shores in immense quantities, and the relations of the spirula shell to the animal which secretes it, are exceedingly interesting. In this latter case the shell (*d*) is internal, and might be said to correspond with the chambered portion of the belemnitic shell, minus the "pro-ostracum" and "guard." We could readily recognise the spirula shell as a true and ordinary shell, yet it must be borne in mind that it is only a highly developed and specialised form of the simple horny "pen" with which we started. And lastly we come to the pearly nautilus, one of the most celebrated of living cuttlefishes. From the diagram (fig. 7) you perceive the shell is now external to, and encloses the body, but the essential type of shell is unaltered from what we have just seen in the spirula or belemnite. In the pearly nautilus therefore the shell is external, and divided into chambers, and presents us with the ordinary and familiar structure and appearance of the "shell." And in conclusion, let us take a retrospective view of our ramble, and think over the significance of our halting-places. We started with the aim of finding out the homology and relations of the horny "pen" of the squid. We saw this horny "pen" exchanged in the Sepia, for one of lime; and that limy plate to exhibit traces of division into chambers. In the belemnite we beheld the simple calcareous plate exhibiting an advance in structure, and presenting us with an arrangement of chambers; and in the spirula we observed this arrangement in a yet more simple and shell-like form. Whilst, lastly, in the pearly nautilus we found the internal shell of the spirula replaced by an external shell, corresponding in type, form, and appearance to that structure as we know it in everyday life. Such the tracing of a single example from the wide range of subjects will give an idea of the mode in which the relation of parts and forms are investigated: the tracing of homologies affording, perhaps, the best example of the progress in these days of a true and philosophical system of investigating living forms.

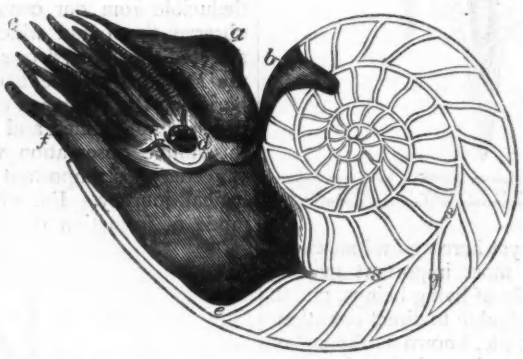


Fig. 7. Pearly Nautilus (*Nautilus Pompilius*), with the shell in section. *a*, *b*, "mantle:" *c*, tentacles or feet: *d*, eye: *e*, last or body-chamber of the shell: *f*, funnel: *g*, one of the partitions of the shell.

Although it would be obviously out of place in the present paper to enter, even in the most cursory manner, into the classification of the cuttlefishes, there are two forms included in this group which possess a more than ordinary interest for the every-day reader. These forms are the paper nautilus, or *Argonaut* (fig. 8), and the pearly nautilus. Regarding the first-mentioned Cephalopod, much misconception has existed from

the very earliest times, regarding its mode of loçomotion. We find the older and classical naturalist regaling us with the idea that it uses its two expanded arms as sails, and the other arms as oars, and thus equipped, sails buoyantly over the surface of the deep. Nor is this idea or impression confined to the earlier ages of scientific inquiry; for even in the present day, we find poetic imagination prone to revive ancient error, and in some cases, a pseudo-scientific spirit also aids in the dissemination of mistaken ideas. The paper sailor, therefore, never uses its arms as sails or oars; and unfortunately for the poetic simile, we know that it cannot float on the surface of the ocean as is commonly supposed, but that it crawls over the sea-bed, by means of its arms or feet, or propels itself backwards in the water, like any ordinary and mundane cuttlefish, by aid of the *jet d'eau* from the anterior "funnel" (fig. 8, *a*).

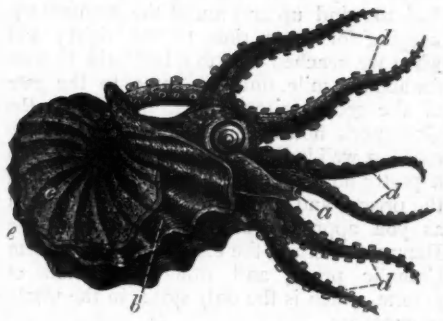


Fig. 8. The Paper Nautilus or "Paper Sailor" (*Argonauta Argo*). *a*, funnel: *b*, shell, around which the two expanded arms (one of which is marked *c*) are generally folded: *d, d, d*, ordinary arms or feet: *e*, point towards which the Argonaut is supposed to be swimming.

The two expanded arms (*c*), are devoted to the secretion and repair of the shell (*b*), around which they are usually closely applied, and never, as commonly seen in popular figures of the animals, held aloft in the air, after the fashion of sails. In the face of these facts, it is to be regarded as a matter of regret, that works on natural history subjects, written especially for the instruction of the young, should in very many instances propagate such erroneous notions. Poetic license gives great latitude, but the metaphor is rendered the less striking when we find it incorrect; and in all cases, the spirit which would pander for popularity at the expense of truth is justly to be censured and condemned.

The paper sailor and all other living cuttlefishes, with the solitary exception of the pearly nautilus, exemplify the first great division of the cuttlefishes, namely, the order of "two-gilled" forms, distinguished by the possession of two gills; an internal shell, eight or ten arms furnished with suckers, and an ink-sac. On the other hand, the pearly nautilus (fig. 7), stands before us as the sole living representative of the group of the "four-gilled" *Cephalopoda*, distinguished by the possession of four gills; numerous arms (*c*), unprovided with suckers; no ink-sac, and an external many-chambered shell. These latter considerations bring us to the concluding portion of our remarks, namely, those on the present and past distribution of the class of animal forms we have just examined. To complete our knowledge of living forms we must know their *distribution*, and this department of scientific inquiry divides itself into the two divisions of *Geographical* distribution and *Geological* distribution. The former of these departments deals with the geography of living beings; with their distribution in space, or in the world as it now exists. The latter division deals with the distribution of life in past ages of this world's history, and is known to us from our investigation of the "records of the rocks." And no division of the animal series offers a more interesting contrast in the comparison of their present and past distribution than the cuttlefishes. For their past history is to be read as exactly the opposite of their present. In the seas and oceans of bygone ages, of those periods and stages in our earth's progress towards perfection, the "four-gilled" cuttlefishes, with their beauteous external shells, swarmed in abundance, but as the cycles of time rolled on, these curious forms slowly died out of existence, leaving the pearly nautilus of our own day as their sole living representative. A solitary form this, which has come down to us to represent in itself the abundance of Cephalopod life in the past. And of the "two-gilled" forms, we may say that these latter attain the maximum of their development in the present day. Geologically speaking, they are a much more recent group than their "four-gilled" neighbours; the two-gilled cuttlefishes, being solely unrepresented in the Palæozoic or oldest of the great life-periods into which the palæontologist divides time past. The pearly nautilus and its allies, on the contrary, make their appearance as fossil organisms, in nearly the earliest and oldest series of rock-formations with which we are acquainted; and when a few more years shall have rolled onwards, the nautilus, last survivor of the race, will in all likelihood, have also passed away for ever.

ANDREW WILSON.

A VISIT TO PORTLAND PRISON.

WE have visited many prisons at home and abroad. We have been admitted by an order of the Prefect of the Seine into the interior of La Force, in the Rue de la Roquette, in Paris, where the worst malefactors are confined, and on the outside of which the guillotine is erected when capital punishment takes place. It was there that the atrocious criminal Tropmann, after being sentenced to death for the murder of the Kinck family, spent his last days. It seems to be well conducted, and the convicts are all employed in some trade; but we were surprised to see a gang of them walking round one of the yards, and smoking cigars. This they are allowed to do for an hour in the afternoon. At Genoa, also, we saw convicts in chains smoking cigars, and were told that all those—and they were numerous—who wore red caps had committed murders. They were chiefly from Sardinia. We have seen convicts at Moscow chained together, on their way to Siberia; and we have visited the well-known prison at Philadelphia, in the United States, where the separate and silent system is enforced. The cells are there arranged in corridors, which radiate from a common centre, so that a turnkey placed in it can see the whole of them at once. We went into several of the cells, and were allowed to converse with the inmates, who never leave them by day or night, and occupy themselves with such work as they have taste or aptitude for. In one of these cells there was a pretty little *murderess*, who had killed her husband and her paramour, and had been sentenced to twenty-three years' imprisonment. Of these, five only had then expired. She seemed to be very cheerful, and made no complaint. Being a Roman Catholic, she had ornamented her cell with a variety of religious pictures cut out of blue paper, and really had made it look quite gay. We asked her if she was not wearying to get out, but she declared that she was quite content to remain where she was. In another prison in America we saw a late member of Congress, who was convicted of some fraud or other. But we do not intend to relate in this article our experience of prisons in general, but to confine our attention to the one we have last visited—the well-known Government prison at Portland, which receives able-bodied criminals who are strong enough to work in the stone quarries, and have been sentenced to long periods of penal servitude.

Armed with an order of admission from the Secretary of State, we left Weymouth by the short railway which runs to Portland, a distance of about four miles, passing along the east side of that curious ridge of rounded pebbles called Chesil Beach, which forms a natural breakwater against the sea that rolls into West Bay, and is the western side of the narrow isthmus that connects the bold promontory of Portland with the main land. This beach runs westward for nine miles, and varies in breadth from a half to a quarter of a mile. The stones decrease gradually in size from east to west, until they become, towards the western extremity, mere pebbles and broken shingle. The village of Portland begins at the terminus of the railway, and is a long, straggling collection of stone houses, which creep up the steep ascent, crowned by the fortress and the prison. We had to wind up and round the promontory, keeping for some time to the right; and when we reached the top, had still to walk for about a mile, until we came to the gate of the great prison. Just outside is the Governor's house, on the other side of the road—a well-built residence of granite, with a pretty flower-garden. Under the walls of the prison, and on the left side of the road as you approach, are the houses of the Deputy-Governor, the clergyman, the Roman Catholic priest, and others—all built of granite, which is the only stone in the whole promontory.

At the gate we presented our order of admission, and were most courteously received by the warders, who told us to wait until they took it to the Governor inside the gaol. Here we were joined by Captain S., the Deputy-Governor, who kindly consented to accompany us over the prison, and to whose attentions we feel much indebted. We may mention that before we reached the gate, passing by a long stone wall on the left, we saw a warder or sentry standing perched above us, and tempted by curiosity we contrived to climb and peep over the wall, when we saw below a large body of convicts at work in one of the quarries. But we believe that in doing this we transgressed rules, and had a significant warning from the sentry that we must get down. On entering the prison, we saw two petrified trees resting against the wall of a block of buildings. These had been found in the quarries, and bore testimony to the existence of pre-historic vegetation in the now barren and deso-

late spot. The first building we explored, containing numerous cells in two stories which communicate by an open iron staircase, was of wood. It was erected many years ago, and was intended to be only temporary; but it has not yet been replaced by stone, and we should think that there must be some danger of fire. We need not, however, say, that admirable precautions are taken, and no light is allowed in any of the cells even at night, but they are lighted by means of a little glass window looking into the corridor, *outside* of which a jet of gas is kept burning for an hour after it becomes dark. By means of this the inmate of the cell is able to read until it is extinguished. We thought the cells inconveniently small and narrow, in fact, they are the smallest we have ever seen, and we have no doubt that when this wooden building is pulled down, more roomy accommodation will be given to the wretched prisoners. The only books allowed to be read are those of a religious character. We think that this is a mistake, and may tend to defeat the object which we suppose is in view, namely, the reformation of the prisoner; for the mind requires variety of food as much as the body, and we fear that the *toujours perdrix* of even such a subject as religion will in the end cause weariness and disgust. In the French prison, to which we have alluded, there is a good library of miscellaneous literature, and we found on inquiry that the books most in request amongst the convicts were French translations of the works of Sir Walter Scott. The prisoners get meat only twice a week, on other days bread and tea or chocolate, and we think gruel, but we are not sure. They are entitled to a fixed weight of bread at each meal, and to ensure fairness of supply, the loaves are weighed by convicts, whose duty is when any loaf is of insufficient weight to stick on to it a small piece of bread by means of a wooden skewer, and the scales then show whether it is of the right weight. We saw convicts doing this and getting through the task with remarkable rapidity. Formerly the allowance of food was larger, and the prisoners had several unnecessary indulgences, the consequence of which was, that many of them reappeared after their discharge, sentenced for fresh crimes, and they seemed to like to return to their old quarters. At all events we were assured, that since the quantity of food has been reduced, there have been fewer returns of old "gaol-birds" to the dreary precincts of Portland Prison. There can be little doubt that with the hard labour at the quarries and the keen air of the lofty height, the appetite of the convicts is great, and they could eat a good deal more than is provided for them. We have read of plum-puddings and feasting and theatricals in former days at Norfolk Island, but no such folly is permitted at Portland. There is enough of wholesome food to keep a man in health, and that is all. We visited the kitchen when the evening tea was being prepared, and we never saw anything more beautifully clean than the large and lofty room. The copper boilers shone like burnished gold; one of them was full of tea, another of chocolate, getting ready for next morning's breakfast, and the smell was most savoury and inviting.

We passed the punishment cells, *all* of which were full. In these cells those convicts are placed who are refractory and break the rules of the prison by refusing to work, or committing minor offences. They are shut up all day and night, except for one hour, when each separately is allowed to walk round a small gravelled court-yard for the sake of exercise. We believe that the longest period of this kind of punishment is three weeks. But besides these there are *penal* cells for a worse class of offenders. Three prison directors come from London and try the graver cases, and award the punishment. They have the power to order a certain number of lashes to be inflicted, and we saw the bright steel triangles to which the prisoner is tied while undergoing the sentence. They were in what is called the "punishment room," and it reminded us of a beautifully-kept harness-room. The convicts had arranged the handcuffs and other instruments of coercion in symmetrical order along the wall, and had formed with them the figure of a crown and the letters V. R. in honour of Her Majesty. We should have hardly expected to find the feeling of loyalty displayed in such a place, but we suppose they consider themselves emphatically the servants of the Crown—at all events they are its slaves. When a man is flogged only a few convicts, and those the worst disposed, are present, that they may see what they have to expect if they offend in like manner. Of course when any deadly crime has been committed in the prison, such as murder or attempt at murder, the culprit is tried at the assizes in the ordinary way, and may be sentenced to be hanged or to be kept in penal servitude for such time beyond the period of his original sentence as the judge may after conviction order.

The great majority of the convicts work in the quarries, and are literally "hewers of stones," if not "drawers of water;" and they not only hew the granite, but build with it. The great breakwater which protects Weymouth Bay from the westerly winds and waves is the work of their hands; and they are now employed in finishing the wonderfully strong fortress called the Verne Fort, immediately contiguous to the prison, which we believe will occupy convict labour for fully eight years to come. But as everything that is necessary for this kind of work is made within the walls of the gaol, many of them are employed in the foundry or carpenter's shop. We saw them hammering the red-hot iron and casting moulds, and in fact distinguished from ordinary workmen only by the prison dress of grey cloth marked by the broad arrow, red caps and knickerbockers, and by their striped stockings, which latter, as we shall see, have more than once been fatal to their escape. We may mention that the prison is more than self-supporting, and last year there was a net balance in its favour of £3,000, after all expenses were paid. No speaking is allowed beyond such as is absolutely necessary, and while we were in the prison we did not hear a convict utter a word. Knowing what desperate characters were there, we felt perhaps slightly uncomfortable as we passed amongst them, while they wielded in their hands implements of which a single blow would cause instant death. The whole number of prisoners at Portland at present is sixteen hundred, and there are two hundred warders—that is, one warder to eight convicts. But there is close at hand a garrison of four hundred soldiers; and riflemen, with loaded pieces, stand here and there on the upper ground that looks down upon the yards and quarries; so that resistance is hopeless. We wished to see Roupell, whom we had last met when he was a member of the House of Commons, and who is now employed as a dresser in the hospital at Portland. But the building was under repair, and we were told that a visit to it would not be convenient; so that we did not get a sight of this remarkable criminal. The chapel is very large, and divided into separate compartments by wooden divisions, in each of which, during the service, sit one or two warders, on high stools, so as to have the convicts immediately under their eye. Formerly, the wives and families of the officers sat in the gallery; but there has lately been built, outside the walls, a very handsome church of granite, for the use of these and others. The Government gave the stone and supplied the labour, the cost of fitting up of the interior being defrayed by voluntary subscriptions. Besides the large chapel we have described, there is a Roman Catholic one, which is much smaller, but large enough for the number of Roman Catholic prisoners, at present about three hundred. It is served by a priest, of whom we heard a most excellent account. We believe that his influence with one of the worst classes of convicts, namely, the Irish who have migrated to England, is very great.

The Governor of the prison is Mr. Clifton, who held some post of a similar kind formerly in Australia; and if we may judge from his manner and conversation, we should consider him admirably qualified for his office. He has a business room in the centre of the gaol, and there he received us and showed us several objects of interest. Amongst them are a large handsomely bound Bible and Prayer-Book, presented by the late Prince Consort as a memorial of a visit he paid to the prison. He wrote his name in one of the volumes, with an inscription in which he expressed the interest he felt in the convicts, "with hopes of their amendment." The Governor also showed us some little things that had been made surreptitiously by prisoners. One was a small statuette of Samuel praying, executed with a common nail out of a piece of granite, and exceedingly well done. Another prisoner had picked up some pieces of metal, fused them together so as to make a kind of *æs Corinthium*, which looked just like gold, and with this he had made some very neat breast-pins, with horse-shoe tops, and a massive finger-ring. When they were discovered and taken from him he said that he had intended, when his term of sentence had expired, to sell them and endeavour to obtain a livelihood by making similar articles. We thought it a pity not to encourage such tasteful industry; but the rules of the prison are inflexibly strict, and no convict is allowed to employ himself on any work that is not imposed by the authorities of the gaol, and this is, as we have already mentioned, the hard labour of hewing stones and building fortresses, walls, and houses. We saw also some excellent drawings on slates, done by convicts. One of them was a very remarkable head of an old prisoner, which artists have highly praised. But *omnis effusus labor*—these slates were confiscated to the State like the statuette and breast-pins. Some other objects shown to us were of a different nature.

These were deadly weapons which had been used by convicts in attempting the lives of the warders and officers, and they hung upon nails by the side of a cupboard. One of them was a large heavy flint stone wrapped in a pocket-handkerchief, which had been twisted and knotted so as to form a long flexible handle, and a more formidable, death-dealing instrument we never saw. It had been found on a convict, and happily taken from him before he had an opportunity of using it. But there were heads and handles of pickaxes which had been flung at warders, and one of them had narrowly missed the head of an officer who told us the story, passing between him and a warder, as they stood near a gang of convicts at work in the quarries. Sometimes, of course, the motive for these deadly attacks is revenge, but sometimes they are prompted by mere wish for change from the dreadful monotony of prison life. A trial at the assizes, with the certainty of increased punishment, is welcomed as a relief. Not long ago a convict whose term of sentence was just expiring, and who, therefore, would very soon be a free man, attempted to kill one of the warders; but we forget what the consequences were to himself. Another man lately flung the head of a pickaxe at an officer whom he had never seen before, and on being asked what possible ill-will he could bear against a stranger, he replied that he did not care who he was, but being tired of his life he was determined to kill somebody. This shows the dangers to which the prison officials are exposed; but they do their duty as fearlessly and calmly as if they were in perfect security. When a man has been convicted of any of these violent offences in prison, and is sentenced to a longer period of servitude, he is not sent back to Portland, but removed to a different gaol, which is a wise and necessary precaution. Several Roman coins and bits of pottery have been dug up in the quarries and were shown to us by the Governor—proving that Portland in ancient times had been occupied as a military station by the conquerors of the world.

Taking leave of the Governor, we passed through a large stone quarry, and met a gang of six hundred convicts returning from the Verne Fort after the labours of the day were over, who were going to their evening tea. They marched in detachments, each of which was headed by a warder carrying a truncheon in his hand, and as he passed Captain S. he touched his hat and called out, "All right! number 20"—"All right! number 26"—or whatever the number might be of the men under his particular charge. We watched the countenances of the convicts, and are bound to say that by far the most of them were of a very repulsive type and cast, just such as one sees in the dock at the assizes, and obviously belonging to the criminal and dangerous classes of society. And yet we believe that there were amongst them at least one clergyman and one who had been a lawyer. But very properly they were not pointed out to us, and indeed not a word was spoken to or by any of us as the mournful procession stalked past. Some of the men were dressed in clothes one half of which was black and the other half grey, and this costume betokened that they had been guilty of assaults upon their warders. The proportion of the convicts to the warders here was about twenty to one, and we were thinking how soon the latter might be overpowered, when on looking up we saw riflemen posted on platforms of rock, who completely commanded the movements of the party. And besides, it is almost impossible that there should be any combination or conspiracy, as conversation is not allowed, and it is certain that if a sudden assault were made by a few desperate characters the majority would side with the authorities from considerations of self-interest, if not a higher motive. For every convict, even those who are sentenced to penal servitude for life, may *earn* a remission of the period of his imprisonment, by getting marks for good conduct. Whatever the term may be, short of life-servitude, he can get a fourth of his time remitted by a certain number of marks, which are of course taken from him in a proportionate rate for every offence he commits in prison. In the case of life-servitude, we believe that he can work out his pardon in twenty years, but we are not quite sure about this. This is an admirable provision, and indeed without it we were assured that it would be impossible to manage the prison. To no man who enters those gloomy portals is the terrible line of Dante applicable—

"Voi ch' entrate lasciate ogni speranza."

Without hope such an existence would be simply intolerable, and any kind of crimes would be committed, for death by the hangman would by many be felt to be preferable to *hopeless* misery. The great object is to hold out an inducement to good conduct, and nothing serves this so effectually as the consciousness that by behaving well the period of imprisonment will be shortened.

We believe that there have been very few cases of successful escape, by which we mean escape without recapture. But convicts have more than once contrived to get beyond the walls of the gaol. Some years ago, before the railway that connects Portland with Weymouth was in existence, the communication with the mainland was by means of a ferry. A convict had got beyond the walls and managed to change his dress, but when he presented himself at the ferry he had not a farthing to pay his passage, and he therefore plunged into the water to swim across. But his stockings betrayed him. The ferryman saw them, and knew that he was an escaped prisoner. He raised a hue and cry, and the man was soon caught and taken back to his old quarters. Not very long ago another convict contrived to make a hole in the floor of his cell, and found that there was beneath a disused air-hole which communicated with an outer court. He followed this, and eluding the observation of the warders, climbed somehow over the wall and got clear off. He then broke into a dwelling-house and stole some food, and a bottle of brandy, and cigars, and for a fortnight nothing was heard of him. But all the time he remained in Portland, and chose for his place of concealment, of all places in the world, the crypt or vault beneath the high altar of a Roman Catholic chapel, where he drank and smoked at night. He remained there, lying *perdu* in the daytime, and when it grew dark, prowled about for food. In the meantime, people remarked the offensive odour that issued from the altar, but nobody thought of examining the spot. At last, when the convict had made all his preparations for his final escape, he determined to try and leave the promontory before day-break in the morning. But unfortunately he drank too much brandy, and overslept himself. It was just dawn when he started, and as he was passing down the hill a boy who was digging potatoes observed him pull up his trousers, and saw his stockings. He gave the alarm, and the telegraph was set to work. The man was taken in the course of the day as he was walking on the road between Weymouth and Dorchester.

Leaving the quarry where we met the gang of convicts returning from their work, we passed into the Verne Fort, which, when finished, will be one of the largest and strongest fortresses in Britain, with bomb-proof casements and covered galleries, along which soldiers can march from one point to another without being exposed to the fire of the enemy. It has been built entirely by convict labour, and will require some years yet to complete. The royal arms over the principal gateway, however, were executed by military engineers, and it is a subject of some merriment that it is the only part of the work that seems to have been badly done; for the hind feet of the lion and the unicorn rest upon nothing, and the unhappy animals cling to the shield by their tails!

We wish that any one meditating a crime could first be taken to Portland and see the kind of life that is before him there, if he enters it as a prisoner. Without companionship in that host of felons—in silence and in misery—he must go forth to do his daily toil with the pickaxe in his hand. The dull monotonous sound of iron hammering against granite will fall upon his ear day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year. He must labour like a brute under the eye of his master from morn till eve, and when darkness begins to fall he must march back to his lonely cell—bare, and cold, and comfortless—tortured by the thought of the crime he has committed, and the liberty he has lost. How wearily the days must pass! How he must realise the bitterness of the curse, "In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning! for the fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see."

"——— Quam vellent æthere in alto
Pauperiemque pati, et duros perferre labores!"

Here, as convicted felons, have clergymen, and lawyers, and bankers, and merchants herded with burglars and murderers, and men whose whole existence has been a life of crime. No difference is made amongst them—all distinction of previous rank and station is as much lost as in the grave; the convicts are known by their numbers and not by their names, and when the gates close upon them, their past lives are buried in oblivion. They have outraged society, and society has exacted a terrible retribution.

In conclusion, we will only say that we never visited a prison more exquisitely clean and orderly than Portland, nor one where the necessary discipline seems to be more strictly kept with as much kindness as is compatible with the stern demands of duty.

WILLIAM FORSYTH.

THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON.

By MRS. PARR, Author of "Dorothy Fox."

CHAPTER XXXII.—"IF I COULD SAY YES."



IN her anxiety to begin her journey Mrs. Labouchere was ready to start a good hour before it was time to leave the house; but, having been assured that as the tide would not suit until a certain hour, she would only be kept waiting on the Hard, she sat down until the time for departure should arrive. It was a lovely morning but its fresh beauties were all lost upon Katherine, whose one anxiety was that the water should be sufficiently calm to enable her to go to Dockmouth by water, and thereby save the train, which on the previous day had taken off Sir Stephen. She had ascertained from his man that he intended going on at once to Pamphillon.

"You are certain of that, Fenton?" she asked.

"Oh yes, ma'am, for I heard master say to Captain Carthew, 'I shall just have time to see about that matter, and then catch the train to Pamphillon;' and so he would, ma'am, easily catch the four-o'clock express."

"In that case," thought Katherine, "I ought to be prepared to follow him there at once, and if I do not find him in Albemarle-street, that is what I'll do."

She was busily intent upon her plans when the door opened, and Leo Despard entered. Strive as she might, Katherine could not meet him in her usual way, and he, noticing her agitation, said—

"I fear I startled you."

"No, not at all," she said, freeing her hand, which in his solicitude he was still holding, and then, unable to think of anything to say, she sat down. Leo could not but perceive that she was not quite her usual self, and he wondered what was the cause of her nervous manner.

"My apology for paying such an early visit must be this," he said, laying the skeins of silk before her.

"Oh, thank you! I had forgotten all about the silk; I am going to London."

It was Leo who grew confused now.

"To London!" he exclaimed with a blank look.

"Yes, Sir Stephen went yesterday—about some business."

Leo turned hastily away from the table and walked towards the window.

Should he make the offer now. Her visible agitation might be at parting with him, and this gave him fresh hope. It was no use hesitating; if he did, the chance might be lost. Going back to her with a face pale and troubled, he stammered out—

"This—is so unexpected—I—I never thought about your going away;" and he sat down, half averting his face. "I know you will not listen to me," he began, in a hopeless voice. "I have no right to expect you should; but I cannot hide my love any longer. From the first moment I saw you, I have thought of nothing else night and day. I have striven against what I know you will call folly, but it has been useless, and now that you tell me that you are going from me, and I may, perhaps, never see you again—Oh! I feel I shall go mad."

At Leo's first word of love, a haughty rebuke had risen to Katherine's lips, for her conscience told her, that she had given him no encouragement to indulge in this presumptuous avowal; but she had hastily checked it. No, she must not offend him, nor be too hard in her refusal, for what influence might not his love give her? So she said somewhat confusedly—

"Oh! pray, hush, Mr. Despard, you must not say things of this kind to me."

The tone the words were said in filled Leo with triumph. He was certain that if such a woman as she was had no feeling towards him, she would have made him see at once, that she considered he had taken a liberty in addressing her. He felt success all but certain, and thought he could afford to be more

demonstrative, but as Katherine drew away her hand, he was forced to trust to his eloquent speeches, which, strive as he would, sounded to him forced and tame. For his life he could not remember the protestations and devotions which he had intended to pour forth, and he felt certain Mrs. Labouchere would think him awkward and stupid—an anxiety he might have spared himself, for though his words fell upon Katherine's ears, she hardly heard them, so intent was she on her own motives and interests. When he paused, she knew he was waiting his answer, and as well as she could she endeavoured to tone down her refusal so that his self-love should not be deeply wounded.

"I am so very sorry, Mr. Despard; I had not the slightest idea of such a thing. Love and I parted company long ago. In my present position I assume the privilege of being able to enjoy the friendship of your sex, without the possibility of anything else ever entering my mind. It would distress me beyond measure, if I thought I was the unintentional means of giving you pain, or that an end was to be put to our pleasant—intercourse. I really feel quite too old and out of date to inspire any one with a fresh love; beside which, I thought, or dreamed, or was told, that you were very much attached to Miss Carthew."

"Who *could* have told you that?"

"I cannot remember" (Katherine felt it would be too absurd to give an old boatman as her authority); "I only know that in some way I was under that—delusion?"

"Yes, certainly a delusion. I admit that I went to Sharrows much more frequently before you came to Combe, and that I liked to talk to Miss Carthew; but she and I have known each other since we were children, and she perfectly understood the footing on which we were. Sharrows is not the only house I have ceased to frequent, nor Miss Carthew's the only society I have given up, since you have been here. I have had but one thought—when I could see you; where, and how I could see you. A spell seemed to bind me to this place. Night as well as day found me unable to tear myself away."

"Why, you might have been taken up for a poacher!" said Katherine, trying to make light of what he was saying.

"Ah, you are laughing at me," he exclaimed bitterly. "Well, I suppose that is all I deserve for boring you with my folly. I shall have time to eat my heart out when you are gone," and he gave a little nervous movement as if to try and dismiss the subject for the present, saying, "Are you going to drive?"

"No."

"What, going by boat! may I go with you?"

Mrs. Labouchere hesitated.

"On one condition," she said, "that we are to be friends."

"If I could say yes," and he caught both her hands, and held them with a grasp which only escaped being painful, "how willingly I would; but do what we can, we cannot school our hearts, or if so, do you think I would have set mine upon the moon, for you are quite as far out of my reach;" (his penitent humility made Katherine, in spite of her secret knowledge, feel very kindly towards him); "if you will forget what I have said and let me be your slave, your servant, anything that will not banish me from your presence, and your mind?"

"That is not quite in obedience to my conditions."

"Yes it is. I promise you all the obedience you ask, only let me go with you now."

"Very well, and let me go also;" for he seemed to forget that he was still clasping her hands. He paused an instant, then tried to raise them to his lips, but Katherine resolutely drew them away, saying, as if she had not noticed his movement—

"I think it is time I got ready to start."

She did not return to the room until her maid stood there waiting to accompany her on her journey. Leo could but see that his companion was too preoccupied to care for much conversation. She walked along so engaged with her busy thoughts, that each remark she made was an effort, and the people they passed on the way were quite unnoticed. What attention she could command she bestowed upon picking her steps along the steep street, down which they had to go to the Hard below.

"Don't speak to me," she said in answer to some remark Leo made, "I dare not breathe. What an atmosphere to live in!" and as the thought swept over her that in future this was Stephen's sole inheritance, her heart sent out a fresh cry for the sorrow he would have to bear. She shrank from the rough, weather-beaten looking men, the dark-eyed, bold-faced women, who ran to the doors at the news of "the gentrys'" advent, proclaimed in several cases from one top window to the other. Arrived on the beach, her situation was but little mended. Here she had to undergo the stolid criticism of the numerous urchins, who emerged from various mounds of sea-weed, heaped together for manure. The idlers grouped about, nettled by her want of notice, continued to lounge uncon-



"THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON."

Page 691.

cernedly by, and the only civility vouchsafed was by Mother Tapson, the keeper of a small inn known as "Jack Ashore," who, true to her motto, that "all was fish that comed to her net," came out to say—

"If you likes to bring the lady in 'ere, Maister Despard, the parler bar's to yer service, sir."

"Why could not the boat have been ready?" Katherine asked impatiently, taking no heed of this polite offer.

"I cannot think," said Leo.

"Aw can't 'ee, sir?" snorted Mother Tapson. "I should ha' thought *you* might ha' knaw'd; why her bottom'ed be stove in if her'd bin rin down afore you hove in sight. Wouldn't her, Jim?" she shouted as old Jim stopped to raise his cap to the gentlefolks. Jim being far too wise to offer any opposition to a lady so notably clever with her hands and her tongue as Mother Tapson, though ignorant of the case in point, nodded assent.

"Why, where be you goin' to, hey?" she added.

"To Winkle, to fetch Miss Hero back," said Jim, one eye still directed towards Mrs. Labouchere and Leo.

"Aw! her's comin' home then. Bless her dear heart! She's a real lady, she is, and has often sot in my parler, and to serve her or the Cap'en I'd go down on my bended knees by night or by day, that I would."

"Come, come," laughed one of the men lounging near, surveying her short, fat figure, "you're raither broad in the beam, missis, for that sort o' game."

"Niver you mind that. What I says I sticks to, and so will many more here who knows where to go mumpin' on a banyan day. There ain't nobody about here, gentle or simple, as is fit to tread in the same shoe leather as Miss Hero, and I don't care a brass farden who hears me say so, neither;" and she gave a defiant look towards Mrs. Labouchere, which made Leo say—

"Take no notice of her. These people are really not civilised. Come, Wallis," he called out, "lend Joe a hand with this boat; it's high time we were off now;" and he gave his arm to Mrs. Labouchere, trying to assist her over the rough, slippery stones with an assiduity which increased Mrs. Tapson's ire. "He's as false-faced as two is that young Despard," she said, "and before he and Miss Hero walks to church together, I hopes the say 'll swaller 'un."

"Sir Stephen, he's the right mate for Miss Hero," said one of the byestanders.

"Ah, now you've got the stocking on the right leg," said Mother Tapson; "he is a likely gentleman. You should ha' seed un yesterday a haulin' an' hoistin' Mrs. Collins into the boat, as if her'd bin the port admiral's lady, and to me 'twas 'How de do, *Mrs.* Tapson, and good day to 'ee, *Mrs.* Tapson!' Don't ee tell me! there's more good done by gentlefolks with a kind word or haction, than if they was to stand jawing about ee all day; and I for one says, God bless Sir Stephen, and prosper the day he comed to Mallett."

CHAPTER XXXIII.—AT PAMPHILLON.

LEO accompanied Mrs. Labouchere to the station, and remained chatting with her until it was time for the train to start; then, after a somewhat confused and hurried good-bye, he walked moodily away, while she, sinking back in the carriage, gave a sigh of thankfulness that she was again alone, and free to indulge the thoughts which filled and troubled her. Step by step she went over the marvellous revelations of the last few hours, and so at variance did these seem with all she had been brought up to believe and to put faith in, that she was tempted to question whether she could be the same Katherine who, up to that time, could have staked her existence that not an event had ever taken place in her aunt's life with which she and Stephen were not thoroughly conversant; and here, suddenly, was brought to light a—a crime of which this timid, trustful woman was the secret perpetrator.'

"It will cut Stephen to the heart," she thought, as she wiped away the blinding tears. "If I could but save him from knowing the worst! Nothing will be so hard for him to bear as the knowledge of what his mother has done." Then, after another reverie, she said to herself, "The feeling that Stephen loves her less, thinks less of her, will kill her. Oh! what can I do? how can I spare them? Poor aunt! poor Stephen! How strangely our lives run! Longings granted when they have lost their value; wishes answered all too late." Her memory went straying back to the old days, when she had been Stephen's world; to the time when a word from her could influence and guide him beyond all else. What a different promise her life had given then! Surrounded by love, she would have laughed to scorn the supposition that a time would come when she would yearn after, and weary for, the faintest sign of that

devotion which she then held so lightly. "Yes," she sighed, "out of my headstrong vanity sprang my misery; I took my fate into my own hands; I shaped my own destiny; and to punish me all my desires have been granted, and I am mocked by the very things I have thirsted after. I have cried out, 'If I were but rich, I should be happy;' I have said, 'So that I were Lady Prescott, I should have no care for aught else that might happen.' Rich I am, Lady Prescott I might be, but what now?" and she hid her face, because of the newly-shaped desire which filled her heart, the desire to be Stephen Prescott's wife. "I may well feel humbled," she said after a time, "as daily I see, that little as I know of others, myself I know least of all." This taking her back to her recent mistake, made her sigh afresh for her aunt's sorrows. "I never knew until now how dear she is to me. I must try and in some way keep her secret from Stephen! he will never overlook or forget it."

As she neared London, the task of breaking this unlooked-for trouble increased in magnitude, and every minute discovered some fresh difficulty, until, when the train reached Paddington, her anxiety had resolved itself into the words, "What shall I say to him?" and this she kept repeating during her drive to Albemarle Street, where she learnt that, after breakfast that morning, Sir Stephen had left, saying he was going down to his place, but that he should most likely return on Friday.

"To-morrow," she said to her maid, "I want you to do whatever business you have in town; I shall not require you to go to Pamphillon with me."

Pamphillon was a good three hours' journey from London; so, though the nine-o'clock train entailed rather early rising, Katherine decided to go by it, and the next morning nine o'clock found her commencing her journey. What an undertaking it now seemed! She began to be filled with all sorts of anxiety and fear, but she steadily determined to master herself, so that her energies might be turned upon the story she was going to tell. During the night she had made up her mind, that if possible she would not repeat to Stephen what his mother had told her. "If I can but keep the principal fact from him," she thought. "it will not be half so hard for him to bear; if I tell him poor aunt burnt this certificate, what may he not do? perhaps as he did before in his trouble, rush off to some wild, out-of-the-way part of the world—India or America; refuse ever to see his mother again; or, if they did meet, treat her with a chilling indifference, which would kill her." Well did Katherine know how sorely such fears were distracting Mrs. Prescott; loss of home, income, position, all seemed swallowed up in the certainty that in her son's eyes she would now be lowered and degraded. Poor mother! how this thought racked her! how she shrank from meeting his altered gaze—a gaze in which love would be blotted out by reproach! At the time they were speaking of this together, it had not occurred to Katherine that she could do more than endeavour to soften down Stephen's bitterness, but now she saw there was a possibility that much more might be effected; if she failed, at least she could but try, and the certainty that, at the barest hint, Stephen would never rest until justice was done, gave much hope to her scheme. She carefully set herself to work to consider how much she could withhold, and how much, in order to impress upon him the importance of investigating the matter, must be told to him.

Absorbed in these reflections, the time passed very rapidly, and as the train stopped at a little station near, she could hardly believe she was close to Pamphillon. Almost unconsciously she began comparing the rural wealth among which it stood, with the wild, barren surroundings of Combe. In that golden time of russet leaves the noble old woods looked their best, half hiding, half discovering the principal wing of the house, on which a wealth of architectural taste had been lavished. Katherine closed her eyes, and resolutely turning them away from all beauty of sea and rock, she bade her memory picture the ugly, steep village leading up to bleak downs and barren heights—the house built with a thorough contempt of all style, the one object being to afford the best protection against the beating storms of wind and rain, from which the thick, stunted trees afforded little shelter. And was this to be Stephen's home? Would he banish himself far from society and civilisation in such a desert? Never! Surely the time had come for all false pride to be laid aside between them, and this day, at all risks, their future should be decided.

At the little station, the one man who did the double duty of porter and ticket collector, could not believe his eyes when the train stopped, and Mrs. Labouchere got out; nor his ears when, instead of waiting for the wondrous vehicle from the Prescott Arms,

she signified her intention of getting into old Johnson's one-horse fly, which stood at the wicket gate.

In after days Katherine always recalled Pamphillon, as that morning it stamped itself upon her mind. The drowsy, well-to-do village, where each person she saw stopped to give her a respectful salutation, the neatly kept cottages, the trim gardens. If Stephen had here chafed and worried over the evils he could not remedy, surely the horrors of Combe would distract him. As they turned from the lane into the road skirting the park, a network of rich pasture and yellow fields opened out, adding to the sweetness of the scene, which, viewed under Katherine's present feelings, seemed a very paradise of pastoral beauty. At the nearest of the several entrances she bade the man stop, saying she would walk through the park to the house. This she commenced doing at rather a rapid pace, having no wish to encounter Sir Stephen where there was any chance of their meeting being observed upon, and anywhere out of doors he was almost certain to be accompanied by his bailiff or his steward. All her minor difficulties began now to encompass her and take the place of those greater ones which had hitherto filled her mind. "It is a lovely old place," she said, suddenly pausing as the house came in view; then turning slowly round she gazed with wistful eyes in each direction, on the calm, refined beauty of the scene. The approach of footsteps set her heart beating. Suppose—but no, it was only one of the gardeners, who stopped for her to pass him.

"Have you come from the house?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm going to Mr. Sharp's with this letter from Sir Stephen."

"Sir Stephen is at the house, then?"

"Yes, ma'am; he came down unexpected yesterday."

"Thank you," and she went on to a side entrance always kept open, and close to the housekeeper's apartment. Here she ascertained that Sir Stephen was in the library, where he had been seeing people all the morning, but that just now no one was with him.

"Then I will go to him," Katherine said. "There is no need to announce me. I can find my way alone."

CHAPTER XXXIV.—"FATE HAS DEALT HARD WITH US BOTH."

"KATHERINE!" exclaimed Sir Stephen in a voice of amazement and inquiry at Mrs. Labouchere's unexpected appearance. "What on earth has brought you here? There is nothing the matter, I hope. My mother?"

"Is quite well."

"And not with you?" for it suddenly occurred to him that in order to make a final struggle she had followed him with all speed.

"No; I am alone. I left aunt at Combe yesterday morning. As soon as I reached town I drove to Albemarle Street, and there learnt that you had come on here."

She paused.

Sir Stephen said "yes," and then *he* paused; but finding Katherine remained silent, he thought, "Mother has sent her to try and move me now by fresh offers—arguments, opposition. Well, I had best meet them cheerfully, and treat them lightly;" so he said smiling, "I suppose my mother bothered you into coming, Katherine. It's the old story about keeping the place, is it not?"

"Not quite, and I proposed to come to you myself. Are we safe not to be disturbed here? I want to talk to you very particularly."

"Perhaps she intends to offer to buy it," Sir Stephen thought, as he got up and fastened an outer door.

"We shall not be interrupted, now," he said, "that door shut is a signal that I am engaged." He drew over a chair and seated himself near her, while she took off her gloves, unfastened her mantle and bonnet, not able to bear any pressure near the nervous lump which had begun to gather in her throat.

"What is it, Katey?" he said, gently, feeling that some more than ordinary circumstance was necessary, to account for any betrayal of her usually well-controlled self.

"Aunt has told me about young Despard," Katherine blurted out, forgetting, as one usually does, how she had intended leading up to the subject.

"I feared you would blame us for not telling you before," Sir Stephen said, gravely; "but mother has such extraordinary crotchets in her head about this matter, that anything like common-sense arguments are entirely lost upon her."

"Tell me exactly all you have heard and been told about him," Katherine said, with such an anxious expression of face, that though Sir Stephen began his relation without any delay, he had had time to run over the possibility of Katherine having taken a fancy to Leo, the probability that her fortune and position would greatly influence him, and the fact that Hero would thus be free. This made

him most exact in repeating every detail he had learnt from his mother, and Aunt Lydia, of Leo's parentage, adoption, and bringing up by Mr. Despard.

"This, Katherine," he said in conclusion, "is the sum total of my knowledge, which I only delay telling to Mr. Despard himself until I am in a position to do what I feel, on my uncle's part, it is my duty to do. It cannot be much, but it will be some addition to his present income, which is not, as I need hardly tell you, a very sufficient one."

"Aunt seemed to think you were not quite satisfied with what she told you."

"Satisfied! Oh, I am satisfied enough; but you know, Katherine, what a difficult person my mother is to deal with in some things; there is no bringing her to the point. Now, in this case, had she straightforwardly told me all she knew about the young fellow, there would have been an end of the matter. But no, she must beat about the bush, defend herself on each question I asked, object to every single thing I proposed, until I lost temper, and told her I should apply to Holmes, and so I mean to."

"But you have not done so?"

"No, I have not been to him; I did not want to see him until I had spoken to two or three of the tenants, who, like myself, have not been Fortune's favourites, and are a little behindhand with their affairs. I want them to start fresh, as I hope to do, and there is no need for Holmes knowing all this."

"Aunt was so afraid you had gone straight to Mr. Holmes's."

"Poor old soul! how she does delight in worrying herself! I left that message purposely, thinking, if I had said I was coming here, she would have guessed what for, and given herself no peace. All I want to know from Holmes is, whether Uncle Bernard ever mentioned the subject to him."

"Yes, he did."

"He did?" exclaimed Sir Stephen in a tone of amazement. "Why, how do you know?"

"Because aunt has been recalling things which had quite slipped her memory. She recollects now that Mr. Holmes asked her, if she had ever heard of this woman and a child. The woman, he said, was dead; but about the child he was not certain."

Sir Stephen's face changed.

"Why could not mother have told me this?"

"I do not know; perhaps I ask questions that lead her into remembering things. Then I bring to her mind circumstances she had forgotten, and so in some way, you know, she generally tells more to me than she does to any one else. Poor thing! she is in a sad way now, Stephen."

"About what?"

"About this young man. She so fears that perhaps she did not sift the matter as she ought to have done. You know how tender her conscience is, Stephen, and at the time of your uncle's death she was so engrossed with the ruinous state he had left the property in, that no one could wonder at her having no room in her thoughts for anything else. Every one must see, that she would only have been too glad to shift the burden upon other shoulders than her own; besides which, who could have dreamed of your uncle marrying any one—but aunt?"

"What should make her suddenly believe that he did?"

"Well, some letters, or a letter of his in which mention was made of a Matilda Williams, living at Hatfield, and, read by this new light, aunt is convinced that the folly to which he alluded must have meant marriage. At all events, Stephen, she will never rest until you have been to the parish church there, and have convinced yourself that such a marriage never took place."

Sir Stephen sat with his eyes fixed blankly upon Katherine.

"My God!" he said at length, as the great unbroken wave of his misery swept over him.

"You may find nothing, Stephen," Katherine said, thinking it best to try and soften this calamity by a doubt of its existence.

"Where is this letter?"

"Burnt; aunt burnt it with the rest."

"Then as surely as we two sit here, it is true," he answered. "Katherine, you know it; my mother has told you so, and this is why she concealed it from me all along."

"If she was remiss or careless, her fearful anxiety is paying dearly enough now," Katherine murmured.

"Yes. Now she would have me rush off, get together every scrap of information, and try to persuade every one, as she is persuading herself, that until I spoke of it the bare possibility never dawned upon her. Who will believe me? Not only shall we be reduced to beggary, but we shall be looked upon as impostors."

He hid his face in his hands, so that Katherine might not see its pained working; but her own was scarcely less troubled. Rising to go over to his side, she trembled

so violently that she was forced to kneel down and lean against the table.

"Stephen," she said in all but a whisper, "I once did you a great wrong. I was presumptuous and self-confident then, and I thought it a grand thing to force a royal road through our difficulties. Very soon I learnt the fatal error I had made, and that in your eyes I could never regain my self-respect; then the money which had cost me my happiness turned to a burden; so it has remained until this moment. Now a gleam of hope comes that you will let it give me some pleasure. This young man cannot keep Pamphillon; he must sell it. Buy it of him. If he chooses to assume the title, let him; but do not let the sacrifices aunt made be in vain. She has been a mother to us both, Stephen; repay her by doing this. I cannot tell you how it wrings my heart, to know that both of you may be called upon to suffer anything which I could save you from. For her sake, Stephen—for your mother's sake—do what I ask, and—and take it from me as freely as I, in need, took from her and from you."

Stephen felt his own eyes fill as he looked upon the earnest face before him.

"My dear," he said softly, "think what the world might reasonably accuse me of, if I bought the estate from a man too needy to keep an inheritance of which, for years, I have been unjustly depriving him. No, my embarrassments will be my greatest justification."

Katherine was silent; she saw the reasonableness of this argument.

"But I could buy it?" she said presently. "Every one knows I can afford to do so."

"Certainly you could buy it; but I should not advise your doing so; it is a very troublesome estate to manage."

"I should not want it for myself," she said in a low tone, and her eyes were raised to his with a look of such pleading entreaty, that in a moment all his mother had said and hinted at rushed across him, and he knew that it was Katherine's turn to love him.

"Katherine," he said very gravely, "I know the largeness of your heart, and that you are still bent upon benefiting me; but, my dear, this is a gift which a brother could not take from a sister, were that sister young as you are, and likely to form other and nearer ties."

She shook her head, and two heavy drops fell upon the table towards which she had turned away.

"Do not look upon this as impossible, Katherine dear. I will tell you something which will show you how very little we know of our own hearts. For years after you married I was aimless and purposeless, from the belief that I could never again take any interest in life. Even after I came to England, and met you, this feeling still existed, and I looked upon you as its sole cause, and this prevented my having the brotherly regard which I saw you wished to exist between us. Well, I went down to Mallett, and suddenly the whole course of my life changed; new hopes and prospects seemed to brighten it, and when I asked myself the cause for this, I found it was because my heart had opened again, and the place you had so long left vacant was filled by—Hero Carthew."

A little shiver seemed to run through Katherine, but she did not speak nor move, until, feeling she must know the worst, she said,—

"Are you going to marry her, Stephen?"

"No."

"Because of this?"

"No, before I knew of this. I knew that she cared for some one else."

"Can you tell me who?"

"Yes; to this very Mr. Despard;" and with a pang of intense bitterness, he added, speaking rather to himself than to her, "so probably she will be Lady Prescott, in spite of herself."

"He asked me to marry him yesterday," Katherine said, turning her tear-stained face towards him.

Sir Stephen grew scarlet.

"He asked *you* to marry him?"

"Yes; why or what made him do so I cannot imagine—decidedly nothing in my manner towards him. I did not tell him so," she added hastily; "I thought it best to keep on good terms with him."

"He knows no more about himself than when I left?"

"Nothing more."

"Then I wish you had told him, Katherine, that he was greatly presuming on your courtesy and kindness."

"I do not think he meant it in that way," she said, inclined to look upon Leo's offence with less severity than her cousin did. "He was surprised into it, I think, by my sudden departure. He is young, and very likely he knows but little of the world. Of course I told him that he must never mention such a thing to me again, because I was quite determined"—and here her voice trembled—"as I am—never to marry. So your scruples

are very needless, Stephen. I shall remain a widow as long as I live."

She rose up, and stood gazing into a future which seemed to her blank and desolate. Unknown to herself, her unstudied attitude told her tale of crushed hope and lost love. Looking at her, and remembering how their lives had been linked together, Stephen was touched to the quick; the words he had meant to say died away, and in their place he whispered huskily—

"God bless you, Katherine, for coming to me in my trouble. Fate has dealt very hardly with us botb."

CHAPTER XXXV.—"SIR LEOPOLD PRESCOTT."

LEO DESPARD had seldom felt so thoroughly miserable, as he did during



the week which succeeded Mrs. Labouchere's departure. The hopes, which had been raised by her manner on that morning, were all but extinguished by the total ignorance he was left in, as to when she intended returning to Mallett, or whether she intended returning at all. The certainty of learning all about her movements from Mrs. Prescott had occasioned the reticence, for which Katherine had felt so grateful; but, to his dismay, on calling at Combe, he was told that Mrs. Prescott was ill and confined to her room, and though each day he had repeated his visit, the bulletin he received was "no better." Putting together the circumstances of Sir Stephen's unannounced departure, Mrs. Labouchere's sudden flight, and this illness (which he believed feigned), he be-

gan to be very uneasy, fearing that it all boded anything but good to him. The only thing he had to cling to, was the way in which Mrs. Labouchere had received his avowal; and the more he pondered over this, the more satisfied was he that with a little more opportunity, she would have been secured. Had she felt this? Had Mrs. Prescott or Sir Stephen noticed it, and so got up some plan for carrying her off, and keeping her away? If so, the game was over, and he had jeopardized his happiness for nothing.

Hitherto, his claim upon Hero had secured to him her constant companionship, and whenever he felt dull or lonely, he had but to go to Sharrows. Never before had he felt how thoroughly he had excluded himself from the little community, among whom his boyhood had been spent; but now the truth was forced upon him. All his vanity could not blind him to the fact, that though he might be received kindly, because of Aunt Lydia, or for Uncle Tony's sake, nobody cared for him personally, and all plainly showed him that they knew his visits were only due to the Combe people being absent, and he, in consequence, not knowing what else to do with himself. Poor Aunt Lydia had a sad time of it, for, thrown upon his own resources, nothing seemed to please or satisfy her nephew. Twenty times in the day she shook her head dismally over Hero's obstinacy in staying all this time at Winkle. She constantly endeavoured to get Leo to talk of Captain Carthew and Sharrows, but before she reached the point she was aiming at, he invariably turned the conversation, and the poor old lady's scheme of reconciliation seemed further off than ever. "I really think I will try and speak to him openly," she thought, as she sat one morning waiting for him to come down to breakfast; but at the first sight of Leo's face her courage failed her, and she thought it would be better to wait for a more propitious opportunity. He pushed away his breakfast; almost untasted, causing Aunt Lydia to say with a doleful shake of her head, "Oh dear! oh dear! what am I to get for you, Leo? you really do not eat enough to feed a sparrow. My dear boy, what is the matter?"

"Now, for heaven's sake, Aunt Lydia, don't begin to bother. I cannot sit down at this hour of the morning, and make a meal like a ploughboy, and nothing short of that satisfies you."

"I am afraid there is nothing to tempt you. I am sure, if I only knew what to get, I'd get it. Do you think now, if Mrs. Carne had got a nice hog's pudding, that you could fancy a bit of that?"

Leo jumped up from his chair with an impatient gesture, but, after a moment, he repented, and turned saying, "Don't worry me, like a good old soul, I don't feel at all the thing; I'm out of sorts and spirits."

"It must be so dull for you, my dear," Aunt Lydia said, sympathetically. "When is Sir Stephen coming back?"

"Oh, Sir Stephen be hanged, and all the others with him. I begin to wish I'd never set eyes on one of them. Here's that fellow now with the letters," he continued, "as if I hadn't enough without people writing to torment my life out;" for the bulky blue envelopes which bore no official stamp, were almost certain to contain long bills, made up of small items which poor Leo had entirely forgotten. He took the letters, said a few words to the man before dismissing him, and then sat down to the unpleasant duty of becoming acquainted with their contents. Aunt Lydia hurried out of the room, oppressed with the remembrance that the dinner had yet to be ordered. What to get she could not tell, "Hero used to give me such help," she sighed, "but now I never see her, and from Antony having being pleased with anything, I have grown so stupid." Suddenly she gave a start—listened a moment—and then, convinced that Leo was calling, she hurried back to find him standing in the middle of the room with an open letter in his hand and a look upon his face, which made her exclaim, "What, my dear? What is it?"

Leo could not answer, the words he wanted to say would not come. His throat and mouth seemed parched and dry, "Sir Stephen," he got out at length.

"What about him?" then taking notice of the letter, she burst out, "Oh Leo, has he told you?"

"Did you know of it then?" Leo said faintly, as his strength suddenly failing him, he dropped down into the nearest chair.

"I knew it, my dear, of course, from your dear uncle; but it was his desire that it should never be mentioned to you, and until Sir Stephen came to me and made his generous offer, I did not think that I should ever set aside his wishes."

"Sir Stephen came to you?" Leo exclaimed, reading the letter again, "what do you mean? When did Sir Stephen come to you? What offer did he make?"

Aunt Lydia began to feel uneasy; she feared that Leo's pride was hurt by this discovery of his birth—"Dear, dear! what

should she do? everything seemed to be going wrong."

"Besides myself, Mrs. Prescott was the only other person who knew of it, Leo. After she came down here, she thought it right to acquaint her son, and very hurt he seemed to be about it; but you know, my dear, no harm is done; Sir Stephen, I am sure, is the last person to mention it, if you have the slightest objection;" but Leo had returned again to the letter, which he seemed to be reading over carefully. Aunt Lydia therefore waited until she saw he had come to the end, then she began, "Your uncle felt perfectly convinced."

"Never mind about my uncle being convinced," Leo exclaimed, impatiently, his face looking hot and excited; "what I want from you is, who I am. Tell me every scrap you know about me."

"Well, my dear, of course it's very painful for me, and I know it must be painful for you too."

"For heaven's sake, never mind the pain, but try and answer my question."

"So I will; but, Leo, you forget, after years of silence, it is very hard at my time of life."

Leo took a turn up and down the little room, then stopping in front of her, he said with a movement of his finger, as if fixing her reply,—

"Now tell me, whose son am I?"

"Your—your father was Sir Bernard Prescott."

"And why was this kept from me?"

"Because your dear uncle wished that you and all around us should believe that you belonged to our family."

"Then my uncle was an old fool."

Aunt Lydia gave a little cry.

"Leo!" she said in a voice of horror. "You do not know what you are saying, consider what your uncle did for you."

"Did for me?" he cried, in an excited voice. "I'll tell you what he did for me—he helped to keep me out of my lawful estate and position, so that instead of having my rights, I and every one else believed I was a beggarly nobody. Why did he keep a secret such as this to himself? And you? why didn't you tell me, especially when you found that these cheats and impostors were coming down here? Oh yes! you may stare," he added, seeing her terror-stricken face. "But cheats they are, and impostors too. Why every stick they possess belongs to me! Yes, to me—the rightful heir. *I'm* no base-born son. I am Sir Leopold Prescott—Sir Leopold Prescott," he repeated, "by Jove!" and he threw himself down, laughing hysterically, in his uncontrollable joy, while the tears which she could no longer restrain rolled down Aunt Lydia's withered cheeks.

"Why, what are you crying for, you old stupid?" Leo called out, jumping up and giving her a shake. "Do you think I'm gone mad? Well, my head does seem all but turned, and no wonder: read that," and he thrust the letter he held into her hand, "read it, and tell me what you think of it then?"

Aunt Lydia drew forth her spectacles, and endeavouring to steady her hand sufficiently to see the words before her, she with much difficulty got through the letter which Mr. Holmes had sent to Leo. Sir Stephen's instructions had been the most explicit with him: "Tell him everything he ought to know, get it over as quickly as you can." This letter, therefore, was but a preliminary announcement to the explanations, which were to follow as soon as Mr. Holmes was assured that this first epistle had safely come to hand. Its writing had caused the old gentleman more pain, than during his business life he had ever yet experienced; and in his frequent ejaculations of "fine fellow!" "noble character!" he almost forgave Sir Stephen, for what he called poking and prying and meddling with things, which were intended by providence to remain as they were. The letter which he despatched merely informed Leo, that it having lately come to Sir Stephen's knowledge, that his uncle, the late Sir Bernard Prescott, had left a son, he had instituted an inquiry into the facts, which had resulted in his being convinced that Leo was that son, the late baronet's legitimate son, and therefore heir to his title and estate of Pamphillon. Mr. Holmes added, that Sir Stephen had placed the necessary evidence and documents with him for Leo's use and disposal, and he ended by begging that with his acknowledgment of this letter, instructions might be sent, as to how and where all particulars relating to himself and his estate should be communicated to him.

"*Now*, what do you say?" Leo asked, taking the letter, which Aunt Lydia had let drop into her lap out of her hands.

"Oh! if your uncle had only lived to see this day! Oh! Leo, Leo!" and overcome by contending emotions, the poor old lady burst into tears.

"Well, it seems to me, he might have easily seen it if he had acted to me as he ought to have done; and really, Aunt Lydia,

I don't know what right he could have fancied he had to take me away from everybody, and keep from me whose son I was."

"Nothing but his love for you kept him silent, Leo," Miss Despard said, gathering up a spirit of defence for her brother which she never would have found for herself. "When Antony adopted you, you seemed to have no claim upon any one. Your mother was dead, your father had died without acknowledging that he had married her, and Mrs. Prescott herself wrote, saying that this offer to adopt you was the greatest charity, for she did not know what otherwise would have been done with you."

"It was a charity to take me out of the way, I suppose," Leo said, with a bitter sneering laugh. "The old hypocrite, I'll teach her what charity means; she shall have a taste of it now at my hands. I only fancy the Malletters, when they hear this bit of news about their wonderful Sir Stephen, it'll rather alter their tune, I fancy."

"Poor young man! What a reverse for him, after all these years too! Oh! Leo; you must try and spare him all you can, for he was so generously-minded towards you. I'm sure the words hadn't left my lips about your not being able to marry, before he said that you should have the money, as soon as ever he was able to sell the estate."

"Sell the estate! He dare not lay his finger on a stick or stone of it. I tell you what it is, Aunt Lydia, he may think himself a precious fortunate fellow, that I choose to take his word for things. Many a man has found himself inside Carsleet gaol for less than he has done."

"Oh, my dear! don't say so; why, but for him, this might never have come to light."

"I'm not quite so certain of that."

"Oh Leo! I am certain that Sir Stephen never knew a word of this when he came to see me, nor did Mrs. Prescott either."

"Oh, are you? Well, perhaps it's a pity that I am not quite so credulous. However, there is no need for us to argue about that now, I have quite business enough to take up my time in seeing after leave."

"I wonder whatever Hero will say," Aunt Lydia murmured, more to herself than to Leo.

Leo's face changed, in his excitement he had forgotten Hero; but the mention of her name brought additional joy to him. There was nothing he need deny himself now, and laughing, as he pictured Hero's surprised delight, he said, "If she should by any chance come here before I see her, mind, not a word, Aunt Lydia. I must tell her all about it myself. What do you think she'll say to Sir Leopold and Lady Prescott?"

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Aunt Lydia, "I can't realise it, you know. Sir Leopold—Lady Prescott—not that Hero has treated you quite nicely of late, my dear."

"Oh, never mind that now; I was more to blame than she was; it was nothing but a little jealousy, I know that well enough."

"But who had she to be jealous of?"

"Who? why Mrs. Labouchere, and with very good cause," he added with a laugh; "why I might have her and her money to-morrow if I liked. I daresay by this time she's ready to take odds in anything you like to name that she will be Lady Prescott. Ah, well, now I *can* have the girl I love."

A FACE FROM THE PAST.

OUT of the Past there has come a Face;
Wherefore, I do not know:
I did not call it from its place,
I cannot make it go;
In the night it was very near,
And it looks at me to-day,
With well-known eyes, so kind, so dear,
And it will not go away.

I am the same that I was before,
There is nothing new to say,
But *this* is with me evermore
As it was not yesterday;
It makes the Moment vague and vain,
And, what a wondrous thing!
I hear an old tale told again
As if it was happening.

You talk, but scarce I understand;
If you but pause for breath,
Straightway I am in that far land
Beyond the seas of Death;
All living sights are dimly seen
Across that mighty space,
How can I tell you what I mean?
'Tis nothing but a Face.

O friends who think me strange or cold,
Why should you feel surprise?
Have *you* no memories that hold
Your wistful waking eyes?
I want to take all patiently,
But I sometimes long to say,
A Face is come from the Past to me,
Let me alone to-day!

M. B. SMEDLEY.

PICTURES OF ITALIAN LIFE.

V.—THE ÆQUIAN HILLS.

(First Part.)

AN early drive from Velletri to Palestrina, the ancient Præneste, is delightful. Then the cloudless sky is generally opal behind the soft pink mountains. Reaching the foot of the Volscian hills, we come upon the most picturesque town of Monte Fortino, a fortress of the Conti, clambering up the side of a hill so steep that each row of houses begins over the roof of its neighbour, and each has a clear view of the sky. It is about three miles from hence (passing the station) to Valmontone, the ancient Toleria, which stands on a tufa rock in the midst of the plain between the two ranges of mountains, and is girt by old republican walls, with mediæval towers. From the families of Conti, Sforza, and Barberini, it has passed to the Pamfili, by whom the huge palace which crowns the town was built in 1662. The eldest son of Prince Doria Pamfili bears the title of Prince of Valmontone. In the cortile of the palace are some inscriptions from the Labican catacombs. Adjoining it is a rather handsome cathedral of the seventeenth century, designed by Matteo de Rossi. • There are several *bits* at Valmontone to delight an artist, especially at the entrance of the town, where a magnificent fragment of the ancient wall forms the foreground to some picturesque houses. Near this is the interesting old church of Sant' Antonio, now called the Madonna delle Grazie.

Palestrina is quite a different type of place from all the others we have seen, and its people, unlike the courteous peasants we have hitherto met with, are savage and lawless, violent and avaricious. Can the bitter warfare of reprisal, of which both ancient Præneste and mediæval Palestrina have been the scene, be setting its mark still upon the inhabitants? for perhaps no place has been more often besieged, and more often utterly ruined and destroyed.

Præneste is one of the towns of fabulous origin. Virgil ascribes it to Cæculus the son of Vulcan. Strabo gives it a Greek origin, and says that it was first called Πολυστέφανος. Pliny also says that it was called Stephane, a name which is supposed to have been derived from the appearance of the castle on the top of the hill being like a mural crown. Servius derives the name from the πρινοι, ilexes, which grew here, Cato and Festus from the situation—"quia montibus præstet."

Even in the time of the Siculi, Virgil describes Præneste as having been governed by a king called Herilus, who fell in defending his country against the Latins. Livy says that eight towns were dependent upon it. It was reduced to the condition of a Roman colony upon the failure of the struggle in favour of the Tarquins. After the defeat of Caius Marius, who killed himself within its walls, Præneste fell into the hands of Sylla, who totally annihilated the population and the city alike. But the destroyer rebuilt the town with the utmost magnificence, and erected the Temple of Fortune, which was so splendid that the Athenian philosopher Carneades said he had "never seen a Fortune so fortunate as that of Præneste."

Its coolness, which was an agreeable change after the heat of Rome, made Præneste a favourite summer resort to the emperors Augustus, Tiberius, Nero, Domitian, and Hadrian. Suetonius describes Augustus as employing two days on the journey hither from Rome.

In 970, the town, already called Palestrina, was given by Pope John XIII. to his sister Stephania, and through the marriage of her grand-daughter Emilia, came into the Colonna family, whose history is henceforth that of the place. When, in 1217, the Cardinals Giacomo and Pietro Colonna had opposed the election of a member of the rival family of the Gaetani of Anagni to the papacy, they fled hither with their kinsfolk. The newly-elected pope, Boniface VIII., immediately issued bulls confiscating all the estates of the Colonnas, and promised plenary indulgences to all who would take up arms against them. But Palestrina continued impregnable, till the Pope acted on the advice of Guido di Montefeltro, a famous Ghibelline chieftain—"Promise largely, keep little of your promises." By this the Colonnas were induced to open their gates, and proceeded in mourning robes to meet Boniface at Rieti. He received them with outward forgiveness, and gave them absolution; but while they were detained as his guests, Ranieri, Bishop of Pisa, was sent to destroy Palestrina utterly, and ordered to spare nothing except the cathedral. Everything else was, "totali exterminio et ruinæ exposita," a plough was driven over the ruins, and the ground was

sown with salt; even the famous marble staircase of a hundred steps, up which people could ride on horseback into the palace, perished. The Colonna family fled in all directions, but Sciarra Colonna returned just at the time when Boniface was quarrelling with Philippe le Bel, and, joining the French, captured the Pope at Anagni. Under Benedict IX., the ban against the Colonnas was removed, and under Clement V. Stefano Colonna was allowed to rebuild Palestrina. In 1350 and 1354 the town was successfully defended against Rienzi, but in 1436, when the Colonnas had rebelled against Eugenius IV., it was again besieged and taken by his legate Cardinal Viteleschi, who completely razed it to the ground, not even the cathedral being spared this time. In 1447, Nicholas V. gave permission that Palestrina should once more be rebuilt, but it never again became a place of any importance, and the only noteworthy event which has since occurred there, has been the birth, in 1524, of the musician Pierluigi da Palestrina, author of the mass of Pope Marcellus. In 1630 the town was sold to Carlo Barberini, brother of Urban VIII., and it still belongs to that family.

Remains of the old Præneste meet us on every side, and it is typical of the place and its overflow of antiquities, that the curbstone at the cross-roads as we approach it is a headless ancient statue. In the walls of almost every house fragments of pillars and capitals may be discovered. And what is chiefly remarkable is that almost all the remains belong to one building, the gigantic Temple of Fortune, built by Sylla, which rose upon terraces, tier above tier, occupying the whole space now filled by the town, and perhaps the largest building in Italy.

Behind Palestrina the mountain rises abruptly, bare and arid, and the town itself stands very high. There is not much to be seen in the lower town. In the piazza are some pillars of the Temple of Fortune built into a wall, and the small ugly Cathedral, which has a low but graceful gothic campanile. In the highest part of the town is the Palazzo Barberini, of which the wing is used as a barrack, but which is for the most part as deserted and forlorn a specimen of an old Italian palace, once exceedingly magnificent, as can well be found. Its front recedes in a vast semi-circle, enclosing an old well, and approached by curved staircases. The halls on the ground-floor are painted by the Zuccheri, but Apollo with his dove-chariot, and Juno with her peacocks, are fading with the damp which streams from the walls. We asked the old housekeeper if she did not suffer from it. "Ah, yes," she said, "all my hair has come off, and all my teeth have fallen out; for even when out of doors it is a *caldo feroce*, here within it is *fresco assai*." She said she was a *forestiera*, for she came from Frescati, and though she had been here forty years, she could not accustom herself to the wickedness of the people:—"Il mondo è bello, ma si fosse buono quanto sarebbe meglio!" On the upper floor is the famous mosaic, found amid the ruins of the Temple of Fortune, representing the joy of the people and the beasts of Egypt in the annual overflow of the Nile. It is quite perfect and very curious: the arms and the bees of the Barberini have been added in the corners. There is a grand view from the balcony of this room over the Volscian and Alban ranges, while the Hernican and Sabine hills are seen in profile. The plain looks like a vast garden of fruit-trees, amongst which, about a mile from the town, near S. Maria della Villa, the name commemorating it, the remains of the immense villa of Hadrian may be discovered. They are little worth visiting, yet here the Braschi Antinous and other important statues have been found, and smaller antiquities are dug up daily. Madama Pastina, who lets the lodgings to strangers, has a collection of them, chiefly terra-cottas and small bronzes, which she sells at low prices. The little statuettes of Fortune suckling a child are very interesting.

The hillside is so bare and the sun beats so pitilessly upon its white rocks, that it is best to put off the ascent till near sunset. It may be made on donkeys, but they are atrociously bad. We were obliged to dismiss ours; and when we reproached its owner for having brought it, he coolly said, "Yes, he knew that it was bad, and would certainly fall down, but he brought it because if a saddle was once put on it must be as much paid for as if it had been used. So few strangers came, that they must be taken advantage of." We did not wonder that so few came amongst this savage population. Every woman and child you meet, however well-dressed they may be, rush at you with defiant shouts, insisting, not petitioning, "Signor, dammi un baiocc. From every window hands are outstretched. Stern-looking Sibyls scowl their demands at you, distaff in hand, upon their doorsteps. Dozens of ragged children yell and tumble over one another, and follow you for hours, dancing like frantic little demons, wherever you go. Some friends of ours ascended the mountain,

followed by hampers well equipped for a delicious picnic. They reached the top, and were surrounded by the inhabitants of S. Pietro. The hampers were unpacked and the luncheon spread out, and—before any resistance could be offered or even suggested, the thronging swarms had descended upon the feast like locusts, and, in one moment, men and women tore up the chickens and swallowed the limbs at a mouthful, crunching bones and all like wild beasts, so that not the slightest vestige remained, and the rightful owners were left, dumbfoundered and famished, to stare at their empty tablecloth.

We had happily no such attractions to offer, but were well persecuted notwithstanding, and heartily cursed by troops of hungry ragged urchins because we had brought nothing for them, as well as by a shaggy-looking ruffian, who was imprisoned under the Barberini Palace, for having lately murdered his wife and son, and who stretched out his bony hand with nails like claws, and shook it at us through the iron bars as we passed. Yet an officer, who was quartered at the palace, told us that the people here are perfectly angelic compared to those of the neighbouring Cavi. *There*, on the slightest contradiction, the natives never hesitated to pull out a stiletto or a revolver, and he never knew a time when six or seven of his men were not suffering from their violence while they were quartered there.

The view from the top is certainly magnificent. No wonder that Hannibal climbed up to survey it in order to assist his military operations. It is the most historical panorama imaginable. Rome is seen amidst the mists of the plain. Nearer us are Gabii, Collatia, and Zagarolo. On the Alban hills are Tusculum, Frescati, Monte Porzio, Monte Compatri, Labicum (now Colonna), Corbio (now Rocca Priora), Velitræ (now Velletri). Then on the distant sea-coast we can make out Astura, Nettuno, Antium (Porto d'Anzio), Ardea, Pratica, Ostia, Porto, and Fiumicino. On the Volscian hills are Monte Fortino, Colle Ferro, and Signia (Segni); on the Hernicans, Anagni, Ferentino, Paliano, Genazzano, and Cavi, and the foreground is formed by the Cyclopean walls of Prænestè! Looking down upon all these scenes, girt by the huge polygonal stones of the walls of the ancient citadel, is the modern village of San Pietro, a place so dilapidated and crumbling, so bare and colourless, that it looks as if it had been transported from Africa to this windy height. Here the Roman Catholic Church believes that St. Peter dwelt for some time, and here, in the church, he is commemorated in a statue by Bernini, as well as in a good picture representing his martyrdom by Pietro de Cortona. The holy water basons are supported by ancient *cippi*.

In summer the stagnation of Palestrina is enlivened by the presence of the Barberini family, who live, not at the palace with the mosaic, but at another lower down in the town, quite in a feudal manner, and, as Prince and Princess of Palestrina, hold receptions in their garden, to which all the small gentry of the place are invited.

It is a pleasant drive of three miles from Palestrina to Cavi, which is built on the edge of a steep bank over a torrent, approached by a handsome bridge, and entered by a gateway, over which is an inscription, dedicating the place to the especial protection of the Madonna. To her the inhabitants trust to supply them with all the necessaries of life, and exist themselves in a *far niente* not very *dolce*, but unending. The very dogs seemed too apathetic to move when our carriage approached where they lay in the sun. Some ragged children were rolling in the gutter, while their mother was engaged in lavishing the tenderest embraces and kisses upon a pet pig—the son of her heart. Six miles beyond Cavi, after passing a chapel beautifully situated near an old pine and some cypresses, Genazzano rises in a valley on the left about half a mile distant from the road. It contains the shrine of the Madonna di Buon Consiglio, who *flew* hither through the air from Albania. Her festa, on April 25th, is one of the most celebrated and frequented in this part of Italy. The town was long a fortress of the Colonnas, and was the place where Stefano Colonna was murdered in 1433. A hill-top in front is occupied by Paliano, surrounded by strong sixteenth-century fortifications, and another important stronghold of the Colonnas. Prospero Colonna defended it against Sixtus IV. In 1556 Paul IV. took it away from the Colonnas, and gave it to his own nephew Giovanni Caraffa, for whom it was raised into a principality.

A long ascent now brings us to Olevano, of the beauty of which one has no idea till one really arrives, but it is perhaps the most picturesque place of this wonderful district. Passing from the rough stone houses with their crumbling staircases of rock, and from the stony ways full of pigs and children, a gate admits us to a high olive garden, full of beans and corn, where a winding path leads

to a kind of large farm-house at the top of the hill, with an outside loggia and staircase. And this is the famous inn of Olevano, the Albergo degli Artisti. It is a perfect artists' paradise. Its rooms are homely, but are cleanliness itself. They all debouch from a common sitting-room, surrounded by queer old portraits and with a grand old chair, which may have been that of Cardinal Scipio Borghese, whose picture hangs over the fireplace. The pleasant honest mistress, Pepina Baldi, with her husband Nino, are really charming specimens of respectable well-to-do Italians of the lower orders, full of simple kindnesses and courtesies, and frankness and openness itself. Their handsome boys and girls have served as voluntary models to half the artists in Rome when they have been staying here; and many sketches of the family by famous hands, which would fetch enormous prices in Paris or London, hang upon the walls, where they have been left as thank-offerings with the mother. For the entertainment of guests too we have a collection of albums, which any sovereign might envy, and than which few possess any more valuable, for every artist who has stayed here has left his portrait, by his own hand or that of a friend, and the collection is really wonderful, of the natives of every country in Europe, from the delicate hand of our English Leighton to that of the least-known student of the Via Margutta. But still the greatest charm of Casa Baldi is its view. One looks along the whole of the Hernican range, tossed above into every variety of peak, and clothed on its lower slopes with corn and fruit trees, olives and cypresses, from which Anagni and Ferentino and Frosinone look across the valley to the more distant Volscians, also sprinkled with rock-thronged villages. In the middle distance Paliano watches the valley from a steep elevated ridge. Deep below rises the town of Olevano, with yellow-roofed houses, weather-stained, machicolated, arch-adorned, rising from rocks overhung with ivy and flowers, and leading up to the jagged walls and tower of a ruined castle. Behind the town are the wild mountains of the Sabina, with Civitella, Capranica, San Vito, and Rocca di Cavi perched upon different heights, and on the furthest of all the curious sanctuary and the Polish convent of Mentorella, and round the corner of this range we catch a glimpse of the Alban hills projecting over the purple campagna.

The name of Olevano carries us back pleasantly into the mediæval times, when it was compelled to pay a tax called *Olibanum*, for purchasing incense for the churches of the province. Then the noble family of Frangipani, who derived their glorious name of "Bread-breakers" from their vast charities during a famine, resided in its fortress. From them it passed by exchange to the Benedictine monks of Subiaco, by whom it was sold in the thirteenth century to the Colonnas, who built the present castle and guarded it through weal and woe for four hundred years, when it was purchased by the Borgheses, who hold it still.

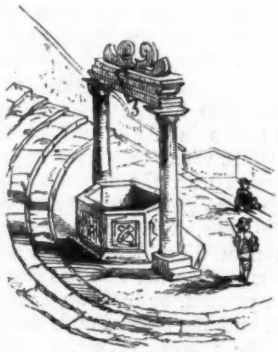
The road from Olevano to Subiaco passes through a dismal bare rocky district, but is a fine specimen of engineering, being one of the many excellent mountain-roads constructed under Pius IX. A few miles before reaching Subiaco, we skirt a lake, which is probably one of the Simbriviæ Aquæ, beneath which Nero built the mountain-villa to which he gave the name of Sublacum—under the lake—which still exists in Subiaco. It was while the emperor was residing here that the conspiracies were forming which led to his overthrow, and here he was warned of his fate by a portent most terrible in those times of omens, when his drinking-cup was shivered in his hand by lightning whilst he was seated at a banquet near the lake, a presage which seized upon his mind with appalling effect. That very day he had bathed in the aqueduct of the Aqua Marcia, that all his people might enjoy the privilege of drinking water that had been thus defiled. The choice of his villa amid the Æquian mountains shows that, in spite of all his monstrosities, Nero must have been as great a connoisseur of the beauties of nature as of art, and for centuries the glorious gorge through which the Anio foams beneath its ruins, between tremendous crags clothed with evergreens and flowers, has been a sanctuary to half the poets and painters in the world.

Hither, four centuries after the time of Nero, when the recollection of his orgies had given place to silence and solitude, a young patrician, sprung from the noble family of the Anicii, which gave Gregory the Great to the Church, and many other saints to the sacred calendar, fled from the seductions of the capital, to seek repose for his soul, with God alone as his companion. The name of the fugitive was Benedictus, or "the blessed one." He was only fourteen when he renounced his fortune, his family, and the world. It was to Mentorella that he first fled, and hither he was followed by his faithful nurse Cyrilla, who could not bear to

think that the child of her affections was alone and uncared for, who begged for him, and prepared the small modicum of food which he could be prevailed upon to take. Some neighbour had lent her a stone sieve to make bread, after the manner of the mountain district; she let it fall out of her hands, and it was broken to pieces. Moved by her distress, Benedict prayed over the fragments, and they are said to have been instantly joined together. This was his first miracle. Terrified at the excitement it caused, and at seeing the sieve hung up in the village church as a relic, Benedict evaded the solicitude of his nurse, and escaped unseen by any one to the gorge of Subiaco, where he found (c. 480) a cave in the rocks above the falls of the Anio, into which not even a ray of the sun could penetrate. Here he lived, his hiding-place unknown to any one, except the hermit Romanus, who provided him with a garment made of the skin of a beast, and each day let down to him from the top of the rock the half of his daily loaf, giving him notice of its approach by the ringing of a bell suspended to the same rope with the food.



Valmontone.



Fountain at Palestrina.



Genazzano.

It is said that when the devil wished to make himself particularly disagreeable to Benedict he would cut the cord which supplied him. His hiding-place was discovered by a miracle. A village priest seated at a banquet of Easter luxuries had a revelation that while he was thus feasting a servant of God was pining with hunger, and his steps were miraculously directed to the hermitage. Benedict refused to eat the delicate food, until convinced that it was indeed the festival of Easter. The priest told what he had seen to the shepherds, who, while following their goats along one of the tiny pathlets which may still be seen on the face of these mountains, had seen a strange creature with unkempt hair, and nails like claws, and taking it for a wild beast, had fled from it in terror. They were now re-assured by his gentle words, and from that day, while they watched their flocks, he began to instil into their rude and ignorant minds the light of the Christian faith. Gradually their report became spread abroad, pilgrims flocked from all quarters to the valley, and through the disciples who gathered round Benedict, this desolate ravine became the cradle of monastic life in the West.

Twelve monasteries speedily arose amid

these peaks and gorges, each only containing twelve monks, for it was an idea of Benedict that a larger number led to idleness and neglect. The names of several of these institutions recall their romantic situations, and they were the scenes of the miracles attributed to the founder and his disciples. S. Clemente della Vigna was the place whither Maurus and Placidus were brought to Benedict by their parents. It was situated near one of the lakes, and it was there that when a Gothic monk, cutting weeds upon the bank, let his sickle fall into the water, it is said that it swam in answer to the prayers of Maurus, who summoned it by holding the wooden handle over the waves. This monastery was entirely destroyed by the earthquake of 1216. S. S. Cosmo and Damian was the next to be built, the monastery which was afterwards dedicated to Scholastica. S. Biagio (S. Blaise) was the home of the monk Romanus, the friend of Benedict. Its church was consecrated in 1100 by Manfred, Bishop of Tivoli. S. Giovanni dell' Aqua was so called because there, as well as in two other houses, water is said to have burst forth from the arid rock to



Palestrina



Cathedral, Palestrina.



Olevano.

supply the thirsting monks, in answer to the prayer of Benedict. Santa Maria de Marebotta was afterwards called S. Lorenzo in honour of the holy monk S. Lorenzo Loricato, who lived there as a hermit, in the most severe austerity, from 1209 to 1243. At Sant' Angelo, Benedict saw the devil, in the form of a black boy, leading away a monk, who had neglected to attend properly the services of the Church. In S. Victor at the foot of the Mountain lived the monk who brought the Easter food to Benedict when he was starving in the cave. S. Andrew or Eternal Life was ruined in a Lombard invasion. S. Michael the Archangel was built by Benedict beneath the Sacro Speco, but has long since disappeared. Sant' Angelo di Trevi stood near Sta. Scholastica and was incorporated with it. S. Girolamo was rebuilt as late as 1387 in accordance with a bull of Urban VI. S. Donato has entirely disappeared. Gradually all these sócieties became incorporated in the great monastery dedicated to Scholastica, the holy sister of Benedict, which may be regarded as the mother house of the whole Order, and which was governed by a regular abbot chosen by the General Chapter.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

SIR HENRY DURAND.

SECOND PAPER.

COLONEL DURAND, having unselfishly given up his seat in the India Council to Sir James Outram, went out to Calcutta in August, 1861, to the inferior position of Secretary to the Government of India in the Foreign Department. That office had always been deemed "the blue ribbon" of the Covenanted Civil Service, to whom it had been confined. Rendered vacant by the lamented death of Mr. Barnes, it had been filled for some time by the Under-Secretary, Mr. C. U. Aitchison, a young Scotch Competitioner of whom Lord Canning declared, in a special Minute in Council, that he would have been permanently appointed to the office but for his junior standing in the service. An Act of Parliament passed in the previous session, had rendered it legal for the Governor-General to select any one for certain of the highest offices, hitherto reserved for the Civil Service, subject to the approval of the Secretary of State. Hence the novel spectacle of a military officer filling, for the first time, the most responsible of the Secretaryships, which Warren Hastings had created as the "secret department" nearly a century before. The salary of the office is the same as that of the Premier of England; but in so expensive a country as India, with the frequent necessity of separation from wife and children, and cut off from an English career, it cannot be considered equal to more than two thousand a year in London. Colonel Durand returned to India under the same sense of duty that characterized all his public actions.

In 1861 the tide of Lord Canning's reputation had turned. England had begun to see that he had given it a character for clemency in dealing with mutiny and rebellion, while the crisis, if thus prolonged, had somehow been tided over. India, knowing how much of what Europe pronounced clemency was due to a constitutional slowness in grasping the magnitude of the crisis, yet ascribing not a little of this to the fact that his advisers knew only the province of Bengal, welcomed the large and generous energy with which the Governor-General addressed himself to the work of rewarding the loyal and reconstructing the administration. Gradually but firmly had Lord Canning arrived at what was called his aristocratic policy—that of governing the people through their natural leaders. To him this was the lesson of the Mutiny, and especially of the general rebellion in Oudh. He carried out that policy alike in ordering a permanent settlement of the land revenue and the creation of a fee-simple tenure of waste lands, which was also the lesson of the famine of the North-Western Provinces; in appointing honorary magistrates and justices of the peace; and, above all, in writing on the statute-book of India a new law, which neither Hindoo nor Mussulman ruler had ever conceded to its nobles—the absolute right of adoption on the failure of natural heirs to feudatory principalities. He even went farther and introduced the law of primogeniture into Oudh, where the Barons known as Talookdars might adopt the law in the case of the vast estates that had been re-granted to them.

It was fortunate that Colonel Durand's influence was brought to bear on the feudatory part of this policy. This we consider his highest merit as an Anglo-Indian statesman, for his equally great military policy was negatived, and the necessity for it is only now being recognised. Each is the complement of the other. An army recruited, drilled, armed and officered as Durand would have had it, is required not so much to keep the peace in India as to guard its gates on the North-West frontier, and to maintain our high *prestige* from Abyssinia and Zanzibar to Peking. A feudatory policy such as Lord Canning devised and Durand developed and applied, not only guarantees internal contentment, but is fitted to raise that third of the whole area of India and fourth of its population which are administered by native chiefs, to the same level of civilisation as the rest of the country without direct interference on our part. We may pause for a moment over the history and nature of this feudatory policy.

So long ago as 1854, the Maharajah of Putiala, in the Punjab, expressed a wish to visit England, in order to ask from the Queen a *sunnud*, or patent, for himself and the other two branches of the same Phoolkean clan, Nabha and Jheend, descendants with him from Baba Phool, their common ancestor. Such patents were even up to that time granted by the puppet pensioner who sat on the titular throne of Delhi, and were valued nominally as honours, but really under the vague idea that some day the

Emperor might have power again. When, after their loyal services during the Mutiny, the question of rewarding the Phoolkean chiefs came up, they renewed their request for a patent under the sign manual of Her Majesty, guaranteeing them the right of adopting descendants of Baba Phool as heirs to the principalities in default of male survivors in the direct line. The request struck not only Mr. Barnes, who on 20th May, 1858, sent it up, but Sir John Lawrence, as new and excessive, but they recommended an ordinary patent signed by the Queen as highly politic. A year after Lord Canning returned the reply, that any such patent must bear the Viceroy's signature, and this was most wisely approved of by the Crown. Only when Lord Canning began that remarkable series of "progresses" in October, 1869, in which at Lucknow, Umballa and elsewhere, he gave away whole provinces to the loyal, accompanied by even more precious words of haughty eulogy, does he seem to have risen to the full height of the policy involved in the request of Putiala. Selecting every noble, Hindoo and Mussulman, who had administrative powers over his own State, and adding to the list only one great landholder, the Maharajah of Benares, he gave to a hundred and fifty-three princes and chiefs that *sunnud* under which alone they now hold their principalities, subject only to the two conditions of loyalty to the Crown of England, and fidelity to engagements which prevent the misgovernment of their tenantry.

The puppet of Delhi whom we had so long pensioned had disappeared; the butcher of Cawnpore, Nana Dhoondopunt, the last pretender to be representative of the Mahratta Peishwa, had vanished in Nepal. Although this important change in the law of India was decreed in April, 1860, the *Sunnud* was not drawn up till 1862, and Colonel Durand was its author, I believe. With hardly an exception, it has given contentment and even loyalty to our Indian nobles of both creeds. Lord Dalhousie having extended the Empire to its natural limits, his successors have had no reason either for annexation or conquest. More than once, when the two conditions of the Patent were grossly violated by chiefs, might the Foreign Office have applied the penalty. But at Oodeypore, the oldest of the Rajpoot States, under Lord Elgin, at Tonk, a Mussulman State, under Lord Lawrence, and at Ulwur during the administration of both Lord Mayo and the present Governor-General, the mildest punishment of hopeless misrule or atrocious cruelty has been temporary sequestration in the interests alike of the people and the chief's family. When the history of India since the Mutiny comes to be written, Durand's share in this righteous, this noble, this successful policy will be told.

He was not only trusted as a statesman, by the native chiefs, he was looked up to by some of them as a father. On every native state at which he had been political agent before the mutiny, he had thus left his mark. His reserved manner, which at first almost repelled those who knew him not, soon gave way, with the chief whom he respected or sought to influence for good, to a warm confidence. We have a striking instance of this in the case of Bhopal, where he had been resident. When the late Begum visited Calcutta in 1870, to receive the honours of the Star of India along with the Duke of Edinburgh, it was touching to see the way in which she rushed at him as an old friend, or was led about by him hand in hand in the childlike oriental style, at every Viceregal festivity, so that the aides-de-camp pleasantly rallied him on her affection. In one of his letters at this time I find the following:—"The Shaw Jehan Begum almost cried after the installation at not being a Knight Grand Commander. I sent her a confidential message that I had never forgotten the appeal made to me when she was a child, by her grandmother, the old Koodseea—that I had been a fast friend of her mother's, and was hers; and that if she ruled her State well, it should not be my fault if she were not a G.C.S.I." It is by such a policy and by such rulers that India is bound to England by stronger ties than those of conquest.

During the brief administration of the Earl of Elgin, Colonel Durand not only governed the country in all matters relating to his own department, but he was consulted by the new Viceroy on every important measure, especially during the time when His Excellency was away from his Council. Then it was that Lord Elgin spontaneously promised him the Lieutenant-Governorship of the Punjab on the approaching vacancy. But once more his own chivalrous regard for others, based on his scrupulous conscientiousness, prevented the arrangement. Sir Donald, then Mr., Macleod had filled more than the term of service allowed by the rule of thirty-five years, but he had no desire to go home, and the Punjab Government was anxious to retain him as Judicial Commissioner for one year more. Unwilling to

grant this, Lord Elgin consulted the Foreign Secretary, who strongly advised the concession. What was the result to Durand himself? In a few months Lord Elgin was lying in that English-like churchyard which commands the whole sanitarium of Dhurmsala, and his successor, Lord Lawrence, appointed Sir Donald Macleod to the head of the Punjab. Even had Lord Lawrence known the Earl of Elgin's promise, of which there is no evidence, he was not bound by it. And thus, once more, Colonel Durand, who had sacrificed himself for Sir James Outram, virtually handed over the still higher position, for which he was so well fitted, to the fine old man whom he did not succeed till five years had passed away. And then the career of both was suddenly cut off by a violent death.

On the appointment of Sir Robert, now Lord, Napier to the command of the Bombay Army early in 1865, Colonel Durand at last took his seat as Military Member of the Governor-General's Council. He became War Minister, with a right to influence by minutes and secret discussions in the Executive Council, and by speeches in the Legislative Council, every part of the policy and administration of the Government. So far as that was possible, he was generally forced to take the part of the opposition in the former. While in the latter he loyally supported the measures of the Government of which he was a part, or was silent when he could not conscientiously give such support, he spoke freely and debated effectively on questions to which the Government was not pledged, or on which it was not unseemly to take a side.

The Government of India may be described as consisting of a Cabinet of Seven, holding office for five years or less. It meets every Wednesday at eleven, and may break up before two, or may sit till evening, according to the extent of the business and the character of the President. During the week important papers are circulated for the opinion either of all the members, or of that one member who has special charge of a department. The Governor-General presides, or, if he is absent in another part of India, the senior member. His Excellency is absolute in the last resort. He may place before the Council only such business as he chooses, and he may override their decision, if he is outvoted, subject to the Secretary of State representing the Crown. Practically the "Governor-General in Council" works well. If he is at once a strong and a good business man, the Council has little discussion to do. If he is influenced by members who are crotchety or able, then the Council obtains undue influence. For, it should never be forgotten, Orientals like to be governed and to be governed by one man. The business of an Empire like India is so vast that the Governor-General, while superintending the whole, confines himself to the detailed supervision of one department. Lord Lawrence looked after foreign affairs, Lord Mayo took public works also, while Lord Northbrook prefers finance. The Governor-General, the Commander-in-Chief, the Law Member and the Finance Member are appointed from England. The Military Member is always an Indian officer, and the other two belong to the Bengal, Bombay, or Madras Civil Service. Each receives ten thousand a year. To them are added two or three civilians from the other provinces, two Calcutta merchants and two or three native chiefs, all nominated by the Viceroy and in a purely honorary capacity, to form the Legislative Council, of which the Governor of the Province in which it happens to meet, is also a member. That body is really consultative, save when voting taxes, and the Executive can always command a majority. To give the Legislature more power in a country like India would be perilous to its peace and good government. All acts must receive the assent of the Crown through the Secretary of State, as well as of the Governor-General in his executive capacity, who moreover may veto the measures of the Local Councils of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, and has power to issue temporary Ordinances without his Council, so as to meet a crisis. The Council Chamber, in which both bodies meet when in Calcutta, is a fine room in the Government House, built at the beginning of the century by Lord Wellesley. The walls are adorned with historical portraits of several of the Governors-General from Warren Hastings.

In his own department of military affairs Colonel Durand was a master. The Army trusted him, and he was generally associated with both Lord Sandhurst, then Sir W. Mansfield, and Lord Lawrence in pressing those military reforms which the Secretary of State's Council were so often allowed to sacrifice to Presidency jealousies. He stood alone, however, in his opposition to the application of the Irregular system to the whole native army. In foreign and feudatory affairs he was most vigilant, here also generally agreeing with the Viceroy. On

the great question of Russia in Asia, and her relation to India, which was first fairly raised by the *Friend of India* in 1865, Colonel Durand neither went so far as the party of vigilance who, with himself, scouted Russophobia in its offensive sense, nor did he approve of Lord Lawrence's favourite "masterly inactivity" so far as that related to our own frontier. He urged the spending of money more generously to put the border in a state of defence. In season and out of season he fought for an efficient army, and with all the power of his trenchant pen, opposed, but vainly, that system of irregularism which has completed the ruin of the Native Army and its officers. His letters to me on this subject now read like prophecies. Not till Lord Mayo's Umballa Durbar did he see his views fully carried out. His minutes published in many a Parliamentary Blue-book, and still more those which have not yet seen the light, show that he had even more to do with the formation and application of Lord Mayo's foreign policy than with the development of Lord Canning's feudatory policy. He would not go one step beyond our own natural frontier, to meet a possible invader—he had too vivid a remembrance of 1838-42 for that. But he would, by railways and troops, by our relation to the frontier tribes and our own subjects, make that impregnable. And he would place a ring-fence of powerful allies all along our border from Tibet westward to the sea, who should be strong in our support, moral and—if need be—material, alike towards their own nobles who delighted in anarchy, and towards the regions beyond. He rejoiced in the Umballa Durbar, to which I accompanied him, as the beginning of this policy which has already borne such fruit. Shere Ali and he had met twenty-seven years before, when he was with Lord Ellenborough at the Durbar at which the Ameer's father, Dost Mahomed, had been allowed to return to Afghanistan. In one of his letters I find this remark:—"We have done all it was either right or good policy to do; and I trust the Secretary of State and people at home will be satisfied with our proceedings. Lord Mayo has throughout shown admirable good sense; and I think the Home Government, though his political enemies, will be candid enough to say he has done well." That foreign policy was the best part of Lord Mayo's three years' administration. In almost all the rest of his measures, especially in those relating to finance and public works, and in his communistic theories about the land, the late Governor-General found his military colleague an independent critic, a wise counsellor, and frequently a stout opponent. All now admit, as not a few of us saw then, how well it would have been for India had Durand's counsels prevailed rather than those of another colleague. No subject was too technical or professional for the Military Member's grasp. Grave bankers tell how his views on currency and finance were far sounder than those which unfortunately prevailed. In debates on land tenures and taxes, or irrigation rates and the intricate questions connected with the application of political economy to the people of India, the early experience, the cultured reading and the powerful mind of Colonel Durand made him an antagonist whom the boldest of his colleagues feared and the subtlest sometimes tried to circumvent. None of them wrote so forcibly as he. Public opinion in India always supported him, while it admired his fearlessness and trusted his honesty of purpose. Socially retiring, and with but a few friends whom he bound to himself with hooks of steel, often sacrificed to others, long disappointed and baulked of his due, he was amazed at the acclamations with which the fact was received by all classes when he got his right at last.

For he did get it, though, as it proved, all too late for the enjoyment of earthly honour, for his duty to his family, for, above all, the highest kind of service to his country. Sir Donald Macleod's five years' term of office was approaching its close in the Punjab. The press were discussing the chances of the leading men, and were almost as unanimous in their desire for Sir Henry Durand's promotion—he had been made Knight Commander of the Star of India—as the public, official and non-official. Still Lord Mayo maintained silence. The reason I knew to be his Excellency's revival of a project of Sir John Malcolm's, for uniting the Political Agencies of Rajpootana and Central India into a new Lieutenant-Governorship. Durand alone was consulted on this subject, and he saw it to be his duty to point out the impracticable and useless nature of the scheme in the present day. He did not know that he was meant for the first Lieutenant-Governor, but this would not have influenced his judgment. It seemed as though, for a third time, he was to be denied justice, and India was to be deprived of his services in their proper sphere. But at last, at a farewell banquet given to Sir Donald Macleod,

at Lahore, in May, 1870, Lord Mayo made this announcement. The scene is historic, the associations tragic, for in two short years the principal actors—Durand, Mayo, and Macleod—were suddenly summoned by death from the very midst of their duties :—

"Gentlemen,—Sir Donald Macleod bequeaths to his successor arduous and most responsible duties. I believe that his mantle will fall upon one who is in every way most worthy and most able to bear it. In Major-General Sir Henry Durand (the name was received with loud and prolonged cheering) you will find a Lieutenant-Governor worthy to be the successor of Sir Donald Macleod; you will have one of the foremost men in the Indian Service; you will find in him all those great qualities which enable men to rule with success; you will find him firm and fearless, honest and brave. He has vast experience, gained in his military capacity, and also in a long period of civil service—experience gained by service in the Indian Council at home, and in the Supreme Council of the Governor-General of India. He has ability enough to enable him to fill with distinction the highest positions in the public service, and I believe there is not a man in the service of the Queen who would bring to this high office more power or greater experience than Sir Henry Durand. Gentlemen, I ask you, though I know it is almost superfluous to do so—still I ask you to give him your hearty and cordial support. You are justly proud of your Province, and I entirely sympathize with your feelings in that respect. You have every right to be proud of it, for it is one of the most interesting and most flourishing portions of the Empire of India. But I would ask you, in considering the many and varied questions with which every officer in the Indian service has to deal, to lay aside all feelings of prejudice, and specially to avoid provincialism, to recollect that we are all subjects of one Queen, that we are all fellow-workers together, and that, after all that is said and done, we are nothing more or less than a body of British gentlemen endeavouring to rule for their good a weaker but still a most interesting and intelligent race; and that our mission in this country is to extend to the people of India the blessings of that civilisation which has made us what we are."

This is part of what Sir Donald Macleod said in reply :—

"I hope to be able to make over this magnificent province to my high-minded and gallant successor, whom his Excellency has just named to you, prospering in all that is essential to a good administration and a population of good heart, and ever ready on fitting occasion to show their loyalty to it. Most heartily do I second the exhortation which his Excellency has addressed to you, to receive the noble Sir Henry Durand with all cordiality and support. It is perhaps so far a strange coincidence that he and I were fellow-students in boyhood. I can bear testimony to his high-mindedness and the nobility of his great heart, and I am certain that all those who serve him will find in him one prepared to appreciate their services, to reward all merits, to render justice to all men, and to maintain his rule with a vigour which I never could pretend to possess."

After that, midnight brought in the next day, the anniversary of Sir Donald Macleod's birthday, when Lord Mayo called on the brilliant company to wish him many happy returns of it, and then telegraphed to Sir Henry Durand, at Simla, the fact that the announcement of his appointment had been so enthusiastically received. At the same time, Sir Henry learned from England that his second son, Mortimer, had taken a good place in the list of successful candidates for the civil service of Bengal. His answers to the congratulations that poured in upon him show the deep but manly humility of his nature. Dinners from the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief, of a somewhat public character, followed, but want of space forbids me to quote the replies which are now invested with so sad an interest. The 1st of June found him at Murree, sworn in as Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab and its Dependencies.

The new Lieutenant-Governor's first act, after he had fairly grappled the routine duties of his office, was to visit the most important of the feudatories under him, the Maharaja of Cashmere. His letters to me from Sirinugger, the capital of that state, are full of wisdom in reference to the relations of the chief with our Government. His visit had no diplomatic object, and was therefore all the more effective for good. He liked to know the chiefs personally, and that they should know and trust him. His remark to me should be pondered by all our Political Agents in India :—"I go with no purpose of lecturing, or bullying, or interfering, but of treating him as I do all the native chiefs, like gentlemen. It is one of the secrets of any little success I have with them, to let them feel and know that they have my sympathy and support, and are treated as I would treat her Majesty's sons or ministers." He spent the greater part of July, 1870, in Cashmere.

As an engineer, formerly employed on the irrigation works of the North Western Provinces, Sir Henry Durand took up with interest the consideration of three great water projects. One was a canal from the Swat river, near the fort of Abazai, to run eastward for the irrigation of part of the rich Yusufzai plain; the second, the supply of pure water from the Barra river for the cantonment and city of Peshawur; the third, the water supply for the station of Kohat. He recorded his opinion on these projects after personally examining the proposed heads of the channels, and obtaining all available local information. These works have all since been put in hand, and the third is completed.

He entered fully into the various military questions connected with the western frontier. He discussed, in a memorandum written on the spot, the provision of some defence for the station of Abbottabad in Hazara. He examined the new barracks at Peshawur forming the first two sides of the proposed fortified enclosure, and the plan which had been ordered at that time for surrounding the whole European cantonment with these large buildings. He inspected, with the civil and military officers, the ground proposed for a new location of a cavalry regiment at Kohat. He had to consider certain matters relating to the positions of the frontier forts, with reference to the work each had to do, and the state of the frontier at that part. An important question concerning these new posts on the Tânk border was to have been taken up, on a visit to the place, which was appointed for the 2nd of January, 1871. Before that day came, his eyes had closed in death.

After visiting the Tânk outpost on foot, the Lieutenant-Governor proceeded to see the town and the Nawab's date-gardens. The elephants were waiting at the gate of the outpost. Sir Henry politely motioned the Nawab to ascend to the howdah before him, and smiled at the chief's reluctance to precede the Lieutenant-Governor. They took their seat together in the howdah, with an attendant on the back. On another elephant five officers followed, seated on a pad, namely, Brigadier-General Keyes, Colonel Graham, Colonel Maclagan, Colonel Kennedy, and Colonel Black. Going to the city first, the Lieutenant-Governor's elephant was turned, after a short pause at the gate, and went on to the date-gardens. It is supposed that he saw the inner gateway was too low to admit the elephant with the howdah. On coming back from the gardens, the Lieutenant-Governor's elephant was taken up again to the gate, and entered the enclosure covering the inner gateway. The outer gateway, the entrance to this little enclosure, was of ample height. The officers waited outside, expecting to see the other elephant turn and come out again. Instead of this, after a short pause, the elephant went rapidly forward through the inner entrance. The officers were horrified to see it pass through, and to hear the sound of the howdah breaking against the flat-roof beam of the gateway. They got down quickly and ran in. Passing part of the broken howdah in the gateway, they found Sir Henry inside, on the ground, lying on his face, with much blood coming from his mouth and nose, and the elephant standing still. A few yards further on, the Nawab was lying back on the broken howdah, with his face turned upwards. Sir Henry was quite insensible. He was carried to the camp. No external injury was perceptible, and he was unable to indicate what he was suffering, or where he had been injured. After having been placed on his own bed in his tent, consciousness began to return, and he was able to answer some of the inquiries of the doctors. He felt his limbs paralyzed, and it was concluded that his spine had been injured. He slept during the night, and the next day spoke clearly, and gave specific and distinct expression to his wants, as his friends changed his position in bed. When being moved, he desired special care to be taken about his neck. He complained of the paralysis of the limbs, and remarked on the awkwardness of not being able to use his hands, or do anything for himself. He gave directions to his son about informing Lady Durand of the accident, and said he hoped he would soon be able to write himself. As the day wore on —it was Sunday, January 1st, 1871—he became more feeble, but retained full consciousness. In the afternoon, when the doctors perceived that life could not last much longer, his son and two daughters were sent for to come in to him. He died between seven and eight o'clock in the evening.

The body was borne on a camel carriage to Dera Ismail Khan, and was buried on the 5th of January. It was a soldier's funeral. Fifty-nine minute guns were fired. Thus, in all the ripeness of a long career, just when the gathered experience of forty years was beginning to be applied to the most important of our Indian Provinces, this Christian soldier and statesman was suddenly taken away. To quote the words of the book lately published by Lady Durand :— *

> "He who here sad heart-sighs soweth
> Doing right through suffering ill,
> There shall find the joy-ripe harvest,
> All his longings to fulfil."

The Viceroy, who was himself so soon to meet with an even sadder fate, declared in the official eulogy published in the *Gazette*, that "his name will long be revered in the Punjab." The Anglo-Indian public, both in India and England, subscribed for an enduring memorial of him. The Secretary of State in Council recognised his great public services by a special grant of £400 a year to his widow.

GEORGE SMITH.

* "Imitations from the German of Spitta and Terstegen." By Lady Durand. 1873.

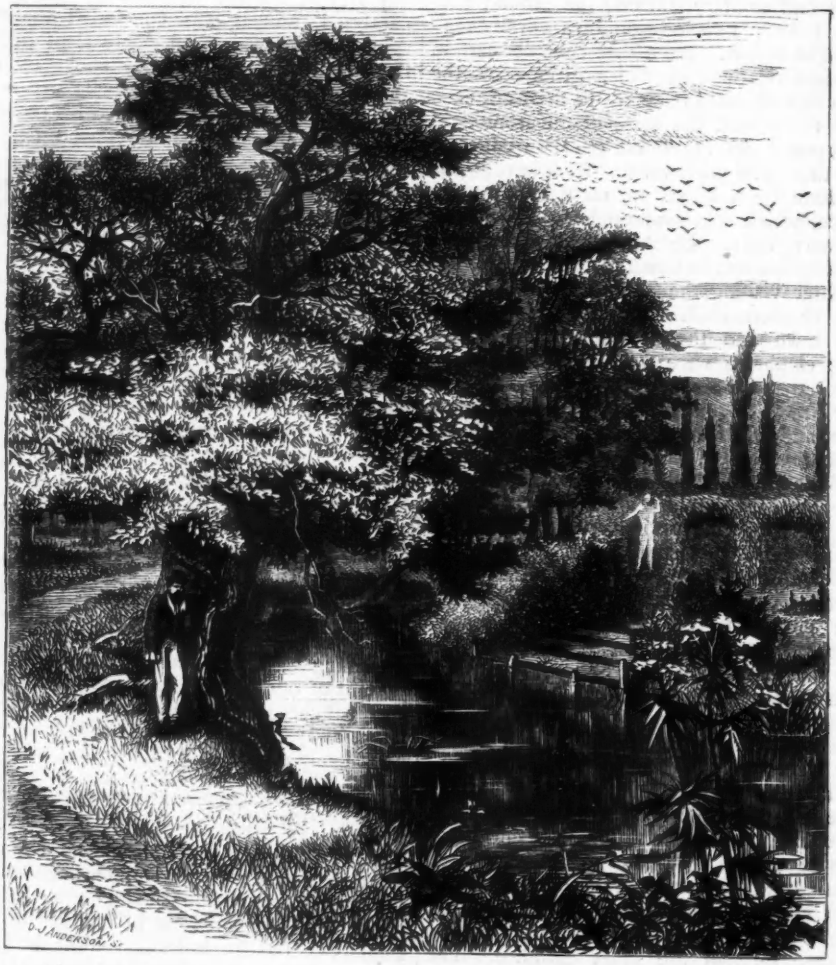
A SUMMER DREAM.

SWEET flowers, how many parts ye play,
In the old mystery of Love!
And were we wise in what you say,
More we might know of things above.

God has no loveless solitudes,
Howe'er remote the heavenly sphere;
Nor shade where Indolence intrudes,
Or Pity vainly drops her tear.

And so I dream and half believe
The blossoms of this lovely land,
Their souls of incense may receive
From the benignant angel-band.

And that in yonder realms of light
There are who choose the buds to tend,
And unseen in their joyous flight
Do hitherward their journey wend.



First seeking out the rosy queen
To place their censers on her throne,
Next hieing with a smile serene
To greet the lily chaste and lone.

Then, where Love-lies-a-bleeding, shed
Their rich aroma o'er the spot,
Till making odorous her bed
With heartsease and forget-me-not.

O sweet to think e'en angels feel
A pleasure in such fond employ;
And sweet the faith that flowers reveal
This holy ministry of joy.

EDWARD CAPERN.

CHRISTIANITY AND RITUAL.

THE author of "The Divine Legation of Moses"—that magnificent paradox in five volumes—has founded an argument for the truth of the Mosaic religion on the fact that the writings of the great lawgiver contain no mention of immortality; in other words, he tries to prove that that religion is divine, because it is without what is so large a part of other religions—the idea of a future state. An argument of a similar kind (only conclusive instead of fallacious and absurd) in favour of the truth of the Christian religion may be drawn from the fact that it is a religion without a ritual—that it not only prescribes no ritual, such as other religions appoint, but that in spirit, if not in so many words, it proscribes such ritual. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Be the reasons what they may, religion as distinguished from morality is at present discredited with many—has fallen in a time of light upon days of darkness, days of evil tongues, or at any rate evil thoughts. In the view and intention of many, its fate is to be abolished by its name being given to another thing, by its being merged altogether in morality. All that is important and all that is real in any religious system, the advocates of this view would contend is the amount and quality of the morality which it serves to inculcate and enforce. Faith is nothing, conduct is everything. To the support of this doctrine the language of the Apostle James, which we have quoted, and much more in his Epistle, appears to lend its countenance, and accordingly James is a popular preacher, and his texts are proverbs, and the Gospel according to James is a fifth Gospel. But in point of fact the Apostle lends no authority to a view of religion which annihilates it. There is, as every reader of Greek knows, something about morality in the verse in question, but nothing at all about religion. It is a wrong, or at any rate an ambiguous and misleading word which is used in our translation. The word which is translated religion ought to have been rendered worshipping, or ritual, or something of that kind, just as in another place where it occurs—"a voluntary humility and *worshipping* of angels." It would be quite as correct there to say "religion of angels" as it is to say in the Epistle of James, "pure religion and undefiled." The "practical" view of religion, as far as it proposes, on the authority of this Apostle, to abolish religion, to merge it in morality, is confuted, not by common sense or Scripture only, but by a slight knowledge of Greek. What St. James means to say, of course, is that true worship, true ritual, true church service, is not rite and ceremony, not costly and elaborate worshipping on high days and holidays in decorated temples and incensed churches—it is charity and a blameless life. His proposition is that morality is the ritual of the Christian religion; a beautiful life the finest and grandest liturgy.

It has been well said by Coleridge that morality was the spirit of which the outward service of ancient religion was the letter. The rites and ceremonies and ceremonial vestments of the Mosaic law were a picture-book by which a rude nation was taught some simple elementary moral lessons. But morality itself, even according to the fifth gospel, is the service and ceremonial of the Christian religion. There is endless controversy at the present day as to ritual, as to the forms of worship and the ecclesiastical usages and arrangements which are sanctioned by divine authority. On this point writings of buried ages, volumes of forgotten lore, are disinterred and ransacked, not with antiquarian curiosity, but with religious zeal, in order to find the smallest particle of information. When anything of the kind is found, when some ancient author, whose oblivion ought to have remained undisturbed till the day of doom, is discovered to have a word to say about this rite, or that ecclesiastical custom, what delight, what jubilation! Go back, however, still farther into the past than the most enthusiastic ritualist of them all. Instead of asking what says this father of the third century and that saint of the sixth, ask what say the apostles, what say the evangelists, what say the men who founded Christianity? and you will find they have nothing to say about rites or ceremonies or customs (the two great sacraments excepted); not a word, unless it be that they are all superfluous. Why? It is not that in the planting of Christianity the thing somehow was forgotten—that the question was overlooked whether the new religion should have a ritual like its predecessors. It is not that our Lord and the apostles and evangelists did not think of observance and ritual

until it was too late, and that this father and that saint, wiser in their generation, rose up at a later time to remedy the defect. Neither (though this is very often said) was it because it was thought that the Church might be safely left to invent a ritual for itself, to adopt what rites and ceremonies might be found suitable in different ages and different places. Far from it. There is much which is only half told in the New Testament—much, at any rate, with regard to which doubt and uncertainty is possible or inevitable. But on this point there is less room for doubt and uncertainty than on almost any other. Christianity not only prescribes no ritual. Implicitly, and for reasons which concern the most vital interests of the faith and of the world, Christianity proscribes ritual—it will admit of none—none but that ritual which is also religion, religion expressed in act, the dedication of the worshipper himself as a reasonable sacrifice, holy and acceptable, unto God. Ancient religion, with its ritual, ended for the most part in the improvement of the individual soul—in teaching this man and that to be purer and holier. Christianity begins where the ancient religion ended, with pure and loving hearts, and as its ritual, by means of these, goes forth to purify and bless the world—to convert, not a nation or a church, but the whole earth into God's heritage and praise and glory.

If this be so, to say the least of it, ritualism is an anachronism. There is a mistake in it of not less than twenty centuries. We do not mean, of course, by ritualism any improvement of Church services, such as is desired and advocated by many in all churches, who are just as willing to make these services simpler than they are as to make them more complex, provided only they can make them more real and more beautiful. To have good prayers and good music instead of bad, to worship God in a beautiful instead of an ugly building, is not ritualism; at any rate, it is very harmless ritualism. That which is properly so called, for one thing, if it loves effect, abhors or disdains simplicity. To exhibit Christianity outwardly in the smoke of incense, in the sweet cadences of music, in the rich vestments of priests and celebrants, in the pomp of sacraments, in the substitution of wax candles for daylight; to fill the calendar with saints' days; to make the masses who can hardly read the Gospels pedants and enthusiasts in the history of clerical robes and church furniture; to blazon all modern life with antique, obscure, or unintelligible ecclesiastical heraldry—this ritualism, properly so called, is the ambition and delight of many good men, and some clever and highly cultivated men, at the present day (very able and very willing to do battle for themselves); and as we see from its association with ascetic and monastic views and tendencies in the minds of its most conspicuous advocates, has for its immediate, if not chief, effect, to fill the mind with holy languors, sentimental ecstasies, heavenly raptures. This is Christianity addressed to the senses, just as Judaism was addressed to the senses, and with this difference, that the old picture-book, once so instructive, but now gone out of date, edited for the use, not of children, but men, no longer answers its purpose, no longer teaches with distinctness anything in particular; but where it has any effect, has it above all in those unprofitable raptures (unprofitable to the world) in which monastic minds and monastic institutions have allowed the vital energy of Christianity to escape like waste steam from a stationary locomotive into the barren fields of infinite space. How different from this the Apostle James's idea! Christianity exhibiting itself outwardly, indeed, but not in smoke of incense, not in procession of hired singers, but in brave men and pure women, instinct with the life divine of love going about in an evil world to reform and regenerate it—going about, and while bravely, nobly, piously meeting temptation and resisting it for themselves, entering into the abodes of the destitute and forlorn, the widows and the fatherless, the fallen and the outcast, and illuminating these cheerless places with the light which human love alone brings down from heaven. It seems folly to argue which of these is the true idea of Christian ritual.

That renouncing all other ritual Christianity claims for itself this sublime one of a perfect morality, that it will have no authorised and universal liturgy but that of beautiful and saintly lives beautifying and sanctifying the world—this is one of the most conclusive evidences which it is possible to allege in favour of the truth of Christianity. Beginning thus where the ancient religion ended, Christianity identifies God's glory and man's blessedness; eternal well-being possible to the creature, and supreme glory due to the Creator, and by this one thing, this supreme generalisation in a loftier field than that of science, makes good its title to be considered the one true everlasting faith. It is man's true life and blessedness to love and do good; it is God's glory to receive this from

man as the homage of the creature to the Creator, or rather of the son to the Father of all. In this way Christianity identifies true worship with true blessedness, the ritual of religion with the true life of man. The object of revelation, of all that manifestation of God which we have in the Bible, in our hearts, in the world; it is according to Christianity, not that One, who is Lord of all, may obtain a selfish glory for Himself at the expense of his creatures, command tribute, in the spirit of a tyrant, from a wider empire than Cæsar's, but that we who are invited to love Him and serve Him may be blessed, and all men with us, in that love and service, enjoy it in our true life and well-being. Man's true life and blessedness consist in his being what he was intended by God to be, in his living that highest life for which he was created and endowed; in a word, in the offering of himself as a sacrifice to God, above all, in deeds of faith and charity. Love is the fulfilling of the law. It is at the same time the fulfilling of the existence of the creature. Christianity, therefore, has no ritual, no ceremonial except that of love; refuses, not alone on the ground of God's claims as supreme, but on the ground of man's well-being as man, to recognise observance, or rite, or oblation, but that of a saintly and priestly life. Not enough according to the one heaven-born religion for heaven to get its due, not enough for God to be honoured in costly rites, or for man to be taught by these obedience to divine law. To love, to be kind even to the evil and unthankful; to be not only just and true, but to be kind and generous and loving; to give and strive and suffer for others—this was, and is, the life and blessedness of God in Christ upon the earth, and by this the world lying in wickedness is reclaimed from darkness and despair, is purified, enlightened, blessed; by this all things are restored to divine beauty and order; another paradise, fairer than that which lends its beauty and fragrance to the primitive records of our race, is formed out of the moral wilderness. Therefore, and not because God is a hard taskmaster, and must have honour and tribute, the only ritual of the Christian faith is love, to visit the fatherless and widows, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world. God accepts nothing less than this, disdains and rejects anything less than this, because, even if He could forego what is his own, He who is love cannot suffer his creatures to miss or come short of their true life and blessedness. Nothing for this reason is worship of God which is not the well-being of man. Ritual is not only not prescribed; it is prohibited.

There may be errors in particular views of Christianity, grave untruth in some historical and some current representations of it; but beyond all doubt that religion is divine and everlasting, never to be displaced or superseded, or essentially modified, while the world endures, which thus claims for itself, as its outward vesture and expression, not sacrifices such as a selfish being might tyrannically exact and other selfish beings slavishly accord, but the restoration to true and therefore blessed life of a race of beings who have sinned and suffered. To make that the end of his service and his worship is worthy in the highest degree conceivable by a human soul of a Being worthy of eternal worship and glory. To seek thus to be worshipped, not with men's hands, but with the perfection and fulfilment of their existence and destiny, is in this supreme degree worthy of the King eternal, immortal, invisible. If there is anything divine Christianity is so, because, as a religion, it prescribes as ritual no ritual, no empty forms which offer to God a barren honour, or which inculcate a partial view of human duty, but that Love which is the blessedness of the worshipper, the salt of the earth, the glory of the Eternal.

All this implies, of course, that religion, in the Christian sense, is real and not outward, but inward. Morality is a costume, but there is a living form beneath the drapery. To have no creed is at the present day one of the most popular of creeds. All history, however, goes to prove that, without religion, morality—and above all, the highest morality—is a plant without roots, a building without a foundation.

There is one city of the East of biblical and historical renown, which is surrounded on all sides by deserts; but which, to the astonishment of the traveller who has been toiling for days over burning sands to reach its gates, presents to the eye, as he enters, a wonderful succession of gardens gay with the richest verdure and the most gorgeous blooms. Above that city—the most ancient, perhaps, in the world—above that desert-girdled city, Damascus—towers the lofty Lebanon, with its snow-clad head piercing the fleecy clouds of a summer sky. It is in its lofty summits that the secret of this wonderful verdure lies. There, in those snows that mingle with the clouds, are the inexhaustible fountains of the innumerable rills of water by which, in Damascus, the desert has been turned into a garden, and the wilderness made to blossom

as the rose. All history proves that it is only from the fountain of a religion which, like Lebanon, lifts its head above the ground, and represents the aspirations of the soul after the unseen and eternal, that the sustenance which is needed for the purest and heavenliest virtues of humanity, the truest and noblest morality, can ever flow.

But on this point it is not necessary to enlarge. On this historical ground it is superfluous to confute that renunciation of all religious ideas and belief which is common at the present day. Instead of saying that religion ought not to be abolished because it encourages morality, or is essential to its existence, we may say, and we ought to say, that religion cannot be abolished if we would.

God has secured the existence of religion by giving it a place in the being of man; and if any young man thinks that he can abolish religion by sneering at it in his mother or his sister he argues his own ignorance. Religion has its eternal foundation in the very nature and constitution of the mind of man. It is not a more natural and instinctive act of his bodily nature to turn the eye to the light, than it is of his spiritual nature to ask, Is there a God?—to look beyond the visible to the invisible; to rise from the disappointment connected with sensual gratification to the yearning for something higher and better, to the sense of religious duties and the experience of religious emotions. This is what finally settles the question as to religion and morality—whether we shall have one or both, and if only one, which of the two. Be it for good or for evil, we cannot get rid of religion, except in one way, viz., not by abolishing God or proving scientifically that his existence is doubtful, but by abolishing man himself. It is easy for the fool, especially the learned and scientific fool, to prove that there is no God. But like a murmuring sea, which heeds not the scream of wandering birds, the soul of humanity murmurs of God, and confutes the erudite folly of the fool by disregarding it.

That which above all distinguishes and characterizes man as man is this high capacity to look beyond and above what is seen to what is unseen; to observe and feel the unchangeableness which underlies and supports this changeful world; to understand and appreciate the grand distinction — grander still than that between light and dark, night and day—viz., that the things which are seen are temporal, while the things which are unseen are eternal; to live by faith and not by sight; to feel that a man's life, unlike that of an ox, consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth, but in himself, in the riches of the heart, his faith towards God, his love towards men. It ought to be the object of all our ecclesiastical, and, indeed, all our social and political arrangements, to develop this capacity, or to facilitate its development and exercise. But, at any rate, it cannot be abolished except by abolishing humanity. Those who appear to think that Acts of Parliament may be passed, the effect of which would be to eradicate it, are as much alarmists as if they dreaded lest the smoke of a bonfire should extinguish the stars.

As for the outward vesture and ritual of this religion, noble and beautiful as it is, it may be of little worth except as ritual and vesture. A man's life may be blameless and beneficent, not to say decent and respectable, and yet the man himself be neither loving nor pure, neither good nor noble. It is what the man is which is important to God and to himself. To God, either as Creator or as the Supremely Good, the one thing of importance must be, not what acts a man does—what small part he plays on a fleeting stage—but of what sort, of what character he is, whether that which is the real man be alive or dead, full of light or full of darkness; generous and pure, and sympathetic and reverent, or selfish, and sordid, and worldly. Morality or immorality is all-important between man and man. Religion or no religion is important to God; it is equally important to man. We may well live moral lives, and yet find that life has not much to give—that for the honest and temperate, as for the vicious and profligate, life is vanity, and experience prolonged vexation. Give the soul its own, as you give the body and the intellect; lift your thoughts to the unchanging Goodness and Truth beyond this changeful world, which orders all its events and changes; think of One who needs not to be worshipped with men's hands, as though He needed anything, seeing He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; think of Him requiring to be loved and worshipped, not because He is great and mighty, but because He is good, and because to love Him is blessedness, and to worship Him is heaven; think of all duty, even the commonest, as to be done to Him, all work to be performed in his service, all our fellowmen to be loved and cared for for his sake; think thus of Him and of your own life; thus take a religious view of all things, and

be actuated by a religious spirit, and you will not escape sorrow or loss, you will rather have special crosses and losses to carry and to endure; but you will also know that man was made not to record a verdict against his Maker of having been made in vain, but made to show forth the glory and praise of Him who made him, by sharing with Him his own life of immortal joy and unending blessedness. This is the teaching of the true religion; and it is an evidence of its truth that its ritual thus, like itself, is love; that in it all things are reconciled to God; and God, in his greatness and blessedness, in his life of eternal love, is all in all.

Christianity is divine, we have said, because it makes the true worship of the Creator the perfect and blessed life of the creature. Christianity renders this life of the creature possible by the revelation which it makes of the Creator. Before God and the Father it is true worship to live a Christian life—a pure and self-sacrificing life like that of Christ. There is an idea of God which all religions grope after, sometimes catch a glimpse of, and then again (with the exception of Christianity) allow to escape from their horizon. It is the idea which finds sole and perfect expression in Christianity, the conception of the Eternal and Almighty, of whom our understandings teach us something, as that infinite fatherly goodness that our hearts crave after. This revelation of himself by God in Christ renders possible, not indeed a new religion—for there never was any religion but one—but it renders possible a new ritual, that new life of faith and love, that perfect life on the part of men, peace on earth, good-will everywhere, which is the ascription of Glory to God in the highest. It is in the nature of man to be kindled and excited to love by love alone. In the gospel, which is the revelation of the Fatherhood of God, there is a revelation of the infinite love which sheds light over all life, and over death, this world and the next, man and God, duty and pleasure, joy and sorrow, suffering and sin; a revelation which makes the universe and man himself a witness to one truth, one eternal fact—God is Love. By this revelation, not of a new, but of an old, an eternal fact, new life is stirred in human souls. Poor weak mortals laden with sins, and superstitiously oppressed with fears, are able to say and think, "We do love to think of that perfectly holy, and pure, and good Being, our Father in heaven—not as we ought, indeed, and feebly and little, but still we love Him. And love is the fulfilling of the law. Our duty to our fellow-men is not only sacred, but easy to discharge, if we all are brethren, and Christ the Brother of all, and God the Father of all. Before God the Father it is pure worship, and it is possible, as it is true worship, "to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world." Thus Christianity, which as religion prescribes love as ritual, makes that ritual possible.

Christianity is a religion, and it is a ritual. As a religion, it is love; as a ritual, it is the same. According to the religion, God is love; according to the ritual, man's life is love. He who receives worship is worshipped as love. The worship which is paid by the worshipper is love. And herein the worshipper and the worshipped are both blessed, and made one eternally in blessedness, the Father in his children, the children in their Father; and so there shall be fulfilled at length the hope of all who love God and all who love man when God himself in Christ shall be all in all.

Half the disputes that have arisen in the Christian Church, that have torn it asunder and rendered its hopes abortive, have been disputes about words. More than half of those, perhaps, in which things were concerned have been disputes about forms of worship, church services, postures, standing or kneeling at prayer, the elevation of the host, hymn-books, organs, about pure worship and impure, innovations in ritual and breaches of ecclesiastical custom. True worship, according to Christianity, has little or nothing to do with these things. It consists in that very charity which is almost always absent on both sides in disputes about them.

Torn asunder by quarrels, which are mostly quarrels about worship, the Church of Christ has for ages presented a strange, and, it must be said, a melancholy spectacle—the spectacle of an institution which, intended by divine wisdom to further the highest of all ends, has been not merely diverted from the sole pursuit of that end, but has almost forgotten it in the pursuit of ends inferior, and, indeed, opposite. As means of grace, as means for cultivating the religious spirit as well as for giving expression to religious feeling, it is impossible to exaggerate the importance or the necessity of Church forms, public prayer and praise, sacraments and preaching. Questions arise with regard to these things, therefore, which are questions of moment, and which ought

to be seriously examined and discussed. But when these things are all settled and arranged, the work of Christianity, the work of the Church is not done, it has yet to be begun. Pure worship is not this or that form of service—Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian—but it is that charity which in disputes between sects is generally conspicuous by its absence. The object of Christianity and of the Church, as we have been defining it, is to consummate the glory of God by consummating the life of man. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," is the mandate of the Christian faith. "Till we all come unto a perfect man," is the charter of the Christian Church. Its worship is pure, not when its members have clean hands and a pure heart, but when its great aim is to perfect the life of man in every corner of the earth. The sermon on the Mount is a sermon on perfection; its text, if it had had a text, would have been, "Be ye perfect." We see from it in what direction perfection lies, and so in what direction lies the work of the Christian Church. Perfection has been often painted, often symbolized as an angel, fair and spotless, with smooth brow and glistering garments, an angel with wings pointed for flight up through the clear blue sky, away from this world of misery and sin. Not such is the image of perfection which rises before the mind as we read the words of Christ in the Sermon on the Mount. Rather it is a homely, honest, horny-handed workman returning in the evening through the fields or along the streets of the crowded town; returning wearied, "smutched," but yet unweakened, a better man for his day's work, his muscles made strong, his whole frame braced and developed by his honest and useful toil. This is the idea of perfection which the Sermon on the Mount gives us. It is not after Christ has forbidden at once the unclean act and the impure thought, but after He has taught us that God is kind even to the evil and unthankful, and enjoined us to follow his example and to love our enemies, that the Great Preacher introduces the great precept, which is all religious precepts in one, "Be ye perfect." It is in this direction, doing good, not absence of evil, that Christian perfection, man's true life and blessedness, lies.

It is the perfection which the Sermon on the Mount thus defines; perfection consisting not in the absence of sin, but in being and doing good, which it is the object of the Christian religion to enable mankind to attain. It is a religion, therefore, which identifies religion and ritual. It makes perfection its aim; it makes perfection consist in being and doing good; and therefore its ritual, its only ritual, is charity.

This furnishes a basis for the union of Christendom which, as endeavours to establish a universal concordat on other grounds are successively tried and prove abortive, is more and more clearly seen to be the true and only basis. It has been too much the idea of sects and denominations in later ages to maintain a scriptural form of worship—that is to say, of Church service and arrangement—and along with this to bear testimony to the truth of one particular view of scriptural doctrine. Their object has been to secure the spiritual gain of their own adherents, above all by not permitting false worship to be celebrated, or false doctrine to be taught. Most sects have been founded, most sectarian animosities and contentions have proceeded, upon the ground of opposition to a doubtful form of worship, or an erroneous view of Scripture. Opposition to man, not dedication to God, has been the origin of sects. Their anxiety has been not how to do good, but how not to do evil. We have come, however, to a time in the history of the Church when it is generally seen that on this ground no union of Christendom, and consequently no great advance of the Church of Christ, is possible. Allow that Christianity has a form of worship like other religions, and that it is the great business of Churches to discover from Scripture or from antiquity what that form of worship is, and to maintain it, when it is discovered, at all costs, in defiance of all opposition, and the history of ages and generations would go to show that the millennium of the Church is in the past, not in the future. The union of Christendom, the peace of the world, the kingdom of God, would be further away from us the further we advance into the future.

But while it is thus only too manifest that no basis for the union of churches and the peace of Christendom is to be found in purity of worship, it is only the more evident that there is a basis for that union and peace in the true ritual of the Christian faith. If Churches cannot unite not to do evil, they can unite and will unite to do good.

There is a great deal that stands in the way of men becoming, not to say, perfect—the word is almost ridiculous as applied to masses of men even in this Christian country—but becoming decent, honest, pure, intelli-

gent; in a word, becoming men at all. A host of our present social arrangements are of a kind which insure, as far as they operate —and they operate very far—that men shall not become men at all. Go out of almost any church in any of our great cities—any of those great centres into which so large a proportion of our whole population is being rapidly gathered — and consider what surrounds that church, has surrounded it perhaps for ages and generations. Walk about Zion, and consider, not its palaces, but its dens and hovels, abodes of ancient inevitable ignorance, vice, crime. Multitudes of children untaught, uncared for; while the sects are wrangling over the precise form in which religious education shall be administered, another education, under another master than Christ, going forward steadily from age to age—an education in vice, in crime, in stolid and brutal humanity.

Not to speak of the world lying in darkness abroad, this is the spectacle which presents itself to us at home. If sects have not caused it, at any rate they have not been able to abolish it. But be this as it may, the Christian Church, in the existence of all that sin and misery which abounds in the world, has an opportunity for establishing the union of Christendom upon an enduring, because a true, a Christian basis. Sects differ about trifles, and about principles; about great things and small things. But they are all agreed that there are many evils afflicting human society which ought to be abolished, and that there are many good works which ought to be begun. As "there is no sect in mathematics," so there is no sect in favour of ignorance, or fever, or improper dwellings, or drunkenness, or immorality, or crime, or misery, or want. These things make havoc of human life and human society; and all sects are against these. All sects are agreed that to diminish these by any means, and to promote in place of them intelligence, virtue, and humanity, is to do good. Here, then, is a basis of union. We cannot agree how not to do evil. But here is an infinite abundance of opportunities of doing good; and to do good, and not merely not to do evil, not merely not to be in error in our worship, or our doctrine, is the true and only ritual of the Christian faith. We all believe in doing good. Why because we cannot agree about not doing evil should we not agree about doing good? It is the vital and essential part of Christianity to believe in charity, and to practise it. Love is the fulfilling of the law. Pure worship is to do good. On this ground, when sects have had their day, and the falsity of the foundation on which they stand is better seen, peace will be restored to the Church, peace will be given to the world by the Church, and glory will be rendered to God in the highest.

The Christian Church, which has been understood to be a devotional institution and a theological club, is in reality a society of perfectionists. It does not exist merely to exist. It has a work to do, a purpose to accomplish. Take any public or charitable society. It consists of public-spirited or charitable persons who have common sympathies and common opinions, but its object is not merely to exist and be a society; it has some special object in view, some special work which it sets itself to accomplish. A society, for example, for the relief of indigent old women will most likely consist of benevolent and amiable persons; but the reason for the existence of such a society will never be that there are benevolent and amiable people ready to meet together, but that there are old and indigent persons who need to be clothed and fed. It is the very same with the Christian Church. It is neither a devotional institution, meeting once a week, nor a theological club in which one member lectures the rest; but it is a society of people who believe in Christ's life, and desire to live that life. It exists to fulfil a purpose and to accomplish a work—that work for which Christ lived and died—the salvation of men from sin and misery, their restoration to God and life and blessedness.

This being the work and end, this being the ritual of the religion of Christ, that religion claims to be the one true and everlasting faith. In this light, and apart from the questions of doctrine and of worship which have rent the Church asunder, the universal heart and conscience bear testimony to its truth. That which abrogates selfishness in God and makes Him Father, which abolishes selfishness in man and makes him brother, blessed in the love of God, and of his kind; that which gives back to the infinitely Good a world of evil restored to beauty, as the tribute due to Him and acceptable to Him, is a religion which may for a time be corrupted and suffer eclipse, but it is of heaven, it is true to the conscience and to the universe, and it will endure while man exists to worship, and God to be adored.

JOHN SERVICE.

SOME FABLES FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

I.—THE WINDMILL AND THE POPLAR-TREE.

"Quarrellers seldom grow fat."



DO you fancy the drowsy Windmill has no secrets? that it just goes to sleep when it stops, and does not wake again till the great sails are set loose? that it never argues, or scolds, or puts itself right with its neighbours? If you really think so, it's but little you know of the world. The Windmill, like some others, thinks most when it is not busy, and gets into almost all its scrapes and quarrels just then. Listen for a moment, and I'll tell you how a Windmill I once knew fell out with a Poplar-tree that it had for a near neighbour—how they argued and miscalled each other, and how they were brought to agree again like very brethren.

A great storm was coming. The sun had gone down with more than his ordinary brightness, and left strips of golden light that looked like streamers stretching far across the sky, because the clouds would lift up and bring great purple bars over them, and then vanish away again. Every one knew that a storm was coming. The Fir-trees looked at the Oaks, and nodded their heads slowly, and whispered; and the Birds chittered and drew their heads under their wings, but could not sleep; the Streams looked up at the Clouds, and murmured to themselves, like the old women you have sometimes seen, who will speak in an undertone to themselves of past times, even when there is great commotion around them; and the Cattle in the fields cowered together under the trees as though they, poor unreasoning creatures, guessed the meaning of all the whispering and ominous head-shaking that was going on. The wind rose and came in sudden gusts, each one stronger than the last; the branches of the Poplar (which was not so young as it had been, and perhaps had got a touch of rheumatism in its joints), creaked as they swung, and the timbers of the Windmill, not so firm as they once were, did the same. And this creaking—the first that either had ever been guilty of—was the whole cause of the quarrel.

"You gouty old thing," said the Poplar-tree, "what for do you make such unearthly noises? I believe it is all to spite me, who have kept the cold wind off you for all these years, knowing, as you do, how delicate my ear is. I never did expect much gratitude from you, but such gross abuse I did *not* expect. Pray stop it, and let us live at peace, for I'll quarrel, as sure as I'm here, if this goes on."

"You can quarrel as soon as you like," said the Windmill. "Your impertinence is more detestable than your conceit. Why, you began it! Didn't I hear you shrieking out for help half an hour ago? And now you want to put on fine airs, and lay the blame on me."

"That's like you," retorted the Poplar; "you fancy you are independent because you go on grinding in your stupid, prosaic way, whether the wind is low or high; but I tell you, you can't afford to quarrel with me. If you do, it will be the worse for you."

"Well, I never heard such assurance," replied the Windmill. "If the wind and I agree, it's little I need care for you."

"We'll see," said the Poplar. "The wind has never been favourably known for steadiness in friendship more than in some other things; and perhaps you Windmills would have found that out long before this but for the shelter you get from others, without the least consideration." And here he tossed his head, turned away, began to sulk, and would not utter another word.

"Come, now," said the Windmill, in a conciliating style, "I didn't mean to vex you. Say what you would like, and I'll do it if I can; only the wind is rather too much for me, and I can't stop the creaking all at once; I only wish I could."

But the Poplar wouldn't heed the polite words, and at this the Windmill, thoroughly nettled, commenced to speak to itself in this strain:—

"Very good, Mr. Poplar, but people can't have it all their own way in this world. And so you'll quarrel; be it so. I shan't knuckle down to you; you're older than I am, and should have better manners." And here the Windmill abruptly broke off, for a fresh gust of wind just then struck his sails and made them shake and shiver. "Bless me! but this *is* a gale," said he, and his timbers strained and creaked again as he said it.

The wind veered round a little, and the Poplar was able to bend over towards an Elm that grew close beside.

"Did you ever hear such abuse?" it whispered to the Elm, who was always glad to speak fair to any one he had to do with.

"You can't expect any other from him. He's a machine, put together by hammer and screw, and fancies on that account that he's 'self-made!'" and here both Poplar and Elm broke out in a loud laugh that surprised the birds, and the sheep that lay shivering in the field, notwithstanding that it was soon lost again in the loud blast. "But we can punish him and save ourselves at the same time," and the Elm looked knowingly and quizzingly at the Poplar.

"Can we, though? Tell me how, and I'll do all I can?"

"Well, if you bend close over towards me and keep there awhile, the whole force of the wind will take his sails and tear them. That's the advantage of not being 'self-made.' We trees can yield a point and take a point too, when it suits us. There! Give me your hand on it, and hold firm."

The Poplar threw all the strength of his will into the effort, determined not to shield the Windmill any longer, if he could help it; and as his tip touched the Elm a thrill of joy shot through every fibre.

"He'll rue his ingratitude!" said the Poplar.

"That he will, and more," said the Elm, with a sweet, silvery voice.

"We'll see who'll rue," retorted the Windmill, whom neither expected to hear them. A quick listener would have said that the words came through his teeth, if he had had any. "Plotters never yet made much of it in the long-run!" added he, mischievously.

"Plotters! do you hear him?" hissed the Elm-tree into the Poplar's ear. "That's a compliment to you and me, to be sure. Hold firm; here's a blast will tame him;" and as he spoke the wind dashed past and shook the sails so that they broke off with a great noise and fell, and were carried away and rested not till they were near the foot of the valley, while still the Elm and Poplar remained fixed in fond embrace.

* * * * *

And just as the Poplar, feeling himself exhausted, had perforce to drop hold of his friend's shoulder, the wind suddenly veered round, and now blew on the Poplar from the north with still more terrible force, and struck him just where before the sails had saved him. This was so unexpected that he was taken quite at a disadvantage, and turned once more to the Elm for help. But the Elm was now so much engaged with a Fir-tree that stood between him and the wind, that the Poplar could not make him hear. Blast after blast came with greater and greater force, until at length, being spent with his efforts, the poor Poplar succumbed—the top was torn off and tossed away up the valley. When daylight came, the Poplar and the Windmill looked at each other with much amazement, that neither of them tried to conceal.

"Ah, so you've lost your sails!" said the Poplar; "you'll set more store on our help after this, I'll warrant."

"Perhaps I may," retorted the Windmill; "but if the wind and I agree it's little I need care for you."

"You said that before," said the Poplar-tree, "and yet your sails are gone, and let me tell you you do look mighty odd!"

"My sails are not gone so far as your head, luck go with it!" rejoined the Windmill, now determined to cut home; "and even though they were, I can get other sails as good in no time—that's the advantage of the hammer and screw; but I guess you can't get another head quite so easy as all that. You look odd enough yourself, to be sure; but you should take care not to associate yourself with people of so much harder fibre that they can break you down easy just to lift themselves up a bit."

To this the Poplar could say nothing, for he had begun to have a suspicion that the Elm had got a deal of protection from him in the storm, and already seemed to be a good bit taller; but whether that was because the Poplar was now so much lowered in stature himself or otherwise, he could not quite make out.

"Ah, but," said the Poplar, "I will grow a finer shape than ever. My strength will go now to making something like fulness, and not mere height, and I shall be a far prettier tree than I was. Wait a while, and you'll see."

"Well, I wish it may be so, with all my heart; but I hope we shan't hereafter be so weak as to quarrel as we have done. The shrieking and screaming—why, it was the wind that did it, and the Elm made far more noise than either of us, as the Swallows will tell you. It wanted a screen, and contrived to set us against each other just to get it. But we'll watch him after this; let us shake hands over that, at all events!"

So they shook hands over it; and the Poplar from that day decided to go on all his life without growing a new top, so that the Elm at any rate could not again be sheltered by his branches; and to this day, though Poplars and Windmills are very friendly, the Elms and the Pollards—who had this strange sort of origin—do not care much for each other's company. But they two took good care to keep their resolution a secret from the Elm; and often the Windmill, though he nods to the Elm courteously, drones over the old story to himself in the pauses of this song which you may sometimes hear him singing:—

Here on the hill,
I work with a will,
To grind the children bread;
I fling my sails
Like mighty flails,
That the workers may be fed.

With a burr and a whirr,
In a ceaseless stir,
I grind for beast and man:
Be he rich or poor
None could do more,
For I aye do all I can!

I love the spring
When, on quivering wing,
The swallow skims the stream;
When the seed is sown,
And all alone
The daisies sit and dream.

And I love the lights,
That dance like sprites,
Below me in the vale,
When the time hath come
For the harvest home,
And dance and song prevail.

I drowse and dream,
When the evening gleam
Is on the distant west;—
When all is still
On plain and hill,
And the winds are laid to rest.

But when morning pale,
Like a silver sail,
Shakes out her robe of pearl,
I hail her with song,
That is sweet and strong,
As my giant sails I unfurl.

With a burr and a whirr,
In a ceaseless stir,
I grind for beast and man:
Be he rich or poor,
None could do more,
For I aye do all I can.

II.—A VIOLET'S ADVENTURES.

"True fame is hardly to be bought,
She sometimes follows where she is not sought."
Paraphrase of Persian Proverb.



WILD Violet that grew very snugly sheltered at the foot of a high hill, once shook hands with a wandering Fairy, and was immediately seized with a great desire to know where the sun went to when it set and sank. This was perhaps a mere excuse for a wish to see the world, and to gratify vanity on the Violet's part; for it no sooner found that it could hold intercourse with beings of a superior order, than it began to look down upon its neighbours and old friends. It very ungraciously snubbed a young Fern that had been attentive to it, and had helped to carry water to it many a time. As for the young Primrose which it used to admire so much, the Violet would not vouchsafe the poor creature so much as a single word.

And the wild Violet was very firm; for the Fairy had told it that it could only succeed, if it kept itself aloof from all companions, and told no one of its secret. So it lay and waited, and, whenever it felt a warmer glow of life thrilling through its fibres, it hoped and dreamed its deliverance was now near at hand, and shut its ears to all that was going on near by, which before used to interest it much. And it fell into the habit of speaking to itself and laughing at the low aims of its old friends.

"As for affection," it would reflect, "that's all humbug! The Fern helped me because it was its nature to and couldn't help it; and as for that Primrose, she thought to mate with me and be honoured—poor, pale, yellow thing!" and even as he looked the Primrose seemed to fade and shrink away.

But the Violet had no time to make any work about that: he had his own business to mind; and just as the Primrose shrivelled and died, the Violet was loosed from earth, and, with a cheer that escaped him in spite of his resolution, he broke away from his old home without so much as an adieu, and made

directly towards the sunsetting, as he had intended.

"Ah," he said to himself, "I'll soon be famous, — men will learn to speak of me with respect and admiration; for I'll find out the secret of the sun, and come back and tell all about it, notwithstanding that I once lived in that mean hole east there;" and he quickened his pace again as he thought of it. So he wandered all day, till the sun-setting, when he sat down to see if he was making any progress. He could not convince himself that he had made much; but then he thought, "It is a great work, and doubtless demands much time;" and in sheer weariness he lay down on the bank to rest. He had not lain very long, when he was rudely shaken, and, looking up, he saw his friend the Fairy and a great number of others, some of them with heads like men, and others with the strangest appearance; but almost all of them giggling, and laughing, and dancing about in the oddest manner.



"Rise, and join us!" said the Fairy.

"I need rest," said the Violet, rubbing his eyes and looking round in amazement.

"We are your friends," said the Fairy, "and friendship is better than sleep."

"I don't know that," the Violet ventured to say, a little shortly, for he was almost unable to keep his eyes open.

"We'll prove it to you," said a pair of Compasses and a Triangle, that trotted up together, and peered into the Violet's face, in a way that would have been disrespectful if it hadn't been so evidently serious. "We are masters of the ceremonies," said they, "and look to the rules; so get up; it is our pleasure so! When the rest dance, we work; but, for all that, we're the *masters* here!"

"It's all right," said the Fairy, who had all this while been listening; "take this, and that will do for sleep, and better too;" and he gave the Violet a little white powder and sprinkled some liquid over his face.

"Put the powder on your tongue," said a Fairy Leaf that came up at the moment, "and that'll make you right;" and he turned and pirouetted away again.

The Violet did as he was bid, and in a moment—O delightful sensation!—all weariness had vanished; and, like the rest, he felt impelled to dance and sing. It was as though all the dull bliss of growing was pressed or concentrated into a single instant of time. So he mixed with the rest, and gave himself up to the spirit of the party, and poured forth his thoughts to any one that would listen, in language so sweet and convincing that he wondered at himself.

A Drumhead was very attentive and proved a remarkably good listener, gaining the Violet's respect immensely by his quietness, and his easy way of saying "Ha, ha!" "Yes, yes!" "So!" "Quite so!" "Re-ally!" "Do you say so!" "Hum!" "Well, I never!" and so forth. The awkward thing was, that they were followed by a Trombone, whose weakness was not to listen, but to make himself heard, as he went alongside blowing every now and then, on which the Drumhead once or twice whispered to the Violet, "He's a good fellow, and very useful to me, but he's cracked, quite cracked with vanity,"—here touching his forehead significantly—"and one must just humour him."

When the first faint light of morning came, all the Fairies vanished, and the Violet felt solitary and worn out. But whenever he thought of his great object, he resolved to go

on. So he wandered for a while, till the sun became strong, and, reaching the border of a field, he thought to himself that he had better lie down and rest. But the buzzing of bees, and the chirping of crickets, and the singing of birds, and the very sound of the branches as they waved in the breeze that languidly stirred now and then, distressed him, and wouldn't let him sleep; and while he listened, as he really could not help doing, he began to fancy he heard words distinctly. At first it was just a vague hum, such as you, my reader, may sometimes have heard on suddenly coming close to a village school; but by-and-by he could more and more clearly make out words: "The Violet is full; the Violet is full!" He felt flattered at this notice; but turned round desiring sleep. He could not banish the words, however. They kept ringing in his ears, till his brain was quite in a fever, and he rose and walked on through the wood. The sun had sunk, and he had some difficulty in finding his way, as he had nothing to guide him aright now. He was sorry that he had not asked some advice on the point from the Compasses and the Triangle, who seemed to be so grave and so knowing; but he had not mentioned his secret to them, as he had not had any opportunity of asking the Fairy if it would be right for him to do so. The windings of the wood and the confused state of his mind at length made him lose all reckoning. He tried and tried to discover his exact whereabouts, but could not manage it, and went round and round in a maze as it seemed to him. To his horror, as he sat on a bank looking about, he beheld a great red bull feeding quite close to him, and at sight of it he rose and ran, for he was afraid of being eaten up and dying the most terrible of deaths. He was sure it was following him, and held on wildly, till his breath was almost spent in his breast. He fell prone into a field, over a tree-root, from beneath which, as it chanced, a Mole was just then looking out.

"Ah!" said the Mole, "you're in haste, and hasty folks are seldom well served. You look faint—can I do anything for you?"

"I want water sorely," said the Violet.

"You'll have plenty of it soon enough," said the Mole. "If it hadn't been for that, you wouldn't have found me here just at this moment." And as he spoke, thunder pealed through the wood, lightning darted through the trees, and struck some of them, rending their strong trunks in pieces.

"Come into my house!" said the Mole, roughly pulling the Violet, "till I close the door against the rain. It was for that I came up, and I may be too late, and we may both be ruined." And he at once set to throwing up earth in all directions. The atmosphere was so close, and the place so dark, that the Violet thought he would have died; but the Mole pulled him along passage after passage—up and down, and down and up—till they came to a round hall, and there they sat down.

"I wonder to see you out at such a time," said the Mole.

"I was seeking for my home—I'd lost my way," answered the Violet; for he remembered what the Fairy had said about keeping his great search a secret; but his chief reason was that he thought the Mole would laugh if he was told that a Violet had been trying to find where the sun went to when it set and sank out of sight. And then he began to describe the hill at the foot of which he had lived for so long.

"Oh, that must be Snow-cap," said the Mole; "you're very nearly lost in your own castle, for it's just at the border of the wood. If you keep round to the left, five minutes, or even less, will bring you to it. But you can stay here quietly for the night, and then leave in the morning." To this the Violet, faint to exhaustion, at length agreed, and lay down. But there was little rest for him. The Mole was busy most part of the night. Now and again, the Violet heard the rain patter-pattering on the earth above, and a thunder-peal would rise over all else, and then he would tremble, so that the Mole would stop working, and look at him, and laugh to himself quietly, as he poked his sharp nose and his hand-like paws in the wet earth. "He's a tender fellow," thought the Mole; "but Violets are a good sort, and not given to travel. He looks as if he'd had trouble, and so I'm glad I befriended him. His folk may serve me some day, who knows?"

At length the morning came, clear and calm; the air and the sky, with their freshness and odour, seeming as though Nature strove through them to atone for her angry passion of the night. The Mole pointed out the way to the Violet, and after warm expressions of gratitude, he bade the Mole good-bye, and soon found himself at his old home, where he at once went to bed, and slept soundly for a good many hours.

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When he awoke, he found changes among his neighbours, though his absence had been

so short. Some had gone away, others had come. The Wood-Sorrels and the Starworts were in the lodgings the Cousins Primrose and Cowslip had had, and the Ferns had added to their family, and were all the prouder and more overbearing-looking that they had got a little red-headed.

The Violet took in these facts as he opened his eyes in a half-dreamy way, and he felt that he was being scanned and criticized by all and sundry around, and that the Ferns were speaking about him to the others in a very disparaging manner. At first the Violet could not make out the words, but he shut his eyes and listened intently, and was sure he caught, amongst the gabble of flower-dialects, "The Violet is fool! the Violet is fool!" and he was seized with terrible chagrin and self-contempt in thinking of the airs he had given himself towards his neighbours before he had set out to find the secret of the sun. "And here I am again," he thought, "and perhaps they will contrive to make the place too hot for me. If they do, I'll take staff in hand again and ascend the hill; they can't follow me there!"

The days passed slowly and heavily, and the Violet did not feel any more at peace; his neighbours treated him coldly, and seemed to combine against him, and kept up a constant chatter in which he was sure he heard himself named. So one fine morning he started, saying to himself—

"It may be all for the best. Why should I remain to disturb their peace or destroy my own self-respect by staying among people who despise me? I've heard say it's cold up there, but I deserve no better, and perhaps even there I may grow a little!"

So with a sore and humbled heart he set forth on his road. He journeyed for three days, only resting as long as to enable him to take refreshment. On the evening of the third day he found himself resting on a jutting spur of the mountain. The sun was sinking, and as he looked he suddenly exclaimed—

"I have found the secret, when I no more hoped to gain it, but only peace and quietness. Instead of travelling the plains, one must clamber higher and higher up towards the cold snow-peaks to see the sun the longer. Perhaps if I struggle to the top of this mountain it may be made all clear to me."

So, nerved with a new hope, he pushed on day by day, higher and higher, till he reached near to the summit, where patches of snow lingered in the shaded hollows even until summer-time. There was a murmur of water and a cold air stirring, but he said to himself, "I like it; this is the place for me." And planting himself in a crevice where some grass grew sweet and green on a little ridge, he settled himself and waited for the sunset. It was so glorious that it completely overwhelmed him; for long after the sun was lost to all below he could see it, and see it growing more brilliant and beautiful every moment.

"It is worth the trouble and the sacrifice," said the Violet; "here will I abide and do my duty, and strive to grow in the added light of the sun; and though men may call me the Mountain Violet, and tell of my past foolish ambitions, that will not matter, since they will once more speak of me with respect, if not with honour, and since, in spite of the coldness of my dwelling, I shall be longer than any of my old friends in the blessed light of the sun."

III.—THE PEASANT AND THE ROSE.

A PEASANT at the foot of the Alps was one day led to accompany an old friend up the mountain-side as far as they could climb. There he lighted on a beautiful rose, such as he had never seen before. It was so delicate in colour; and he was surprised to find on examining it that it had no thorn like the roses that grew in the gardens below.

"Ah," said he, "this is a prize—a rose without a thorn,—why, that's what folks have been wishing for ever so long. Now, I shall have something none of my neighbours will show the like of. It is small, but care and culture can do much for size."

To all this, his friend said nothing.

With no little labour, the peasant dug up the plant and carried it carefully home. That very night he tore up his best double-rose—his wife's favourite flower—out of the bed before the door of their cottage, and planted this one in its stead.

"The soil is so good there," he said, "it is sure to come to perfection."

So he watched it, and watered it, till his proper work was getting to be neglected, and his wife began to hate the sight of the bush, and said so to her husband one night as they sat together in the lamp-light.

And next morning when the peasant examined his rose more carefully than ever, he found thorns beginning to grow upon it, and at once accused his wife of winking at a jealous neighbour carrying away the prize

and putting a worthless rose in its stead. But he would not be defeated; he set out that very day to climb the mountain, and seek for another thornless rose; and, having found it after much labour, he came home and pulled out the suspected bush, and planted this one in its place. And again he watched and watered till his poor wife lost all patience with him, and threatened to tear up the rose-tree. And in a few days thorns appeared once more. There was no peace in the house any longer. The man spent nearly all his time, whilst his wife worked harder and harder for their daily bread, in seeking for thornless roses on the mountain, and he nearly filled his garden with them; and the neighbours laughed as he went about early and late watering them. And when at length autumn came, his beds were filled with stunted thorny bushes, which he was ashamed to look upon. Now he remembered his old friend's silence when he found the first rose on the mountain, and he set off to have his opinion. His friend listened patiently, and then said:—

"My dear friend, there's no good in trying to train alpine dwarf roses, and but little good arguing with a man who fancies he has made a discovery and will outstrip all his neighbours. Let us beware of such vanity: it was there you erred at the first, and see the trouble it has brought you into. Experience is a dear schoolmistress, but a right-down good one. Go home and kiss your wife, and set to your old jobs again."

The peasant shook his old friend heartily by the hand, and went home humbled in heart, and never sought after thornless roses more.

H. A. PAGE.

THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

BY THE LATE NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us."—HEBREWS xii. 1.

THE "cloud of witnesses" consists of all who have given testimony by word and life, in the most trying circumstances conceivable, to the reality, the power, and the peace of faith or confidence in God, and therefore in all He says, permits, commands, and ordains. But this does not express all the meaning of the term, for the idea is at once suggested by it, when taken in connection with the whole verse, that those who have in running their own race borne witness to faith, are now in another sense become witnesses of us as we run our course.

I remark, again, that the race is simply the doing of God's will, in the acceptance of that which God sets before us day by day. There is nothing said about its length—it is for life. Nor is its course described; it may be rough, covered with thorns, uphill, through dark valleys, or smooth as a lawn; or, as is commonly the case, it may be sometimes one, sometimes the other. It is God who settles all that. He alone has to do with it. He sets our race before us, and what we have to do is to run in the way of his commandments.

But the other idea suggested is also calculated to excite us to put forth our strength—that those who have run are witnesses of our course.

We know how much we are influenced in our conduct by public opinion. It is a felt and acknowledged power. This arises from our desire for sympathy, and we find sympathy from our fellow-men in exact proportion as we realise the fact of human brotherhood. This desire, like every other, may be perverted, and made to minister to evil, to our vanity or ambition; or it may, from want of moral courage, hinder us in good, and make us mean, cowardly, or hypocritical; or it may be made an occasion for pride, and lead us to brave, defy, or despise it. But while the good man, who owes allegiance to God, will never make an idol of public opinion, or even of the opinion of a few and select number whose judgment he may respect, and whose characters he may revere, and whose approval he seeks—yet, just in proportion as he loves his brethren, and in proportion as they are worthy of his love, and are themselves true witnesses for God, in that proportion does he crave their sympathy, and is encouraged, strengthened, stimulated to run with increased speed and endurance by the thought that they watch his course with profound interest, and that his reward will be their joy. It was but an expression of this universal feeling which prompted Nelson to fling out to the breeze the immortal signal, "England expects every man to do his duty." As the expectation was responded to by the ringing cheers across

Trafalgar Bay, every man saw his countrymen as a cloud of witnesses, gazing on the fleet which was to decide the freedom of Europe. And it was a sense of the power acquired by the thought of others gazing on them, although seen but by the eye of faith, which made the great Duke, as he stood beside the shattered squares, inspire his wavering troops to persevere, by bidding them think of what they would say of them in England. The encouragement given in the text is an appeal to the same emotion, addressed to us who are engaged in a more terrible conflict — "for we fight not with flesh and blood" only—and directing our eyes to a greater, a nobler, cloud of witnesses. It might be sufficient, methinks, to bid us see God looking down, as the greatest motive of all; yet, from the very weakness of our faith, we crave for the sympathy of some creature who has taken part in the struggle. We think of angels, and it is something to know that they have been witnesses of every race ever run, every battle ever fought, and have gazed on all, not as objects of excitement or of curiosity, but with awful interest, as involving the good, the happiness, the gain and glory of immortals greater than themselves; each of whom, as he begins the race for the crown of righteousness, makes him rejoice, and to each of whom, when falling in the way, in weariness, they are glad to minister.

Yet these angels know not, and cannot know, what this work by men of flesh and blood is, for they never shared man's experience. It is much to know that those holy and undefiled ones are there, gazing with their lustrous eyes, "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful," like royal beings, watching men, weary men, naked, afflicted, tormented, doing God's will on earth as they do it in heaven, but yet, as those who have never themselves done it on earth, and never were partakers of our infirmities. But our eyes look instinctively for our fellow-men, for men of like passions. Christ could have had a legion of angels, yet asked his disciples to watch with Him. In the fight, we look for the old warriors who have been through the campaign, who know what blood, and wounds, and sounds of battle mean. Now, could the afflicted widow, or the orphan, when tempted to give up their race, in their desolation, only catch a glimpse of those in glory who had come through the same tribulation, and see those who were once on a cross now on the throne; the Marthas and Marys, with their last hopes realised; the Magdalenes no longer weeping; the poor sinners who cried, "Who shall deliver us?" now singing, "Thanks be to God;" and could they realise their sympathy, and hear their "Be of good courage," or "Be steadfast,"—Oh! what a power it would be to help them to run as in the presence of the mighty multitude, and like them to finish their course and keep the faith! And may we not come nearer home? Is there no one there whom we have known and loved here—no one there who cheered us on by their example, or helped us with their prayers, or warned us of our danger, or exhorted us to repentance, and faith, and love? No one there whose last look, and last words were, "Meet me again, run the race, for that joy set before us?" No one there, no parent or child, no brother or sister, no one whose good opinion of us now we would desire, whose loving anxiety about us would touch us, whose joy and glory in their God and our God would attract us? There surely are, or we have laid up little treasure in heaven from our earthly friends and relatives. But if these are there—if there be a cloud of witnesses, who know anything, or care anything about us—and that they do so I feel as assured as that they share Christ's heart and sympathies regarding us, and that increased love for us is involved in the perfection of their holy and loving character—then surely in this thought there ought to be a greater stimulus to run the race set before us, than could be derived from the sympathy of the whole world.

Yet one witness is particularly mentioned here—one to Whom we are specially to look; and that is Jesus. He was a witness unto death of the power of faith in enabling us to run the race. For his race was like ours, prescribed to Him by God; and the characteristic of his life was that each day He followed God as God led Him. Each work He did was "the work given Him of the Father." His race was the most difficult ever assigned to man. And He felt that difficulty, expressing his sense of its greatness "in strong crying and tears," and by "His agony and bloody sweat." He, too, was encouraged, as we may be encouraged, by the approval of his Father —for "in doing the things which pleased Him," He knew that his Father's love was ever drawn forth towards Him. When, therefore, we are told amid that cloud of onlookers to look specially to Jesus, we are taught that He who so witnessed for faith, witnesses us in our race now. So was it He beheld St. Stephen as he fell under the cruel

shower, and "stood by" St. Paul when bearing testimony before judges and kings; and sent the message of "Fear not" to him when he was tossed amid the breakers on the night of shipwreck. Verily, He is not far from any one of us; and the thought of his nearness should be of all powers the greatest to inspire us with courage to persevere faithfully in "the race set before us."

ON THE QUAY.

(SUPPLEMENT TO "UNDER THE LIGHTHOUSE" IN LAST NUMBER.)

O HOPES and fears! O months and years,
Which slowly bring despair!
O sea, like death, that never saith
How my lost love may fare!

And many a mast goes bravely past;
And a ship comes home from sea,
And anchors safe, though the billows chafe,
And the north-east wind blows free,
And the townsfolk crowd, with welcome loud,
Along the windy quay,
And the crew reply, with joyful cry,
Once more at home to be!

But among the throng that waits along
The quay, when ships come home,
Is many a face, whose far-off gaze
Turns seaward over the foam.

And what matter though we did not know
Each other's face before?
They seek, like me, across the sea,
The ship which comes no more!
She sailed away, for ever and aye,
No message drifts to shore:
And the sea, like death, it never saith
Why the ship comes home no more!

(Yet when winds awake, my heart will quake—
As though the good ship could feel
The angry waves lash her groaning staves,
And tear at her straining keel!)

But beyond the sea, and the great world's lee,
And the clouds that sail on high,
And the western bar, and the evening star,
And the ocean of the sky,
(And beyond the scope of faith and hope,
And love can scarce descry)
Is a haven fair, and safely there
The ships at anchor lie.

And thither safe home the ships all come,
From sailing the stormy sea—
And we all shall stand, as she sails to land,
And greet her on the quay!

M. A. M. HOPPUS.

LADY BELL.

By the AUTHOR of "Citoyenne Jacqueline."

CHAPTER XLIX.—THE INTELLIGENCE IN THE GAZETTE.



IF Lady Bell had been very sick next day, she would have been brought round marvellously, and made "pure well" by the first naval intelligence which greeted her indefatigable study of the *Gazette*. It was indeed transporting intelligence, before which all disorders and chimeras must vanish.

His Majesty's ship *Thunderbomb*, Captain Fane, eighty guns, on its way to America, had met off the Madeiras, chased, engaged, and taken an American prize—the *Susquehannah*, Captain Humphrey, eighty-four guns.

The *Thunderbomb* having sustained considerable damage, and having come up with other ships of the squadron, Captain Fane had been directed to transfer the troops to the *Royal Duke*, to put his own ship into the first friendly port for temporary repairs, and then to return with his prize in order that the *Thunderbomb* might be thoroughly overhauled.

In accordance with the order, the *Thunderbomb*, with the *Susquehannah* in tow, had arrived in British waters, and was lying off Portsmouth harbour.

Come home already—so soon—beyond her fondest hopes and expectation, with such honour! Lady Bell's experience of second sight, in place of having been an evil omen, as she had dreaded, had proved the most joyous of auguries. But how was it—how had it been? The coincidence was curious.

Could Harry Fane have been at Vauxhall?

So far as time was concerned he might, for it was quite possible that he had travelled from Portsmouth as fast as the news of his ship's gallant exploit.

But why not come to Lady Bell at once? Why at Vauxhall? Above all, why in alienation and wrath?

A little reflection supplied one solution. Captain Fane had probably not had a chance, since they parted, of getting one of Lady Bell's letters, announcing her removal to London.

He must have gone up to town in the first place to deliver his dispatches, and what old sailor lord of the Admiralty had not been yesterday at the regatta at Vauxhall, where Captain Fane might have followed his chiefs?

But why not run to Lady Bell in the second instance—for Harry, of all men, must do his officer's duty first—why, instead, keep away from her, and terrify her as with glimpses of a rancorous, avenging ghost?

The only answer to be found was, that if she had seen Harry at all, and if he had known she was in the throng and had distinguished her, he might judge that she would not wish an immediate and public revelation of their marriage, such as would have been risked by his giving her the overwhelmingly glad surprise of seeing him when she had not a grain of reason to look for him till a number of months—years even—of exposure and danger had passed. He might fear the risk to body and mind of so great a surprise, blest as it was, coming upon her totally unprepared. He might well choose that there should not be thousands of witnesses to their reunion. But why visit the trying restraint which circumstances imposed upon him as an offence on her? Why frown upon her from a distance? This from her Harry, her best of men, who was so just, and even righteous over much, so full of yielding tenderness to herself!

Lady Bell could not, by any means, put together the last pieces of the puzzle.

But what did it signify? Harry Fane was back in England, safe and sound from tempests and battle, within three months, as she had never dared to anticipate.

The same English sun and wind were shining and blowing on husband and wife. The same London sights and sounds which

they had before looked at together, were anew presented to both of them.

Harry Fane was here to claim her when he should think fit. They might begin their bright, good life, any day.

Lady Bell was singing her *Te Deum* to herself, without a doubt that in a single delightful conversation he would explain everything which in her silliness and stupidity she misunderstood or failed to comprehend.

In the course of the silent singing of her *Te Deum*, Lady Bell sang snatches of other songs aloud, laughed, ran from room to room, and from window to window, and drove Mrs. Sundon into having grave doubts of her friend's rapid and complete recovery.

Mrs. Sundon accused Lady Bell with reason of being still flighty if not vapourish, while Lady Bell answered Master Charles's early inquiries after her health with the most disdainful repudiation of any possibility of her having an ailment this morning; so that he was reduced to discrediting the evidence of his own senses, and to taking an opposite view of the case. He suspected the reality of Lady Bell's attack the evening before, and feared that she was learning a fine lady's whims and affectations.

"I tell you, good people, I'm as merry as a cricket, and that is a great deal merrier than a king," said Lady Bell. "I'm as fresh as a daisy, which beats to sticks for freshness the red gilliflower to which Miss Kingscote used to compare me. It is an uncalled-for piece of impertinence in any man, woman, or child, to think I could be otherwise. 'Fal-lal-a-fal-al-a,'

'John, John, John,
The grey goose is gone;'"

and then Lady Bell went and shut herself up in her own room, sat down, and cried with sheer happiness.

Lady Bell stayed all the morning in the house. She was certain that he would find her out, and come to clasp her in his arms, whether Sunny and Master Charles were there or not. But lest there should be any mistake, lest he had not come to town with his dispatches, and her brain had been distempered during the last twenty-four hours, and because she could not write to him at his old lodgings, to which he might not have returned, and where her letter might fall into strange hands, and produce a premature exposure and grand *esclandre*, she wrote a letter chokeful of raptures to Portsmouth.

When that was done, a little reaction and longing sickness of hope deferred came over Lady Bell.

After all, Harry Fane was certainly not in London, in spite of the extraordinary intimation which she had received of his return. She should not see him this day yet.

No, she would not quail before the solemn warning of what a day or an hour might bring forth. She would look forward in unshaken faith and hope to new chances—sweetest chances, to-morrow. She must, or her fond heart would break in the midst of her anticipated happiness.

She was getting low, apprehensive—she, who ought to be so proud of being the wife of a young hero, whom every Englishman would honour since he had plucked a fresh laurel for his country. She, who ought to be so thankful to Heaven for having favoured her above so many far better women, in restoring her lover and husband. But it was he and not she who was worthy, and it ought to be enough for her to belong to him—to so great and good a man.

Lady Bell was vexed with herself for spoiling the lustre of this day by fretting over so small a disappointment as not seeing Harry Fane for another day, by turning back and trembling afresh before the frantic imagination of the shadow of his changed face at Vauxhall.

It was a relief to her to find that she must go out in the afternoon, after leaving the most particular messages with regard to her destination, and the time when she would be back, for the benefit of any lagging caller at the lodging in the Haymarket.

The fact was, Lady Bell had an appointment of many days' standing—an appointment which she had held till this very morning, when she had forgotten all about it, to be of importance, and which it was for Captain Fane's interest, as well as hers, that she should keep.

It had been in a loving, foolish dream of benefiting him, of winning him a portion equal to his largest share of prize money, that Lady Bell had been tempted to invest a portion of her yearly income in a lottery. This was the first of the days fixed for the drawing of the lottery tickets at the Museum—days which thousands of holders of tickets or fractions of tickets had written on heart and brain.

Lady Bell was a ticket holder, and what if she should gain the fifteen thousand pounds prize, wherewith to endow her sailor?

The sum would form an ample provision for their establishment—a redemption from the gulf of genteel poverty—a vindication to

their prudent friends of the improper conduct of the couple who, without reference to fortune, had fallen in love and rushed into matrimony.

Of course it was just possible that Lady Bell might not gain the highest prize; but though it came to the worst, it was only the loss of a small slice of one year's income.

Lady Bell had agreed to drive to the Museum in the coach of an old lady of her acquaintance, the same who had induced her to take the ticket, and who herself dabbled in every pie of the kind which she could come across.

Two Bluecoat boys were employed, as an odd branch of their education, to draw the tickets out of the wheel; and the numbers drawn, with their results, were immediately placarded, for the information of the great crowd that filled the street.

By the time Lady Bell and Mrs. Dormer drove up, files of carriages were wedged into such a living mass as Lady Bell in all her sight-seeing had never beheld.

"Upon my word, it is as good as a hanging," said the old lady gaily. "Now that we've got in we'll be kept here for hours, you may depend upon it. It is lucky that we took our dinner before we came. What is the last announcement? You have better eyes than I, Lady Bell, but even I can pick out that if our numbers ain't there, neither are the fifteen, nor the ten, nor the five thousand prizes. I had a runner, with his pen behind his ear, to bring me the earlier lists."

"Shouldn't you have heard, madam, without that trouble?" asked Lady Bell.

"I am forced to be particular," explained Mrs. Dormer, "for I always insure against the day's drawing, in order that I may have an additional chance of winning a penny; for bless us and save us, there are such rogues in this world! Ain't it breathless work?—the cards is nothing to it."

In the thick of such breathless work, Lady Bell sat waiting till placard after placard was put out, devoured by greedy eyes, and at intervals, as it contained one of the prizes, was received with a general hoarse roar of strangely blended congratulation and condolence—congratulation for the one, or by comparison, the few winners who held alone or in company the lucky number; condolence for the many losers.

Lady Bell's thoughts wandered. Worn out with agitation, she grew tired, depressed. She could not bear to see the tremulous head and bleared eyes of her aged companion acquire a kind of spasmodic steadiness and intentness, as they turned unfailingly towards the greatest gambling booth in the country.

If Lady Bell could count no other cost, she could reckon what might be the loss to herself this day of an interminable seat opposite the Museum. She could calculate feverishly what might be happening in the rooms in the Haymarket in her absence. She began to rue her haste to be rich, though it were mainly for the sake of another. Above all, she was sorry for the inconvenient mode and time which she had taken to acquire her riches.

CHAPTER L.—DRAWING A BLANK IN THE LOTTERY OF LIFE.

MRS. DORMER sought to improve the tediousness, which was no tediousness to her, of the process, by garrulously retailing to her own content the incidents of all the crowds which had come within her experience, especially one in the days of her youth. It was not on the occasion of a lottery, or a coronation, or a royal lying in state, but of all things one of Mr. Whitefield's meetings among the furze and gorse, serving to scare away the footpads of Blackheath.

"He called the painted bits of pasteboard the Devil's books, my dear, and I ha'nt touched the cards to speak of—never as some of my generation have done; but I don't think the severest of the preachers could say a word against the lotteries, since they are the only mode by which we poor bodies of quality can hope to become rich and charitable before we die."

At that moment Lady Bell, who had been leaning back in the coach, leapt up radiant.

"Don't say you've gained, and I got the number for you, and took another for myself," cried the old woman with a groan of exasperation, as she broke off her narrative.

"No, no, Mrs. Dormer, what do I care?" Lady Bell assured her friend impatiently. "Take the ticket and keep it, if you like. But do you see these gentlemen pushing their way through, t'other side of the street? I must speak to one of them. I tell you he is the naval officer whose ship has just done so splendidly in taking an American prize."

"Ah! what giddy things these widows are—their heads constantly running on men," sighed Mrs. Dormer, aside, with virtuous indignation, as Lady Bell, between desperation and ecstacy, losing sight of everything but Harry Fane over the way, within twenty yards of her, threw open the coach door,

leant out, and waved her handkerchief to attract his notice.

"Care for him in a patriotic way, I dare say!" Mrs. Dormer continued to mumble sardonically, while the gentleman thus summoned had to elbow a passage to the coach door. "A good enough pair of legs, but as forbidding a face as ever I saw. Oh, these widows, these widows! they will put their heads in nooses."

Lady Bell had been guilty of a great demonstration in order to bring Captain Fane to her, and yet, when he came slowly to the side of the coach—compelled to do so by his companions, who had observed the signal and called his attention to it—she sat motionless, though the door was wide open for her to spring out.

But the bright colour sank as rapidly as it had flamed into her cheeks. She had not a word to say—the words froze on her lips as her eyes grew fixed in dismay. "Harry Fane could never act unkind to her, never look unkind on her," she had said to herself with the fullest conviction, only the night before, to dissipate effectually the tantalising horror which had haunted her; and now, in broad daylight, she had ocular demonstration, unless her senses had forsaken her altogether, that Harry Fane *could* look unkind on her; for it was with a sullen, lowering brow bent on her that he approached the coach.

This was the greeting, on his return, of the three months' husband who had persuaded her into a secret marriage, and parted from her after its celebration had made her his till death, coming back once and again to hold her in his embrace, and to dash from his eyes the tears which did no dishonour to his manhood.

"Your servant, Lady Bell *Trevor*," said Harry Fane, with deadly coldness, and he waited as if for the commands of the young creature whose unlimited trust in him and devotion to him, were withering and shrivelling before his pitiless face.

Her heart was smitten with a bolt, her brain was on fire, her tongue was tied except to stammer out a senseless "You are here, Captain Fane." For she was beginning to wonder wildly was it a dream after all—a delusion—her closest connection with this man, her tenderest regard for him, bought by his passionate regard for her?

Just then another announcement of numbers, and of a prize drawn, was stuck up.

Mrs. Dormer, fancying that she saw one of her numbers in the list, and renouncing the hope of any further assistance in reading the column from Lady Bell, beckoned in her turn, out of the coach window on Mrs. Dormer's side, to a tradesman whom she patronised, in the crowd. She got him to stand on the step of the coach, and condescended to lay her head to his, and plunge into the information which he conveyed to her. Mrs. Dormer was so deeply engaged, that Lady Bell and Captain Fane, at the opposite side of the coach, might have vowed love or plotted treason without the least danger of discovery.

Fortune as usual, favoured the couple who would not, or could not, avail themselves of her favour.

Lady Bell did rouse herself with a great sigh, and strive to break the meshes of the web which was being woven round her, to get out of the entanglement of the wretched mystery.

"Why did you not write to me that you were come back, Harry?" she bent towards him and whispered imploringly.

"I should not have known where to write to, madam," he answered, as hard as ever, and with a cruel taunt in his next words. "It was not my fault that you were not prepared, and happily I was not left to waste my time by going down to the address with which you had favoured me."

She was so guileless of beguiling him, that the taunt at least did not hurt her, did not reach her in fact.

"Oh yes, no doubt you thought I was at Summerhill," she replied, eagerly catching at any straw of explanation—excuse for him, hope for her.

He neither smiled nor said another word. She was forced to be the speaker, with her heart sinking like lead in her bosom, more and more heavily every moment, with desperation and despair growing upon her. And she had been so happy only that morning! Her reliance on him had been perfect, her faith unbroken from first to last. Her fall was so great, so inexplicable.

"I only saw that the *Thunderbomb* had come home with a prize in the news prints this morning."

She did not dare to break off and inquire, "But were you not at Vauxhall last night?" though she remembered it, and the further stab of the remembrance caused her to catch her breath, and prevented her from adding the simple truth if she could have spoken it, then "It was the happiest moment of my life," and from exclaiming, "How brave and fortunate you have been, sir; how I rejoice



"LADY BELL."

Page 733.

in your bravery and our good fortune!" Instead, she stumbled on with her irrelevant words, "I had to come here as I had promised with Mrs. Dormer. I have a ticket in the lottery, and who knows but I shall take the head prize?"

He crushed harshly the little piteous appeal to his interest in her concerns. "I don't envy you if you do," he said; "lightly won is lightly held. I endorse that proverb. Besides, these lotteries are abominable swindles, fit only for a corrupt and false age. I once saw a man who had staked his last shilling for a blank—he wore a blue-jacket, too, and had just come home from a cruize—blow his brains out on these walls. But come, I am not fool enough to flatter myself that my poor sailor's experience and opinion of lotteries will weigh a thistledown with a fine lady. I am only detaining her from attending to her proper business." And with another fierce sneer, like the madman he was at that moment, and an ostentatiously low bow, Harry Fane drew back, rejoined his friends, and passed on with them, while Lady Bell looked after him blankly, with lack-lustre eyes.

At the same instant Mrs. Dormer's cracked voice protested irritably, "You'll give me the rheumatism with that open door, Lady Bell Trevor. There's a draught blowing through the coach enough to winnow corn. We need not wait here any longer, since, as I suppose you know, neither you nor me has gained—we're both thrown out, and we can get nothing now for our payment and pains. But we may have better luck another time. I've a share in the Westminster, and another ticket in the next Museum lottery. They can't all come to grief?" she said anxiously.

Mrs. Dormer got no answer, and she proceeded to take some comfort from the reflection, "Lady Bell's wits are to seek—no use to prick numbers with her. She'll come to grief to a certainty, if she take on so for a sea-water dog of a fellow, rude and gruff, I'll warrant him. Ah, those widows, those widows! Manly, forsooth! manly to snub a fine woman, turn a cold shoulder on her, have her running after the gallant fellow and laying the hair of her head beneath his feet, till the tide turn."

When Lady Bell descended from the coach, and walked into the lodgings in the Haymarket, she looked so small, poor, and forlorn, such a contrast to the beaming girl of the morning, that Mrs. Sundon felt called upon to meet her friend with loud remonstrances. "I told you that you would do yourself up, Bell; you were in a most absurd key this morning, after your last night's disorder. You were wound up to a pitch at which you must break down."

"So I was, Sunny," Lady Bell in her collapse acknowledged faintly, "and now I am weary to death. Let me lie down, away from the light, and forget myself and all the world."

She seemed to see it all in one consuming lightning flash, which licked up love, truth, life itself. Harry Fane did not wish to acknowledge her as his wife, and how could she claim him for her husband against his will?

He cast her from him, as men and women were sometimes renounced, when there was treachery in these secret marriage vows. She had no friend qualified to call him to account, and to what purpose would it be when, not his power, but his desire to deny her, was the "damning fact" to her consciousness?

Why he had proved false, and that on so short a trial of absence, or if he had deceived her from the beginning, she could not tell.

He had detested and despised the gay world, with its fine ladies. It looked almost to Lady Bell's bewilderment as if he had sought savagely to humble her in the light of the representative of her class. He had humbled in the dust the birth, breeding, and few charms of which she had been vain, but which, when humbled, might appear paltry and mawkish in the eyes of a worldly and wicked man. She had not sufficient fortune to bribe him to behave to her with the barest honour of an officer and gentleman, supposing in that case the poor purchase had been worth the purchase-money.

CHAPTER LI.—BEARING ONE'S OWN AND ONE'S NEIGHBOUR'S BURDENS.

SUCH an awakening—awful and heartrending as it ever is, and must be to a woman—was not peculiar to Lady Bell. She was not the first, nor would she be the last woman to make a fatal mistake, and squander the treasures of a life at one rash venture.

Lady Bell was the very woman to call to mind that bitter but wholesome consolation, and to act upon it. Even as a child she had hidden her wounds, and tried to go on her way, with such a child's half-comical, but far more pathetic reserve and dignity.

Much more as a woman betrayed and bereft, Lady Bell rose up like the great Eastern King after the stroke had fallen, when he washed his face, anointed his head, ate and drank, and went in and out before his people.

Lady Bell came tripping down the morning after she had seen Captain Fane again, when he had met her as a stranger and an enemy, and left her ten times worse than a widow. She ate her breakfast with Sunny, and was resolute in turning all observation from her own wan face and deficient appetite.

She entered fully into all the plans and arrangements for the day. She was ready then and afterwards for her little joke with Master Charles. She would die sooner than make a sign of the misery which had overtaken her.

She was not a very proud woman either, or very sensible of wrong-doing and the shame which was its portion; rather, she was delicate-minded and high-hearted. It was not so much that she would never submit to be pitied—not to say blamed—as that she believed that all the world was to be pitied more or less, and she did not see what she had to do in monopolising a great share of the world's pity.

Some writers will have it that in life it goes in this fashion. Women disguising their troubles are poor little household hypocrites, with a petty regard for keeping up appearances and hoodwinking their neighbours. The hypocrisy balances and lightens the misery, which can never be tremendous. In the faculty of simple endurance, of keeping their pain to themselves, and making a profession of sympathy with the pleasure of others, women are greater than men, but that only by a half-contemptible feigning and shamming; while women are less than men in the capacity of honest, unmitigated suffering.

It may be so; but the man or the woman who wears his or her heart upon the sleeve that friends may smart and burn in unison with its gashes and bruises, as well as that daws may peck at it, is wanting in true generosity and true delicacy, is a coward, an egotist, and most likely a fool.

Lady Bell would not, for all that remained to her in the world, have increased by a reflection of her anguish, the burden of cares of their own which Mrs. Sundon and Master Charles must have, sooner or later, to bear. It was her one comfort, that they were not acquainted with a jot or tittle of her dreadful misfortune, and she trusted to be able to keep them in happy ignorance. For this end, no sacrifice of mere feeling and inclination would be too much.

True, Lady Bell did not care very much what became of her. She felt morally stunned, sick, and dizzy—like a person who, having fallen over a precipice, and escaped death, creeps feebly and half blindly along the rocky waste where he finds himself.

She had a dawning sense of retribution—a conviction that she had made the thorny bed on which she was forced to lie, and have her delicate flesh pierced and torn at every movement. Repentance was beginning to work; still that was no reason why Mrs. Sundon and Master Charles, who had to fight alone their own temptations and tribulations, were to be punished for Lady Bell's sins as well as her sorrows, all as a reward for their friendship.

She might have made them partakers of her happy, triumphant secret (woe's me! what a transformation it had undergone, when that which Lady Bell had conceived to be her safeguard and glory, had proved her ruin and disgrace); but now, though she were to pine and sink under her load, she would die silent.

Her pride was up in arms along with her magnanimity. What! tell even Sunny that she, Lady Bell, had been so defrauded and betrayed; be lamented over, if not condemned and scorned; be urged and constrained to wrest her poor rights from the man whom she had so worshipped, that it seemed rending her very nature in twain to dethrone and degrade him—not in the eyes of the world, but in her solitary estimation.

Never, never. Captain Fane should go scatheless and free, for Lady Bell, to perpetrate new barbarities under the guise of blunt frankness and high-minded philosophy.

Mrs. Sundon and Master Charles were blinded. Doubtless their eyes, like the rest of our eyes, would have been sharper if they had not been turned in upon and held fast by their own affairs.

Master Charles was in anticipation of the orders to follow the main body of his regiment to America, where the war was still raging with unabated fury.

Though General Lee was said to have been taken prisoner, and Sir Guy Carleton to have been victorious in defending Canada against Arnold and Montgomery, the rebels still made such head that, unless Mr. Washington finally defeated Lord Cornwallis—which Master Charles could not bring himself to believe—there was no prospect of the war's drawing to a conclusion.

Master Charles's heart had been set on seeing service. In addition to a high-spirited young man's love of adventure and desire for distinction, Master Charles had taken up arms, not as the makeshift occupation of a

man of established rank and wealth, but as the serious profession in which he, Charles Kingscote, was to strive to retrieve the wasted fortunes of his family, and to make for himself a fresh name and position.

Master Charles's career as a soldier was, as far as a man could tell, his single opportunity of justifying the good offices of his friends and neighbours, and rising permanently from obscurity. The sooner, therefore, that Master Charles went "a-campaigning," as his sister called it, the better for him, in all respects.

Yet the young man's heart began to be divided and distracted, like Lady Bell's nature. There were lights in which he was loth to go off to the wars at this time, of all others, to lose much that he prized, not only with terribly little certainty of finding it again, but with the suspicion springing up and gaining ground upon him, that he was leaving his friends in dubious case.

But it was for Mrs. Sundon that Master Charles's heart was beginning to ache with care.

Both of these young women had opened a new world to Master Charles; both had been like sisters to him. But while Lady Bell had at one time, in the early days of their intercourse, half affronted him and given him cause for blame and forbearance, she had not in the end been more to him than a kind-hearted, gay, and gifted young sister, with whom he had played, and of whom he was proud.

Mrs. Sundon had risen up before the lad as a goddess, saint, and martyr. She was more beautiful than Lady Bell, wiser, wittier, even as Mrs. Sundon had been in her time more cruelly tried.

And oh! Mrs. Sundon was far more condescending, for had she not stepped into the breach in order to arrest a lout and a fool of a fellow who was stumbling headlong down the first steps to ruin? She had nobly and sweetly offered to lay bare her own sacred sorrows, for the purpose of warning a rash and stupid young sinner, who ought not to have needed warning.

Master Charles had been at the age when young men prefer goddesses to women, and queens to beggar-maids. Before he had time to grow older, the mischief was done in a heart which was as true as it was tender. He hardly required to recognise, as he now recognised, in his serene goddess, a yearning woman, in his queen a subtle suppliant, to continue to be her sworn and devoted servant.

Being as true and modest—this plain young country gentleman, for a man, as she was for a woman—knowing Mrs. Sundon to be the blameless wife of a wretched lost man, Master Charles never, in his inmost heart, called her by any nearer and dearer name than that of his patron saint, removed from him as heaven is from earth, his guiding star, far above him, his lady, to whom he could not be more than the humble, faithful squire which she accounted him, and permitted him to be.

Master Charles was content, he said bravely and steadfastly to himself, with these titles of honour. To have dreamt of any other titles would have been to inflict on Mrs. Sundon a gross insult, against which, as dealt by another, he would have been the first to fire up in rage and disgust.

His playfellow, Lady Bell, actually began to view him with serious respect, as well as affection, and to stand a little in awe of him. When he was cross now—an accident of rarer occurrence than any pettishness of which he had been guilty when he was an idle, restless lad; but even as his crossness had a deeper root in real provocation, so it was more formidable—Lady Bell ceased to set herself to torment him, even if she had still had the heart for the sport, and learnt to feel for him and let him alone.

CHAPTER LII.—MRS. SUNDON'S PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.

Lady Bell's vague suspicions had not been necessary for Master Charles to see for himself, soon after the friends were settled in London, that much was changed with Mrs. Sundon.

It was not an outward and conventional change, simply or principally, and it was certainly not a change in her kindness to him. Yet her habits, her state of mind, the degree and nature of her regard for her friends had each sustained alteration and modification. And all this weighed on Master Charles's mind, producing discomfiture and apprehension.

Master Charles's faith in his lady was not shattered, like Lady Bell's in her best of men; it was not even tarnished. It was such, that he could, as he had told Lady Bell, trust Mrs. Sundon, whatever were the appearances; but it vexed and mortified him that appearances were against her, that she should subject herself to scandal and slander.

In the near prospect of quitting Mrs. Sundon and Lady Bell, and the very country

which contained them—of no longer being at hand to befriend them for many months at least, with the conviction that something was wrong in Mrs. Sundon's life, while he had not even her confidence in what was wrong; the sworn champion staggered under the weight of uneasiness and perplexity which might of itself have overcome a mature man.

Why should Mrs. Sundon, with Lady Bell sure to be following in her wake, have become reckless in the pursuit of pleasure? Why should the two ladies appear, like wandering stars of the first magnitude, in order to be crowded round and stared at among the second-rate company at Marylebone Gardens and Bagnigge Wells? There was no occasion for the condescension here, as there had been for the ladies of Summerhill's countenance of neighbourly merrymakings at Lumley, where Mrs. Sundon and Lady Bell had been well known and looked up to.

It was a very different question when there was no neighbourly obligation, to speak of, and when the reasons for this promenade and that cricket match and its ball, which the ladies chose to patronise, were no better reasons than those of thrusting into higher society the promoters—notoriously vulgar, grasping upstarts, old candle-makers, or fraudulent brokers — with their bouncing, bridling wives and daughters.

It was in such company that one might meet in flocks ladies and gentlemen of the shadiest antecedents, received solely because, however stained and bemired, the individuals had been ladies and gentlemen, and were nearly the only representatives of the class that frequented these quarters.

Master Charles had guessed that Lady Sundon, of Sundon Green, with whom Lady Bell had lived during her earlier sojourn in town, was an easy-going dame; but she had been more careful in the company she kept, according to Lady Bell's conversation.

Mrs. Sundon constantly appointed Master Charles to attend her and Lady Bell in public, and as constantly gave him for a partner to Lady Bell, to stroll, dance, sit, and sup with, until the couple became conspicuously inseparable.

In the meantime Mrs. Sundon gratified the whim of the moment. She had a wide circle of acquaintance, and she would flit from this person to that, and greet and converse with a variety of men and women, down to threadbare parsons and out-at-elbows half-pay officers.

Lady Bell, not to say Master Charles, knew none of these strangers; but Mrs. Sundon, while jealous of any other and more suitable intruder into their party, was careless in permitting these shabby genteel satellites to hang about and attach themselves to her.

Mrs. Sundon was mistress of the situation, such as it was, and perfectly independent of control. Those relations whom she had alienated in the past by her marriage with Gregory Sundon, were dead or scattered abroad.

Latterly, Lady Bell had appeared content to do Mrs. Sundon's bidding with even laborious fidelity, and without a single objection or murmur.

Along with Mrs. Sundon's refusal of and impatience with interference, her abstraction and pre-occupation, amounting to flurry—the reverse of her old calmness—were increasing upon her, till they prevented her from being clearly aware of the surprise or disapproval of her companions.

There was nothing to be done, and only this to be said—that Mrs. Sundon was granting license to all the scandal-mongers in town to join in a proclamation which caused the blood of one lad, who knew better than all the rest of the world put together, to boil. Madam Sundon had become infatuated, or she had not been so wise and good, after all! Poor Greg Sundon had doubtless had his trials, of which he had said nothing while the union lasted.

Madam Sundon was sharing the common weakness, and coming down to the easy level of her neighbours; only she was making a prodigious crash, and a greater mess than most people made because she had been so furiously sage and virtuous in her day.

After having been counted a miracle of ill-bestowed excellence and discretion at nineteen and twenty, Mrs. Sundon had fallen through her part, and was as foolish and imprudent as a woman could be, before she was three years older.

Mrs. Sundon was leading the last winter's beauty, Lady Bell Trevor—a little conceited chatterbox and coquette, who had gone in, too, for sense and domesticity, for country life, and all that sort of thing—a sorry dance. The sole resource for Lady Bell would be that young man from the country, that raw ensign, whom the two fine ladies kept in leading strings, dangling at their tails.

There was one natural question that Master Charles was ever putting to himself, in all its branches—could Mrs. Sundon still retain an association with Gregory Sundon, banished by his own deed, through some of his old allies and accomplices? Was she even now

holding communication with them? Was it they who, preying upon her and bringing her into trouble, rendered her regardless of her own interest and that of others?

To concede such a possibility, which the heartless world had forgotten, was also utterly repugnant to Master Charles. To continue to link the fortunes of the noble woman whom he reverenced and adored with those of the miserable man who had forfeited his claim to every honest man and woman's regard, was in itself, to Master Charles's mind, to do discredit to his mistress, and be disloyal to her. Master Charles had heard how keenly Mrs. Sundon had resented her husband's infidelity and falsehood at the time that he sinned against her; how relentlessly, in outraged love and truth, for her



Page 732.

child's sake as well as for her own, she had severed the bond at once and for ever between her and Gregory Sundon. To suppose that Mrs. Sundon had consented to renew intercourse with her husband by the double humiliation of go-betweens, was to suppose her guilty of the utmost inconsistency, laying down her dignity, her self-respect, and her sense, while paltering with her own conscience, and dallying with temptation. In believing that, Master Charles must believe her guilty of weakness and fickleness, as dishonouring to her as it was incredible to him.

King George was going to hold a review on Clapham Common of troops bound for America, and among the soldiers was Master Charles's contingent.

A great gathering of Londoners of every degree would go out to indulge their propensity for seeing sights, and to have an easy taste of the pomp of glorious war.

Mrs. Sundon proposed to follow the multitude, and Lady Bell agreed to the proposal, as she would have agreed in those dim, crowded, haunted days, to attempt to ascend to the moon in a balloon, or to start at a moment's notice for Timbuctoo, taking the source of the Niger in the way, had either of these expeditions been suggested to her.

The presence of his fair friends at the review would be flattering to Master Charles, and he longed in his secret soul to show off his marching and counter-marching, wheeling and saluting before such bright eyes. But he was sufficiently disinterested to consider that he could not afford Mrs. Sundon and Lady Bell his attendance on this occasion.

It had come to this, that Master Charles recognised, with sad ground for being disconcerted and disturbed on his friends' account, that somehow Mrs. Sundon and Lady Bell were wilfully and wantonly cutting themselves off from the companionship of their equals.

The ladies could command an ample train of followers any day, but that train was ceasing to include ladies like themselves, and friends faithful as Master Charles.

Master Charles ventured for the first time to make some awkward opposition to Mrs. Sundon and Lady Bell's showing themselves at this public place.

A review was tiresome work to onlookers, especially to ladies, Master Charles said. This would be nothing but shifting clouds of dust and moving bits of red cloth, intolerable in such weather, with all the tag-rag and bob-tail of London looking on. He was to march to the ground with his men, and he might have to return as he had come. If he might make so bold as to advise, Mrs. Sundon and Lady Bell had better stay at home.

Mrs. Sundon's indignation blazed up in a moment, yet Master Charles had known her the most even-tempered and reasonable of women.

"What, sir, are we to be drilled like your soldiers, and that by a greybeard of an officer? Look, Bell, and tell me if his beard has sprouted during the night. I think that we have been only too good to you. If there has been any impropriety going, it has been in our allowing you to dance attendance upon us everywhere; so that we are not so much the worse as you, in your conceit, suppose, for the lack of you during one day."

"Mrs. Sundon," implored Master Charles, "you mistake my meaning."

But she paid no heed to him. "A widow, let her be ever so charming, and a faded humdrum matron—a mother to boot! Ah, my Caro,"—Mrs. Sundon turned away clasping her hands, till she wrung them hard,—"when shall I see you again? To think your mother is to be insulted!"

"On my life, madam—" cried Master Charles in desperation.

"And all because we were fit to dispense with a long lad of a subaltern walking after us," Mrs. Sundon interrupted him ruthlessly. "I did not imagine that you were a sentinel standing guard on us, Master Charles," she said more calmly, but still alleging a liberty and an offence on his part.

"Mrs. Sundon, I know that I have been shocking rude," confessed the poor fellow, in the utmost confusion and distress at her anger, fearing that he had gone too far, and done more harm than good, and that she would forbid him her house and presence next, and find herself alone in a dreary labyrinth; "I'll promise never to offend so again."

"Oh, a truce to quarrelling; now you take matters too seriously," said Mrs. Sundon, hastily nodding pardon to her humble servant as she left the room.

"Indeed, Master Charles, I think you had better repeat the offence," commented Lady Bell, startled into an independent judgment. "We are going too fast, and seem to be forgetting what is due to ourselves. I don't know what has come over us, or the world either. But what does it signify?" she wound up with a dismal sigh.

CHAPTER LIII.—THE REVIEW AT CLAPHAM—MRS. SUNDON'S INTRODUCTION TO CAPTAIN FANE.

THE review was a very grand review, and had points of special interest. In addition to the King, the Duke of Wurtemburg was there. Among the nobility were their Graces of Northumberland—not Duchess Anne, whom Lady Bell had heard haranguing the election mob from a window in Covent Garden, but Duchess Elizabeth, who, with her Duke, had given a pledge to the bloody civil war far away—for was not Earl Percy at that moment leading the British and Hessians among the sumacs and maples of Flat Bush?

But more attraction, and winning considerably more attention than dukes—royal or noble, foreign or native,—were the Indian chiefs who were then on a visit to England,

and who, as allies of the English, were treated with marked respect by King George himself.

The chiefs' appearance was hybrid in the extreme on the occasion, for they wore their native dresses over English suits of clothes, and had ensigns' breastplates, while they held hatchets in their hands, and displayed war paint on their faces.

Before the review, the order had been given that officers and men should be dressed alike, with their hair arranged in the same fashion, while in the war, that they might not be distinguished from each other by the American riflemen. One of the ceremonies of the day was the presentation of felt caps with black feathers, in common to all.

But in many respects the review was much like other reviews a century later. The troops might be a little clumsier in their manœuvres, and at once laxer and more rigid in their discipline; but this was a field day, and there was no such dispensation in dress and manners to men meaning work presently, as that afforded to the Guards in their renowned march to Finchley.

The seasonable summer weather served to make the redcoats redder, and to reflect the red in the bluff faces above them. Even his Majesty, in full uniform, was crimson in the royal cheeks. Lady Bell, sitting with Mrs. Sundon on a stand, said the whole corps were like boiled lobsters.

"Do you prefer blue jackets, Bell?" Mrs. Sundon put it to her friend without any double meaning.

"Because they are like lobsters unboiled, and may change their colour—is that a reason for a preference, Sunny?" asked Lady Bell with apparent flippancy, while writhing under the simple question.

There was a great deal of shouting and counter-shouting, of what looked to outsiders like performances nipped in the bud, and floundering failures, as the troops lumbered here and there.

But the inspecting officers, who ought to have known, declared themselves satisfied, and the King added his good-natured words of praise before he retired into the welcome tent provided for the royal shelter and refreshment.

An ample enough gathering of the wives and daughters of the officers under review kept Mrs. Sundon and Lady Bell in countenance in their grace shown to Master Charles, who had become coy.

But after a word or two of greeting, Mrs. Sundon and Lady Bell fell apart from the mass of their kind, with the fatality which had lately beset the pair. Yet if their suspicious sisters had overheard the friends' conversation, it would have been found to be on no more reprehensible person than Miss More, of Bristol, whom Mrs. Sundon had once met in a Clapham country house, and whom the place recalled to her mind for a moment, when Mrs. Sundon seized the opportunity to commend Miss More as a woman of the soundest, most enlightened understanding, to Lady Bell.

Mrs. Sundon and Lady Bell were the two handsomest, but not the most enviable women at the review. They were drawing to themselves an annoying amount of observation, and were frequently accosted by slight acquaintances among the host of men congregated at what was a man's spectacle.

Even in these circumstances (and when they were scarcely done with talking of the excellent Miss More), Mrs. Sundon detached herself from Lady Bell, stepping aside a pace to take a particular message which a man-servant had come up to deliver to Mrs. Sundon. Lady Bell could not identify the peach and grey livery, and she had an instinctive consciousness that she would never learn that message.

As the assembled troops were broken up, a company of dragoons came galloping in Lady Bell's direction; a panic overcame her, and in trying to get out of the horsemen's way, she ran farther apart from Mrs. Sundon standing talking to the servant, and in front of the very hoofs which Lady Bell had sought to avoid.

Lady Bell was stopped by a gentleman, who pulled her aside and let the dragoons clatter by.

"I vow I did not know whom I had the honour to assist," protested a voice cruel as death to Lady Bell in its formality, and its disclaiming all connection with her or interest in her; and there, under a naval officer's blue coat and cocked hat, towered the figure and frowned the face of Harry Fane. "Your friends, madam, are remiss in their care."

Lady Bell gave him no answer, and made no sign. She was ready to sink with fright and exhaustion, but she would sink before she would cling to the protection of the man who had sworn to protect her.

Mrs. Sundon came up. "Why, Bell, what made you scuttle into mischief?" She was reproaching her friend lightly, since no harm was done. "Master Charles is to attend us home. He has just come up, and it seems he is not to march back with his men. I've

been telling him that he sets his felt cap and black feathers pretty well, and he is gone to see after the carriage. Sir, I have to thank you that this lady was not overridden, and left with the only broken bones on the field. Present your friend, Bell, whether he be an old friend or a new acquaintance," Mrs. Sundon ended, looking inquisitively at the ungracious man who, after coming to Lady Bell's help, was regarding her so stiffly and coldly.

"I knew the gentleman ages ago," answered Lady Bell huskily, in a voice that was strange to her own ears, and without any distinct consciousness that she was not speaking the truth.

Lady Bell had met Captain Fane for the first time six months since, and in the interval she had bound herself to him by the most solemn vow.

Yet, so far as her feelings at that moment were concerned, she might have known him in a former state of existence; and she had lived to be cut off from him as the living are cut off from the dead. Therefore she was able to say his name with a painful, mechanical effort, like a person impelled to speak by the will of another.

"Captain Fane, Mrs. Sundon," said Lady Bell with dry throat and parched lips, but without faltering.

"Ah! Captain Fane. I daresay I have heard you mention the name," observed Mrs. Sundon with cool carelessness, as she curtseyed. "We shall dispense with troubling the gentleman farther, shan't we, Bell?"

"Certainly," assented Lady Bell, in the same forced and distant manner.

"I cannot leave women to be trampled under horses' feet, or assailed by the scum of a review ground," said Harry Fane sullenly.

"Oh, for that matter, be on no ceremony, sir," cried Mrs. Sundon superciliously; "yonder is our carriage awaiting us, and our friend coming to lead us to it."

At these words he walked away, raising his hat more as a trick of custom, than as a deliberate act of leave-taking.

"What a sea hedgehog!" exclaimed Mrs. Sundon indignantly. "I thought that sort of person had died out of the service. And he looked like a gentleman, too, and hardly in his prime! But it is clear he hates us poor women like poison, and thinks us as much out of place at a review as if we had taken possession of his horrid quarter-deck. A sort of fellow that no woman of spirit could put up with for five minutes."

"No, Sunny," replied Lady Bell absently.

"No, we don't want him," Mrs. Sundon continued to congratulate herself and her friend on Captain Fane's abrupt dismissal. "To bristle up on the plea of being compelled to see us to a place of safety, while he caused us to suffer from his prickles all the way, and was prepared to stick them into any unlucky wight who might dare to approach us! I have known something in my day of these rough buccaneers, the old sea admirals, and how they despised the race of women to whom the mothers that bore them belonged. I was wrong in supposing that such sailors had become extinct; at least they have left their sons, smoothed down a little in keeping with the time, to maintain the breed. Come, Bell, you are not minding me; you have not recovered from your fright, or you are so silly as to pay heed to a snarling booby."

Lady Bell was thinking that surely she remembered Harry Fane, and that not many months ago, different.

Had hate to her and his galling sense of the tie which existed between them, changed him so much for the worse?

Caustic he had been, and a little severe perhaps, as young men who hold a high standard are apt to be; but how often his cousin, Lady Sundon, had spoken of him as "that good fellow Harry;" how well-disposed and even indulgent, in spite of his growls, he had always shown himself to Sir Peter, Lady Sundon, and their daughters! These friends of old standing trusted in Harry Fane's kindness. How willing he had been to advise and raise Lady Bell's tastes and pursuits, when he could have hardly hoped to profit by the raising! How earnest he had been in the midst of his occasional gruffness for the general good! Lady Bell pondered the lamentable contradiction wearily, and forgot for a moment to consider corresponding contradictions.

She herself had been brought very near to denying Harry Fane's acquaintance to his face. She had allowed Mrs. Sundon to decline his attendance, and openly and ostentatiously to substitute that of another man, who had not Harry Fane's right to escort them. She had let Harry Fane go again without the least hint of giving or getting an address for the purpose of entering into communication and explanation with him.

CHAPTER LIV.—THE TRIAL OF ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

THERE was to be a show in London which was fit to detain the great world from Brighthelmstone and Tunbridge. It was a spectacle

which could only occur once in a generation, if so often, and which concerned the quality closely.

The excitement and intrigues to get places to witness the sight were as great as those felt and employed on the occasion of a coronation, and men and women went in like manner to sit for many hours in full dress, and listen, if not to anthems and prayers, to speeches.

The men who were not in robes of office wore uniform, court suits, stars, and ribands. The women were in white satin, and in sky-blue and crimson velvet, though they were under the necessity of abstaining from their high plumes, because these obstructed the view.

The view was of a solitary woman, with her attendants, in mourning, standing as a prisoner at the bar of the House of Peers. In order to watch her and hear her fate, the play and the lotteries were abandoned. What spectacle or what cast of the dice could equal that of Elizabeth, Duchess of Kingston, tried before her peers on a charge of bigamy, with the strawberry leaves and the great Kingston estates on the one hand, and on the other ignominy, impoverishment, and being branded in the hand by the executioner's iron as a common felon?

Into that hand King George II. had once dropped a fairing, when gallant king and envied maid of honour, with a whole court, had been playing the rustics—not unsuitably so far as coarseness of mind and manners beneath the tissues and brocades went, at a village fair.

She had few friends and one deadly enemy, ten times more deadly than any "Meadows" of all the lawful heirs of the late Duke of Kingston.

That enemy was the gross and brutal bully the Earl of Bristol, to whom in a moment of weakness, half a lifetime previously, Elizabeth Chudleigh had placed herself in subjection. He had dogged her footsteps ever since, not in love, but hate, helped to blast her reputation by the foulest accusations, and was now in league with her declared foes to accomplish her ruin, and to trumpet her disgrace as far as her infamous fame.

The Duchess of Kingston had carried that fame to Rome, where she had sought as a great English "Miladi," rich and powerful like a princess, with the wrecks of her imperial beauty, and the tradition of having had the world at her feet, to make a glorious penitent, worthy of a council of popes and cardinals.

But the penitent was restless, and she had borne her name and the rumour of her deeds still farther to St. Petersburg, where she had become a congenial associate of the great northern she-bear.

Lady Bell was wild to see the trial, as were many modest women of the London of her day. But to few of these women could the trial have had the ghastly fascination which it held for Lady Bell. Was it not her own story reproduced and acted out to its bitter end? In Elizabeth Chudleigh could not Lady Bell see and shudder at what she herself might become?

In the Admiral, Lord Bristol, who had been simple Lieutenant Hervey when he had wedded young Miss Chudleigh down in the country, could Lady Bell fail to recognise Captain Fane?

Ah! yes, Harry Fane might be lost to her for ever,—might disown her for some reason of his own unknown to her,—might kill her by forsaking her without a word, but she would never believe that his future contained the loathsome wickedness and debasement which foamed out its mire and dirt, and trafficked in its own infamy with Augustus, Earl of Bristol.

Westminster Hall was crowded for four days with the cream of good company. Peers and peeresses filled the interior from the queen's box to the farthest back bench.

The biggest wigs of lawyers, in addition to the authorities engaged by the two sides in the case, thronged to hear the contest.

Nothing had been seen or heard like the trial, every one who was there said, since the Jacobite trial of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, for the trials of Lord Byron and Earl Ferrars, which came between, were here fairly eclipsed.

Eating and drinking and sleeping ceased to be thought of, when lazy men and delicate women faced the hooting, groaning populace without, pushed their way to seats by right of favour as early as seven o'clock in the morning, and were still to be found in their places fasting and ready to drop, but alert and curious to the last, at seven o'clock at night.

Lady Bell was at her post all the four days, so engrossed by the principal performers that she could hardly spare attention for the superb company.

Only now and then, at any crisis in the examination, Lady Bell cast a frightened, searching look around her to try if she could detect another spectator and listener, who ought to be as impressed as herself.

But when every foot of ground had its owner, and the lobbies and passages were crammed till they presented one living mass, it was almost impossible to distinguish individuals.

Lady Bell drew a long breath when she saw the miserable heroine of the day followed by her attendant women, walk in under the custody of a gentleman of the black rod. She was a tall woman, large in every way, wearing the deep black of a professed widow, which enhanced the heavy pallor of her complexion, unrelieved on this occasion by rouge. She retained hardly a trace of the beauty which had once turned so many heads. She curtseyed quietly to her peers and judges, and conducted herself "for once," people said, with decent reticence, though there was no absence of the boldness which had grown brazen. She might be a modern "Moll Flanders" and a fair actress of a certain sort; she was certainly not so honest a woman as either Nan Clarges or Lavinia Fenton, who had both worn the strawberry leaves before her.

The pseudo Duchess of Kingston read her own plea of "not guilty," prolonging it into a daring casuistical speech of some length that had been put into her mouth. In her speech she declined to come to particulars, and only maintained the warrant for her marriage with the Duke of Kingston in the sentence of freedom to marry procured by her own evidence on oath, from the ecclesiastical council.

The Duchess sat down. The Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General, Harris, Dunning, Calvert, Mansfield, the Lord Chief Justice De Grey took up the tale and argued its merits learnedly for two days.

When the peers had arrived at the point of not knowing whether the head or the tail of the case were uppermost, or indeed which was the head and which the tail, what the duchess or countess had done, and what an ecclesiastical court could do and could not do, the witnesses were called.

Lady Bell heard all the witnesses with itching, ringing ears, from the elderly waiting-maid who was only too eager to deliver her destructive testimony, and who had to confess that she was bought over by the enemy, to the confidential friend among the peers who stood out like a Quixote on his privileges as a man of honour and gentleman to be absolved from repeating a private conversation, which, when he was compelled to repeat it, proved to be nothing to the purpose.

Lady Bell leant her head on her hand and listened with a weary throb of recognition to many of the details. She heard of the short acquaintance which had ripened rankly into marriage. She was told of the ceremony celebrated just before the bridegroom joined his ship to sail for the East Indies. She heard the details of the humble country church, where the hurried wedding took place before as small a company as possible.

Indeed, Miss Chudleigh's and Mr. Hervey's marriage had been literally a dark deed, for the time chosen for its celebration had been night, with the sole light that of a candle stuck in a gentleman's hat. In her quaking and revolt at the familiar particulars, Lady Bell gave a little hysterical giggle at that ridiculous episode.

The foolish revisiting of the scene of the marriage, and the tearing of the leaf in the parish register by the violent woman who was to profit by the unlawful act, were finally set forth. (Had any erasure or abstraction been attempted in or from the parish register at Islington, or were such acts of effrontery and recklessness always left for the woman to commit, Lady Bell wondered dully?)

At last the long four days were over. The Duchess, or the criminal, had again risen to read out her defence in her undaunted, measured tones, lasting for three-quarters of an hour. If she had been culpable, she pled, who was to blame for the culpability? Who but the members of the ecclesiastical court (before which she had sworn that she had not married Lieutenant Hervey)! In accordance with the sentence of that court the unoffending Duchess had been, as she declared boldly, "beguiled by false lights hung out to allure the ignorant into paths of destruction."

The Lord High Steward put the vote of guilty or not guilty to each peer in turn. The votes were counted, and amidst a strain of expectation and a silence which could be felt, unbroken by a rustle or whisper in the great crowded hall, the Lord High Steward pronounced the just sentence of "guilty."

Elizabeth Hervey, no longer Duchess of Kingston, but Countess of Bristol, neither screamed nor fainted, but before the shock of the sentence had subsided to any other person present, rose nimbly, and glibly and unblushingly claimed what still remained to her, a peeress's privilege of exemption from corporal punishment in the brand of the crime on the right hand.

While the judges wrangled anew over the fresh question whether the favour belonged to peers alone, or could be extended to peeresses, and the worn-out audience interchanged exclamations and comments, another woman asserted her right to a woman's nature by falling down in a dead faint on the floor of the Hall.

"A lady swooned" was an announcement which had been so common and sounded so natural in the circumstances, that it excited little commotion beyond the inevitable forcing of a way by which the senseless woman could be carried out to freer air and space, in order to be restored to life.

The light, slender figure in the general white satin dress of the younger ladies, had been tacked on, as it were, to a large party to which she did not belong particularly, and had been a somewhat isolated and solitary spectatress and auditress during the whole of the days' proceedings. Accordingly there was nobody near who was so keenly interested as to fall into a fit of consternation at her sudden indisposition.

This was a lady who had never been missing from her corner since the trial began. She had rashly exposed herself to fatigue which the strongest man could with difficulty sustain. There was no wonder that her strength gave way in the end.

"The lady in the corner," while she sought a secluded position at the trial, was known to many people present, amongst them to one gentleman who had been leaning against the nearest doorway, and who simply moved aside to permit her exit, and to a group of gentlemen beyond him, who, less reticent, proclaimed the sufferer's identity.

"What special sympathy with Moll Flanders, past, present, or prospective, has turned my Lady Bell so white about the gills? There was word of some obscure kinsman, but that was so long ago that, gad, she may have gone in for half-a-dozen husbands since then."

WASHED ASHORE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EZEKIEL" AND OTHER POEMS.

STRANGERS, and silent, with no voice to tell
Their name and country, with no power to clasp,
In mute appeal for shelter, those pale hands
Wrung by the storm,—they cast themselves on you:
Wrapped in that soft, sad, dignity of death
Which feareth no refusal, and will hear
No cold or careless word.

And tenderly
This sacred faith of the dead is justified.
Ye hasten forth to greet them on the shore,
And bring the fairest robe to put on them:
Yea, clothing them in white, ye lay them down
To rest beside your sleeping saints, your own,
Whom God has taken to his heart in peace,
And sweetly in their nameless graves they sleep.
Not heeding the low tread of summer wind
And summer wave along the shores at hand;
Nor starting at the winter storms, which call
The sea to sudden fury.

And as they sleep
One draweth near, whose footsteps are not known,
And writes upon the nameless graves a Name
Secret and wonderful, His own; and writes
"I, Jesus, was a stranger cast ashore;
In this my servant, ye have welcomed me."

Now, when your hearts are gentle, and your eyes
Washed and made pure by tears of pitying love,
And heaven seems open over the place of graves,
In its sweet sunshine ye can read the Name.
But in the years to come, in winter days,
With eyes grown dim and dull with earthly good,
Or earthly care, it may be ye shall pass,
And see no word from God upon the stone,
Where long ago ye laid the strangers down
To take their rest.

Yet tarry there awhile,
And meekly pray. For when the winds of God
Begin to blow upon you, waking joy
And sorrow which the world knoweth not;
Till the heart, so dull and blind, becomes again
As the heart of a little child; then see once more
The sacred writing shine upon the stones,—
"I, Jesus, was a stranger cast ashore;
In this my servant ye have welcomed me."
Therefore bless God that, in the unknown dead,
Ye have received the Master unawares.



Hereafter, it may be, that on a shore
Far off and wonderful, ye shall be cast
By the rough waves of death: a shore most sweet,
But all unknown,—strange to your dazzled gaze
Its sunny slopes, the crystal streams which flow
In measured music softly to the sea,
And strange the towers and palaces which shine
Like gold amongst the hills. And new the light,
Not falling from the sun or moon or any stars,
But from the face of God, above the land
Immediate.

Then, shall not those whom ye
Gladly received, upon the dim grey shore,
In the old days of earth,—what time the sea,
Sighing, had cast them out,—come down in white
To greet you, smiling on that golden strand,
And lead you to the Home of your desire?

B. M.

A CONDEMNED INSTITUTION.

IF, five years ago, it had been said that there was a great lack of school accommodation in England, most people would, we fancy, have pooh-pooh'd the idea. But when the School Board stepped in, and—as was its bounden duty—established a standard of "efficiency," it was shown that a large proportion of so-called schools were really not "efficient," and with these schools deducted, there proved to be a great deficiency of efficient school accommodation. The schools put to the test under the standard were public elementary schools, and all private schools in which the fee was less than ninepence per week; private schools charging a higher than ninepenny fee being altogether exempt from School Board supervision or classification. Though the standard, both as to construction and instruction, was avowedly fixed as low as was consistent with the known laws of health, and the reasonable interests of popular education, it had a largely disenfranchising effect, and placed the country in the strange position of having thousands of schools which were legally no schools, admitted attendance at them not counting as attendance in law, or freeing the parents from the liability to be summoned for not causing their children to attend school. Some few of these schools were "National" Schools, that had been held in unsuitable buildings, or under unqualified teachers; but the majority of them were "Private Adventure Schools," which means, as a rule, Dames' Schools.

On one score, and we are afraid on one only, that of old age, are Dames' Schools entitled to respect. They have been an institution in the land, the ideal Dame's School has been frequently selected as a subject for artistic treatment, and as being associated with "the happy days of childhood," such schools have by many come to be regarded with a certain degree of sentimental feeling. Weighed in the balance of a standard of efficiency, they have, however, been condemned as regards the practical work of education. Though execution has not immediately followed sentence; though children are still permitted to attend them, while the deficiency in "efficient" school accommodation is being made up, their days are numbered. A year or two hence, and they will be counted among the things of the past, and on that ground, they are perhaps worthy of a passing consideration and description.

That this class of schools should, on being put to the test, be found inefficient, is probably what most people would expect, if they gave the subject a moment's thought; but few, save those who have had to deal with large numbers of such schools, would be prepared to find how utter is their inefficiency. Occasionally you will find in the mistress of a Dame's School a person of some slight education, some little sense of her duties, and some degree of conscientiousness in the discharge of them; and where this occurs the children will be found to be really making some progress. But the cases of this kind are the exceptions to the general result of no education—a result that naturally flows from the fact of the so-called teachers having no education to impart.

The schools are of various kinds, from the "respectably situated" and "genteel" "Establishment for Young Ladies," which boldly hangs its banner—in the shape of a brass plate—upon the outer wall, and charges sixpence per week per pupil, down to the humbler type, whose whereabouts is a bye street of a poor quarter, and whose modest announcement of "A Da School Kep here," is scrawled upon a half-sheet of note-paper exhibited in the window, the fee being an elastic one, ranging from a penny to threepence per week, according to circumstances. To the different types of the schools, go different classes of children. The "Let-us-be-genteel-or-die" spirit is to be found in all grades of society; and on those of that inclining such things as brass plates and well-sounding phrases have a powerful influence. Unfortunately for the interests of popular education, there are many parents whose means do not permit of their sending their children to any more expensive schools than the better class of public elementary schools, who, sinking all reference to the essential question of the education to be obtained, and deciding solely upon grounds of what they choose to consider gentility, prefer low-priced and inefficient "Adventure" Schools, simply that they may be able to say, "My children go to a private, or 'a Young Ladies' School,' not a public school that 'all sorts of *common* children go to.'" Children of parents of this type chiefly fill the brass-plated kind of inefficient school, and pass through them, picking up such a scanty meed of education that when

they grow up they discover too late that, practically, they are uneducated. The mistress, or, as she is generally styled by her pupils and their parents, the governess of a "brass-plate" school, is herself, it need scarcely be said, of highly genteel proclivities. Though she may not be able to teach the three R's, or any of them, efficiently, she will be strong on the subject of manners. She will feel called upon to lecture a pupil upon any breach of what she conceives to be etiquette, when she would not think of saying a word about inattention to lessons. She is an authority upon the how, when, and where of curtsying, is mildly sarcastic in adding a "thank you," or "if you please," to any speech in which a child may have omitted it; is shocked at such a rudeness as speaking of fathers or mothers, instead of pas and mas; while her strongest reproach to a pupil is, that it "behaves like any common child." The brass-plate governess is, generally speaking, a "pocket-money" one; that is to say, she is not solely dependent upon her school. If she is an elderly person, she has some little "means;" if a "young lady," she probably keeps school in the house of a father or brother, and is at least rent free. The elder ones have generally "taken to" a school through some reverse of circumstances, and enter upon the work wholly untrained for it; while the younger, having ideas altogether above "anything menial," and not having sufficient education to enable them to graduate as "efficient" teachers, have fallen back upon the brass plate and their young-lady-ism, as a stock in trade for starting a school. Like the wonderful pictures outside of travelling shows, the brass plates are the finest parts of such schools. We know of more than one instance in which the "Establishment for Young Ladies" is held in an underground kitchen; and in all cases the "establishment" consists of some bed or living-room, altogether unsuitable for a school-room and unhealthy to the children. Parents sending their children to such schools have neither the means nor the will to go to any considerable expense in the matter of school-books and the like; and, of course, the governesses do not profess to find any out of the fees. So it comes that in these schools there is always a "plentiful lack" of educational means and appliances, as compared with what is to be found in public elementary schools charging the same or a lower fee. But even supposing that they had the appliances and the skill to use them, the governesses would still not have the chance of educating their pupils properly. Those who make education a secondary consideration in selecting a school for their children, value the sort of schools of which we are speaking, not merely for their supposed gentility, but also for what are unhappily considered their material advantages — the privilege, namely, of going late, and attending irregularly, "without fuss being made about it;" and the freedom from school discipline, and such permissible severities as are sometimes necessarily incidental to its maintenance.

The less pretentious kind of Dame's School chiefly differs from the brass-plate kind in that it *is* less pretentious, otherwise they are pretty equal in their inefficiency. The mistress of the humbler school is not called a governess, but "the missis," or "the old lady." The missis not unfrequently keeps a shop as well as a school; the scrawl announcing that a school is "kept here," appearing in the window in conjunction with a pair of crossed "churchwarden pipes," a couple of bottles of sweets, half-a-dozen high-dried herrings, and a box of such sundries as thread, tape, and stay-laces, and her school is supported on the same ground as her shop—because it is "close handy." Their "handiness" is the strong point of these schools; if they ceased to be handy they might as well take down their banner, and close their doors. Hence it comes that one or more of them is to be found in almost every street, of quarters inhabited by the industrious poor. The mothers in such quarters will tell you that they are glad to be rid of their children for a few hours in the day, are thankful to have a place to send them to, where they will be out of danger and out of mischief. So they "pack them off," to the old lady's. Though in these as in other schools nine o'clock in the morning is nominally the time at which children should come in, they are sent in and called out at whatever hours happen to suit the convenience or caprice of the parents, or in some cases the waywardness of the children. They are dropping in all morning long, until the last comers are just about soon enough (or late enough) to go home with the rest, while it is an hourly occurrence for mothers unceremoniously to throw open the school door, and call out Johnny or Polly to run an errand. The poorer the district the more highly is the school valued on the score of its handiness, and in neighbourhoods in which the inhabitants are so poor that the mothers as

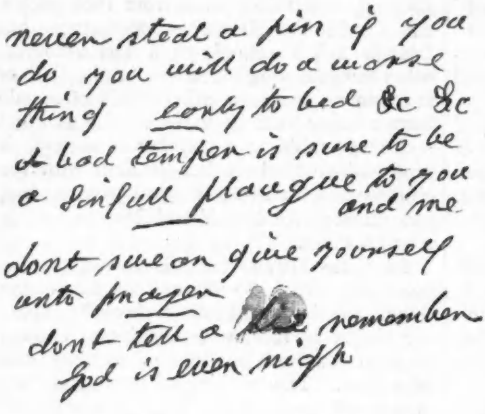
well as the fathers have to go out to work, the Dame's School frequently degenerates into what is practically a mere "minding" establishment; the children being avowedly sent with a view to their being "minded" during so many hours of their parents' absence, and the mistresses scarcely making a pretence to do more than mind them.

When we consider that they are supposed to be teachers of the young, the mistresses of these Dames' Schools may fairly be described as "fearfully and wonderfully" unlettered. Though they have in their schools children of from twelve months to twelve years of age, they never profess to know or teach arithmetic, or, as they generally phrase it, "cyphering;" they often read in most halting fashion; numbers of them admit that they cannot write, and boldly use the old familiar "her-mark" style of signature, while the writing of those of them who do write is for most part a marvellous performance. Some of them retain—by way of insignia, we suppose, for they very rarely indeed use them—the traditional dunce's cap and birch, but in the majority of instances even the pretence of punishment as well as of discipline is banished from the school. To attempt to administer punishment in this class of schools would be a risky affair for the mistresses. Such an attempt would be promptly met with the threat of "I'll tell my mother!"—a really direful threat in this case, since more likely than not the mother would duly appear on the scene, and not only favour the offending mistress with the "length of her tongue," but withdraw the child and send it to a rival school. The rivalry that does exist between schools of this class is decided; each mistress being strongly of opinion that surrounding mistresses are no better than they should be, and that their one purpose in life is to "'tice" her scholars away from her. The majority of these mistresses are widows, though some few among them are "lone lorn creatures," while others have sick or aged husbands more or less dependent upon them. They will generally tell you that they have seen better days, and such may well be the case. It would scarcely have been possible to have seen worse days and lived. The modern Dame's School is a very poorly paying affair. Taking one school and one week with another, it is a high estimate to place their average "takings" at five shillings a week each. The best of them would afford but a very scanty living for a single person. Where the school itself is not a mere supplement to income, it is generally itself supplemented by some other slight source of income; such as needlework, petty shopkeeping, or out-door relief from their parish. As a rule the Dame's-schoolmistress has "taken to" a school, as a last resource, other things having failed her, or the skill or strength requisite for other kinds of female labour being lacking to her. She is quiet and respectable as a member of society, is kind and motherly in her dealings with the children; is, in short, a good woman, but, unfortunately for herself and her scholars, is a bad teacher.

In those Dames' Schools in which the mistresses really do attempt to teach, the things chiefly taught are "pieces." These are taught by rote, and, though well enough in their way, are matters of memory, not education. The teaching of them, however, pleases all concerned. They save expense in the matter of books, cover deficiencies in the teachers, and are liked by the children for their sing-song rhymes, while parents who are themselves uneducated regard them as proofs of learning. If Johnny or Polly can when called upon repeat pieces "off book," to friends of the family, both friends and family will regard the child as quite a "scolard."

These pieces are the strong point of the teachers. You may find fault with their reading or writing, and they will not say much, they will admit their weakness on those heads, but they will at the same time point to their pieces, as more than compensating for such weakness. To take a characteristic example! An old lady keeping a Dame's school, one of the best of its class that has fallen under our notice, was told by the parent of one of her pupils, that a certificate of attendance signed by her (the mistress) had been unfavourably commented upon by the members of a Board before whom it had had to be produced, on the score that it was so badly written as to be strangely out of character in one setting up to be a teacher. "Wrothful at such arraignment foul," the old lady at once indited a letter of remonstrance and defence, and forwarded it to one of the officials of the offending Board. She had heard, she said, that there had been "a complaint against her in her writing," and that it had been said she was "a bad instruction." These, it seemed to her, were very frivolous things to find fault about. That she could not teach "refined writing," was true, but she triumphantly added—and here

as an educational curiosity we give a specimen transcript of the actual letter—that she taught her children a number of pieces "like unto these:"



never steal a pin if you
do you will do a worse
thing early to bed &c &c
a bad temper is sure to be
a sinfull plaugue to you
and me
dont sue on give yourself
unto prayer
dont tell a [illegible] remember
God is even nigh

Though she acknowledged that her writing was not "refined," she had still a word to say in its defence. It was, she said, good plain English, which anybody could read, and had never been found fault with by her employers when she had been in service.

The pieces on which the mistresses so pride themselves are "like unto these." The moral lesson they are intended to convey is always of the highest order; but the children, instead of being tutored to read them understandingly, are taught to drone them out parrot fashion. They are jumbled together in their minds, and on their tongues, much as they are in the letter above quoted.

That such unlettered dames should set up as teachers is a wonderful enough thing in its way; but, at a first glance, it would seem less surprising than that parents should be found willing to send children to their schools, and pay fees for them there as high, or higher, than those charged in many efficient public schools. Some of the grounds on which they do so we have already adverted to; but we have to mention yet another material reason which, we think, may be classed among the "things not generally known." In many instances, they are chiefly valued as affording the means for evading the requirements of Acts of Parliament, or of regulations of public boards, dealing with children of tender years. For instance, any person employing children as half-timers under the Factory Act is liable to be fined if the half-time book supplied by the factory inspector is not each week duly signed by a school teacher on behalf of each child. But, while the employer is bound to see that the book—which is simply a certificate to the effect that the children named in it have respectively attended school the requisite number of hours in the week—is signed, he is in no way called upon to see that the children really have attended as stated, or to judge of the competency of the signing teacher. Thence it comes that in the metropolis, where the "half-time" clause of the Factory Act can scarcely be administered as systematically as in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and other essentially factory districts, many of the half-time books are regularly signed by teachers of the Dame's-school class. The result of this—and we are in a position to feel fully justified in saying it—is, that the provisions of the Factory Act, so wisely and mercifully intended to secure education to poor children, are, to a greater or lesser extent, evaded. No registers are kept in Dames' schools; no discipline is enforced in them. The children go in and out at such times and seasons as seem good to them, and when the mistress of such a school is called upon to sign a half-time book, it would, as a rule, sorely puzzle her to tell how many hours in the week the child concerned had really attended. Hence it very frequently happens that half-time children are running about the streets, or working at home during many of the hours for which they are certified to be at school, and, what with this and the inefficiency of the little teaching they do get, they might as well be full as half-time workers.

In the same way the proprietors of these schools fill up general certificates of school attendance. Some hundreds of these certificates pass through our hands in the course of a year, and feeling convinced that any words of ours at all calculated to convey an adequate impression of the utter unfitness for the position of teachers, or the writers of most of them, would be deemed an exaggeration, we will let a specimen certificate speak for itself. It was one of a large number that had to be produced to a board of guardians in April of the present year. Being written on plain paper instead of upon the ordinary official form, it attracted somewhat special notice; but the writer of it, who keeps both a day and night school, and has a considerable number of pupils, had filled up several of the regular forms, and there were plenty of other certificates in the batch

to keep hers in countenance. Here is the document:—

I Too Certif that
Thor Connell has
Ben at night
School with me
for this Last
5 Mounts

We have said enough, we think, to show conclusively that on the score of instruction such schools as we have been speaking of are most truly "inefficient," and are fully deserving of the sentence of condemnation that has been passed upon them. And while they are as inefficient as they well can be on the head of instruction, they are no less inefficient in respect to the second technical count against them, "construction." They are invariably held in premises altogether unsuitable for the purpose of a school, which have never been built or altered with any view to such a purpose. As a rule, they are held in a small room of a small house in a crowded street; a room so small as hardly to allow sufficient air space for the mistress and half-a-dozen pupils, but into which between twenty and thirty children are often crowded. More than once we have, on a hot summer's day, found a score of children sweltering in a small back room, in which a fire—lit for cooking purposes—was blazing. True, the great majority of the mistresses try, in the summer season at any rate, to get whatever air is to be got, by keeping doors and windows open. But bad is the best of them in this respect; the laws of health are not to be transgressed with impunity, and over-crowding will tell its tale. Entering any of these so-called school-rooms, you find the air pervading them heavy and sickly, you see many of the children looking pallid and wan, and you can easily understand how it is that any of the diseases more especially incidental to children generally "run through the school" if they once find footing in it.

Thus, in respect alike to health and education, these schools stand self-condemned. Their condemnation was not merely justifiable—it was highly desirable. It is necessary to the general well-being that they should be swept away, and the work, now in process of consummation, of suppressing them by erecting efficient public elementary schools to replace them, is a good work. There is, however, one point in connection with this, upon the whole, necessary and beneficial work of suppression, which, so far as we are aware, has not been noticed, but which we nevertheless think is well worthy of consideration—the question, namely, of whether some slight compensation could not or should not be made to such old dames as have depended on their schools for bread, and are too old or too feeble to commence a new way of bread-winning with any chance of success. Many of the class, the bulk of them probably, are in happy ignorance of the fate that is impending over them; but those who have learned the truth are greatly borne down by it. We have seen some of them shedding bitter tears at their prospect, have heard them uttering fervent heartfelt aspirations that the Lord would open some other gate for them. That they have no legal claim is true; but, under all the circumstances of the case, have they not a moral claim, or, at any rate, a claim founded in pity? Like the conies, they are but a feeble folk, are not able to advocate their own cause, or to get others to advocate it. If it were well advocated, we think it would not be very difficult to show that some portion of the spirit that was shown in dealing with the clergy on the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and with officers on the abolition of the purchase system in the army, might well be extended to them.

SOME FABLES FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

IV.—THE MISANTHROPIC DUCK.

"Change for spite, and rue it,
And wish you could undo it."



A DUCK that had taken a dislike to some of its friends, determined to find a home for itself as far away from them as possible. "They will miss me, I know that," said the Duck, "for I have always been ready to do them a good turn, and none has so much as said a good word for me; and now that I am getting a little old, they despise me." So one fine autumn morning the Duck set forth on his travels just after break of day. There was a clear air, but it was not so chill as to be uncomfortable; and he waddled on as briskly as he could, holding his head high, and never once looking behind him. He first sped over a stubble-field, stretching out a dull yellow before him; then he swam a little stream; but that was a fine relief, and he had only pleasure in the change of exercise; then he crossed another field, and came to a shallow burn, backed by a hedge, and over it he waded; and as he could not find any outlet, he consented to pick up a snail or two, as he ran along in search of an opening. "How sweet they taste!" he said to himself. "I never fell on a daintier morsel. I could stay here for good; but my old comrades *might* get as far as this, so I must move on. Ah! here is a break in the fence—that's lucky." And he stumbled into a meadow that sloped down to a marsh, and beyond that he could see the fields stretching miles and miles away, with the hills rising in gentle slopes behind them, till they faded far off into mist. He was stricken with amazement at the sight.

"Bless me!" he said to himself; "the world *is* wide! and here have I been living till I'm well up in years, fancying the old farm was the biggest part of it. But that marsh down there will suit me excellently, and I'll get there early, before dinner-time."

And finding a choice spot, he sat down to rest. He had not been there very long, however, when a sudden chirping close at his side began to make him very uncomfortable;* and as it seemed to increase the longer he listened, he got quite afraid, and was compelled to get up and wander on. But the sound seemed to follow him as he went, and he was fain to run to escape from it. He reached the border of the marsh in a great heat, panting with thirst and lack of breath; and just as he rushed in among the reeds, something suddenly rose, and dashed past him. Looking round, he saw it was a duck, and his thought was confirmed by a sharp "Quack, quack!" It was a Wild Duck which rose in the air over the rushes, and flew rapidly out of view.

"Well!" said the Duck to himself; "this is a sight! This must be a fine spot to live in when ducks can fly like that. None of *us* could. I'll stay here, and perhaps I shall be able to fly too, if I try."



So he set about getting some food, of which there was abundance; and finding a dry, cozy spot not far off, he crept down in it, and soon fell asleep. He had not been there long, however, when he was

* It is a fact that the field-cricket begins its chirping at the hour of noon—a circumstance the Duck did not know, but one which is of vast importance.

roughly roused; and looking up, he saw the same Wild Duck that had passed him and flown off some hours before, making to peck at him, and looking very angry.

"This is my place," said the Wild Duck, "so you must be off. You have no business here. The farm-yard is your place."

"Excuse me!" said the Duck; "but I did not wish to intrude, and had no intention of injuring you. I'll find some other corner to lay my head in, though I do not mean to return to the farm-yard. This sort of life will suit me better."

"Ah!" said the Wild Duck, now looking somewhat interested; "you would like to return to the 'state of nature.'"

The Duck did not exactly know what this meant; but he said, "Yes; I've made up my mind to stay here, and try if I can learn to fly like you. I've always had an ambition that way."

"Indeed!" said the Wild Duck; "I dare say many have the same; but this life has its disadvantages, even with all the flying, and I'm afraid you'll find it rather hard to learn at your time of life."

"I mean to try, at any rate," said the Duck. "Perhaps you could give me a hint?"

"Well, hints are not of much use," said the Wild Duck; "but I don't like to be unkind to any one in difficulties. You can stay there till you try the life a little," and he pointed to a hole close beside his own nest.

The Duck didn't like to hear himself pitifully spoken of as one in difficulties, but he was sleepy, and sinking down in the rough nest, was soon in a pleasant slumber.

* * * * * *

For some days the two went out in company—the Wild Duck showing his barn-door friend all the amenities of the place, and trying to get him to fly.

"Well, really, you succeed better than I thought you would," said the Wild Duck on the third day. "Perhaps if you stick to it your wing-feathers may grow a little, and your body get somewhat lighter. Let us hope so, since you're resolved not to go back to your old place."

"That I am, at all events," said the Duck. "I'd rather die here."

"We'll see as to that, in time," said the Wild Duck. "It's a damp place to die in. I hope myself to be on higher ground when that evil day comes to me."

So they went on for a few weeks, and both agreed that there *were* signs of increasing speed on the part of the Duck, though he was always left behind when the Wild Duck really wanted to go on his usual rounds. He was very good to his barn-door friend, however, and tried to help him, though he was sometimes chagrined that he would turn up his nose at the best morsels that were pointed out to him.

* * * * * *

So the days passed on, and the cold of winter came earlier than usual, and the snow and frost fell on everything, and the Duck was greatly tried. Food was hard to get, and there was little rest for him. All his strength seemed to leave him. His greatest grief was that the Wild Duck was inclined to pass most of his time in a high cliff not far from the sea-shore, where he said he was safer than he was in the marsh in winter time.

"If I had but a rational creature to speak a word to," said the Duck, with a whine to himself, "it wouldn't be so bad. I think I could bear it then. I used to hate the ducklings, and all their noise and flutter; but I was maybe wrong in that. They might help me now!"

But the Duck only grew worse and worse, and feared he would not get over it; and sometimes wished he had but stayed at home.

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One clear, cold morning, when the sun was shining so brightly on the snow that our Duck could scarcely keep his eyes open, he was awakened by his friend, who told him that it was likely they would have some trouble that day. He had already taken a look round, and had seen suspicious signs—dogs sniffing about at some distance, and sounds he didn't at all like. So he was determined to take a flight for safety's sake, and at once flew up into the air, making a sign for his friend to follow him. But the Duck couldn't make much of it; he fluttered and panted, and at last fell to half-running and half-flying among the reeds, raising a great noise by his efforts. The Wild Duck was very kind, and waited for a while near by; but at last he said that he could not risk it longer, and made off to his mountain. Very soon the poor Duck was found. He tried to run when the sportsman came close up, but was quite exhausted with cold and hunger, was soon taken, and given, out of pity, to a poor man, who put him among his ill-kept hens and ducks, where he was more contented than he had ever been in the far better quarters of the spacious farm-yard; though even here, when he ventured

on the pond, the very geese looked down on him, and would peck and beat him, and snatch the daintier morsels from him. And now, for the first time, he heaved a sigh, and wished he had only been wise, and had never left his early home for spite.

V.—THE DISCONTENTED WREN.

"There's no an ill, but there micht be a waur."
Scotch Proverb.

SPRING had come at last: the snowdrops had almost disappeared, and in their stead came the pale primroses and cowslips, standing up like troops of fairies lifting their fair faces to the sky; and a blue harebell or two, born before their time, peeped like gentle eyes through the fern and soft green grass that already waved in the wood. The wind stole round the trees lingeringly, as though wooing the sap to ascend and clothe them in their bright green dress; and the birds began to sing together, and hop about with a brisk half-aimless motion, as though bringing themselves into active habits, knowing that the days of pairing and building were close at hand. A solitary humble-bee would pass along, droning to himself and holding straight on his own course, as if he saw far ahead some fine flower on which he could alight and be satisfied, and had not so much as a thought for anything beside. But it was hardly so with a little Wren that sat on the top of a brier-bush which swayed gently in the breeze. Thinking itself very wise, it began to bemoan its sad fate and that of its tiny brothers, in this wise:—

"How sad," it said, "that we are such dull little birds, and so insignificant; nobody cares a pin for us! If we had but more size, were it but like the Plover and the Stockdove I saw yesterday, what a delightful thing it would be! If we even had bright feathers like the Pheasants that run about in the underwood near by, it would be something! There's really nothing bright about us, save our little red crown, and that gets us laughed at rather than anything else, for nobody would ever take us for Kings! And then we live in such poor bits of houses; if we could but get something finer it would perhaps help us. Whew! what's that? Ah, a Swallow. I thought at first it might be a Hawk, they fly so fast; Swifts they're called, and they *are* swifts too. How easily they catch the flies, just by being so swift! whereas we have to run about and work out and in, in and out, through and through the bushes and hedges before we can catch anything."

And just as he said this, the Swallow came back and settled quite near him.

"Forgive me," said the Wren, advancing and addressing the Swallow, as he dropped a curtsey, "but you fly so fast I cannot but compliment you on your speed; and then you are so fine-shaped, I really admire you more than I can say, if you'll pardon a stranger for speaking so frankly."

The Swallow looked doubtfully for a moment at the Wren, setting its head to one side in a rather quizzing manner; but seeing that the little fellow looked honest, the Swallow answered politely—

"Yes, to be sure we fly fast enough, but what's the good of it? If we had only better legs it would often suit us to sit still a while, as you do, but we can't; we're only good to fly, and the trees are no treat to us, as they are to you. In fact, we are so kept on the move for the flies that we scarcely see anything else, and have but poor eyesight after all, and little enjoyment in life, considering."

The Wren looked incredulous, but did not say anything, and the Swallow went on:

"And then we have really no fixed home, as you may say, but must cross the sea twice a year at least, else we should lose all our feathers and get no sleep. We're not an envious sort, and try to keep to our own business, but we've quite enough to do, and do not crave what I've overheard human creatures call 'the luxury of being envied.' We fly so quick, just in and out of doorways and windows, after the flies and the gnats, that we often catch a hint of what is going on inside; and I can tell you it's not always such as you would expect, considering men are so much better than birds, and can do so much for themselves. But that's neither here nor there: what I wanted to say was that, though it may be very fine to see us skimming over and over the smooth water, it's just our work; and when the autumn winds get chill and the days shorten, we have to hurry off and seek sunshine far away."

"Far away!" repeated the Wren reflectively, unable to realise the meaning of the words.

"Ah, so far that you could never count," said the Swallow; "but I cannot sit longer, for it gets very trying. Good-bye; perhaps another day I may tell you something about the country far away."

And he flew off to a little lake that was close at hand, and began to shoot over and over the pool like a bright animated arrow.

Just as the Wren was musing on what the Swallow could have meant by saying that he could never count how far the swallows had to go for the sunshine, the Stockdove passed the bush where the Wren sat, and settled on a tree near by, where he had his nest. He began to tell his mate, in words so loud that the Wren could not help hearing, that they must quit the place, for he was persuaded they had enemies in that district; but his mate entreated him to stay for at least one day more where they were, as it was possible he was mistaken. The world was better than it was called, and sometimes suspicions were ill-founded, and listeners never heard good of themselves.

The Wren felt rather reproved at these last words, but a thought passed through his mind that perhaps an enemy to the Stockdove was no friend to him. He retired to his nest in an old overgrown wall at the border of the wood, in a very troubled state of mind, and could not sleep for brooding on the dangers to which he fancied he was exposed.

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The days passed on, and though the Wren at first kept near home, he now began to take courage again, and to venture abroad freely. "It must have been all nonsense," he said to himself, and set about his regular



Page 752.

work, which had been rather neglected. He was so delighted at seeing the bright buds appearing on all hands, and the early flowers coming up thickly, that he quite forgot his fears. The spring broom was just breaking through its prickly sheath, and shedding brightness abroad with its yellow flowers; the wild bryony decorated the hedges; the violet and the speedwell, the windflower and the foxglove, the wood-sorrel and the hyacinth, made a varied carpet in the wood to tempt forth all living creatures to rejoice. So the Wren hopped on briskly from tree to tree, from bush to bush, so possessed with the spirit of the spring that he could not help stopping now and then, for very gladness, to pour forth a little bit of song. But just as he was doing his utmost for a superfine note, a Rain-bird on a high tree opposite him raised a mocking melody that rang far and near through the wood, and quite put him out.

"Ay, that's how it always is with us," said the Wren when he recovered himself. "All the birds make a mock of us. How happy I could be if I never saw one of them! At any rate, whenever they appear I feel quite cast down and unhappy."

And he flew still farther away from his home, and was musing on the delights of solitude when he came to the corner of the heath where the Plover had its nest. But what was his surprise to see that all the bushes—the fine ferns and furze and heath in which he had often, in years past, found a delightful dinner—were quite gone. Scores of men with picks and spades were busily digging and pulling up roots. The Plover was wheeling round and round in an agony of terror, and its cry was pitiful to hear. The

Wren knew at once that the Plover's nest and eggs had been destroyed; and now he did not envy the Plover his greater size and his bigger nest, but thought that it was perhaps lucky he was himself so small as to be able to make his nest in the crevice of an old wall at the wood-side, where no one was likely to seek for a nest. He fled back to the wood, but as he neared his nest he heard strange sounds—crack! crack! puff, piff! piff, puff!—and coming nearer he soon saw that his friend the Stockdove had not been altogether wrong in his fear of danger. Men and boys were beating about the wood for a considerable distance, and the last sight he saw was that of the Stockdove coming fluttering down through the air almost in his track, the feathers red with blood, and the eyes closed. All the Wren could see, on looking round fearfully as he hastily pursued his way, was that the Stockdove never stirred, but lay on the ground quite still.

For many a day thereafter the Wren went about warily, and was almost afraid to sing, though he began to think that perhaps he had something to be thankful for, and was more considerate and helpful than he had been to his wife at home, who was now full of domestic cares, and who, though she had a good share of the hard work, could not agree with her mate in his reasons for being so discontented.

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The days passed quickly, the long bright summer days, and autumn came on apace. The finest flowers had now faded and shrivelled and died away, leaving only a few faithful daisies and purple crocuses in the wood-paths; the leaves of the trees had turned brown and, fallen to earth, crisply rustled when the breeze stirred them. The corn and wheat were gathered in, and the hard stubble stretched yellow in a long level waveless sea. The Wren had perforce to go a good deal abroad for the sake of provender, but he was more contented now, and his work was lighter to him. One morning when he awakened he was surprised to hear human voices not far off. He was afraid to move, but, listening, he could at intervals hear the crack! crack! puff, piff! piff, puff! which he remembered so well. So he lay trembling in his nest till the twilight, when he ventured out to learn what the news might be. He was so anxious that, although the rain was beginning to fall, he held on his way. He had not gone far when he was overtaken by the Swallow who had been so civil to him.

"Ah, Mr. Wren, it *is* you!" said the Swallow. "I have often looked for you, and wondered what had come over you. It is such a world! I suppose you've heard about our neighbours, the Pheasants? They had a cruel end. Flying high above, we could just get a glimpse of it. The men and the dogs and the guns! Ah me, it is perhaps better to be a Swallow or a Wren. Their fine legs did not save them, though they ran—how they ran!—nor their size, nor their bright feathers. Perhaps it was for their feathers the men killed them, who knows?" And here he could not help heaving a sigh that made the Wren respect him more and more. "At any rate they are nearly all gone, and such things make a poor Swallow not so unwilling to fly over the sea to a summer country."

"Are you going *now?*" said the Wren in some surprise.

"Just on my way," said the Swallow; "we always meet about the same spot, year after year."

"Always! Have you often gone before, then?"

"Once or twice, at any rate," said the Swallow.

"But how do you do for the rain: it comes heavy now?" demanded the Wren.

"Well, we rather like it, as it lets us off so quietly. Every creature has run to shelter, and we hate a to-do, as there would be sure to be else; and only fancy a farewell dinner of all the birds, and speech-making to boot! But I dare say you don't know the ways of men so well as we do." And he shrugged his shoulders expressively. "Here we are, just at the place. If you take a seat on that tree, you can see us go. Good-bye!"

And as he spoke, the Swallow pointed to a high bough, looking down from which the Wren could see a crowd of birds gathered in the sheltered hollow below. They were soon joined by others—some Swallows and some not; and suddenly they rose in one great wave—the Swallows first—flew right over the dark sea, and disappeared.

The Wren sped back as fast as he could, thinking that perhaps he would miss his friends, as birds must be safeguards to each other against injury; and glad that being only a dull, little, insignificant bird, he had escaped some at least of the perils to which other and finer birds were exposed. And when he reached home and told his adventures to his wife, she quite agreed with him that these things should go together to teach a lesson of contentment.

H. A. PAGE.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S EARLY LIFE.

THE year that saw the final overthrow of the first Napoleon was the birth-year of the man who was destined to overturn the throne of the second, and erect the German Empire on the ruins of the French. He saw the light two months and a half before the battle of Waterloo. He was born while Europe was still one vast camp, and the nations looked apprehensively on the wonders of military genius that signalised the closing months of the great conqueror's career. There was a dramatic propriety in the fact that it was so. Prince Bismarck has been a man of war from his youth. In serving his king and country, he has had to fight the enemies of both at every step of his career. On his outset in public life he had to face the Revolution, and seek to frustrate its hostile attempts against the kingdom of Prussia. War with Denmark in the interest of Germany—the least attractive incident in the story of his life—was followed in a short time by war with Austria for the sake of Prussia; and at the crisis of the struggle Bismarck had to fight hard against opponents within, as well as open foes without the kingdom. Then came the great war with France, which has changed the face of Europe, and made the beginning of a new political epoch on the Continent. Fierce as was the struggle, and momentous the interests involved, that has been but the prelude to another conflict that may prove yet more important to the world. For the Franco-German war has brought in its train the war of the German Empire with the Church of Rome. Already the results are of world-wide moment. Switzerland and Italy—and even unhappy Spain, in its anarchic fashion—have followed suit in the old world, while a strictly Catholic power like Brazil is doing the same in the new. Rome has challenged modern civilisation to deadly conflict. Germany was the first to take up the glove flung down by the Roman authorities, and the struggle is rapidly widening, and bids fair to become co-extensive with the globe. This, we may be sure, was not in the thoughts of Bismarck when he made his appearance, in the spring of 1847, in the first United Diet. The divinity which shapes our ends has made him the instrument in a far grander struggle than he dreamed of. Gradually he has seen the circle in which his influence operates, and the effects of his policy show themselves, widening outwards. From the struggle to save the historical form of the national life of Prussia as a Royal State, onwards to the fight against the power of Imperial Austria over Germany, with which was bound up the nature of the German Empire—whether it was to be Protestant or Catholic, Absolutist or Constitutional; from that forward to the battle for ascendancy over Europe, which resulted in the constitution of the Empire and the transfer of the political centre of gravity from Paris to Berlin; and, last of all, on to the yet more enduring conflict now being waged between spiritual despotism and modern liberty, we have seen a series of struggles extending over a quarter of a century, the leader in which has been Prince Bismarck.

In this light the German Chancellor may be fairly claimed as what his countrymen call a world-historical man. Though Germany has a predominant, she has no exclusive interest in him. He belongs to the nineteenth century and to Europe. His life is of general interest, and in its main outlines the story of the earlier portion of it may best be briefly told by allowing the words of the Chancellor, with a few incidents of his career interwoven, to tell their own tale.

Bismarck's introduction to public life was scarcely more favourable than that of the present leader of the English Conservative party in the House of Commons. English journalists have often dwelt on the proud prophetic words in which, at the moment of seeming discomfiture, Mr. Disraeli foreshadowed his future triumph. Bismarck's first words at the sitting of the Three Estates, in May, 1847, were certainly not less significant, though of a less personal character. The Diet was in the midst of a vague, but passionate discussion on the form of the Constitution, and the right especially of the people to a larger share in the government of the country. One of the deputies, carried away by his enthusiasm, alleged that in 1813 the great object of the people, in rising to throw off the foreign yoke, had been that they might obtain a popular constitution. Were those who had saved the Fatherland with the Throne not entitled to govern themselves? At this point a deputy wearing the King's colours, in the flush of early manhood, suddenly appeared in the tribune. Of masculine stature, with hair and beard cut short, large bright piercing eyes, and with the aspect of vigorous health on his ruddy countenance, the speaker in shrill and somewhat hesitating accents ven-

tured to ask his hearers to return from the region of romance to reality. He felt compelled to contradict the assertion made frequently there and elsewhere, with the view of showing the necessity for a constitution, that the movement of the people in 1813 was due to any other causes and motives than to the feeling of shame that the stranger should rule in the land. The interruption was resented by the Reformers of the Chamber as an insult. What could Bismarck (for it was he) know of that by-past period, since he had borne no share in the rising of 1813? Clamours, hisses, and outcries forced him to silence; but, undismayed by the tumult, he drew a paper from his pocket, and occupied himself in reading it till order was restored. "I cannot of course dispute," Bismarck then replied, "that I was not alive at that time, and it has always been to me a source of regret that I was not privileged to take part in that rising. My regret, however, is diminished by the explanation I have received regarding that movement. I always believed that the servitude against which the people then rebelled was a foreign servitude, but I am now informed that it lay at home. I am not by any means thankful for the correction." From that moment Bismarck was the object of suspicion and attack to the Liberals and Reformers of the period. He stood aloof from, and was marked as hostile to, the movement which sought national life and strength from constitutional forms. He had no sympathy with the passing popular enthusiasm, for he saw that forms were useless unless they illustrated facts, — that there must be a national life in existence before it could make itself a power through any political machinery. At the time he thus gave a faint indication of the work he was so largely to accomplish, in regenerating and transforming Germany, he was thirty-two years of age, having been born at Schönhausen on the 1st of April, 1815.

The birth-place of the future Minister-President and Chancellor was the family seat of the Bismarcks, who had lived there for a period of about three centuries. A plain, four-square, massive-looking house, simple inside and out, and overshadowed by linden-trees and chestnuts, occupies the spot where, in 1642, the old castle was burnt down in the troublous times of the Thirty-Years' War. Like many another country-house, Schönhausen bore the character of being haunted, and weird tales used to be told of cold breaths causing icy horrors in the middle of the night, sounds of opening and shutting doors, footfalls in the passages, and even apparitions of white forms which beckoned to those that saw to follow them. The forefathers of Bismarck were not of the high aristocracy of Germany, and there are still disputes carried on with much display of erudition, as to whether the family was not of plebeian origin. The inquiry is not tempting. Bismarck's biographer, Hesekiel, fights hard for the patrician descent of his hero, so as to give him a place from ancestral claims among at least the genuine Junker class. There is no doubt that early in the fourteenth century the town of Stendal numbered among its most important and influential burgesses one Rule, Rulo, or Rudolph von Bismarck, who was held in much esteem by his fellow-townsmen. As a member of the Guild of Tailors, his connections seem more of civic than aristocratic character, and the records of Stendal prove him a man of energy and public spirit. He carried on long controversies with the clergy in attempting to advance the educational interests of the town. The privilege of supervising the public schools was claimed by the authorities of the Nicholas Cathedral as their peculiar prerogative. The Council of Stendal, aided by Bismarck, disputed their authority, in consequence of which Rule Bismarck was placed under the ban of the Church, and it seems probable lived and died excommunicated. He left four sons, the eldest of whom, Claus von Bismarck, was an influential member of the Council, and displayed much wisdom and prudence in bringing to an end the quarrels with the Church. He was better known as the leader of the patrician party of Stendal against the encroachments of the democratic guilds. But he did not fare well in the fight, which ended in his banishment from the town by the triumphant democrats. Afterwards, Claus von Bismarck devoted his energies to the service of the Bavarian Margrave, Ludwig, from whom in 1345 he received in fief for himself and descendants the castle of Burgstall, a strong place which guarded the southern frontier of the Alt Mark towards Magdeburg. Therewith the Bismarck family entered the ranks of the nobility of the Alt Mark as the owners of a castle. Afterwards Burgstall was exchanged for Schönhausen, which was granted to the family by the Kurfurst George. It is not necessary to draw further upon the old archives. The Bismarcks, thus ennobled, produced in the centuries that followed not a few who won distinction for themselves in various military and political offices. If the "blue blood" of the family be not of the purest, it

is pure enough to satisfy all reasonable demands.

The father of the present Prince Bismarck, Charles William Ferdinand von Bismarck, born 13th November, 1771, married, on the 7th of July, 1806, the youngest daughter, then nineteen years of age, of Privy Councillor Anastasius Ludwig Menken, who had distinguished himself in the service of Prussia. From this union came six children, of whom three died early. The fourth was Otto Eduard Leopold, now Prince and Chancellor. His brother, Bernhard, is five years his senior; and his sister Malvina about twelve years his junior. The early childhood of Otto was spent at Kniephof, an estate in Pomerania, to which the family went on removing from Schönhausen, in 1816, and which had become theirs through the death of a cousin. From the same source were derived two other estates, Jarchlin and Kurz. In 1838 the father, Captain von Bismarck, gave over these estates to his two sons, by whom they were farmed jointly. Afterwards the property was divided, and Otto received Kniephof and Jarchlin as his share. On the death, however, of the father, in 1845, Jarchlin passed to the elder brother, and the Prince obtained Schönhausen. He kept Kniephof till 1868, when he purchased his favourite Varzin, where he now spends so much of his leisure time, and recruits his exhausted energies, after the storms and trials of political and official life at Berlin.

Bismarck's mother, who early set her heart on Otto becoming a diplomatist, was a woman of considerable gifts and accomplishments. Endowed with personal beauty as well, she exercised no small influence in the society in which she mingled, both in the country and in Berlin. Of a lively disposition, she was fond of company, and took a deep interest in politics, in which, following her father, her leanings were Liberal. It used to be said that "the mother was the brain, and the father the heart" of the family. The latter was an amiable, somewhat stately gentleman, passionately fond of country life and its occupations, and devoted to hunting, of the manner of which we have a humorous presentation in a letter from the Chancellor to his sister, written in 1844:—"I have been living here," he writes, "with my father, reading, smoking, walking, helping him to eat lampreys, and occasionally playing a comedy with him which he is pleased to call fox-hunting. We go out in the pouring rain, or when there are six degrees of frost, with Ihle, Bellin, and Carl; surround with the most sportsmanlike prudence, silently, and with careful observance of the wind, a pine thicket, though all of us, not even excepting father, are firmly convinced there is no living creature there, unless it be some old woman gathering wood. Ihle, Carl, and two dogs then rush through the thicket, uttering the strangest and most discordant sounds; father stands motionless and attentive, with weapon prepared, as if he really expected an animal, till Ihle shouts out straight before him, 'Hu! la, la! he, he!' in the queerest manner. Then father asks me in the simplest way if I have seen nothing; and I, with the slightest possible accent of surprise, reply, 'No, nothing at all.' Then, in spite of the weather, we go on to another thicket, whose supposed productiveness in wild animals Ihle is wont to boast of with confidence. So it goes on for three or four hours, without the passion seeming to grow cold for a moment in father, Ihle and Fingal. Besides, we inspect daily the orangery twice over, and once the sheep-pens: consult the four thermometers in the parlour every hour, mark the weather-glass, and, since the weather has been fine, have brought the clocks so exactly with the sun, that only the clock in the library is one stroke behind the rest. . . . . The Elbe is frozen. The wind is S.SE. . . . . I give these particulars to show how you might write more about the details of your life in your letters, as they greatly amuse father;—who has been to see you and Curts, whom you visit, what you had for dinner, how the horses do and the servants quarrel, whether the doors rattle and the windows are tight—in short, events, facts."

When six years old, the little Otto was sent to Berlin to school where his brother Bernhard was. He did not love the place, suffered severely from home sickness, and when out walking could not see a plough going without crying. From the boarding-school he passed to the Frederick William Gymnasium, and while the two boys were at home in the house in Berlin which their parents had engaged, their education was carried on by tutors. Dr. Bonnell, one of the masters of the Gymnasium, wrote about Otto when twelve years old in the following terms:—"Bismarck attracted my attention from the first day of his entrance, on which occasion the new arrivals sit in the school-room on benches ranged one behind the other, so that the teachers had the opportunity of observing the new pupils during the ceremony of introduction. Otto von Bismarck sat among his companions with evident attention, a bright friendly boy's face and clear sparkling eyes, so that I thought to

myself 'That is a promising little fellow, I will keep an eye on him.' In Easter, 1831, he came to my house as a boarder, and conducted himself in my simple household in an amiable and modest fashion. He was very affectionate. In the evenings he rarely went out, and when I was not at home he entertained himself chatting innocently with my wife, and showed a strong liking for quiet domestic life."

An excellent memory and quickness of apprehension made the acquisition of languages easy, and at this time he was fond of studying the history of the Fatherland. From Berlin the youth passed in 1832, when about seventeen years old, to the University at Göttingen. He had longed for the freedom of student life and resolved to enjoy it. The bolder and less amiable side of his character showed itself prominently at the University, where he took his fill of the wild liberty then characteristic of the German student. During his first three terms he is said to have fought more than twenty duels. In such a life there was not much room for study, and he was seldom seen at lecture, though he managed to get good testimonials from his teachers. In the autumn of 1833, he returned to Berlin ostensibly to prepare for his legal examination, though the time spent in work was slight. However he duly passed his examination and became Auscultator (Examiner) in the spring of 1835, living meanwhile in apartments with his brother Bernhard, who after a few years' service in the Guards became a Referendarius. Otto followed his example the next year; but the pleasures of society had more attraction for him than legal pursuits. He visited France and Belgium with some French and English friends, and found great delight in social enjoyments on the banks of the Rhine. The retrospect of this period was not satisfactory to him in after years, as we see from a letter he wrote to his wife from Frankfort in July, 1851. In it he says, "The day before yesterday I went to Wiesbaden, and with mingled sadness and worldly wisdom contemplated the scenes of early folly. Would that it might please God to fill with his clear and strong wine this vessel in which formerly the champagne of twenty-one years' old youth foamed idly, leaving only loathing behind. How many are under the sod with whom then I flirted, drank, and diced! How have my views of things changed during the fourteen years that have seen so many alterations! How much is little to me which then seemed great, and how much honourable which I then despised! How much foliage may yet grow green in our inner man, spread out, rustle, and fade away valueless during the next fourteen years, till 1865, if we live to see it! I do not understand how a man who thinks about himself and yet knows and wishes to know nothing of God, can support his existence out of very weariness and disgust. I do not know how I bore it formerly; if I were now to live without God, without thee, without children, as then,—I would not know in very truth why I should not put away life like a soiled robe; and yet most of my acquaintances are in that state and live on." He felt differently in those young days, though in writing in mature manhood in this manner, Bismarck is under the influence of no misanthropic mood. "I am healthy and cheerful," he adds, "though the longing for home and children and the scenes of the country tinge," he confesses, his feelings, with melancholy.

We must pass rapidly over the next few years of his life. We find him serving his country, in the department of Justice and then in that of Administration, and at Aachen in connection with the Crown Court there. From thence he removed to Potsdam in 1837, and the following year he became a member of the Jäger Guard. Meantime the paternal estates in Pomerania required supervision to save them from ruin, and Captain Bismarck consequently divided them in 1839. In that year, then, Otto and his brother took up the burden of their cultivation, which they continued to share during two years till the marriage of the elder brother, when the division took place which gave Kniephof and Jarchlin to the Chancellor. The personal life of Bismarck during this year continued to be of that lively character over which he lamented so bitterly afterwards. This was the *Sturm und Drang Zeit* of his existence. Stories of his dissoluteness and pride, his daring feats as a rider and his achievements as a boon companion, his disregard of conventional rules, and his love of wild adventures, are numerous. The youthful owner of Kniephof was to be often seen careering wildly across the country, alone or in the company of gay friends, who were his guests; and such was the impression he produced on the quiet country population, that he came to be generally known among them as "Mad Bismarck." The death of his mother in 1839 left him still more his own master. But though the Byronic mood was strong upon him, he did not abandon himself to the mere

delights of sense. Even at this period he studied much, reading deeply in Spinoza and in works in philosophy and theology, though history continued his favourite pursuit. As a relief from the dark thoughts that haunted him, he took to travelling, visited France and England, and for a time resumed his post as Referendarius at Potsdam under the Crown. We have no record of the influence which his studies had on his thoughts and views of life; but, although regarded with apprehension as the "mad Bismarck," he was still held in great esteem by his neighbours, who desired him to take the appointment of Landrath, which he declined. His residence in Pomerania after his return from Potsdam, was varied by frequent journeys to Berlin and Schönhausen, as well as by longer visits paid to France and Italy. After the death of his father in 1845, six years subsequent to that of his mother, Bismarck settled at Schönhausen, surrendering Jarchlin to his brother. He resided henceforth at Schönhausen, and was successively Dyke Captain and Knight's Deputy in the Saxon Provincial Diet. It was in this latter capacity that he attended the First United Diet in 1847, when he made his appearance as an opponent of the democratic Reformers of that period in the manner already noticed. This year also saw him married, and thereby he attained the satisfaction and tranquillity which had hitherto been so conspicuous by their absence. His young bride was Johanna von Putkammer, the only daughter of a quiet good Christian family, who resided at Reinfeld, in Pomerania. Johanna's father was alarmed at first at "Mad Bismarck" being a suitor for his daughter's hand. "It was as if I had been felled with an axe," he is said to have exclaimed when the suit was urged. But he consented at last, and he had no reason to regret the permission he then gave. To Bismarck, his marriage was a turning-point in his history. He was deeply susceptible to external influences. He learned from life and life's experiences, and his union with the daughter of a pious house, the contentment and happiness of family life, and his own greater practical activity revolutionised his being. We have seen the deep regret with which he looked back in after years on the revelries of youth. He felt that his nature had been allowed to run to seed. He had no centre, no lodestars, no prime object in life. These were now supplied to him. Domestic life, the satisfaction of home, the ties of wife and children, the sense of duty these aroused, and the feeling of responsibility they deepened led him to alter altogether his views of life. Through the earthly ties, there is reason to believe he was led to realise the heavenly ones. The family on earth quickened the too-long-dormant feeling, that he was a member of another family, even a spiritual, and that his Father was in heaven. How he came to realise these feelings we cannot trace, but we know that he did realise them. Writing long afterwards, in August, 1861, to his brother-in-law, on occasion of the death of his child, Bismarck says, "Such a blow is beyond reach of human consolation, and yet we have a natural longing to be near those we love in their hour of bereavement, and to mourn in common along with them. That is all we can do. A heavier sorrow could not have overtaken you; to lose so amiable and promising a child in this way, and to bury in his grave all the hopes that were to be the joy of your old age; so long as you are in this world you will never cease to sorrow over it, and I feel that to be so with deep and painful sympathy. We lie perplexed and helpless in God's mighty hand if He himself will not come to our aid, and we can do nothing but bow in humble submission to his decrees. He can take away from us all He gave, leave us altogether lonely, and our sorrow would be all the more bitter, the more we permitted ourselves to rebel against his disposal of us. Do not mingle bitterness and repining with your just regrets . . . . How do all the little cares and annoyances of our daily life vanish away in presence of real sorrow! I feel how much cause of thankfulness we have to God amid the dangers by which we are surrounded. We ought not to set our affections on this world, or make it our home; twenty or at most thirty years, and both of us will be beyond the cares of this life, our children will occupy our places, and be struck with astonishment that life which seemed so fresh and joyous is already fast passing away. It would not be worth the coming in and going out if that were to be all . . . . The circle of those we love is narrowing, and receives no addition till we have grandchildren. At our time of life there are no more binding ties formed to take the place of those that are broken. Let us therefore love each other all the more till death separates us from one another, as it has now done thy son from us. Who knows how soon it may be?" There is reason to think these words represent the views by which Bismarck's life has been influenced. "Trust in God, my darling" (*Mein*

Herz), he writes to his wife when in sorrow. At another time he closes a political discussion with a friend with these words: "Ever more and more does the feeling of gratitude to God for all his help grow strong, and fosters in me the confidence that the Lord knows how to turn even our very errors to our best good; I feel that daily with wholesome humiliation." A deep sense of religiousness; a conviction that he was the instrument in a higher hand; a feeling that his place on earth was to do the duty lying before him, were impressed on Bismarck's inmost soul. It has been under the influence of such feelings that he has done his great work. We have followed him to the borders of his entry on the fulfilment of his mission. We next see him in the discharge of it. The fight for King against the Revolution was his first public work.

J. SCOT HENDERSON.

NOT LOVE.

I HAVE not yet I could have loved thee, sweet;
Nor know I wherefore, thou being all thou art,
The engrafted thought in me throve incomplete,

And grew to summer strength in every part
Of root and leaf, but hath not borne the flower:
Love hath refrained his fulness from my heart.

I know no better beauty, none with power
To hold mine eyes through change and change as thine,
Like southern skies that alter with each hour,

And yet are changeless, and their calm divine
From light to light hath motionlessly passed
With only different loveliness for sign.

I know no fairer nature, nor where, cast
On the clear mirror of thine own young truth,
The imaged things of heaven lie plainer glassed;

Nor where more fit alike show tender ruth
And anger for the right and hopes aglow,
And joys and sighs of April-hearted youth.

But some day I, so wont to praise thee so
With unabashed warm words for all to hear,
Shall scarcely name another, speaking low.

Some day, methinks, and who can tell how near,
I may, to thee unchanged, be praising thee
With one not worthier but a world more dear;

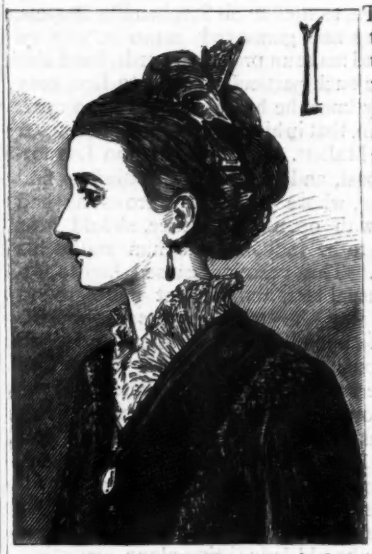
With one I know not yet, who shall, maybe,
Be not so fair, be not in aught thy peer;
Who shall be all that thou art not to me.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON.

By MRS. PARR, Author of "Dorothy Fox."

CHAPTER XXXVI.—A WORD OF ADVICE.



IT did not take long to spread news in Mallett, and before very long the universal theme of conversation in every house and cottage was, the "wonderful stroke o' luck which had overtook the young Despard." For once in her life Betsey allowed her curiosity to so far master her that, being in the village, she accepted Hepzibah Bunce's invitation to "step in and make a pitch," knowing that within the little shop the affair would have been pretty freely handled and discussed. No sooner was she seated in a chair brought out, and, in her honour, wiped with Hepzibah's "filty" apron, which Betsey felt sure "hadn't sin soap and water the time was when," than Hepzibah began, "Why Betsey, what for goodness gracious sake is all this hoot and cry about the folks to Combe and the young Despard? The talk is, that Sir Stephen baint a Sir at all, and that the young Despard's rale name is Priscott? What have you heerd about it all?"

Betsey shook her head. "I've 'a heerd no more than you can tell me," she said.

"Well, I never! I should ha' thought that you'd knaw more than anybody else. Ned Wallis says, that in rummagin' about, Sir Stephen has come across the marriage lines to prove, that the young Despard's mother was his uncle's wedded wife, and so he's foas'd to give un up everything. The men's all in a reg'lar quandary. They hold by Sir Stephen makin' un prove it to law, for Job Trethewy, whose cousin Jack's in lawyer Truscott's office, says that unless Sir Stephen chooses to walk out, Despard can't put un to doors, for that position is nine points of the law; but there, as the sayin' is, somebody's children's a got their father's luck, and if there's one more than another that I can't abide the sight on 'tis that young Despard, though p'raps now I should do better to hold my tongue before you, Betsey. I'm forgettin' about Miss Hero, though you ain't one to fetch and carry, for I'd rather swaller my words any day than hurt Miss Hero's feelin's."

"Aw! you needn't be afeard there," said Betsey, with a tone and look of severe contempt, "her's nothin' to he, and he's nothin' to she."

"What, is it all off then?" exclaimed Hepzibah. "Well, I ain't surprised; for so soon as iver I seed un philanderin' about after that new madam to Combe, I says to our Tamson, 'Miss Hero won't put up with that,' I says, 'you see if her do, for I'm thrapped if I would, without the man a measuring his length, if he was so big as Goliar o' Gath.'"

"Aw! well them as likes orts is welcome to Mr. Despard so far as Miss Hero goes," said Betsey.

"But p'rhaps her'll change her mind now," Hepzibah put in, reflectively, "if 'tis true that he'll be Sir Leo*poll*."

"He may be what poll pleases un," exclaimed Betsey with a snort; "but—and I've dared Joe to do otherwise—I'll be put in irons and kep there afore I'll call un Sir anything. I says it," continued Betsey, forgetting her caution in her excitement, "and I'll stick to it, that all this has bin brought about by foul play somewheres, for they as knaws can testify to it that Despard's mother was a reg'lar fly-be-night, and if he'd ever got a father it don't follow that he was Sir Stephen's uncle, the nointy ole rascal to have the credit of a son that the father o' lies might own for falseness."

"Iss, I hear that he goes about tellin' up, that he's bin kep' out o' his money all these years by Sir Stephen o' purpose. Why, 'tis shameful. You might so well call anybody a thief and liard to their face, and more partic'lar after the Capen a makin' a speech about it on the Hard. They says you might a heerd a pin drop, till he comed to where nobody durstn't lay a finger upon Combe, and then they sot up cheerin' and hurroarin' as if the French was a comin'."

"Ah! 'tis that what riles un so," said Betsey laughing. "He was for takin' everybody to be so big a lick-spittle as hisself, carnying to whoever was uppermost. Why, he's had the brass to say that he'll make the Malletters pay for it, and if Sir Stephen's left with a coat to his back 'twill only be through his charity."

"And that after Sir Stephen has found all this out for un," exclaimed Hepzibah, "aw! fie upon un."

"If he'd took it and not said a word," continued Betsey, "why nobody would ha' said a word agin he; but 'tis to go round makin' out that he's a bin chated, and that the poor old rector and Miss Despard all but winked at it, that's what's a turned the whole place agin un, and I says for one, that the sooner he shows Mallett his back the better we shall all like un."

"He's only waitin' till his leave comes down, I hear."

"That's all. He's sure to be off to-morrow or the next day, cos he's a got to meet Sir Stephen in London. I heerd the Cap'en tellin' Mr. Jamieson about it."

"Why, now, you baint goin'," Hepzibah exclaimed, as Betsey rose to take her departure. "'Tis so seldom you do come, and we all but sister-laws. But there," she added, "I s'pose this'll put it off again?"

Betsey drew herself up severely. "Joe's one of they who thinks, if he baits his line he's sure o' his fish," she said; "but that ain't my way. There's a voice inside me callin' louder than ever Joe Bunce could holler, and if he and a few more, who shall be nameless, was to listen to that voice instead o' followin' the perverse workin's o' their own fleshly 'arts, there wouldn't be so many empty sittin's in Mr. Pethewick's chapel;" and with that backhander, as Betsey afterwards remarked, she took her "congee."

Well might it be said that the village, to quote the Captain, was turned wrong side uppermost; for this unlooked-for discovery had completely unhinged the minds of a simple folk given to put implicit faith in things as they were, and as they found them. They could not grasp this new fact presented to them, nor realise that Leo Despard, whom they had known for all these years as old Mr. Despard's nephew, should suddenly turn out to be Sir Bernard Prescott's son, and that Sir Stephen shouldn't be Sir Stephen at all, and only Leo Despard's cousin. "Why," as old Jim said, "it didn't appear nat'ral like." At length the Captain, being informed of the general consternation, took it upon himself to give them, as plainly as he could, an account of the whole affair, and inasmuch as they knew the Captain would never stand by and see anything but fair play, they were quite satisfied, and it was understood among them that their line of action was "to stand by the Cap'en, to stick to Sir Stephen like limpets, and if any man gainsayed 'em in it, why off jacket and make un prove his words," and this out of no such particular ill-will to Leo, only that they knew he had always stood so apart from them, that in his rise or fall he would never consider Mallett. But in his elation Leo forgot the past, and was sorely nettled to find that those, whose joys and sorrows he had treated with open indifference, should now presume to be indifferent to him and to his interests. This vexation caused him to forget his usual tact, and he lost more ground by the way he tried to assert himself. He cast upon his newly-found relations imputations, and gave covert hints that unless he was rather more conciliated it might be the worse for Mallett; and some of these incautious speeches being repeated to the Captain, he made up his mind to go to Aunt Lydia, and give Leo a word of advice.

This resolution he put in practice, and the next morning walked to the cottage, where he found the old lady sitting alone, expecting Leo to come in on his way to Dockmouth.

"You saw him last evening?" she said, "did you not?"

"Only for a few minutes; I wasn't at home when he called, I'd gone to Winkle. It was young Tom Joslyn's birthday, and as it's the last he'll spend in England for the next three years, they'd got up a little treat among themselves."

"But surely you have seen Leo since he——"

"Oh, yes; I found time to say that, sorry as I feel for my friend Prescott, I am glad that good has fallen to Leo's share."

The old lady sat for a moment silent, then, in a quavering whisper, she said, pointing to her head, "It's been a little too much for him. You mustn't mind anything he says just now. Poor boy! he'll know better after a time."

"Ah!" said the Captain, drawing a long breath, "to tell you the truth I thought I'd just step up, and, as an old friend of his uncle's, give him a word of advice about letting his tongue run a little too fast."

"I'm very glad you have; I dare say he'll pay attention to what you say; he never thinks I know anything. Here he comes; and, Captain Carthew, I do so want you to

say something on the subject of my going to see Mrs. Prescott; I feel it is my place to do so. He says no, let her call here; but that is not kind, not Christianlike."

The Captain had not time to answer before Leo entered.

"Ah!" he said, shaking hands cordially, "have you got anything for me?"

"No; did you expect something?"

"I left a note for Hero last evening, and I thought she might have sent me a line in reply."

"No; she did not come back from Winkle."

Leo looked his annoyance.

"I may be off to London at any moment," he said, "and I want to see her particularly before I leave."

"Then I'm afraid you'll have to go to Winkle, for they're all hard at work stitching away at Master Tom's rig-out; he's off on Tuesday to join the *Calliope*."

Leo tried to relieve his feelings by an impatient sigh; he longed to give vent to his opinion of the Joslyns—a vulgar, ill-bred set. He had always set his face against Hero being so intimate with them, and now, just when he wanted her, she must be working for one of those cubs of boys. Ah! well, Lady Prescott would have to forget many of Hero Carthew's ways.

"Have you been to Combe, yet?" Captain Carthew said. "I fancy Mrs. Prescott would like to see you; she almost said as much to me."

"If she wants me, she knows where I am; I don't quite see that it is my place to run after the Prescotts," Leo answered, more ungraciously than he intended, through being out of temper.

"I tell you what it is, Leo," said the Captain, "I don't think you are taking quite the right line in this matter. You seem to forget that if it had not been for Sir Stephen, you might have remained Leo Despard all your life. I don't know what your idea of acting honourably and straightforwardly is; but, by Jove, if you ask me, I say 'tis the way in which Stephen Prescott has treated you. You may say it's confounded hard lines to have been kept in the dark all these years. Perhaps it is; but there, again, you fell upon your feet in being brought up by those who took such care of you, and your property being in the hands of people who took such care of it. Come, come, my lad, don't give utterance to anything that your conscience must condemn. I feel convinced that, when you think it over, you will feel that what you said last evening in the boat would have been far better unsaid."

"I don't see that," replied Leo, doggedly. "Why should every one be on Mr. Prescott's side, and no one on mine? You talk about good feeling. I have had very little shown to me; not a single person in Mallett has said out heartily, 'I am glad to hear it.' Why they should care so much for his loss, and so little for my gain, I cannot tell, seeing they have known me as many years as they have known him weeks. It isn't calculated to improve a man's temper to find every one's back up against him because he happens to get his own."

"My dear," said Aunt Lydia, "you shouldn't say that."

"I don't know why I should not, I'm sure. You never sit five minutes without 'poor Mrs. Prescott this,' and 'poor Sir Stephen the other.' Why, even Hero, who has known me all her life, can't take the trouble to send me a line of congratulation."

And a little tremble in these words touching the Captain's soft heart, he got up, and laid his hand on Leo's shoulder, saying—

"I see, we've all been out in our soundings, my lad. Come now, for the future don't let us have any more of this backing and filling, but a thorough understanding that being sorry for one does not mean that we're not glad for the other; and as for Hero—go to Winkle and see her, tell her what you're come for, and you'll see she won't be the one to forget your old friendship, and while you're gone there Aunt Lydia will call at Combe, and have a chat with Mrs. Prescott; and then to-morrow you can go. By that time I daresay your friend Mrs. Labouchere will be back."

For an instant Leo did not reply; then he said—

"I should be certain to find Hero at Winkle?"

"Certain—that is, if you go soon. I left word with Jim to fetch her back this afternoon some time."

"I might go with him."

"You might."

"Well, then, I'll give up going to Dockmouth until to-morrow. I really did not want to go there. And you can go to Combe, Aunt Lydia."

"Yes, my dear. That's my own dear boy," she whispered, giving him a squeeze of the hand.

And when, after some further conversation, the Captain took his departure, she contrived to say, unheard by Leo—

"His heart is still in the right place, my dear friend."

"Oh, yes, yes," said the Captain, "he'll pull through all right, never fear."

"And he says that this little tiff between our dear Hero and him was all his fault."

"Ah!" said the Captain, with considerable less heartiness.

"Fancy, Lady Prescott!"

But the Captain only shook his head as he walked away; for, viewed in the light of a son-in-law, he found he had less liking for Leo than ever.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—A PARTING.

When Leo reached Sharrows beach, he found that Jim had been gone for some time.

"He'd a got a bit o' a job to Winkle," one of the men said, "or else he wouldn't ha' started so early."

Leo hesitated, wondering whether he had best follow, or wait for Hero's return.

"The tide won't serve for coming back later than five, sir," said the man; "that made 'un so nimble in settin' off."

In that case, it would be useless trying to reach Winkle before Hero had started; so Leo determined to walk up to the Forts, and be back in time for her return. He was not sorry to escape the visit to Winkle; he wanted Hero, and Hero alone, and was impatient for the time of their meeting to arrive.

There was one point from which he could catch sight of the boat as soon as she rounded Combe headland; and, having completed his survey of how the work, so soon to pass into other hands, was progressing, he took up his station to watch for her approach.

Naturally, his thoughts ran on the events of the last few days—the unexpected turn his life had taken, as if Aladdin's lamp or Fortunatus's wishing cap had been given to him. Well, at all events, now he ought to be contented. Still, he had fancied that he should have somehow felt different to what he did. This led him on to picture the surprise of his brother officers, and from thinking of them, he began to debate into which of the crack regiments he should exchange; and these reflections occupied him, until a sudden puff of wind roused him, and in another minute the boat he was watching for came in sight.

It was clear enough for him to see the outline of its two occupants, Jim sitting crossways, so that he might give the attention which the sail, on account of the chopping wind, demanded, Hero bending forward in order that the conversation in which they were indulging might be intelligible.

"Once away from here, and she will be quite different," Leo thought, offering an excuse for the vexed feeling it always gave him to see Hero so familiar with the village people. "What the deuce she can find to talk about to an old canting psalm-singer like that I cannot imagine."

Hoping to attract her attention, he took out his handkerchief and waved it, but to no purpose. Hero was too engrossed to see the signal, and Leo, annoyed at her preoccupation, began to descend to the landing-place below.

From the moment of starting Jim had been trying hard to engage Hero in conversation; but she was too much wrapt up in her own thoughts to give her old favourite his usual share of attention.

It seemed to her, as if she should never recover from the bewildered state of surprise into which this wonderful news had thrown her. It was so improbable, so unlooked-for, that it was impossible to realise it as a fact. So long as people spoke of Leo she did not mind; but to hear them pitying Sir Stephen was unbearable. To know that he was in sorrow, and she not able to go to him, seemed the sharpest arrow that outrageous Fortune had yet aimed at her.

While giving them the story, the Captain had entered minutely into the various incidental details connected with the past week; and Hero's wounded love recovered, and grew doubly strong at hearing of Sir Stephen's frequent visits to Sharrows, his inquiries, and his anxiety to learn that she was getting stronger.

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed reproachfully, "why didn't you tell me this before?"

"Tell you what?" laughed the old man. "I should have enough to do if I repeated all the philandering nonsense a parcel of young fellows talk. Bless my soul! not a day has passed without Tom Grant coming in two or three times, and as for Jack Pringle and Giles, 'tis

> 'All round my hat
> I wears a green willow.'"

"Tom Grant and Giles, papa! but Sir Stephen is very different to boys, such as they are."

"All tarred with the same brush, my dear; and your old father the greatest fool of all. However, I'll make it all square when I write."

Upon Tom Joslyn's appointment Hero had consented to prolong her stay at Winkle for



"THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON."

Page 764.

a few days longer; but she was most anxious now to be home again; all her thoughts ran upon Sir Stephen's future movements, and the possibility of her being afforded an early opportunity of letting him know the real state of her heart. Suppose he did not return to Mallett, could she write to him, and, if so, what could she say? These perplexities completely absorbed her, and for some time rendered her blind to Jim's more than usual desire for conversation.

"Miss Hero," he said, as they passed under Combe Point, "I reckon they'm glad enuf now that they've a got Combe. Iss," continued Jim, "'better small fish than empty dish,' as the sayin' is. Do'ee fancy Sir Stephen takes it much to heart?"

Hero nodded.

"Ah," said Jim, with a sympathetic sigh, "but you must cheer un up, Miss Hero. Tell 'un 'bitter pills has blessed effects,' and he knows whose hand it is that smites un:—

> 'Only fools that rod despises,
> That loves the harder it chastises.'"

Hero smiled. "Have you seen Mr. Despard since?" she asked.

"Why, no, I habn't, not to say seed un since the day I comed to Winkle for you, and cos o' Master Tom's appointment, you didn't come back. I seed un then. He was 'pon the Hard with the lady to Combe." Then, after a pause, "You haven't a minded his busnackin' about after she, have 'ee, Miss Hero?"

"Not in the least," Hero answered, laughing at Jim's insinuating look and manner.

"No, I know'd that. Some thought whether you would or no. Mother Tapson said her'd sclum un like a cat, if so. But, says I to myself, all 'll be made plain sailin' now. Miss Hero, I says, ain't the one to desert a sinkin' ship."

Then, noticing that Hero's eyes had suddenly filled with tears, Jim discreetly concentrated his gaze upon the sail, and premising that it meant to gibe, he gave vent to a whistle. Puff came the wind, round the last point went the little boat, within sight of the beach, on which Leo stood waiting to help Hero out.

At sight of him Hero's face changed, and Jim, seeing the cause of its altered expression, asked,—

"Shall I tack out again, Miss Hero?"

"Oh no; we'll land there, Jim."

Jim got the oar out in readiness; then he said, in a perplexed tone,—

"I s'pose we ain't to begin calling un to once, sir anythink? 'Tull sound for all the world like gummucksin' of un."

But Hero did not answer; she waited until they were close to the shore, and then, as the boat grated on the beach, she called out,—

"How do you do? I have just returned from Winkle."

Leo stepped into the boat and took her hand, to steady her in jumping out. Hero noticed that he had not spoken, but she was too nervous herself to say anything more. Under pretence of speaking to Jim, she got a moment to steady herself, and then, with Leo at her side, she turned to walk towards the Sharrows Cliff.

"You got my note?" Leo asked.

"Your note! No."

"What, did not Betsey send it to you? I gave it to her yesterday. I thought your father would have been sure to take it."

"Papa came straight on from Cargill, and I suppose Betsey forgot to give it to him; at all events, I have not had it."

"Can you guess what it was about, Hero?" and the tone sent the colour flying into her cheeks.

"Not in the least," she answered, in a low, firm voice.

"You have heard of the good fortune which has fallen to my share?"

"Yes."

"Then you might have known to whom, in my joy, I should first turn. Hero, I know that we have had a misunderstanding; I know that you blamed me for having, through the world's rough teaching, a larger share of worldly wisdom than you can comprehend, and I fear you thought my refusal to let you share in the poverty, which was all I could then offer you, a want of love. It was anything but that—if possible, you have been ten thousand times dearer to me since I thought—I tried to give you up. I can never tell you how wretched I felt—how tame, dull, uncongenial everything and everyone seemed, while I was breaking my heart for your sake. Ask Aunt Lydia—she will tell you a little of what I have gone through. After that night I met you at the Thompson's, I couldn't sleep, I could not eat—I could do nothing. I know it would have been impossible to go on enduring it. I must have rushed off to you, and told you that I could not give you up."

"Indeed! I wish that you had done so," Hero said.

"You do?"

"It would have spared us this."

"Yes. But that very morning, as I was sitting thinking about it, this news came. Hero, only fancy, what we have longed for, and talked about, and sighed after, has come to pass—only it is a great deal more," he laughed; "for our imaginations never took us further than an old gentleman leaving a large fortune, and here is a fortune, an estate, and a title—no, I won't let you speak until you have told me that all you said on that horrid evening, when we stood almost in this very spot, meant nothing. I am sure that you love me, Hero. Love me well enough to forgive me the pain I have made you suffer; and when you have said so in words, then I will tell you everything about this wonderful discovery. Ah, how little we thought, when we used to argue and quarrel about Sir Stephen Prescott, that all he had, and all for which he was so thought of, belonged to me. I only spoke against him because I was jealous of him. I fancied that he might want to marry you, and then you would forget me."

Those words seemed to sting Hero, and to give her the key to all Leo's selfishness. Looking at him, she said bitterly—

"That is just what did take place, and what did not take place. He wished to marry me, and I did not forget you."

"He wished to marry you? Why? did he ask you?"

"He did, not knowing anything about you. He asked me while you were in Scotland."

"And you refused him for my sake. Oh, Hero, what a noble girl you are! Why did you not tell me of this before? However, you have your reward, have you not, darling? It would only have been a sham before; but now, as soon as it is possible, you shall be the real Lady Prescott; and I know whose wife you would rather be. You have proved that to me. What a sneak the fellow is!" he added, as certain passages between them occurred with unpleasant vividness to his mind.

"Leo," Hero said, "it is necessary that I should speak plainly to you. I thank you for the honour you have meant to offer to me, but I must decline it."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say—I must decline to accept the honour of being Lady Prescott."

"Hero!" his voice was hard and stern; "this is no time for standing on your dignity. I have acknowledged my fault as completely as any woman could desire. I expect to leave this place to-morrow, and except for you I shall never put foot in it again. You tell me that on my account you refused a man whom you, like every one else then, supposed to be a baronet. I now offer you the same advantages, you must feel, from no other reason than because I love you. Why, then, do you say you must decline to be my wife?"

"Simply because I do not love you."

"Do not love me? and yet, for my sake, a couple of months since you could say no to what must have seemed like a kingdom to you. Your words and actions are paradoxical."

"Perhaps so. I do not ask or expect you to understand what I did; but I do wish you to feel that, if we are to remain friends, there must be no word of love mentioned again between us;" and she turned as if she would walk on. But Leo caught her by the hand—

"No!" he exclaimed, "you shall not move from this spot until you tell me what you mean. I am not one to be taken up and thrown aside at pleasure; befooled one moment by being told of your great love, and flung off the next with your high and mighty graces. What am I to believe?"

"That which in your own heart you know to be true," Hero said, her face flushed with excitement. "I gave you my girl love and trust; I believed in you; and I was ready to sacrifice anything for your sake; while you—failed me in my hour of need, and were ready to give me up to secure what in your eyes was of more value. I know," she added, "that you are much more clever in argument than I am, Leo, so we need not waste words in proving or disproving that which I am certain you feel is the truth. It is best," she said, holding out her hand, "that we should part. Our paths will be widely divided, and we may never meet again. Let us try, therefore, to forget all which makes us feel bitter towards one another, and when you remember Mallett—and I know you will sometimes go back to old days—think kindly of me, Leo, as I shall of you—Good-bye."

"Good-bye!" he echoed, looking at her; "good-bye to *you*, Hero! Oh, you don't, you cannot mean to be so cruel. What is all this to me if you do not share it with me?" and in truth at that moment his new possessions seemed utterly valueless to him.

"You did not want me to share your poverty, Leo," Hero could not help saying.

"Because I hate poverty," he burst out. "Its shifts and straits are abominable to me. They so try my temper and disposition, that it made me doubt whether even my love for

you would stand it; seeing to what I was born, what wonder if it jarred against me? But now I have all I want, I cannot do without you. Hero, you are necessary to me. Every minute seems to make you grow dearer, and surely it is seldom that a man is reproached for the love he tried to curb in his adversity, but gloried in, and fed upon, the moment fortune looked kindly on him."

"I am very sorry, Leo," Hero said, with a saddened expression on her face. "You will find many who will love you dearly and truly, but I could never love you again."

"No, no," he groaned, "don't, don't say that. I will try so hard that I must win it back. I will wait, oh! so patiently for it. Hero, say you will try. If we were married, it would come then."

"Never," she sobbed; "it will never come back. I know it will not, because I like you better than I ever did; but I do not love you in the least."

"Because you will not try," he said, passionately. "Hero, think of what we were to each other. You never seemed to care for anything but me. Why, see, you gave up a rich man like Stephen Prescott for me, comparatively a beggar."

"I did," she said, slowly, "and now that you are rich and he is the beggar, for his sake I refuse you."

Leo felt as if a sudden blow had been dealt him.

"You are going to marry him?" he gasped out.

"No. I told him that I loved you, and knowing no more, he will think that I love you still."

Leo turned away, hiding his face in the grassy slope behind them. Had Stephen Prescott thought of him, as he now thought of himself? for in the great anguish of feeling that Hero was gone from him for ever, he judged himself very harshly. "Had I but been true, but been true." In days which were to come he found many an excuse for his worldly wisdom, but not then. In proportion to the tumult of excited joy which had filled him was his despair and self-reproach.

Hero's voice recalled him to the present moment.

"I am afraid that papa or Betsey may have seen the boat," she said, "and if so, they might come down wondering what had become of me."

Leo made no further attempt at remonstrance. He took both her hands in his, and stood looking at her with eyes full of a sorrow that seemed then to rob his future of all light.

"Good-bye, Leo. We have both something to forgive. Forgive me, Leo;" and here the tears which had stood in her eyes burst forth unchecked, "as I forgive you; and God bless you and make you very happy."

But Leo made no answer. All at once he seemed choking; then a great sob came, which forced him to let go Hero's hands and cover his face from her view, and when, his passion spent, some minutes later he raised his head, he found himself alone.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—"NO LEO DESPARD."

WHEN, some time later, Leo returned to the cottage, Aunt Lydia asked him whom he had seen at Winkle.

"I did not go to Winkle."

"Not go, my dear!" exclaimed the old lady.

"No. I don't feel at all the thing; my head aches, and it is quite an effort to speak."

"Oh dear, oh dear! it's just what I thought," said Aunt Lydia plaintively. "All this excitement has been too much for you, Leo. I told Mrs. Prescott that you seemed very harassed and worried, and she said she did not wonder at it. Poor thing! she is so altered, Leo—quite an old woman—and the way she clings to her niece is positively painful."

"Her niece?"

"Yes; Mrs. Labouchere is back again; she came back this morning. She has been in London with Sir— There, I always forget he is *Mr.* Prescott—and oh, my dear boy, it cuts me to the heart to feel there is no Leo Despard," and the poor old soul stopped to brush away her tears.

"Who told you she had been with Mr. Prescott?"

"Mrs. Prescott did; she said her niece had been her greatest comfort, for directly she heard what had taken place she went straight off to London, to see of what use she could be to her cousin; so, depend on it, she had a heavy heart when you saw her off by the train."

Simple, unsuspecting Aunt Lydia was but a poor observer, or she must have noticed the change in Leo's face. He had deceived himself, then, and Mrs. Labouchere had refused him, knowing who and what he was. This accounted for her agitation—this was the meaning of that indescribable something in her manner, which he had set down to a struggle between love and pride. Oh! how he cursed his folly as he pictured the whole

scene being rehearsed for Sir Stephen's benefit!

"Both Mrs. Prescott and Mrs. Labouchere spoke very nicely of you," Aunt Lydia continued.

"Did they?"

"Yes; and I hope you won't be angry, Leo; but after what you said, as an opening was given me, I thought it was best to mention Hero, and how very attached you both were to each other, and Mrs. Prescott seemed quite pleased, and said it only confirmed her good opinion of you, to find you constant to your early love."

"And what did Mrs. Labouchere say?" asked Leo, too cast down to say one word of reproach.

"Well, she never made the slightest remark; but I could see by her face that she was quite taken aback. I dare say she has been so used to flattery and homage, that she can't understand having a rival, more especially a little home-bird like our Hero."



Page 698.

Leo did not answer, neither did he hear the little rhapsodies Aunt Lydia was indulging in. He sat looking into the fire, letting his bitter recollection run riot.

"Is there anything I can get you, my dear?" Aunt Lydia asked, bending forward and laying her hand on his knee.

"No, nothing;" and he gently stroked the thin little hand with his own. "You are a dear old soul, Aunt Lydia," he said, trying to smile at her. "I don't think I've ever been half grateful enough for what you and Uncle Tony did for me."

"My dear boy, you must be ill, or you would never say that to me. Why, you were the pride and pleasure of our lives. What have I left to me but you, Leo? and has not my one happiness been to have you with me, and look forward to your coming? Why, Hero and I used to sit talking about you by the hour together. She didn't mind opening her heart to me, dear child, and that's why I so dreaded this misunderstanding between you; for, my dear, you might search the world over, without finding another so loving, so tender, and so true; and that is one thing which made me think very highly of Sir Stephen, for when he paid me that first visit (just after he heard of your relationship) I spoke openly to him about you and Hero, and his answer was, 'If the want of money is the thing which keeps them apart, they shall not be separated; as soon as ever I have sold my estate I shall be prepared to advance the sum required.' How wonderful are the ways of Providence! for you see, my dear, the time had come—it was to be known—and while going through the necessary papers for the sale of the place, he came on these very ones, which proved that you were the rightful heir. Mrs. Labouchere said, from her cousin being constantly abroad, he had always left matters entirely to his lawyers; so perhaps that was the reason that these things were not discovered long before this. She's evidently very fond of Sir Stephen, and I should not be at all surprised if, after a time, they two made a match."

"I think I must say good night," Leo said, getting up suddenly, "or, if my leave does come to-morrow, I shall not be up to starting."

He felt as if he could bear no more; this last communication seemed to pierce every vulnerable part of his character, and to complete his humiliation. At length his tact and diplomacy had completely led him astray. Until now he had never known how sorely his vanity could be wounded. Accustomed to be admired, petted, and made much of, he had believed that if money were added to his list of attractions, no one could withstand him. Judging Mrs. Labouchere and Stephen Prescott by himself, he felt certain they would never keep this story to themselves, and his ready wit provided a dozen malicious settings for it, which the world would enjoy at his expense, and then, most bitter pang of all, came the certainty that in time it would come round to Hero's ears, and she would think he had deceived her, that he had never loved her. The whole night long he tossed about, and only when it was time to get up did he drop off into a troubled sleep.

PRAYER AND NATURAL LAW.*

"Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."—PHILLIPIANS iv. 6, 7.

NO one can doubt that St. Paul is speaking here out of the fulness of his own experience. He is bidding others pray because he has prayed himself. He encourages them thus to lay aside the burden of earthly anxieties, because he had found this the true refuge from those anxieties himself. He assures them that flowing from their prayers, as the result of this constant reference to God, the peace of God shall keep their hearts as sentinels keep the walls of a city, because his own heart had been filled and garrisoned by that peace. St. Paul was emphatically a man of prayer; you cannot open one of his epistles, but you find him in the attitude of prayer. He prays for himself, he prays for his friends, he prays for the Church of God. The range of his petitions is wide and varied, embracing the varied circumstances of human life. He prays that his own bodily malady may be removed;† he prays that he may have a prosperous journey.‡ "Night and day he prays exceedingly" that he may see the face of his Thessalonian converts, and that "his way may be directed unto them."§ He asks his friends at Philippi to pray for him and with him, that the trials which he undergoes may turn to his salvation. He acknowledges God's hand in everything, in every phase of society as well as in every event of life, and he believes that that Almighty Hand may be guided by the voice of man. And hence he exhorts that "supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men; for kings and all that are in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life." And ever and anon, as he writes or dictates the glowing

* This discourse was preached before the University of Cambridge, on the fourth Sunday in Advent, 1872.

† 2 Cor. xii. 8. ‡ Rom. i. 10. § 1 Thess. iii. 10.

words of his epistles, he pauses to break forth into words of heartfelt fervent prayer, that the God of grace and peace would fill those whom he addressed, that Christ might dwell in their hearts by faith, that rooted and grounded in love, they might comprehend the length and breadth, the depth and height of the love of Christ. It is evident that St. Paul believed in the efficacy of prayer for temporal as well as spiritual blessings. It was for him the moral lever by which the world was moved. It was by prayer that he came into the presence of God. It was by prayer that he drew down strength and peace from on high. It was by prayer that he endured pain and overcame temptation. It was by prayer that he edified the Church of God. It was by prayer that civil society itself was cemented and held together. "Behold he prayeth," was the description of his attitude at his conversion. "Behold he prayeth," would have equally described his attitude to the last hour of his life.

St. Paul is a master of the science of prayer. And just as you would go to the musician to learn the science of harmony, and as you would go to the artist to learn the science of colour and perspective, and as you would go to the mathematician to learn the science of geometry, and to the physician to learn the science of medicine, so you would go to the man who has made prayer the object and the study of his life to learn the science of prayer.

And yet when we would place ourselves in the attitude of disciples listening reverentially and confidingly to such a teacher, we find ourselves beset with uneasy doubts and perplexities. Can we in all respects copy St. Paul's example? Does prayer possess in all circumstances the power which he attributes to it? St. Paul lived in an age of miracles, but we know that the age of miracles is past. We know that we have no right to expect that the laws of nature should be suspended on our petition. Must we not, then, place a limit to our petitions which St. Paul has not put? Ought we to pray for any material blessings at all? Is it still right, "in everything," to make known our requests unto God?

Happily there is one large field of answers to prayer, and that the most important, which cannot be touched by any scientific discovery, or by any theory as to the laws of nature. We know that God's Spirit pleads with our spirit. We know that He intercedes with us as the inspirer of prayer. We know that, as He prompts the cry for all inner blessing, so God gives us all that we need for the sustaining, strengthening, developing of our spiritual life. We know that if we ask for a new heart, for penitence, for faith, for pardon, for renewal, for holiness, God answers our cry. We know that every step and stage of the Christian life is built up by prayer. We know that in all conflict, in all temptation, in all doubt, in all sorrow, God hears us when we pray. We know that all joy, and peace, and victory are his gifts in answer to prayer. We know that if faith fails, it is because we do not pray. We know that if our hearts are cold, it is because we do not pray. We know that if we lack courage and resolution to walk in the path of duty, it is because we do not pray. We know that if sin defiles our garments, it is because we do not pray. We know that if Satan gets an advantage over us, it is because we do not pray. Our whole spiritual life turns, so to speak, on the pivot of prayer. Its strength lies in prayer. Its growth and its decay depend upon the earnestness and the sincerity with which we pour out our petitions at the throne of grace.

All this is true, and it is consolatory to feel that all this remains true, whatever men may say as to the possibility of answers to petitions put up for material blessings. But still it is only right to consider calmly the objections which have been urged of late in many quarters against the efficacy of such prayer. Those objections are twofold—objections based on our scientific knowledge of the universe, and objections based on the proved failure of answers to prayer.

I. And first, we are confronted with the undeviating constancy of nature. God, we are told, governs the world by laws which cannot be broken. And these laws apply to all phenomena alike. We may not be able equally in all instances to ascertain them. We may not be able to predict a wet season or a drought, a hurricane or a frost, with the same certainty with which we can predict an eclipse or the return of a comet. But the one is as much a part of a pre-arranged order as the other. Every storm and every shower, every vapour that rises from the earth and wreathes itself into a cloud in the heavens, whether it gather itself in the thick dark masses heavy with the thunder, or whether it float in soft and pearly streaks, changing to ruby and gold in the light of setting suns, has had its birth and its path traced for it from the beginning of the world. "The Italian wind," says a writer of high authority, "gliding over the crest of the

Matterhorn, is as firmly ruled as the earth in its orbital revolution round the sun; the fall of its vapour into clouds is exactly as much a matter of necessity as the return of the seasons."

This writer admits that science cannot *prove* that to ask for rain is to ask for an impossibility. But science does show us, he contends, that our ignorance is the measure of our asking for any change in the material world. And science does assert, he continues, "that without a disturbance of natural law quite as serious as the stoppage of an eclipse, or the rolling of the St. Lawrence up the Falls of the Niagara, no act of humiliation, individual or national, could call one shower from heaven, or deflect towards us one single beam of the sun."

This is the clear and definite position which scientific men of eminence have taken up with regard to answers to prayer. They tell you that no answer *can* be given, where the answer would imply any change in the fixed order of nature. If you ask for this, they say, you are asking for a miracle, and whatever may be your belief as to miracles in the past, you would never think of expecting that God should work a miracle for you in the present. You would never think of praying that your dead child should be restored to life, given back to you from the gates of death and the cold embraces of the tomb. But you might as well do this, they urge, as ask that it should be spared from the fever which is walking with pestilential breath through the town in which you dwell. You would not dream of praying that the day should be lengthened for an hour to suit your convenience, but you might as well do this as ask for rain or for sunshine, that the fruits of the earth might be gathered in their season. In all these instances alike, prayer, they tell us, is as impotent as it is foolish. God does not govern the world according to man's caprice. He does not leave it in our power to mould His world according to our convenience. In his infinite wisdom He has established an order from the beginning, and He will not depart from that order at the bidding of one or ten, or ten thousand of his suppliant creatures. We must be prepared to accept this view of the material world, and we must be prepared to adapt our theology to its requirements.

Now it is very important to ask ourselves fearlessly, what is the result in its bearing upon our spiritual life of conclusions such as these? They do touch us very closely. They do affect our whole belief in special providences, in God's relation to ourselves as individuals. They do compel us to put a very considerable strain upon the language of Holy Scripture. They do limit our conceptions, not necessarily of the power of God, but certainly of the power of prayer. They do force us to confess that our ignorance is, after all, the measure of our petitions. Science is every day enlarging our conception of the orderliness of God's working in the universe. Every day the boundaries seem to recede within which uncertainty can be predicated. And God seems to be teaching us by the ministry of science, that we must not look for the possibility of His interference, where once we might have looked for it as a matter of course. But is not the sense of this limitation a very dreary thing? Does it not shut up my heart and freeze my tongue in the hours of my life when I most need to open my heart to the only Being to whom I can look for succour? If I may not go to God, as a child goes to his father, pouring into his ear all my thoughts and all my desires, feeling sure that He can answer me, if it be his good pleasure, is not my whole spiritual life paralyzed? Am I not merely practising a sham upon myself when I wrestle earnestly with God that the ship which carries dear wife or child across the water shall reach its destination in safety, or that an abundant harvest shall satisfy our poor with bread?

Now, before I deal more particularly with this objection, let me freely confess that there are many persons, not unbelievers, persons whose faith and piety can not be questioned, who do not shrink from accepting what they believe God is teaching them by the revelation of science. They believe, and they are thankful to science for confirming the belief, that the burden of our petitions should be for spiritual and not for temporal blessings. They admit that all interference with the natural order of things is a miracle. They do not deny that miracles have been wrought in past ages and under another economy. They insist upon the miracles of Christ as the natural expression, if I may so speak, of his divine being. They accept the Gospel narrative, in all its integrity, as a miraculous record. But they say the age of miracles is past. As truly as God then revealed himself in the miracles, so truly does He now reveal himself in the undisturbed harmony of the material world. Both are equally the expressions of His will. He leads us now to see his footsteps in the calm and invariable working of nature as He once

led us to see them in the suspension of that working. A spiritual order has supervened. The great object of the gospel of Christ is not to teach us that He is the Lord of Nature, but to teach us that He is the Lord of our hearts and spirits. We are to look for his manifestations not in the fire and the earthquake, but in the still small voice of his Spirit within. He bids us not to ask for proofs of his sovereignty in nature, but to pray that our reluctant wills may be bowed in absolute submission to his will. We are to pray, not for permission to have His laws set aside, but for grace and wisdom to act in accordance with them. Such, I say, is the conclusion to which many thoughtful and pious minds have come in compliance with what they believe to be the exigencies of modern discovery. And is there any reason to shrink from it? Does it in any way derogate from the majesty of God? Does it limit his freedom? Does it wither our faith? Does it destroy all belief in answers to prayer? I cannot see that it does. I think it is saying more than can be proved, but it is not necessarily irreligious; for mark what it really amounts to. It amounts to saying this, not that God *cannot* change the weather, but that *He does not choose* to change the weather at our desire. It is saying this, that God has made known his will, and only asks us to acknowledge that revelation of his will. It is saying this, that just as God has taught us not to expect that the limb which has been cut off, or the eye that has been destroyed, or the life that has been lost, shall be given back in answer to prayer; so, neither must we expect that the rain or the sunshine will be given in answer to prayer. I ask you, can such a view be deemed irreligious? At the most it puts a limitation upon answers to prayer, and that a limitation which, if the premises be true, must be placed upon them. It tells us that we must not ask amiss; but it does not leave us with unsatisfied hearts in a fatherless word. It may help us to approach our Father in heaven with reverence and godly fear; it does not mock us with a sense of unreality, or drive us into a blank, soulless atheism. Mark, I do not say that this conclusion is proved, but I do say that if it be proved, that God's mode of action in the universe is constant and uniform, and that no change is now ever made in the sphere of material phenomena, we are not driven to the intolerable conclusion that this world is only a vast machine, or that a blind Fate sits on the throne of the universe.

But whilst I freely admit that it is not irreligious to deny that God answers prayer by any change in material phenomena, I do not at all admit that this position is irrefragable.

1. For, in the first place (as we have lately been reminded by an eminent scientific observer), breaking through the regularity of law, there are irregularities for which we cannot account. They may be embraced under some higher law, they are not amenable to the general laws of phenomena. And miraculous answers to prayer, if, indeed, they are miraculous answers, that is, answers which imply some change in material phenomena, may be of this kind. They may be like the irregular numbers tossed up in a calculating machine, baffling all expectation and all explanation. They may be among "the unknown possibilities of nature." They may be like that singular exception to law which was commented on so forcibly by the President of the British Association at a recent meeting—a phenomenon so familiar that it does not attract the notice it has a right to claim: "That bodies expand under heat is a law scarcely less general than that of universal attraction. Yet it is a law that fails exceptionally and singularly in the case of water; which, while conforming to it at all other temperatures, breaks away from it in the passage downwards from 39½ degrees to the freezing point." However strong, then, our assurance of any law—even of a law so universal as that of gravitation—may be, we are bound to admit "a *reserve* of a possibility of something different."

2. And in the next place, the position which has been taken up with regard to the unchangeableness of laws must be held in check by the consideration that "laws which are simply generalisations of phenomena have no coercive power." "They are" (to quote the same authority) "human conceptions subject to human fallibility, and they may, or may not, express the ideas of the great Author of nature. To set up these laws as self-acting, and as either excluding or rendering unnecessary the power which alone can give them effect, appears to me as arrogant as it is unphilosophical. To speak of *any* law as regulating or governing phenomena, is only permissible on the assumption that the law is the expression of the *modus operandi* of a governing power."

So much, then, as to the argument based upon the observed uniformity of nature, as precluding the possibility of all answers to prayer, which imply any change in material phenomena.

II. But, again, the appeal has been made not only to theory but to fact. We have been met lately with a direct and peremptory challenge to test the efficacy of prayer. It has been proposed to set apart a hospital for the experiment. Persons who believe in answers to prayer are invited to agree in praying for three or four years for the recovery of the patients of a single hospital. At the end of that time, we have but to compare, it is said, the average duration of sickness, and the average rates of mortality in that hospital with the same rates for the same classes of diseases in other hospitals, and then to draw our conclusions as to the efficacy of the petitions that have been put up. This is one form of dilemma which has been suggested. Another writer goes further. He does not challenge us to the trial; he says the trial has already been made, and it has been proved to be a failure. He thinks prayer has demonstrably failed, not only for physical, but even as intercessory prayer for spiritual blessings. He gives us what he is pleased to call the statistics of prayer. How many thousands of prayers go up, he says, for kings, that they may have life and health, and for the nobility, that they may have grace and wisdom, and yet, on an average, kings die sooner than other people, and the nobility certainly are not wiser or better than their fellows. Physicians do not rely on prayer for the sick as an aid to recovery.* Prayerful persons do not win in the race of life more than those who neglect prayer. The ship which carries the missionary, praying himself and prayed for by others, is not safer than the slave ship. An insurance office will give no more favourable terms to those who pray than to those who do not. And all is summed up by saying that prayer is the relief of the burdened heart, very much as the bleat of the lamb when it has lost its mother, or the piteous cry of the hare in the chase.

Now, of course, one way in which objections of this kind might be met would be by doing, what it is always very easy to do in all questions of the kind, arraying the statistics of answers to prayer in opposition to the statistics which demonstrate the failure of prayer. And we should appeal to the universal experience of the purest, the noblest, the truest of our race who have prayed and who believe that God has answered their prayers. We might appeal to such signal answers even in our own age, and within our own observation. We might quote the example of George Müller supporting himself, and supporting his large orphanage at Bristol for thirty years, by no other agency but that of prayer. We might point to the simple peasant girl* on the shores of the lake of Zurich who healed the sick by the might of her fervent intercession with God, till her cottage grew into an hospital, and the reality of her cures was attested by physicians from all parts of Europe, and investigated, in consequence of charges brought against her, by the tribunals of her country. But it is certain that objectors of the class to which I refer would not be satisfied by any evidence of this kind. They would allege room for imposture, or at least for other influences, which would more directly explain the phenomena than prayer.

Let us meet them, therefore, on a totally different ground. Let us grant that there have been failures such as these writers insist on. Still it is not too much to say that they completely misrepresent the very nature and true conditions of prayer. If prayer be merely the putting up of selfish petitions, with the determination that at all hazards they shall be granted, then no doubt there is force in their arguments. But what Christian man could submit for a moment to a proposal such as that which is made by the writer whom I quoted first? Prayer is not a mode of testing our influence with God. "What upright, honourable man would prefer a petition to a fellow-man, not with the earnest desire that his petition should be granted, but that he might ascertain how far his friend would yield to his request?" The very nature of the test is such that it could hardly have been proposed except in irony. And irony on such a subject, to say the least of it, is very much out of place. Prayer, I repeat, is not a mode of putting pressure upon God to see how far we can get our own way. Nor is this sort of test any test of the freedom of God. You might as well test, it has been truly said,† "the royalty of an absolute monarch by demanding that he should grant the next petition that was addressed to him, even though granting it denied the freedom of his royalty." But above all, the challenge to pray, and the inference drawn from the statistics of prayer, are alike mistaken in this,

* It is said that a physician at St. Petersburg, when the cholera was raging there, recommended the ninety-first Psalm as the best preservative against the disease (Stier, *Psalmen*, ii. p. 284). There is nothing extravagant or improbable in this. Much depends in such cases upon keeping the mind calm and free from the excitement of fear; and nothing would so much induce to this as the cheerful faith and confidence expressed in every line of that psalm.

* Dorothea Trüdel.

† *Spectator*, August 3, p. 975.

that they assume that prayer is only answered when the specific petition is granted.

Christians in all ages, it is true, have believed that their prayers have been answered. They have recognised and rejoiced to recognise God's hand in their daily life. They have felt that life would be intolerable but for the sense of his presence and the conviction they have of his power and his love. But they confess that there is another end in prayer besides the obtaining of our petitions. They will not indeed give up the consolatory truth that God hears and answers prayer. But they would tremble to dictate to Him. They know that the blessing which He has promised, and which He vouchsafes, can come in other ways as well as in the immediate granting of their requests. They feel that their true attitude is the attitude of simple trust and childlike submission. The child goes to his father with the natural, spontaneous, unchecked expression of all his childish wishes. How does a wise father deal with his child? Does he gratify every whim; does he yield to every desire? Certainly not. One of the most precious lessons he can teach his child, one most necessary part of his discipline is, that he is not to have his own way in everything. Even the wish, reasonable in itself, of one child, a parent would refuse to grant if he felt that to do so would be injurious to another, or would disturb the general order and well-being of the household. And not otherwise is it with the family of God. He is the all-wise and all-loving Father, who gives to us or withholds according to his own righteous will as He sees best for us and for all his children. And hence when we go to God, with any desire in our hearts, with any petition on our lips, either for ourselves or for others, we ought not to be too specific as to the matter, much less as to the manner of an answer. We ought to go, and if we are true Christians we shall go, with holy freedom to the footstool of our Father in heaven. We shall "in everything" make known our requests. We shall ask as our Lord bids us ask, "Give us this day our daily bread;" give us the rain or the sunshine, which shall make the earth fruitful, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater; give us the health and the strength by which we may win our bread. Let there be no blasting nor mildew, no famine which shall take from us and our little ones the staff of life. Let there be peace in our borders, no sword to devour, no fire to consume our harvests. "Give us this day our daily bread." Give us food to eat and raiment to put on. Keep sickness from our doors. Vouchsafe to us the temporal blessings we need. We confess that thou art the Giver of all good things. We believe that "in thee we live and move and have our being." We believe that we are ever under thy watchful eye. We believe that thy hand orders our every step, that by thee the very hairs of our head are numbered. And in the confidence of children we come to tell thee all our need and all our desires, even as thou biddest us come. But we shall not murmur and question and doubt the love of God because we have not obtained the things we asked for.

It is no objection against the efficacy of prayer to say, "I have prayed for the life of my child, and it has not been given me. I have asked that this pain which wears and consumes me may be removed, and it has not been removed. I have besought God that He would be pleased to lighten the burden of grief or of anxiety which presses upon me, and the burden has grown heavier." Is this any proof that my prayer has not been answered? It is certainly a proof that the specific petition has not been granted. But would you have it granted to your soul's hurt? Would you have your rebellious wish gratified? Would you dictate to God? Would you bend his pure and holy will to your corrupt and capricious will—to your sinful, passionate, short-sighted desires? Take heed what you do. God might indeed listen to your petition; He might give you the boon you crave. But He would give it in anger, not in love, as He gave to his rebellious people the king for whom they asked, when the Lord their God was their King. The child whose life He spared might grow up to waste your heart and consume your eyes, and bring down your grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. If He took away your pain, or lightened your burden, you might cease to look to Him for strength, and patience, and consolation, and in the hard pursuit of this world's pleasures, you might forget Him whose hands created and whose love redeemed you. If He gave you the earthly affection, without which life now seems not worth having, you might but learn too bitterly, and too late, the depth of your folly and your infatuation. Yes; it is possible for God to grant a petition, and for that granting to be one of his most terrible chastisements. "He gave them their desire, and sent leanness withal into their souls."

These blind and selfish prayers are fearful

things. This arrogant dictation to God, this rebellious assertion of our own will, can only bring with it a curse, and not a blessing. But God does answer our prayer most truly when He seems not to answer it. He answers the deepest yearnings of our hearts; He answers their inner meaning when He refuses to grant the specific request. So He answered his servant Paul, when, smarting with the thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet him, he besought the Lord thrice that it might be taken away. What was the answer? Did God take away the thorn? No. Did He answer the prayer? Yes; for this was the answer: "My grace is sufficient for thee; my strength is made perfect in weakness." So He answered the prayer of the pious Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, when, dreading for her son the temptations of that dissolute city, she prayed earnestly to God that her son might not go to Rome. He sailed for Rome. God sent him no sickness to prevent his sailing; God raised no storm to turn the ship from her course; God suffered him to reach the harbour in safety. And at Rome Augustine first heard the words which turned his wayward, reluctant heart to God. And so he comments beautifully on his mother's prayer: "Thou, O my God, didst see her heart, and Thou answeredst her, not according to the words of her lips, but according to the hidden meaning of her petitions." So likewise He answered One greater than Augustine or Paul—even his own dearly beloved Son—who himself bare witness: "I know that Thou hearest me always." Was there ever prayer more awfully earnest than his in the Garden of Gethsemane? He prayed being in an agony, and his sweat was as great drops of blood falling to the ground. He prayed as none but the Perfect Man, as none but the Son of God could pray. If ever prayer was pure, it was his. If ever prayer was earnest, it was his. If ever prayer was the expression of the whole heart, it was his. And what was the prayer? "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." That was the petition. There was the shrinking of the human heart in the hour of his agony; but there was also the consciousness and the confession that all things are not possible even to purity and faith. And there was the direct submission to his heavenly Father's will. "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt." And was that prayer answered? In the granting of the specific petition, certainly not: the cup did not pass away. But it was answered in the inner strength, in the succour and the victory vouchsafed. It was answered in the triumph of the Cross. It was answered in the redemption of the world. It was answered in the victory over death, and the resurrection from the dead.

Yes, brethren, there is the solution of the mystery. There is the interpretation of what we so often stumble at. God does not give us the very thing we ask, because if He did it would make us selfish and proud, and careless and self-satisfied. We should begin to think ourselves the special favourites of heaven, and prayer a charm or a talisman to secure us from all earthly ill. God does not give us what we ask, but He gives us what is far better—patience and submission, faith and hope, the spirit of the Cross, and the mind of Christ. He does not forbid us to utter our petitions, for He is a Father who loves his children, not a tyrant who would crush them into submission; but He grants them as He thinks fit, according to his wisdom and love, not according to our passionate, short-sighted desires.

In the spirit of his dear Son, Jesus Christ, may He give us all grace to pray. May He teach us to still our too selfish and passionate longings for earthly good, by the recollection that what we covet so eagerly would not be good for ourselves, or might be injurious to others. May He teach us by the discipline of our daily life how to go to Him as to a Father who is more loving to us than we are to ourselves. May He give us the confidence of children in asking, and yet withal teach us in all things to bow our will to His. He who from the bottom of his heart can say—not in a mere perfunctory way, or as the expression of a merely passive resignation—he who can say from the bottom of his heart, knowing and meaning what he says, "Not my will, but Thine be done," has done life's greatest work. He has been "wise to observe these things;" he knows the loving kindness of the Lord; and "the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep his heart and mind."

J. J. STEWART PEROWNE.

NO TIDINGS.

"NO tidings," she said, "of my love to-day,"
And her face wore a gentle sorrow;
"But why should I chide at the brief delay?
The tidings will come to-morrow."

"No tidings," she said, when the morrow came,
And her voice had a tearful quiver;
Yet thought of distrust, or wrong, or blame
Entered her brave heart never.

"No tidings," she said, as the months wore on,
And her cheek was pale with weeping;
"Would at my head there was laid a stone,
And beneath I were soundly sleeping!"

"No tidings," she said, "of my love to-day,—
A year to-day since we parted!
The flowers are dying on bush and spray,—
Why die not the broken-hearted?



"Hush! tidings at last,—He is gone before,—
A whisper has caught mine ear;
He is waiting for me on the spirit shore,
While I linger idly here!"

She laid her down like a child to rest,
Life faded from lip and brow,
They folded her hands on the marble breast—
None waits for the other now.

JANE C. SIMPSON.

RAPHAEL.

By the AUTHOR of "Gifts for Men."

THE study of Raphael involves the study of all Italian and much of Flemish art. The labours of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, embodied in seven volumes of wonderful research and acute criticism, show us the imposing vestibule through which we must pass, if we would adequately appreciate the vast dome of Raphael's mind and labour.

As I am neither artist nor connoisseur, my approach to Raphael, even with the strong help of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, is necessarily the approach of an ignorant admirer. As such I will rapidly sketch the events of his life, and for the rest confine myself to speaking what a picture of his spoke to my soul, as pictures are meant to speak even to those who are unlearned in all that concerns the painter's art.

Raphael's great-grandfather was ruined by the devastations of war in 1441, and leaving Colbordolo, his native place, went to Urbino, where he set up as a general dealer. The business prospered, and in 1464 the family possessed lands and a good house in the Contrada del Monte. In that house—where it is supposed that his father, before he became an artist, shared in the family business—Raphael was born. On the wall of one of the rooms is still to be seen remains of a fresco of a Virgin and sleeping Child. This room is said to have been Giovanni Santi's studio, and the sleeping Christ is believed to have been drawn from the infant Raphael. The Arundel Society published, in 1859, an outline of an angel head in a fresco by Santi, at Cagli, which is also supposed to have been taken from Raphael when a boy. The hair, cut straight over the eyebrows, hangs in waves down to the shoulders. The eyes look up, frank and free. The mouth is lovely; the line between the pouting lips rich in sweetness and in power.

Raphael's mother, Magia Ciarla, died when he was eight years old; and his father, after having married again, died before the boy was twelve. At that age Raphael entered the studio of Pietro Vannucci, called Il Perugino. Perugia was his home from the age of twelve to twenty.

I had therefore looked forward with great interest to a stay at Perugia. My visit there, however, was most unsatisfactory. Our hotel had been a palace, and our bedrooms were hung with rich satin damask instead of paper; but the grandeur of our walls did not counterbalance the disadvantages for the delicate among our party, of intense cold and meagre fare. We were therefore obliged to shorten our stay. Instead of leisure among the interests of the home of Umbrian art, I found myself limited to one afternoon and the early hours before breakfast of the following morning. I found, too, that all the churches, except the cathedral, were closed, and that to get through sight-seeing at all it was absolutely necessary to employ a guide. Giovanni Scalchi is indeed the prince of guides, a perfect gentleman in his unobtrusive attentions, and an enthusiastic lover of all he shows; still, it was a poor substitute for the hoped-for solitary musings in Perugia to be marched swiftly from place to place, in full procession of the victimised and the bewildered and the ardent, all gravitating towards the one hapless guide. Notwithstanding all disadvantages, Perugia impressed me powerfully. A confused vision, with a foreground of old gateways, and a background of magnificent mountains, thronged with pure-hearted angels, running about with censers, and gracefully curving their toes as they ran, or standing in innocent attitudes adoring, or listening to the sweet sounds themselves were drawing from the violin; mixed with Etruscan snake-heads and cinerary urns; with queer old streets rambling downwards, or scrambling upwards over hills and flights of steps, haunted my mind for long afterwards, even among the absorbing interests of Rome. I can with a slight effort, even now, call up many details of that wonderful Perugia where gateways of the time of Augustus Cæsar are shown as *modern;* and the days when the boy Raphael turned down that lane to Perugino's house, No. 18 in the Via Deliziosa, seem but as the recollections of one's own youth.

The city of Perugia crowns the summit of a solitary hill which rises out of the valley of the Tiber to the height of 1,500 feet. The views on all sides are magnificent. There is a lower city and a higher city. The lower city is Roman and modern; the higher one is Etruscan and ancient. In the higher city is the market-place, where Julius III. sits in bronze, an image of paternal command and blessing. Near him is the fountain covered with unsurpassable carvings by Nicolo Pisano. Behind him rises the cathedral,

like many Italian churches, rough outside, but containing much treasure within. In that upper town, too, are most of the places connected with Raphael's divine youth, such as the chapel of S. Severo, the church of S. Angelo, the Palazzo Communale, &c. Raphael's first fresco is in the chapel of S. Severo. This chapel is now quite dismantled. A bare dreary room with damp-stained walls, a roll of prints for sale on a deal table, and three old chairs for visitors to sit upon. A more desolate place can scarcely be conceived; but the eternal youth and heavenly freshness of Raphael's early work fills the whole atmosphere with fragrance. This fresco is much damaged. Two adoring angels, standing on either side of the Christ, are in better preservation than the other figures. It is said that Raphael studied this, his own first fresco, for the design of the Dispute of the Sacrament. There is a certain similarity between the two, but to my mind the truth and dignity, the repose and sweetness of the child's work, are worth all the matured strength of the man's more elaborate thought. There is another very early fresco of Raphael's in the church of S. Angelo, of Christ among the Doctors, also very much damaged. The figure of Christ is left entire, and is beautiful. No work of Raphael's ever surpassed that figure. A painting in the church is copied from the fresco, interesting as giving the design of the original, but desperately below its mark. The Basilica of S. Pietro de' Casinense, outside of the town, a treasury of Umbrian art, contains magnificent choir-stalls carved in walnut-wood from early designs by Raphael. His helping hand worked in the beautiful adornment by Perugino of the Sala del Cambio, in the Palazzo Communale. Perugino's masterpieces cover the walls of this room, but except in the morning light it is so dark that it is almost impossible to see the paintings. Among the Prophets on the right hand the likeness of Raphael, a full front face, is introduced as the Prophet Daniel, and interested us very much, as it is strikingly like many of his Madonnas, especially the "Madonna di San Sesto."

Raphael always retained a great love and admiration for the master under whom he here studied. Richly receptive of every influence, and magnificently endowed with original creative power, he yet to the last felt the spell of Perugino's charm, as is evident in the figure of the Christ and in the attitudes of the Moses and Elias of his latest picture, "The Transfiguration." These blemishes as they are in that grand composition, disarm criticism and touch sympathy by their showing that, when he stood unconsciously at the gates of death, the child's delight in the forms and thoughts of the early Perugian days revived in the heart of the man. His love and veneration for the master of his youth is also shown in "The School of Athens." In that very picture in which he worked under the new impulse of a sight of Michael Angelo's designs, and in which, on the wall opposite the Umbrian-toned "Disputa," he displayed a style strongly contrasted with the Umbrian, Raphael figured Painting by the likeness of Perugino, and drew himself as humbly following in that master's footsteps.

Perugino, indeed, seems to have had a singular power of attracting and holding the love of his pupils, and of possessing their minds. One needs only to look round the walls of the Pinacoteca in Perugia, and to walk through the churches, fully to appreciate the amount of that influence. It is indeed a problem how all the sweet, guileless, devotional feeling of Perugino's works, how all his generous pleasure in his pupils' honours, how all the love and veneration he awakened in his scholars can be reconciled with the avarice which debased his later years. Perhaps a sensitive and intense nature suffered too cruelly in the days of Perugino's early poverty, and perhaps this suffering reacted fatally on his later life, and showed itself in a morbid thirst for that gold, the worth of which had been so branded into him. Injury to the sensitive spirit does not work to the surface till after many days.

But to return to Raphael. He paid two visits to Florence between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. The latter visit extended to three years, during which time he is said to have painted thirty pictures.

In his twenty-fifth year Raphael went to Rome, summoned by Pope Julius II. to carry out the adornment of the Vatican. His work henceforth lay in Rome, and when we consider that he lived only twelve years after this period, we are amazed at the amount of that work to be seen in Rome alone, apart from the numerous paintings executed during his stay there which are scattered through Europe. In order to estimate the activity of his mind, it must be remembered that, besides painting, Raphael was also teaching a school of at least fifty pupils; preparing architectural designs for the building of St. Peter's, and superintending that building; planning extensive ex-

cavations in Rome; carrying on a wide-spread correspondence; and interesting himself actively in all the varied interests of those complex times. "When he died, at the age of thirty-seven," says Mrs. Jamieson, "he left behind him two hundred and eighty-seven pictures and five hundred and seventy-six drawings and studies." Such a man, as she justly observes, "could not have been idle and dissipated."

It would take many volumes to enter into any detailed account of the works of Raphael, even if we limited ourselves to his works in Rome, and it is quite impossible to give much detail in a short paper. Descriptions of pictures without engravings have besides not much meaning to those who have not seen the pictures. I will therefore confine my remarks to a picture of Raphael's which is universally known through photographs and engravings, the "St. Cecilia" at Bologna.

Five figures compose the group in the "St. Cecilia." St. Cecilia stands in the middle, on her right hand St. Paul and St. John, on her left Mary Magdalene and St. Augustine. They are all under the influence of music, and through an opening in the clouds above their heads is seen a choir of angels singing. The several members of this group show us the different result of the influence of music on different natures.

St. Cecilia, richly robed in a dress of golden tint, stands with her face upraised, absorbed in listening to the angels' song. Her arms hang listlessly downwards. Her hands hold, as if half consciously, a small organ, from which some of the pipes are dropping out. At her feet lie the triangle, the tambourine, the violin, the drum, and the cymbals. She has exhausted earth's instruments of music in striving to give expression to that mystery of harmony in which her own spirit is created. The angels, quick to minister, eager to help the upward soaring soul to the attainment of its own ideal, have swiftly come to take up in her hearing, in heaven's higher rhythm, the cadence of her failing strain.

With their wings still quivering from their rapid flight, they give forth their voice, hasting, ere the pause be too far prolonged, "that singing should issue thence."

Great is the wind that is blowing up in heaven. The breath of the Spirit is strong upon the angels. It is strong upon them as if arisen from below. It is the breath of that Spirit that "helps our infirmities, making intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered." Its witness that we are the sons of God has been loosened by the earthly harmonies. It has rushed forth to inspire heaven with a new song. The angels need to look intensely into the books of the mystery of that new song, of that unfamiliar song, awakened from motives of which the unfallen are not free.

When the vision has passed away, the echoes of that angel melody will linger in St. Cecilia's ears, and will find their way to utterance, whether from her lips or from the instruments at her command. Grander and more marvellous ever will be the higher rhythms she awakes in heaven.

Of the mystery of her listening it is not mine to speak. I never knew it in my own experience. She stands before us, the true musician listening to strains she feels in herself the power to repeat.

I can speak of all her companions, for I have known the experience of each of those listeners. They have been entranced by her music: when she felt all earth's means insufficient for her rapture, they passed with her into listening to the higher heavenly strains. With her they hear the angels' song, but their hearing is not like hers, the musician's hearing.

Mary Magdalene looks out of the picture "as if indifferent to the music." So critics complain; but it is not so. She is far from indifferent. She is, indeed, not listening to the music at all; but by means of the music she is seeing, she is feeling. She is rapt in vision of that Holy One upon whose feet her head was bowed, her tears were poured, her hair was used, her lips were pressed. She remembers the day when to her too idolatrous love He refused the longed-for touch; but she knows that He has ascended to the Father, and that He will return again; that once more his feet will stand on Mount Olivet, and that in her flesh she shall see God, whom her eyes shall behold, and not another. She holds fast the precious vase of ointment with her left hand, in remembrance of the past, and raises her right hand, of which we can see the eager thumb, to lift off the cover of the vase, as if feeling the near approach of that glad day, when He will suffer her again to touch Him. Her face is full of strongly restrained woman's dreams, remembrances, and hopes. When St. Cecilia gives play to the powers of song, so evident in the development of her throat, she will, with the true musician's imitative faculty, repeat the angels' song. When Mary Magdalene's bonds are loosened, her soul will pour forth its own harmony. Hers will be a song that has never been sung before, a

song that none but herself will ever be able to sing. It will gather up the whole of her life, and utter it in the ears of God; a new song, a glorious song, yet a song limited by the bonds of her own individuality. I know in myself the effect that music has on that face looking out and away.

Opposite to the Magdalen stands St. Paul. He leans his head upon his right hand, in profound meditation. He, too, is not listening to the music with a musician's direct listening, but by means of the music he is listening to profound reasoning, he is receiving the knowledge of mysteries. This effect of music, also, I know well.

It is impossible to define how music conveys ideas to an unmusical brain such as mine is; but certainly I never through human ministration received such deep teaching upon the histories of St. Paul and of Elijah as came to me through Mendelssohn's oratorios. I never, through man's speech, received such knowledge of the mystery of godliness as flooded into me from Handel's *Messiah*.

When my soul was rising in scorn and indignant rage against the blinded, outrageous fools who stormed against the holy Stephen, "Stone him to death! Stone him to death!" it sank abashed in penitential awe and shame, as the calm sweet voice of the martyr gently spoke, and for a moment hushed the tumult. I knew at that moment, as I had never known before, the vital difference between a heathen's protest against the wrong, and a Christian's witness for the truth. I felt at that moment as I had never felt before, what the seed sown in the heart of Saul was, and understood how in fierce conflict against that still small voice, how "kicking against the pricks," Saul went forth to Damascus, inevitably prepared for the terrible down-striking whereby the Lord, "mindful of his own," marked him as his bond-slave for ever. That voice of the first martyr Stephen haunted my imagination as I sat upon one of the fallen stones of the Coliseum in Rome. The upper part of one of the old entrances to the dens of the wild beasts, now partly subterranean, was close beside me. I had just been in a cell, where Christian prisoners had been confined. These cells were immediately above the dens. The prisoners could hear the hideous sounds below them of the monsters they were doomed to meet. No one who has not been in Italy can appreciate what the intense cold of a dark den is there. It is difficult to account for, but in that land of the sun, whatever is not in the sun, even galleries, churches, and rooms with a northern aspect, strike the blood to the heart, from their numbing deadly chill.

For one unutterable moment I realised what it must have been to be brought out of the intense cold and darkness of such a dungeon, suddenly into the brilliant sunshine, suddenly into the noisy air, suddenly face to face with that circling wall of eager faces, rising tier above tier, 100,000 human faces gazing downwards, with eyes impatient for the sight of one's own agonized death; 100,000 human hearts to whom one's own unutterable suffering would afford a few moments' excitement, and be counted but as part of a passing show. For one moment I felt that it might be possible to human nature to defy that fiendish crowd, and proudly to despise their souls, and so to meet death from the wild beasts of the desert, rather than consent to dwell in unity with the wild beasts of the city. I felt that it might be possible in a hideous despair to curse God and man alike, and rush on death as better than life; possible too, in a stupified maze to stand there, knowing nothing; but it would be impossible for unaided human nature to be ready, in the grand calm of an almighty love, to have the mystery of Christ's sufferings perfected through their bodies, to give their bodies to be rent in the terrific fusing of God's and man's work, through which the Redeemer shall accomplish his full salvation. One sight of the Cross of Christ, the martyr's ideal, is enough to shut the soul for ever against the questionings of science falsely so called. What need is here of other witness? This never entered into the heart of man to conceive.

The spring of the wild beast, man and perhaps even woman might, in the natural strength of a noble mind endure, but the subtle, the all-pervading spirit of the beast triumphant in those 100,000 fellow-creatures what natural man could face inviolate? There is no measure which can be applied to the overmastering influence of the spirit of a crowd. An electric irresistible shock fuses all spirits in one wild impulse, and carries into mad excesses, of terror, of loyalty, of exultation, or whatever the impulse leads to, even those whose whole lives have been, to that moment, opposed to any movement in the direction taken. St. Augustine, in the sixth book of his Confessions, relates how his friend Alypius hated the spectacles of the amphitheatre, and was once by his fellow-students haled, vehemently refusing

and protesting, into this Coliseum. He vowed that, though perforce his body was there present, his mind should be absent, and he, closing his eyes, "forbade his mind to range abroad after such evils." But in the fight one fell, and the people cried mightily, and Alypius, struck by the sound, opened his eyes, and instantly the spirit of that throng possessed him. "He beheld, shouted, kindled, carried thence with him the madness which should goad him to return, not only with those who first drew him thither, but also before them, yea, and to draw in others." This experience of Alypius I feel to be deeply true to human nature. I can imagine that overmastering influence drowning love, extinguishing pity, even in the souls of such as went there loving and pitying the martyrs. I can imagine the savage willingness of the gladiator, when the fierce god arose within him, responsive to the spirit of these 100,000, whose eyes were centred on him. In the passive martyr such willing share in the spirit of the ravening beast was of course not possible, but the forms that spirit can assume and evolve are diverse. It needs no extraordinary powers of self-knowledge to be aware of this even in the trivialities of daily life, and under the comparatively slight trials through which we are all called to pass. The natural heart absorbs, in one form or another, the spirit of the evil with which it deals, and is overcome by it. Either it becomes savage, hateful, and hating, or it grows callous, dead to all quickening griefs, falsely resigned, paralyzed as Livingstone describes himself to have been under the paw of the lion. Both conditions are equally antagonistic to the Spirit of God. From both the Saviour prays for deliverance, when He cries, "Deliver my darling from the power of the dog." Inspired by his Spirit, upheld by his strength, dead in themselves, alive only by the Christ living in them, so and so only could the Christian martyrs make their calling and election sure.

This is a long digression, yet not a digression, for the revelation of a martyr's spirit, as contrasted with my own spirit, was to me largely music-given, through the oratorio of *St. Paul.*

Through that of *Elijah* I was shown the awful depth of that soul in answer to whose earnest prayer it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months, and nations perished of famine, and who, over the dead babe of the self-accusing woman of Zarephath, cried unto the Lord, and said, "O Lord my God, hast thou also brought evil upon this widow with whom I sojourn, by slaying her son?" I was shown the wondrous teaching of the Lord, who, through the woman and her dead, poured into the prophet's heart somewhat of the divine yearning over Israel—"that pleasant child;" "for since I spoke against him I do earnestly remember him still; therefore my bowels are troubled for him, and I will surely have mercy on him, saith the Lord." The connection between the anguish, in the heart of the prophet, whose righteous indignation had called for judgment on the land, when the widow reproached him for having brought her sin to mind and slain her son, and his going forth to show the people that the Lord He is God, and to pray for the return of rain; the preparation of the prophet's heart, through the woman and her dead, to find God in the still, small voice, lie on the surface of the text; but by me this was not seen till music revealed it.

Through Handel's chorus, "All we like sheep have gone astray, every one to his own way," I felt the wild licence of self-will revel in my heart; I danced with the world's mirth, and marched with its pomps, and felt the blood in sudden rush assault my heart, when suddenly I found myself in face of Calvary. The overwhelming judgment of those ponderous chords, in sudden and unexpected answer to the "Dominant's persistence," which had been all too skilfully veiled throughout the previous dance and pageantry, revealed to me more of the stupendous facts of man's existence than all the sermons I have ever heard.

Therefore I can truly say that I understand that head of St. Paul, which, indeed, is not listening to the music with a musician's direct listening, but by means of the music hears and understands. If he should lift his head and find "poured into his lips" the gift of song, his song would not be like St. Cecilia's celestial warblings of the angels' melody; it would not be like that of the Magdalene, the utterance of an individual life. The manifold influences of the universe would body forth that song. It would be as "the voice of many waters." It would be as the voice of the Lord which shaketh the wilderness, as the voice of the Lord which with thunderings causeth the terrified hinds to cast their young; as the voice of the Lord which strippeth the forests. His song would move through all this mystery of destruction to the magnificent assurance that in the temple of the Lord "every whit of it uttereth

his glory." * His song would "distil as the dew." As "the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass," it would drop the healing, quickening truth that the people's hope of peace is one with his omnipotence who sitteth upon the flood.

Those who are under the influence of music in either of the ways of which I have spoken do not crave for sympathy. The Magdalene and St. Paul are both absorbed in their respective thoughts, and wrapt quite away from all consciousness of their companions. No impulse stirs either of their souls to look into another's eyes, and there behold their own ecstasy, living and reflected. Not so with the two figures which stand in the background. St. John and St. Augustine both mutually seek sympathy.

My first reading of St. John's face was, that he was receiving the divine song through St. Cecilia; but his eyes are not, as I at first imagined, resting upon the earthly musician's lovely upturned face. His eyes are communing with the eyes of St. Augustine. Still, the expression of his face is essentially that of one who would identify the musician with the strain, and would be capable of seeing and hearing and handling *the Word* of God. The key-note of his epistle, framed from knowledge of his own heart, is, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." Not mine now, when the world's atmosphere has chilled my heart, and life's disappointments have dimmed my eyes and crippled my hope; but, in the days of early youth, I knew such listening as transfigures this childlike face—a listening to the musician as one with his strain. Such a listener seeks sympathy; but he has not the self-possession to applaud. He is drawn mutely in silent worship towards the "seraph-haunted queen of melody," and his eyes, taking in her heavenly grace, seek a fellow-feeling in his fellow-listener; but he never could, like that other listener, give sign of praise. As soon could he applaud his mother's love or praise his father's truth. Yet, the upraised, applauding hand of St. Augustine does not offend him or us. It is a reverent applause. It is that praise of the Highest; it is that seeking for sympathy which rightfully belongs to him who wrote the "Confessions;" not the senseless clapping of hands, which rudely destroys the spell of music's final triumph, or breaks in upon her whispered, sighing farewell.

This reading of the "St. Cecilia" may appear to some strained and fanciful, but I am convinced that Raphael meant to represent the different effect of music on these different natures, and I am the more so convinced, that I find from Mrs. Jamieson that he altered his original sketch.

Mrs. Jamieson very much prefers the original sketch, which was engraved by Marc Antonio, and she gives a copy of the figure of St. Cecilia, which, however simple and beautiful, does not show the distinguishing characteristics of a musician's listening, as does the head in the painting. Mrs. Jamieson says that in that original sketch the Magdalene is represented looking up, and, like St. Cecilia, listening to the angels' song. This, too, Mrs. Jamieson considers a beauty in the sketch. To me these alterations seem to have been deliberately made, as, without them, the picture would have been incomplete as a representation of the different relations to music of differently constituted natures.

Raphael's villa in the Borghese grounds must have been, from the description of it in Eaton's Rome, a place of surpassing interest for the beauty of its decoration, as well as for its associations. It was, alas! destroyed during the siege of Rome in 1849, and nothing now remains of it but a few walls. Three of the best frescoes that adorned it were, however, happily preserved, and are to be seen in a room at the end of the Borghese gallery. They are, 1. "The Nuptials of Alexander and Roxana;" 2. "The Nuptials of Vertumnus and Pomona;" 3. "The Target of the Gods." This last-named composition is most extraordinary. The gods are making a mark of an image of man, and hurling against it "the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune." It was a strange design to have emanated from the bright life of Raphael, whose cup ran over with blessings of every kind, and by some critics it is ascribed to Michael Angelo. Raphael lies buried in the Pantheon, between the graves of Taddeo Zucchero and Annibale Caracci. There, also, are buried Baldassare Peruzzi, Pierino del Vaga, and Giovanni da Udine.

The spot where Raphael lies buried was chosen by himself during his lifetime, near the grave of his betrothed bride, Maria di Bibbiena. In 1833 his remains were exhumed, in order to set at rest a dispute concerning a skull which was falsely declared to be his in the Academy of St. Luke. The skeleton was at that time exhibited, after which a second funeral ceremony was performed.

* Psalm xxix., marginal reading.

PICTURES OF ITALIAN LIFE.

V.—THE ÆQUIAN HILLS.

(Second Part.)

THE foot-path which leads to the famous monasteries, ascends the left bank of the Anio, just beyond the grand bridge by which the road from Olevano to Subiaco crosses the river at a great height. Little chapels at intervals mark the rocky way, which is overhung by wild laburnum and coronilla, and fringed with saxifrage and cyclamen. The first of these chapels commemorates an interesting mediæval story in which Benedict bore a share. Amongst those who came hither from Rome to share his teaching, were two Roman senators of high rank, Anicius and Tertullus, who brought with them their sons Maurus and Placidus, entreating him to bring them up in the way of Life. Maurus was then twelve years old and Placidus only five. One day (in 528) the child Placidus fell into the Anio below this cliff. Benedict, seeing him fall, called to Maurus to assist him, and he, walking upon the water, caught the drowning boy by the hair, and dragged him out. His safety was followed by a contest of humility between the pupil and master. Maurus attributed it to the holiness of Benedict, Benedict to the self-devotion of Maurus; Placidus decided the question by saying that he had seen the sheepskin-coat of Benedict hovering over him in the water.

Long before we reach it, the grandly-toned bell of Santa Scholastica, echoing amid the rocks, gives notice of the approach to a great sanctuary. Nothing can exceed the solemn grandeur of its situation, perched upon huge crags, and with the roaring river below. The monastery was founded in the fifth century by the Abbot Honoratus, the sainted succesSsor of Benedict, and though repeatedly attacked and burnt by the Lombards, the Saracens, and by its own neighbours, it always rose again from its ashes more splendid than ever. In 981 it was rebuilt from the ground under Benedict VII., and dedicated to S. Benedict and his holy sister Scholastica. From this time rich donations were constantly made, and lands were added to its territory, till, in 1100, its abbots became princes, possessed of many castles and fortresses, and with a right of supreme jurisdiction over their vassals. They did not hesitate to appear personally in the battle-fields of that troubled time, in which the Bishops of Tivoli, Anagni, and Palestrina were also frequently seen. Many curious records remain of their savage administration of justice. In the time of the Ghibelline Abbot Adhemar (1353) seven monks were hung up by their feet, and fires lighted under their heads. In 1454 their severities led to a rebellion, in which the convent was stormed and many of the monks massacred. Calistus III. made the Abbot a Cardinal Commendatory, and the first who bore this title was the Spanish Torquemada, under whose rule, in 1464, the famous Sweynheim and Pannartz established here the first printing-press in Italy, and published from hence "Lactantius de Divinis Institutionibus;" "Cicero de Oratore," and, in 1467, "Augustinus de Civitate Dei." In the same year, however, a quarrel with the monks drove them to Rome, where they established themselves in the Massimo Palace. It is interesting to remember that the first printing-press in England was also established in a Benedictine Abbey—that of Westminster.

Torquemada was succeeded as abbot by Rodrigo Borgia, afterwards Pope Alexander VI., and in his time Lucrezia Borgia often resided in the castle-palace, and Cæsar came hither to hunt. Under the Abbot Pompeo Colonna, Julius II. united the abbacy with that of Tarfa; in 1514, Leo X. joined it to that of Monte Casino. After this it remained for a hundred and sixteen years in the hands of the Colonnas, and a memorial of the way in which they held their own against the popes may be seen in the papal banner which fell into their hands in battle, and which still hangs in the convent church. The front of the convent is modern. The building is divided by three cloisters. The first is modern, but contains an interesting sarcophagus with Bacchic ornaments, two porphyry pillars, and other antiquities.

The second cloister, which dates from 1052, is a most beautiful example of Gothic decoration. Over one of its arcades, of marble, is a statue of the Virgin throned between lions. Near the entrance is a stone inscribed with all the (enormous) possessions of the convent in 1052. There is also a curious bas-relief of a wolf and a dog drinking, and on the body of the wolf an inscription relating to the dedication of the church, December 4th, 981, by Benedict VII. Hence we reach the third and smallest cloister—"Il

chiostro dell'Abbate Lando"—built early in the thirteenth century. It is surrounded by a beautiful arcade of double pillars like those at the Lateran, and has a poetical inscription in mosaic, which is the work of the famous Cosmo Cosmati and his two sons, Luca and Jacopo. In the porch of the church is an interesting old Giottesque picture, and the capital of a Corinthian column attesting the presence of a temple on this site.

The interior of the church, though modern, is not unimposing. S. Onorato sleeps beneath the high altar. Under his statue is an inscription which recalls the legend that the translation of his beloved master Benedict into the better world was miraculously revealed to him.

As the path from Sta. Scholastica to the Sacro Speco is steep and fatiguing, a small chapel has been erected at a short distance beyond the larger monastery, where aged and infirm persons are allowed to accomplish their pilgrimage. The scenery now becomes more romantic and savage at every step as we ascend the winding path, till, about half a mile further on, a small gate admits one to the famous immemorial Ilex Grove, which is said to date from the fifth century, and which has never been profaned by axe or hatchet. The grand old trees bowed with age, with twisted and contorted stems, form a dense mass of shadow, grateful after the arid rocks, and they hang in masses of grey-green verdure over the depth. Here and there the mossy trunks are covered with fern, upon which a ray of sunlight falls with dazzling brilliancy. At the end of the grove the path narrows, and a steep winding stair, just wide enough to admit one person at a time, leads to the platform before the convent, which up to that moment is entirely concealed. It is always said that monks have known how to choose the sites of their dwellings better than any one else, but surely no situation was ever equal to this, to which they were led by its historical associations. There is an old Latin distich which says,—

"Bernardus valles, colles Benedictus amabat,
Oppida Franciscus, magnas Ignatius urbes."

The name of the monastery, Sacro Speco, commemorates the holy cave of S. Benedict. At the entrance the thrilling interest of the place is at once recalled to us by the inscription, "Here is the patriarchal cradle of the monks of the West of the Order of S. Benedict." The long entrance corridor, built on arches over the abyss, has frescoes of four sainted popes—Gregory, Agatho, Leo, and another. It ends in an ante-chamber with a painted statue of S. Benedict, some beautiful old Umbrian frescoes of the Virgin and Child between the four Evangelists.

Hence we reach the entrance of the all-glorious upper-church, built by the Abbot John V. in 1116, and adorned with frescoes under John VI. in 1220. On one side the story of the Birth of Christ is told, introduced by the figures of the prophets who announced His coming, while the opposite wall is occupied by the history of the Crucifixion. Here, angels are represented as catching the streams of blood which flow from the Divine wounds; the soul of Dismas, the penitent thief, is received by an angel, while that of the bad thief, Gesmas, is carried off by a black demon.

As we descend the Santa Scala, trodden by the feet of Benedict, and ascended by the monks upon their knees, the solemn beauty of the place increases at every step. Much of the rock is still left bare, and hangs overhead in jagged masses, preserving the cavern-like character of the scene, while every available space is rich with colour and gold, radiant, yet perfectly subdued and harmonious. The saints of the Order, and those especially connected with it, Benedict, Gregory the Great, the archdeacon Peter, Romanus, Maurus, Placidus, Honoratus, Scholastica, and Anatolia, look down upon us repeatedly from the great thirteenth-century frescoes.

The staircase leads to the holy of holies, the actual Sacro Speco, where Benedict lived for three years in darkness. Five lamps now illumine it, and by their light we see a statue of the saint by Raggi (sculptor of the fountain in the Piazza Navona) of the school of Bernini, and frescoes of the Triumph of Death, of the Baptism of Christ, and of many saints.

In this cave S. Gregory narrates that Benedict after his return from Vicovaro (to which he had gone for a short time as abbot) "dwelt alone with himself," being "always busied in the presence of his Creator, in bewailing the spiritual miseries of his soul and past sins, in watching over the emotions of his heart, and in the constant contemplation of Divine things." Here the devil hovered over him as a little black bird, suggesting sinful thoughts and desires, which he subdued by flinging himself amid the thorns and nettles. Here he received a poisoned loaf from the wicked priest Florentius, and, throwing it on the ground, forced a tame raven on his command to bear it beyond mortal reach. And here he laid down the rule of his order,

making its basis the twelve degrees of humility.

From the arches below the convent one may emerge upon a small terraced garden, once a ridge covered with a thicket of thorns, upon which S. Benedict used to roll his naked body to extinguish the passions of the flesh. Here, seven centuries afterwards, S. Francis, coming to visit the shrine, knelt and prayed before the thorns which had such



Subiaco, with the Bridge.



Sacro Speco, Subiaco.



S. Cosimato.

glorious memories, and planted two rose-trees beside them. The roses of S. Francis flourish still, and are carefully tended by the monks, but the Benedictine thorns have disappeared.

To obtain a general view of the convent of the Sacro Speco, it is necessary to follow the lower path, which diverges just beyond Santa Scholastica. A succession of zig-zags along the edge of the cliffs, amid savage scenery, leads to a bridge over the river, whence a pathlet, winding often by staircases up and down the rocks, allows one to see the whole building rising above the beautiful falls of the

Anio. We emerge close to the ruins of a Nymphæum belonging to Nero's Villa, and nothing can be more imposing than the view from hence up the gorge, with the great rock-cresting monastery on the other side, and all the wealth of rich verdure on the nearer steeps, which take the name of Monte Carpineto from the hornbeams with which they are covered. The little chapel above the Sacro Speco is that of San Biagio (S. Blaise), who is invoked whenever any catastrophe occurs in the valley. Here, once every year, mass is chanted by the monks of Santa Scholastica.

As we descend the valley from the convents, the stately castle of Subiaco rises, crowning the town, against the distant blue mountains. On the right of the road is a shrine standing on a rich orange-coloured tufa rock, very dear to artists. Near the river, the valley is almost blocked up by the immense buildings of the Collegiata, a church and palace built by Pius VI., when Cardinal Bishop of Subiaco, as the abbots of Sta. Scholastica had been bishops also until the see was united with a cardinalate.

The castle, called La Rocca, built by the warlike Abbot John V., was long a summer residence of the popes. One of its towers, still called "Borgiana," recalls the residence here of Cardinal Rodrigo Borgia, afterwards Alexander VI. Magnificent views may be obtained from the windows of the rooms, which contain a few good pictures.

The town formerly professed the utmost devotion to the papacy, and the waggon-load of its wild flowers was one of the most suggestive and attractive of the presents to Pius IX., on his anniversary, sent by "La sua divotissima Subiaco," yet now the names of the streets are all changed, and we have the eternal "Via Cavour, Via Venti Settembre," &c. Costumes still linger here, but are less striking than further in the mountains. The men all wear bunches of flowers in their hats on festas, the women wear *spadoni*, ending in a hand, an acorn, or a bunch of flowers in silver. Beyond the excellent Albergo della Pernice, and the gate built in honour of Pius VI., is a curious old bridge with a gate-tower over the Anio. One of the best views of the town is just across this bridge. The path which is approached by it leads to the beautifully situated convent of the Cappuccini. In the portico is a very quaint fresco of S. Francis, the beloved of animals, "vir vere catholicus totusque apostolicus," shaking hands with a wolf, much to the horror of his attendant monks. Endless other paths lead up the hills in different directions, through woods by rushing brooks, and along mountain ledges, and indeed the whole of the Valle Santa, as the district of Subiaco is popularly called, is well worth exploring.

The road from Subiaco to Tivoli follows, first the Via Sublacensis, constructed by Nero, and then the Via Valeria, which was the work of the censor Valerius Maximus, in the year of Rome 447. In spring, when it is chiefly visited by foreigners, the country strikes one as bare, and the chief interest is derived entirely from the villages which crest the hills on either side. But in summer, when the chestnut woods are in full leaf, and the luxuriant vines leap from tree to tree along the valleys, the scenery is unspeakably lovely.

A continuous avenue of mountain villages lines the way. First we have on the right, Cerbara, and on the left, Rocca di Canterano, its long lines of old houses cresting the declivity. Then, on the right, we have Agosta, and on the left Marano. A road on the right now turns off to the Lago Celano, and only two miles distant we see Arsoli, the ancient Arsula, containing the handsome, still inhabited castle of Prince Massimo. Here the apartment once occupied by S. Filippo Neri, founder of the Oratorians, is preserved with religious care. Though he frequently stayed with the Massimo family, he lived here almost as a hermit, eating only bread, with a few olives, herbs, or an apple, drinking only water, and lying on the bare floor. There is a small picture gallery at Arsoli, but it is almost always locked up.

Passing under Roviano, which has a castle of the Sciarras, we reach a more fertile country, where the men train the vines, with bunches of great blue iris fastened in their hats, and on the right we see Cantelupo, where the Marchese del Gallo, who married a daughter of Prince Lucien Buonaparte, has a château, in which he spends the summer. Here a number of shrines surrounding a little green with some old ilex-trees, announces the approach to San Cosimato, the village of hermitages, mentioned in a bull of Gregory VII. as "Monasterium Sancti Cosimatis situm in valle Tiburtina." No one would imagine, from merely passing along the road, that this is one of the most curious places in the country, well deserving of attention and study. But in the earliest ages of Latin Christianity the caverns in the cliffs which here abruptly overhang the river, had been taken possession of by a troop of hermits,

who turned this country, for they had many caverns at Vicovaro also, into a perfect Thebaid. Passing through the convent, and its pretty garden full of pillared pergolas (ladies are not admitted), a winding path, the merest ledge, often a narrow stair against the face of the precipice, often caverned over or tunnelled through the rock, leads to this extraordinary settlement, and opens upon one hermitage after another, provided with its little window, and its rock-hewn couch and seat. A tiny campanile remains on a projecting crag, which summoned the recluses to prayer. The last cave, larger than any of the others, was their chapel, formed of living rock. Mass is still occasionally said here, and the scene is most striking, as, to admit the light, large doors just opposite the altar, and only a few feet distant, are thrown open, and one looks down the perpendicular cliff overhung with ilexes centuries old, into the Anio immediately beneath, and the roar of its waters mingles with the chaunting of the psalms. In the fifth century a collection of monks had united on the heights above the river, and, before he had founded his own convent, attracted by the fame of his sanctity, they chose S. Benedict as their superior. He declined at first, warning them that they would not like the severity of his rule, but they insisted, and he joined them here. In a short time his austerity roused their hatred, and they attempted to poison him in the sacrament cup, but when, before drinking, he made the sign of the cross over it, it fell to pieces in his hands. "God forgive you, my brethren," he said, "you see that I spoke the truth when I told you that your rule and mine would not agree," and he returned to Subiaco. The scene of this story is a caverned chapel in the cliff on the other side of the convent, adorned with rude frescoes. Here women are permitted to enter.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

ETERNITY OF FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

BY THE LATE NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

FAITH, hope, and love are eternal! Faith and hope do not belong to this world only, nor is love the exclusive possession of the next. The Apostle states the very reverse. "Now *abideth* faith, hope, and love."

1. *Faith shall abide.*—There must ever be a mystery in heaven as well as on earth which no created eye will ever be able to penetrate. The Infinite Mind can never be comprehended by the finite. The attributes of God in all their glory shall for ever be "past finding out." What creature shall be able to comprehend that existence which is marked by no time, but is from everlasting to everlasting—that wisdom whose plans take in all ages, all powers, and all worlds—that love which sustains all beings with life and joy? There are, indeed, many mysteries which cannot be fathomed in this world, but which may become simple to the mind when it receives its first rudiments of education in heaven, just as truths of science which had once puzzled the infant Newton, soon became to him, the educated philosopher, as the very elements of his matured knowledge. But, on the other hand, there are truths which are among the first we learn and live by here, which may for ever be as unapproachable as is the star which has lighted up our path from childhood. The being of God, as Father, Son, and Spirit, is one of these. It will be the light of heaven, yet a light that no man can approach. It will be glory, yet as a cloud of glory round the throne. And hence there must, in the nature of things, be room for the exercise of faith. For ever we shall be seeing more than we once believed, but also seeing how much more there is yet to believe—for ever solving dark riddles, with others, darker still, for ever presenting themselves for our solution—for ever getting above a mystery, but for ever seeing a mystery above us—for ever looking back with wonder at what once puzzled us, yet looking forward with greater wonder at what puzzles us still more. Now it is only by faith we can be induced thus to *rely* on what we can not as yet solve, to act upon what we cannot comprehend, to receive as true what yet is not mastered by the reason or understanding. Faith must, therefore, *abide* as the only eye to discover what otherwise were invisible. Why, then, be grieved or crushed, because there lie at the horizon of our knowledge truths utterly incomprehensible—truths even regarding God, His Being and attributes, which demand faith before they can be received and enjoyed? It must be so. Were it otherwise, and did we believe only what we understood, we must cease to believe in the two chief facts which lie at the foundation of all knowledge—our own

existence and the existence of God, both being profound and unceasing mysteries.

But if the Being and attributes of His Godhead must ever demand childlike faith, so, doubtless, must many of the acts of this incomprehensible One always require the exercise of faith. Some people think of heaven only as the winding-up of this life drama—the calm repose after a battle—a rest after a long and weary journey—the end of all exertion, all activity, all labour, all grand and glorious providences. Would that we lifted our thoughts up, and realised something more worthy of the mighty and glorious Ruler of the universe! We cannot possibly doubt that there shall be much doing, and much seeing, and a marvellous history ever proceeding among the inhabitants of the universe. Think only of their number and variety! The redeemed from earth, though forming "a multitude which no man can number," may be but a fraction when compared with "the innumerable company of angels." Nor can any one imagine the diversity amidst unity that shall be there. The saints from even this little earth, and in our little day, are gathered in with such marvellous differences in their history, as that some have withdrawn after the life of an hour, and some after a life of centuries; some but with a minute between them, or at the same moment, have entered heaven, while others are separated by intervals of thousands of years. And oh! what astonishing varieties of spiritual beings and high intelligences may be contributed from the uncounted ages of the awful past since God called rational beings into existence, and from the many provinces of His kingdom which embraces worlds more numerous, it may be, than the grains of sand on all the shores of ocean! The mind is overpowered when it attempts to picture the possibility of what we may witness during the endless continuance of universal history. The analogy of the present world, the conditions of human progress, the very constitution God has given us, as well as the revelation He has made of His own nature, all point to endless action. Everything opposes the supposition that God will in the future conduct His government directly and not instrumentally, as He does here. It is true that God in a sense does not require the aid of His creatures—but it is equally certain that He always *does* employ His creatures, from the highest archangel to the weakest babe, in carrying out His purposes. Without angels He might minister to the heirs of salvation. Without missionaries He could preach the gospel. Without physicians He could heal the body. Without teachers He could instruct the world. Without the efforts of human benevolence He could relieve the needy, clothe the naked, and succour the afflicted. But it is just because of His immense love that He makes all His subjects share in the government of the kingdom, all His children share in the management of the family, all His friends partake in His own labour and joy. And so shall it be for ever. The grand panorama of history shall pass on and on for ever. To conceive of its coming to an end, with nothing more to see, to do, or to happen, is, to me, impossible. We can as well imagine the world's life to become frozen in an hour, every plant to stop growing, every stream to cease its motion, and every human being and human work to be arrested.

But the moment I realise the idea of endless life and action by countless beings in an infinite universe, I also perceive how there must for ever be a demand upon my faith; that is, there must ever be the working out of plans, the end of which I cannot see or comprehend,—things doing, which I cannot for a time fathom — events upon events, requiring vast cycles for their accomplishment, and embracing, it may be, the history of many worlds and many orders of being, which we may watch, and study, and take a part in, but which may be to us utterly incomprehensible. Nay, there may occur, ever and anon, periods of more than ordinary perplexity, when nothing can carry us through and solve our doubts and sustain joy and peace in our hearts, except the exercise of faith, and of childlike reliance upon God's sovereignty, power, mercy, wisdom, and inexhaustible love.

What we know of angelic history, not only illustrates what I have said, but proves that in a perfect and exalted state of being there may be scope afforded for great and noble labour, which beyond doubt must call for the exercise of faith. If the Scriptures tell us little of the angels, they tell us more than enough to impress us with the conviction that these bright legions of holy intelligences are day and night ceaseless in their activities in connection with this world; that they have seen its whole history from the creation, when these "sons of God shouted for joy." But unless they were gifted with omniscience, or that God beforehand revealed to them every circumstance which would take place, we must conclude that they have been watching events with high thought and

profound interest, but with such ignorance of what was to happen, with so little anticipation of the succeeding acts of the wondrous drama, or of the persons who would next appear, that there has been, and is, a constant demand upon their faith. Like ourselves, they are no doubt often compelled to cast themselves upon God, assured that "He does all things well," though at the moment they cannot see how; and can only believe that, however strange, and dark, and perplexing things may be, the end thereof will be full of light and glory.

But while the history of God's kingdom is proceeding, they doubtless, as creatures, see the future by the very same *kind* of instruments with which we see it ourselves, though the instruments themselves are more powerful, and can see things that are further off. Like us, they may have much of the future revealed to them by God. The Spirit of God, from time to time, may spread before their eye visions of the future, as He did to Isaiah. But yet much more may be concealed than what is revealed, while that which is revealed may be so surrounded with such clouds and darkness as will keep alive in their minds, as in ours, wonder and doubt as to how the event will at last appear when it fully emerges from the darkness. Then, again, the angels can doubtless discover much of the future from their vast experience of the past, and from their knowledge of the general plan by which God is governing the world. If an earthly statesman of vast experience, who has discovered the key which unlocks the policy of a nation, can, with marvellous sagacity, predict, amidst apparent confusion and inextricable complication of events, what the probable result will be, how much more are angels able, by the mere strength of their intellects, the vastness of their experience, and their knowledge of the ways of God, to prognosticate the future in human history?

Hence every day, every new era, that dawns on earth may fill them with intense interest to know what it will bring forth. They may thus watch events in individual history—as Job's affliction, or the call of Abram—and events in national history like the destruction of Jerusalem or the Reformation—with eager inquiry as to what shall be the end thereof. The whole life of Christ, from the day He was born until He died, may thus have been a riddle they were daily solving, and which was daily affording new food for wonder, love, and praise. These, verily, were "things which the angels desired to look into." And it is not too much to say that the incarnation, life, death, resurrection, and glory of Jesus were a series of occurrences which, though in their general outline they may have been known to the angels, yet, in their details, must have displayed a fulness, a grandeur, which infinitely surpassed every conjecture, and exceeded all their hopes. And thus it must be with those highest intelligences now. Except in so far as God is pleased to reveal to them what is to take place this century in India or China, or in so far as they can guess the probable future from what they know and have acquired from the past, they must, as creatures, be in ignorance, and be watching with intense interest the mystery of Providence unfold itself bit by bit, and the sealing of prophecy, and the dawning of the light of the Gospel, and the occurrence of every event which promises good to man and glory to God, while, ever and anon, an additional ray of glory lights up their sunny hearts as another and another sinner repents and becomes a member of the family of the redeemed.

And if it has been thus with the mighty angels for six thousand years, so I believe shall it ever be with us and with all the family of God! Instead of wonders ceasing when we enter heaven, they will but increase; for the more we know, the more wonderful does everything become. Wonder belongs to knowledge, not to inexperience. The learned man wonders at a flower, or insect, while the ignorant man or the child sees nothing to attract his attention. A primrose, I doubt not, is more an object of admiration and wonder to an angel than to us. Instead, therefore, of mysteries lessening, they will accumulate. We shall gaze with greater awe into greater depths of God's wisdom; we shall look up to more dizzy heights of His mighty power; but with all this there will be no doubt, no pain, no sorrow, no disturbance of our deep calm, because our faith in God will *abide*, and for ever acquire a greater intensity. Every new mystery which becomes old will stimulate our faith to encounter another more profound, sure that it, too, will one day be added to our stock of things understood. Every mountain-top we are able to reach, while it enables us to look down upon what we once looked up to at an earlier period of our journey, will but disclose higher summits far beyond, requiring a stronger wing and more daring flight to reach, but, when reached, affording views of God more glorious, and joys more exalted. But when shall the end be reached?

Never! for that end is the full comprehension of the Infinite God in all the perfection of His wondrous Being, and of His wondrous ways. In heaven, as on earth, the saint shall be able to say, with reference to the knowledge of God and all His doings, "I have not yet attained, but this one thing I do, I press on."

What a glorious prospect does this open up! What a progress from glory to glory! Ever reaching, but never ending; ever enjoying, but never exhausting; ever knowing more, never comprehending all; ever seeing and wondering, but ever believing and trusting—for "*faith shall abide!*"

But I have spoken of faith chiefly in the sense of believing in things not fully seen or understood, whether these include the mystery of the Being of God, or the mystery of His plans and purposes carried on for ever and ever, and in the execution of which we shall doubtless bear a part. But we may view faith as expressive of simple, childlike trust in the living God—and feel assured that *it* shall abide. When we speak of seeing God in heaven, we must not understand by this a seeing Him with the carnal eye; for while we shall indeed see Him in this sense, in the incarnate Saviour, yet in no sense can we see the soul, the spirit, or the character of a person, except in so far as our own souls and spirits discern him, and we are enabled, in the possession of a like character, to perceive him. How else, then, shall we see God but in the exercise of faith and love? We shall see Him more clearly, and that because the eyes of faith and love will be more clear. There, as here, He will "dwell in our hearts by faith," and for ever knowledge and faith shall act and react on each other, a deeper knowledge of God giving a deeper trust, and the intenser trust, producing a truer, spiritual knowledge. The more faith there is, the more will it be rewarded by the sight of the glory of God; and the more the glory of God is seen, the more will love be strengthened to "believe all things." In heaven, in the Father's house, the child will not trust less, but more, and cleave with a deeper confidence to his Father's bosom. Endless life will be endless faith—for it will abide.

2. *Hope shall abide.*—Hope is another of those graces which it is somehow assumed belong to earth, but cannot find scope for exercise in heaven. It is admitted that there is no emotion of the soul which more beautifies earth than hope. It is such an emotion as belongs only to immortals. The lower animals have it not, for they have nothing better in store for them than the present affords. The lost have it not; and when it is extinguished, there must be hell indeed, and the darkness of despair. Such a grand and important part does hope play, as well as faith, in this world, that the Apostle says "we are saved by hope." The Christian, when tempest-tossed, possesses it as "an anchor," and when fighting he has it as "a helmet." Shall hope be no longer required in the new heavens and the new earth? Shall it be remembered only as a dream of our earthly childhood, a bright vision which is no longer needed, because we no longer hope, but possess? No! Hope shall abide, because the same conditions of our future being which render faith necessary, must render hope necessary also. Hope is made up of desire and well-founded expectation, and in heaven we shall for ever desire and for ever expect.

We shall for ever desire. This is not inconsistent with perfect joy, but rather essential to it, for had we nothing more to desire, the effect would be pain to us rather than pleasure, for we should feel that we had exhausted the universe. But because there will be endless supply of good, there shall be endless desire. Until all truth is exhausted, there must be a constant desire to acquire more; until all glory is beheld, there must be an endless desire to see more; until God is perfectly known, and all His works perfectly comprehended, there must be endless desire to become better acquainted with the work and the Workman. But oh, how different shall this hope be in heaven from what it is here on earth! Here, at least, our desires are very unworthy of our exalted natures. We desire, often vehemently, what is poor and paltry, and feebly what is good and glorious. There we shall desire the best things only, and such as are worthy of the pursuit of sons of God. Here our best hopes are often doomed to be baffled, often from our ignorance in hoping against hope, and expecting what we had no grounds to expect, and often, too, from the plan of God's providence, by which sufferings, sorrows, and disappointments are made the means of our becoming more perfect. But there, as our desires will ever be in accordance with the will of God, and in harmony with all He is, so shall our expectations be in accordance only with all He has promised. The servants of God may have often to wait long ere they see their hopes regarding many things matured even in heaven. There may, for ever

and ever, be new joys and new prospects set before them, to possess which they shall eagerly press forward, strengthened by faith and hope; but as the eye of faith will never grow dim, so the wing of hope will never grow weary. The soul will be buoyed up with the joyous consciousness of never being disappointed; that no selfish interests shall ever mar the bright prospect; no wicked power of man or devil ever hinder the bright day from dawning; that no possible alterations of feeling or character in others, no revolutions in eternal ages, shall ever turn hope into a mockery, or change anticipated good into a vain dream. Oh, happy thought, that we shall never attain any measure of gladness or glory without being able to hope for more! and that everything seen, heard, done, enjoyed, from hour to hour, in heaven, will be but promises and prophecies of more novelty, greater novelty, better novelty, yet to hope for; that every hour shall at once fulfil the hopes of the past, and stimulate new hopes for the future. On and on, for ever on, shall the glorious kingdom of immortals advance and enlarge! It cannot be else with the Infinite God as King! Hope shall abide!

3. *Love shall abide.*—Of that we never doubted. We have ever associated heaven with the name of love. Faith, and hope, and love do not belong to that life which God has cursed, and has died to deliver us from; but selfishness and hate do, with all their demon host of vile suspicions—the hate which seeketh her own, is easily provoked, thinketh all evil, and rejoiceth in it. *That* shall pass, and perfect love, without a jar, without a stain, shall abide! Oh! what will that state be when we shall thoroughly love the Lord our God and our Redeemer; when pride shall have passed away for ever; when the happiness possessed by ourselves shall be inseparable from the happiness possessed by others; when their good, their glory, their power, their genius shall be as precious to us as our own, and our own as precious to them as theirs; when *mine* and *thine* shall merge into *ours;* when, amidst endless beings, multiplying the earth's population, for aught we know, by countless millions, with whom we shall mingle for ever, each man shall love his neighbour as himself! All hard thoughts, and all uncharitable feelings gone for ever without the possibility of return; nothing in the heart or character to conceal, but everything to reveal; friendship intense, without reserve; social life infinitely deepened, without the possibility of corruption, decay, or alienation; diversity without difference; union without sameness—all secured by perfect and unchanging love! And this love to God, which is the source of all, shall be ours in the degree in which God loves it to be. He will have our hearts at last!—when we can no more help loving than the sun can help shining; when we shall be filled, as the air is with light, with the knowledge and the love of Jehovah. Then, too, will be realised the glorious promise, that we ourselves shall be objects of God's love as much as Christ is, that God in Christ shall dwell in our hearts, never more to leave them, and that whatever portions of God's vast universe we shall visit, or to whatever ever-widening circle of friends our love shall unite us, or whatever new powers or persons we shall encounter, or, finally, whatever new and untried labours we shall engage in, nothing in the universe shall be able to separate us from the love of God.

MICHAEL BRUCE AND THE ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

A PARAGRAPH in a Scotch newspaper last autumn told the world how Mr. John Bright, M.P., had suddenly appeared in the small town of Kinross, on the shores of Lochleven, and how, having called the landlord of the hotel, after sundry inquiries after the famous trout of the neighbouring loch, he suddenly changed the subject, and asked mine host if he knew where lay the birthplace of Michael Bruce, the poet. Poets are not much in the way of mine host; but recollection or inquiry soon enabled him to tell his illustrious guest that Michael Bruce was born and died at Kinnesswood, a small village about three miles distant, on the margin of the lake. Mr. Bright ordered a carriage, drove to the retired village, found there an old residenter who was full of traditions of Michael Bruce, and showed the house where he was born, lived, and died, together with sundry relics of the young genius; then led the way to Portmoak kirkyard, and pointed out the poet's grave. The statesman and orator entered with deep interest into all he saw and heard; then heartily thanking his guide, got into his carriage, handed the old

man his card, and drove off, leaving him to wonder at the famous stranger he had entertained unawares.

What was it that so deeply interested Mr. Bright in the young poet as to induce him to make this pilgrimage to his grave? Not only that the young genius was taken away ere he reached his prime of power; this is common to Bruce with many another 'inheritor of unfulfilled renown.' It was especially the belief that to him of right belongs the authorship of one immortal lyric, the 'Ode to the Cuckoo.'

A few years before this pilgrimage, at a party at which one or more poets, as well as several other men eminent in literature, were present, Mr. Bright is said to have repeated the exquisite ode, and to have asked those present if they knew who wrote that. Not one of them all had ever heard either of the ode or of its author. At that time Mr. Bright himself believed, as so many others have done and some still do, that the ode was Logan's. Further inquiries convinced him that in this belief he was mistaken, and that Bruce was its real author. Hence probably this visit to the home and to the grave of Bruce. About the authorship of the ode something will have to be said in the sequel. Meanwhile let me ask how many of those who may read this paper ever heard the name of Michael Bruce, or of the 'Ode to the Cuckoo' with which his name is associated? For those who have never heard of him, let me once more tell his brief, sad story. Those to whom it has long been familiar will forgive the repetition.

The birthplace of Michael Bruce was a retired village, Kinnesswood, lying on the eastern margin of Lochleven, close under the western slope of the green Lomond hills. The village looks westward out on Lochleven, and on the woody island with its old ruined castle, in which Queen Mary was confined, but which the genius of Scott had not yet touched into immortality. Michael's father, Alexander Bruce, was a weaver in that village, and lived in the top flat of a two-storied thatched house, which still stands there, with its gable to the village street, and is pointed out as the poet's birthplace. Alexander was a man of the old Scottish stamp, poor but intelligent, a great reader, thoughtful, and devout. The trade which he followed—hand-loom weaving—was then a common one in almost every village of the Scottish Lowlands, and though it has in most places been put out by the use of machinery, it still survives and flourishes in the district round Kinross. Those weavers were and are a peculiar race—keen-witted, much given to reading at the loom, fond of discussion,—either great politicians of the extreme radical stamp, or theologians,—sometimes haters of all the churches. Alexander's interests seem to have lain mainly towards religion and theology. He belonged to the Church of the Burghers, who had but lately seceded from the Church of Scotland, and were then in the days of their first fervour. Dunfermline, not far off, was its birthplace, and the two brothers, Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, were its leaders. It was probably true of this secession, as it is of most dissenting churches, that the first days of its discipleship were its best. No doubt it numbered then in the neighbourhood of Lochleven, as in most parts of the south of Scotland, many of the most serious-minded of the peasantry, small farmers, and village tradesmen. Alexander Bruce was one of these, and an elder in the church to which he belonged; not, however, an altogether orthodox adherent, for he clung to a minister who was cut off from the body because he deflected somewhat from the strict Calvinistic standard. Anne Bruce, the poet's mother, was of the same name, though not of the kindred of her husband, like him in piety, but lively, active, and practical—a busy, 'eident' housewife, making the best shift she could with her small means for her numerous family. There were eight children in all, of whom Michael was the fifth. He was born on the 27th of March, 1746, less than a fortnight before the fatal day of Culloden. It was a sober, frugal, serious household into which he was born, where the father plied his shuttle all day, except when he paused to devour his book more intently, and where the mother struggled late and early to keep poverty from the door. But the sense of the higher life was present with them through all this world's care, and day opened and closed in Alexander Bruce's home with family worship. In just such a household have been reared most of the peasant-poets of whom Scotland is justly proud — Robert Tannahill, Robert Nicoll, Robert Burns, James Hogg. It will be found that the fathers and mothers of these poets, one or both, were a thoughtful and specially a pious kind of people. So much so that it would seem that there was some close and natural connection between the piety of the parents and the poetry of the children. The child Michael was delicate from the first, but docile, apt to learn. Before he had reached his fourth year he went to the village school, and astonished the teacher by the fluency

with which he read the Bible at any place where he was set on. He continued at school for a number of years off and on, but his attendance was often interrupted, sometimes by illness, oftener by the poverty of his parents. For six successive summers young Michael was withdrawn from school that he might earn a few pence by herding a neighbouring farmer's cattle. The grazing ground where he kept the herd was the western slopes of the Lomonds, where they rise immediately behind his native village. These herding days, far more than his school-time, we may well believe, were the nursing time of his young inspiration. It was then and there that his spirit drank in through eye and ear the sights and sounds which his imagination afterwards turned to poetry. No doubt those springs and early summers on the Lomond braes were often enough bleak and dull with east winds, and during these young Michael would cower under the bield of the nearest dyke or plantation. But there would come a day now and then when the east wind would forbear, and the soft south-west blow gently from over the Forth, and the gleams and shadows linger softly along the flanks of the Lomonds. On some such day it may have been, when the cuckoo was shouting from the braes above him, that the voice went home to the imagination of the boy, and there dwelt, till in time he uttered it in one immortal song. It was there too as he sat on the green brae-side and looked down on the vale of Kinross and Lochleven, with its two historic islands spread at his feet, that he took in those images which he afterwards wove into his longer and more studied poem of 'Lochleven.'

It was a matter of course that, spite of hindrances from sickness and herding, Michael quickly rose to the top of the parish school. He, along with four others, formed a class for Latin, in which they were instructed by the parish schoolmaster, Mr. Dun, who, like many others of his station in Scotland, was a sound scholar and an enthusiastic teacher. In this way Bruce obtained learning enough to fit him for the University. One thing as characteristic of him as his active genius was his intense and tender affection for his school-boy companions. They seem to have been a remarkable band of youths with whom he was associated in the Latin class of that village school, all of them sharing Michael's tastes, some of them with a touch of his poetic faculty. Those, especially one who died before himself, he commemorated in his poetry. His appearance when a school-boy is thus described: He was tall and of slender make, with narrow chest, high shoulders, and long neck. His complexion was pale, even white and glistening. His cheeks were flushed with a not healthy red, his hair was golden and curly.

By the time Bruce was fifteen, his companions in the Latin class had all dispersed, some to the University, some to work for bread, and he was left to muse how he might contrive to carry on his education. This interval he spent in the study of Milton's and Thomson's poems, and in transcribing long passages from these. In a year the way was opened. A small legacy that fell to his father, and promised assistance from a wealthier neighbour, enabled Bruce in his sixteenth year to enter the University of Edinburgh, there to study for the Secession Church, in which he hoped to become a minister. There is too much reason to believe that he, like so many another Scottish student, suffered in health from scanty means, and inability to procure the support needful for a delicate youth at his age. But if so, he suffered in silence. At college Bruce became intimate with a small coterie of young men who, like himself, belonged to the seceding body. These were George Henderson, David Greig, George Lawson, and William Dryburgh, all young men of retired, even severe lives, and of deep piety, yet combining with these qualities a love of literature. With them at first was joined another young seceder, John Logan, a lad of some genius. But finding the way of life among his fellow-seceders too severe for his tastes, Logan left them and joined the Established Church. There he was welcomed by Dr. Hugh Blair, in whose rhetoric class he distinguished himself, and by others of the moderate clergy of Edinburgh, to whom, as lovers of literature, Logan's poetic tastes and promise recommended him.

The chief incidents that survive of Bruce's college life are his strong attachment to the small circle of friends above named, his weekly attendance at a literary society of which he and his friends were members, and at which he used to read poems of his own instead of the customary essays, and his return to Kinnesswood, at the close of each session, exhausted by hard study and too sober diet. Summer and the kindness of his family and neighbours somewhat restored him, and those months of leisure were mainly given to reading poetry or writing it. As his college time was drawing to a close,

in order to eke out his slender means he taught on two successive summers two small roadside schools. The first was at a place called Gairney Bridge, and there for the first and only time he seems to have formed a tender attachment. The young maiden was the daughter of the farmer under whose roof he was received. But so shy and reserved was Bruce that he never told the girl his feelings toward her, but entrusted them only to the songs he was composing.

His second school was at Forrest Mill, near Alloa, in a bleak, flat, forbidding country, with nothing in the immediate neighbourhood to cheer the eye or feed the imagination. The school-house was low-roofed, damp, and close. These things brought on great depression of spirits, and increased the consumptive tendency that had lurked in him from childhood. Yet here he whiled away his despondency by reverting to well-loved places, and composing 'Lochleven,' the longest and most elaborate of his poems, which concludes with these lines:—

'Thus sung the youth, amid unfertile wilds
And nameless deserts, unpoetic ground!
Far from his friends he strayed, recording thus
The dear remembrance of his native fields,
To cheer the tedious night; while slow disease
Prey'd on his pining vitals, and the blasts
Of dark December shook his humble cot.'

The poem, of which these are the last lines, consists of upwards of three hundred lines of blank verse, mainly in the manner of 'The Seasons.' Bruce did not reach the age when even true poets assert a style of their own, but there are proofs enough in what he has left to show that had he lived long enough he would have done so. It has been frequently noticed with wonder that Bruce should have written so many lines on Lochleven, with Queen Mary's island and castle-prison before his eyes, and not once have alluded to that romantic incident. That even a poet at that day should have so passed it by, shows how dead was the feeling for history and antiquity in Scotland until Scott came. From Forrest Mill Bruce returned home weak and worn with illness. But home brought him no relief; rather the damp mists and easterly haars that settle down on Lochleven from the heights of Lomond chilled his sensitive frame.

There on the return of spring he wrote one more strain—his last. These are the concluding stanzas:—

'Now spring returns: but not to me returns
The vernal joys my better years have known;
Dim in my breast Life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

'Starting and shiv'ring in the inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they pass:

'The wingèd moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down at peace with them that rest.

'Oft morning-dreams presage approaching fate;
How morning-dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts I enter Death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

'Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
Where Melancholy with still Silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

'There let me wander at the shut of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes,
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

'There let me sleep forgotten in the clay
When Death shall shut these weary aching eyes;
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.'

During the last months, while Michael still lingered under his father's roof, he was visited by his old college friend, Mr. George Lawson, then a young preacher. On Lawson's remarking to Bruce that he was glad to see him so cheerful, 'Why,' said Bruce, 'should not a man be cheerful on the verge of heaven?' Full of solemn yet peaceful thoughts he continued to the end, which came to him imperceptibly on the 5th day of July, 1767. He had just fulfilled his twenty-first year.

His Bible is said to have been found lying on his pillow, marked down at Jeremiah xxii. 10, and this verse written on a blank leaf:—

''Tis very vain for me to boast'
How small a price my Bible cost,
The day of judgment will make clear
'Twas very cheap—or very dear.'

They laid him in the kirkyard of Portmoak, the same resting-place in which was laid before him his school companion, Arnot, whom under the name of Daphnis he had mourned so lovingly.

It was three years after Bruce's death before his poems were given to the public. As the circumstances of their publication were peculiar, and have given rise to much comment, and to controversies which are not yet, after a century, decided, I shall first state the facts about which all are agreed. Afterwards I shall give as plainly as I can the two opposite constructions which have been put on these facts.

In 1770 there was published at Edinburgh a small duodecimo volume of a hundred and seventeen pages, with the following title-page: 'Poems on Several Occasions, by Michael Bruce. "Sine me, liber, ibis in urbem."—Ovid. Edinburgh: printed by J. Robertson. MDCCLXX.'

No editor's name is given, but it was well known at the time that Logan was the editor. To the poems is prefixed a short preface, which for elegance of diction and gracefulness of sentiment is every way worthy of the disciple and friend of Hugh Blair. After a short statement of the few facts of Bruce's life, and a glowing eulogium on his character and genius, Logan thus concludes: 'To make up a miscellany some poems, wrote by different authors, are inserted, all of them original, and none of them destitute of merit. The reader of taste will easily distinguish them from those of Mr. Bruce, without their being particularised by any mark.' Thus, then, it was not an edition of Bruce's poems, but a miscellany, which consisted of seventeen pieces by various authors, of whom Bruce was only one, and, according to some accounts, not even the principal one.

This miscellany, if it did not prove stillborn, seems to have called forth little attention, and soon to have been nearly forgotten.

Eleven years after its appearance, that is, in 1781, there was published in London a small octavo entitled, 'Poems by the Rev. John Logan, one of the Ministers of Leith.' This volume of a hundred and eighteen pages, somewhat larger than the page of miscellany of 1770, contained fourteen pieces, mostly odes, and nine hymns, some of which last have long been known as incorporated among the paraphrases of the Church of Scotland. To Logan's poems there is no preface, but standing first in it is the 'Ode to the Cuckoo,' the same poem, with a few slight verbal alterations, which had stood last but one in the miscellany of 1770. It may here be noted that out of the seventeen pieces which make up the miscellany of 1770, eight are claimed by Logan's friends as his entire composition, while in the case of two others part is claimed as Logan's, the other part is assigned to Bruce. One other ode is assigned to Sir James Foulis, leaving to Bruce only six entire poems, and part of two others. It is also to be remarked that of the eight entire poems and parts of two others claimed as Logan's contributions to the miscellany, none reappeared among his own poems of 1781, except only the 'Ode to the Cuckoo.'

Before going farther I shall place before my readers the two versions of the ode, as it appeared first in the miscellany, afterwards among Logan's poems.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO, VERSION OF 1770.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the wood,
Attendant on the spring!
Now heav'n repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisie decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
When heav'n is fill'd with music sweet
Of birds among the bow'rs.

The school-boy, wand'ring in the wood
To pull the flow'rs so gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fly'st thy vocal vale,
An annual guest, in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bow'r is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee:
We'd make, with social wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

VERSION OF 1781.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the *grove!*
Thou messenger of spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering *thro'* the wood
To pull the *primrose* gay,
Starts, *the new* voice *of spring* to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet Bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make with *joyful* wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

Mr. Laing thinks that every man 'of critical discernment will see in the emendations in the version of 1781 the hand of the original author.' I must confess that I do not see them in this light. The corrections all appear to me to be for the worse, less accurate, less graphic, more commonplace, with the sharp edge of native observation rubbed off them. But I would not argue anything from these as to the authorship. Poets sometimes in later years improve their poems for the worse.

Such are the facts. Now for the two opposite constructions which have been put upon them. Out of the many comments that have appeared from time to time since the death of Bruce and of Logan I select two, which are amongst the most recent and most complete.

I. The Rev. William MacKelvie published in 1837 an edition of Bruce's poems with a careful and elaborate biography of the poet. He asserts, and gives ample local testimony for the assertion, that in the autumn after Bruce's death Logan visited Alexander Bruce at Kinnesswood, prevailed on the old man to give him up all his son's MS. poems and papers, promising to publish them and carefully to restore every paper entrusted to him, and holding forth the hope that by the publication he might be able to secure such a sum of money as would help to maintain the old people in comfort during the remainder of their days. When two years had passed, and the publication was still delayed, Alexander Bruce grew impatient, and wrote to Logan, but received no answer. At length in 1770 the miscellany above described made its appearance. Great was the disappointment of all Michael's friends to see the maimed form in which his poems appeared, and especially to find that all the peculiarly religious poems had been omitted. 'When the volume was put into old Bruce's hands he glanced over its contents, and bursting into a flood of tears, exclaimed, "Where are my son's Gospel sonnets?"' This was the name by which the old man designated his son's paraphrases of Scripture passages, for which he knew no other name than that given by Ralph Erskine to his own similar compositions.

Indignant at the wrong done to his son's memory, old Alexander Bruce set out for Edinburgh, to recover from Logan the MSS. he had entrusted to him. After some search he found Logan, accused him of having kept back from the world the best part of his son's poems, and demanded back the MSS. Logan gave him a few loose papers containing two unpublished poems. Bruce insisted on having his son's MS. volume, a large quarto into which it was well known that Michael had carefully copied his poems, which the father had delivered into Logan's hands. Logan professed not to be able to find this book, and expressed fear that the servants had singed fowls with it. Bruce then asked for some account of the money received for the publication, but neither money nor explanation was forthcoming.

The old man returned home much dejected, and died within two years after this painful interview. But he often recounted the facts to his friends, and they were well known to the dwellers in and around Kinnesswood, who took interest in such matters.

Such is Mr. MacKelvie's statement, and as he is evidently a painstaking and accurate writer, who does not make statements without sifting the grounds of them, the opinion at which he arrived deserves to be well considered for its own sake, even if he had not given so fully as he has done, the evidence on which he formed it. But though nearly seventy years had passed before Mr. MacKelvie began his investigations, he was still able to obtain much evidence corroborative of the above statements.

To those testimonies which he has adduced I shall add one from another source. Dr. Anderson, during the course of the publication of his edition of the British Poets, became aware of the controversy as to the respective claims of Bruce and Logan. He passed it over but slightly in his life of Bruce, but by the time he came to write that of Logan it had taken in his mind a more serious aspect. He therefore made inquiry, and was fortunate enough to find Mr. Birrel, one of the surviving friends of the Bruce family, who was intimately acquainted with all that passed regarding the publication of Michael's poems. Mr. Birrel, a man for whose character Dr. Anderson expresses deep respect, wrote to Dr. A. in these terms:—

'Kinnesswood, August 31st, 1795.'

(that is twenty-eight years after Michael's death.)

'The finished book of Michael's poems' (that is, the MS. book above alluded to) 'was given to Mr. Logan, who never returned it. Many a time, with tears trickling down his cheeks, has old Alexander told me how much he was disappointed in Logan, who came unexpectedly, and got all the papers, letters, and the books away, without giving him time to take a note of the titles, or getting a receipt for the papers, &c., &c. After the publication he went over to Edinburgh to recover them. Mr. Logan desired him to call again, and they would be ready. He did so, but he was gone out and no message left. He saw Mr. Logan on the street, who told him that he had left the poems with the servants, but that, as he did not get them, he was afraid the servants had taken them, and singed fowls with them.' 'David Pearson,' Mr. Birrel adds farther on, 'does not remember of seeing the "Ode to the Fountain," the "Vernal Ode," "Ode to Paoli," "Chorus of the Elysian Bards," or the "Danish Ode"' (all which had appeared in the miscellany) 'until he saw them in print. But the rest of the publication he decidedly ascribes to Michael, and in

a most particular manner "The Cuckoo," "Salgar and Morna," and the other Eclogue.'

So writes Mr. Birrel.

On the strength of the testimony which he found still extant, and much of which he has given in his biography, Mr. MacKelvie charges Logan with having appropriated at least three of Bruce's Scripture paraphrases, and published them among the nine hymns in his own book of poems.

Into the question of the paraphrases and other alleged thefts I shall not now enter, but shall confine myself to the evidence which MacKelvie adduces to prove that the 'Ode to the Cuckoo' belonged to Bruce. The arguments are these.

(1.) The common report of Bruce's native district, surviving even in 1837. It is there asserted that many young men, Bruce's contemporaries, could repeat the ode, and that they had learnt it from copies furnished by himself. It was still remembered that once when a cuckoo happened to have been shot by one of the villagers, Michael's mother came with others to see the wonder, and when she saw it exclaimed, 'Will that be the bird our Michael made a sang about?'

(2.) The following statement made by Dr. Davidson, a professor in the University of Aberdeen, in answer to a letter of inquiry addressed to him by Mr. MacKelvie. Dr. Davidson was the son of a native of Kinross. It is thus he writes:—

'My father told me that the letter containing the poem' (the 'Ode to the Cuckoo') 'was in the possession of Mr. Bickerton, residing either at Kinnesswood or Scotlandwell. . . . When passing through Kinnesswood I met a Mr. Birrel, an acquaintance of my father's, who introduced me to Mr. Bickerton, who showed me the poem written upon a small quarto page, with a single line below it, nearly in the words as stated by the Lord Chief Commissioner' (Adam), 'and signed by Michael Bruce. The words were, as nearly as I can recall them, "You will think I might have been better employed than in writing about a gowk." [Gowk is the Scottish word for the cuckoo.] . . . . The handwriting was small and cramped, and not very legible; but as I had not seen Bruce's handwriting I could not possibly say that the handwriting was his, although Mr. Bickerton assured me that it was. I cannot be perfectly certain in what year I saw the MS., but from some circumstances which occurred about that period, I am inclined to believe that it was in the year 1786 or thereby. I may observe that there were some slight differences between the MS. which I saw and the copy published in Logan's poems. The word "attendant" was used instead of "companion," and several other variations, but of no importance.'

(3.) Another testimony is that of Mr. David Pearson, Michael's friend, who, in reply to inquiries made by Dr. Anderson for his edition of the British poets, writes thus:—

'When I came to visit his father a few days after Michael's death, he went and brought forth his poem book'—most probably the quarto volume of MSS. afterwards delivered to Logan—'and read the "Ode to the Cuckoo," and the "Mermaid," at which the good old man was greatly overcome.'

(4.) Another argument adduced by Mr. MacKelvie is the fact that Principal Baird, on whose authority Dr. Anderson assigned the ode to Logan, afterwards changed his mind, and published an edition of Bruce's poems with the ode in it as one of Bruce's compositions. 'He' (Dr. Baird) 'has found the "Cuckoo" to be Michael Bruce's, and has the original in his own handwriting'—that is, I presume, Bruce's handwriting. So writes Mr. John Hervey, of Stirling, in a letter to Mr. Birrel, quoted by Mr. MacKelvie. This fact of Principal Baird having changed his mind after inquiry is a weighty one, both from the great worth and solidity of his character, and also because his ecclesiastical leanings, if he had listened to them, would have naturally biassed him to side with Logan rather than with Bruce. But the reputation which Principal Baird has left rises high above such petty considerations.

About the whole question of Logan's dealings with Bruce Mr. MacKelvie has much more to say, but I have confined myself to his general statement of the facts, and to what seem to me his strongest arguments in favour of Bruce's authorship of the ode.

II. Mr. David Laing, prompted by a generous desire not to see Logan's character, as he believes, unjustly blackened, has lately printed a vindication of him, which, considering the quarter from which it comes, demands the most respectful attention. In his short preface to his pamphlet Mr. Laing says, 'The mere question of the authorship of the "Ode to the Cuckoo" I hold to be of minor importance compared to the obloquy cast upon Logan's memory, charging him with all that is base and dishonourable.' I entirely agree with Mr. Laing that Mr. MacKelvie's statement does attribute all that is base and dishonourable to Logan, in his treatment of Bruce, and that such a charge should not be

made against any man, more especially after his death, unless it can be very strongly substantiated.

Mr. Laing's arguments are, (1.) That even if Mr. MacKelvie's statements are correct, no proofs are adduced to warrant them, and that 'when the accusations are analyzed, consisting of traditions and recollections of persons in Bruce's neighbourhood of what had occurred at a distance of from twenty to forty years and upwards, it is not difficult to see that they rest on a very tottering foundation.' Now if the uniform tradition of Bruce's neighbourhood had stood alone, it might perhaps have been thus summarily dismissed. But when it is supported by such written evidence as that contained in the letters of Mr. Birrel and Professor Davidson above given, I should say that the statements of Mr. MacKelvie are supported by evidence as satisfactory as could be expected for any facts at that distance from the time when they happened. The letter of Mr. Birrel fully corroborates Mr. MacKelvie's account of the way in which Logan obtained the MSS. And the conclusion of the same letter, Mr. Pearson's statement that old Alexander read to him the 'Ode to the Cuckoo' a few days after his son's death, and above all the clear statement of Professor Davidson, put it beyond a doubt that Michael wrote an ode to the cuckoo, if not the very ode which appeared in the miscellany and in Logan's poems. If Bruce wrote such an ode, and if the one we now have is not it, where is it? Who is accountable for its disappearance? Who but Logan, who is proved to have received all Bruce's poetic MSS.? Mr. Laing's first demand, in what way Logan obtained the MSS., is sufficiently answered by the letter of Mr. Birrel, already quoted.

Mr. Laing then goes on to say that Mr. MacKelvie ought to have proved, first, what the MSS. were; second, the amount of the actual profits which Logan received; and thirdly, that Logan was incapable of writing the poems which, eleven years later, he claimed as his own. The first two questions are such that by the very nature of them they could be known to no one but Logan himself. If he received all Bruce's MSS., and if his father, too trustful, made no note of them, of course it was impossible, after Logan had lost or destroyed the only copy, to give any further account of them. The money received for the publication, if any was received, Logan alone could know. The third question is one of those subjective questions which only lead to uncertainty. No two men would probably form the same opinion about Logan's capabilities.

(2.) The second argument adduced from Mr. Laing's two copies of the miscellany of 1770, in both of which the 'Ode to the Cuckoo' is 'in a contemporary hand' attributed to Logan, does not seem a very weighty one. The names of the authors in those two copies may have been appended to the several poems by friends of Logan, and of course give his version of their authorship.

(3.) The next argument of any importance is that 'Logan's claims were never called in question during his own life,' or, as the poet Campbell has expressed it, 'As the charge of stealing the Cuckoo from Bruce was not brought against Logan in his lifetime, it cannot, in charity, stand against his memory on the bare assertion of his accusers.'

This, however, admits of an easy explanation. Logan's claims to the ode were not challenged during his lifetime, because Bruce's friends were too obscure to watch the doings of the literary world, and because the ode, during the lifetime of either poet, awakened but little admiration. The taste which should appreciate it at its true worth was yet to be born.

(4.) More important is the following obscure fact brought to light by Mr. Laing. On May 5th, 1774, the ode appeared in the poetical corner of the *Edinburgh Weekly Magazine*, with the initials, 'R. D.' In the next number, May 12th, the editor inserts the following note: 'The little poem sent us under the signature "R. D." proves a literary theft, and is the production of a gentleman in this neighbourhood, already in print. He ought to challenge and chastise the thief.'

The 'gentleman in this neighbourhood already in print' was most probably Logan; and if so this note proves that the editor of the *Weekly Magazine*, along with Mr. Logan's personal friends, regarded him as author of the ode, before his poems appeared in 1781. But if Logan was capable of stealing the ode from Bruce at all, he must have been also capable of passing himself off among his friends for its author.

(5.) Mr. Laing has added some further remarks on the more sweeping charges made by Mr. Grosart in his more recent life of Bruce and edition of his works. It is not my intention, nor is it required for my purpose, to discuss Mr. Grosart's accusations, which outgo considerably those of Mr. MacKelvie. I shall only note two remarks made by Mr. Laing in this part of his valuable

tract. He observes that if Logan dealt in the way alleged with Bruce's writings, he can conceive only two motives for such conduct, either 'the prospect of gain,' or the desire of poetical fame. Mr. Laing proves clearly enough that there could not be much gain looked for from a small volume, price half-a-crown, the impression limited to two hundred and fifty copies. To talk of the profits of such a little volume 'enabling Bruce's parents to live comfortably for the rest of their lives is simply ridiculous.' This every one must admit. With regard to the second supposed motive, desire of fame, Mr. Laing says that 'if this had been Logan's chief motive, after he had secured Bruce's MSS., it is strange he should have delayed for eleven years even to make his own name known to the public.' Not at all strange, as it would seem to me, but very much what might have been expected. In the miscellany of 1770 it was left quite uncertain to whom the ode belonged, whether to Bruce or to Logan. In the interval between 1770 and 1781 the small miscellany was nearly forgotten. It was therefore comparatively easy after eleven years for Logan to claim as his own the best thing in it, especially since in the first publication the authorship had been left uncertain.

(6.) There remains but one more argument noticed but not insisted on by Mr. Laing. It is the assertion of Logan's biographer, the Rev. R. Douglas, who writing in 1812 says the ode 'was handed about and highly extolled among Logan's literary acquaintances in East Lothian long before its publication, probably (though not certainly) in 1767, as he did not reside there at all in 1768, and very little in 1769. This fact, and his inserting it as his own in a small volume published eleven years afterwards, seems pretty decisive of his claim.' Nothing can be more hearsay and conjectural than a statement like this, without any evidence adduced in its support. And Mr. Laing is too sound a judge of evidence to build anything upon it. It was probably in allusion to this report that Dr. Anderson wrote, 'Logan's cousin, Mrs. Hutchinson, informs the present writer that she saw the ode in Logan's handwriting before it was printed. If the testimonies of Dr. Robertson and Mrs. Hutchinson went the length of establishing the existence of the ode in Logan's handwriting in Bruce's lifetime, or before his MSS. came into Logan's possession, they might be considered decisive of the controversy. The suppression of Bruce's MSS., it must be owned, is a circumstance unfavourable to the pretensions of Logan.'

It is not necessary to advert to the argument drawn by Mr. Laing from the additional verse added to the 'ode' which was discovered among Logan's papers, for this discovery seems to me to add nothing to Logan's claim. The added stanza is quite out of harmony with the ode as we have it. It is a discordant note, jarring alike on the rhythm and the sentiment of the authentic stanzas. I have farther refrained altogether from entering into the internal evidence which might be got from a sifting comparison of the authentic poems of Logan and of Bruce respectively. Such a process would require far more than my prescribed space, and might in the end prove as inconclusive as arguments founded on internal evidence generally do.

I have now given as fairly as I can the arguments of Mr. MacKelvie and those of Mr. Laing, and have added a few comments on them by the way. To speak plainly, I must own that Mr. Laing's great and justly deserved authority weighs with me far more than his arguments. That he, after full examination of all the facts, should have thought that there is room for a revision of the condemnation which I believe all literary men who have examined the question had passed on Logan, will always be an argument, and I believe the strongest argument, that can be urged in his favour. Mr. Laing admits that the accusations brought against Logan have been 'occasioned in a great measure by his own apparent carelessness and want of judgment.' These are but faint epithets to apply to Logan's treatment of the sacred charge entrusted to him by Bruce's father. If a man can act in such a thoroughly careless and culpable manner when the literary remains of a dead friend have been entrusted to him, he has himself alone to blame for any suspicions that may afterwards be cast on his literary fidelity. His treatment of Bruce's papers, even if we accept fully his own account of it, is itself a serious charge against Logan. It is impossible to feel confidence in any literary transaction of a man who could act so carelessly and unfaithfully. When Logan by his conduct in this transaction has established such a presumption against himself, every other fact adduced against himself and in favour of Bruce tells, and justly tells, with much greater force. And several such facts, supported by solid testimony, Mr. MacKelvie has adduced. It seems proved for certain that Bruce wrote a poem on the gowk or cuckoo. It may not be this poem which we now have, though there seems strong presumption that it is. But if

the famous ode is not Bruce's, where is the poem that Bruce wrote on the gowk? Logan must have suppressed it to substitute his own, if the ode is his. Therefore he and his supporters are bound to say what has become of Bruce's poem on the same subject, before they can assert that the ode was come by without blame. In fine, the conclusion of the whole matter is this. Logan comes into court with the direct argument founded on his own assertion of authorship damaged, if not wholly destroyed, by the gross infidelity he showed in dealing with the papers of his dead friend. This being so, we are obliged to turn to indirect arguments — the testimonies of others. And the weight of the testimonies in favour of Bruce seems to me very considerably to preponderate.

It is but right, however, to add that Logan's treatment of Bruce is the worst thing that is known regarding him, and that he had other qualities little consistent with such vileness. He is reported to have been 'a man of amiable disposition and of very agreeable manners, one who loved and esteemed his friends, and by them was loved and esteemed.' That he possessed a vein of real poetic genius several of his undoubted compositions clearly prove. The writer of 'The Braes of Yarrow,' of some stanzas in the 'Ode on the Death of a Young Lady,' and 'Where high the heavenly temple stands,' had certainly overheard 'some tone of the eternal melodies.'

But it may be said, 'What matters it who was the author of the "Ode to the Cuckoo?" What does the world care whether it was Bruce or Logan?'

Besides the desire to give to every man his due, even in what some may regard as so insignificant a thing as an ode, those who take interest in English literature and the creators of it, may well feel a peculiar interest in that ode. It has about it a natural beauty, a simple sweetness, a tender grace, which would have made it noteworthy if it had appeared in any age or in any language. But coming when it did in the year 1770, it sounds out of the poetic literature of that time like the note of some solitary skylark on a mild day of January, long before any other such note is heard. While the poets of the time, still under the dominion of Pope, or at least of the stately and classic Gray, looked at nature with urban eyes, and described its aspects in courtly phrase, here is a note preluding the full-hearted burst of natural song which was to come from Burns, Cowper, Wordsworth, and Scott.

The merits of the ode are these: It lays hold of a familiar sound of nature which embodies all that is most delightful in the childhood of life and the childhood of the year. This it describes truly and faithfully, and yet idealising it all the while, making the local and the familiar transparent with something of a universal and transcendent light. Then there is through all an undertone of pathetic reference to human sadness, the more impressive that it is only an undertone. And the whole is expressed in language pure, natural, universal, wholly unlike the poetic diction that dominated that age. They are indeed what Mr. Disraeli, as quoted by Mr. Laing, has called them, 'magical stanzas of picture, melody, and sentiment.' It gives an added interest to these bright lines if they, as Archbishop Trench thinks, suggested to a greater poet than either Bruce or Logan one of his most lovely lyrics. 'This poem,' writes the Archbishop, 'was a favourite with Wordsworth, and one who listens attentively may catch a faint prelude of his immortal ode addressed to the same bird.'

It would be interesting to compare closely these two odes, the

'Hail, beauteous stranger of the wood,'

with the

'O blithe new comer! I have heard.'

Each is exquisite—perfect after its kind, but in their likeness there is a marked difference. The earlier poem is fuller of the fresh feeling of childhood, has more of the first unconscious impression with which the earliest voice of the cuckoo strikes upon a young and apprehensive mind. Wordsworth's contains much about childhood too, but it is rather thought about childhood, such thought as would arise in a man of meditative imagination, when he looks back on his childhood, projected into the distant past. The first is the fresher, more open, more accessible to all readers. The second idealises with a more recondite and profound ideality, till at last before the white heat of imagination the solid frame of earth itself is unsubstantialised and transfigured.

'O blessed bird, the earth we pace
Again appears to me
An unsubstantial, fairy place,
That is fit home for thee.'

It is sufficient justification of all the trouble that has been taken to ascertain the true parentage of the ode, that it can be placed side by side with one of the very finest lyrics of the great poet of nature, and not lose by the juxtaposition.

J. C. SHAIRP.

LADY BELL.

By the AUTHOR of "Citoyenne Jacqueline."

CHAPTER LV.—AN AFTERNOON IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.



LONDON was in the white heat of July. So much of the world as then went out of town for more than John Gilpin's day, had taken itself to country quarters, though these were thought far enough off in the villages of Twickenham, Richmond, Hackney, or Croydon.

But Mrs. Sundon and Lady Bell stayed on in their baked and burned-up lodgings in the Haymarket, as if the women were become impervious to thick dust, sultry air, and brooding skies.

Yet these were the very women who had learnt to love well green fields, flowery lawns, blossoming or fruit-laden orchards, the first song of the thrush, the last note of the robin. A greedy attraction overpowered the innocent, rural delights, and a tremendous misfortune had crushed the desire for them, with all other desires, out of these sensitive hearts.

In the absence of "society," and the knowledge that his days with his friends in England were numbered, for the transport with the contingent of Master Charles's regiment was to sail in a week, the two poor women and their friend clung to each other more fondly and wistfully than ever.

Master Charles went with the ladies one fine afternoon to walk in Kensington Gardens, when for the last time Mrs. Sundon withdrew from her companions, and turned aside to sit down on a bench by a wretched-looking woman carrying a sick child in rags, and to enter into engrossing conversation with her.

Mrs. Sundon might be a female Vincent de Paul, proposing to found a society for the relief of every sufferer in London, to judge by her absorption.

Master Charles and Lady Bell were more restricted in their philanthropy; they were full of their companion. They could no longer look each other in the face, and deny her odd ways; whether some great enterprise and scheme of mercy were at their root, or whether they were but signs of the breaking up of the foundations, and the mental wreck of the woman.

Master Charles held the first view. "She is going to come out in still truer colours," he maintained with tender fanaticism to Lady Bell. "You remember how she put herself out of her way, and would have braved ridicule and blame, to interpose in my behalf. I think if I had not passed her my word not to game, I should have seen her grand, sweet face appear some night, among the reeking faces round the card-table, bidding me and my companions forbear. She is seeking to save the lost, somehow and somewhere. She is only more indifferent to the self-sacrifice which she is making more complete."

Lady Bell rather inclined to the latter and more miserable view. Under her own smiling restlessness, or her apathy, her endless quips and cranks, or her listlessness, Lady Bell felt her heart "was broke." She knew that she had done very wrong more than once in her life, and that she was paying the forfeit. She had left her husband when she was a girl-wife, and after she had lived to be a woman she had been given over to a strong delusion, to put herself in the power of a husband who had in turn abandoned her.

So how could Lady Bell hope the best, and refuse to believe in wrong and misery because it was too bad for belief?

"I shall stand by Sunny to the last," Lady Bell told Master Charles, "though I think she is ceasing to care for me. She hardly listens to what I say when we are abroad together, or during meals; as for any other time at home, she is shut up about her own business, with which nobody must meddle, but which brings the strangest characters more and more about her."

"Do they follow her to the lodgings now?" inquired Master Charles anxiously.

"On the night of the assault upon the watch-house in Moorfields," communicated Lady Bell, "I passed two rough men in dreadnoughts on our stairs, and I saw by the lamp the gleam of the cutlasses with which those other desperate characters that wounded the watchmen and rescued the prisoners, were armed. God knows what possesses Sunny, what she has done, or means to do. But I shall be lost indeed if I lose her, when you are gone to the wars, from which men never come back—no, never as they went, I mean. Their bodies may return, and their spirits too, for that matter; but they are not the same men—oh, far from it!" Lady Bell shook her head with the sombre wisdom of experience.

"I swear that you will find me the same," volunteered Master Charles with vehement confidence.

"You need not tell me that," Lady Bell contradicted the speaker quite indignantly; "I cannot believe it, sir, not in the least. I say that I have seen men as good change so utterly, that their nearest and dearest would never have known them again. There is no occasion to be offended, Master Charles," continued Lady Bell more lightly; "think of the reverses, the accidents in life, think what weak creatures we are. Pooh! you may arrive at home to find me grown as fat as Miss Kingscote, or become a nun, or turned farmer, or joined the 'Blues,' and writing a book in Grub Street."

"It is more likely that I shall hear of you as Lady Bell—something else than Trevor." Master Charles really felt flat, and was not in spirits for nonsense, but he rallied to make the remark which might be expected from him. "You will have owned a master, and be following his lead."

"You will sooner hear of me in my grave," said Lady Bell with such abrupt earnestness, that he started and looked at her.

Was this other friend, only less dear to Master Charles than Mrs. Sundon—this girl who was like a sister to him, struggling in toils of her own—dreading to perish in his absence?

Lady Bell saw the impression which she had made, and was quick in trying to smile it away. "Don't mind me, Master Charles," she recommended to him, "you know I talk a great deal of random chatter,—I always did. You have enough troubles, poor fellow, without being additionally burdened by my fancies. Girls have no end of fancies. Sure, I am pure well, only moping at odd moments for the town being full again, and the breezes blowing fresher, and these sere leaves," catching at a prematurely dried and crackling cluster, "being stained an honest brown."

"I know that you used to wish time would fly faster, and the months run on," Master Charles reminded her.

"Oh! I was a little fool," she cried, "the greatest little fool in the world. I did not know what the months were running on to—to make me a withered old woman, Master Charles, and you a stiff old veteran, perhaps walking lame, or wheezing with an Indian swamp cough. But let us turn to the opposite extreme, do you remember how we plucked flowers, and collected feathers, and scrambled up banks and skipped down again, and sang and danced at dear old Nutfield and Summerhill? My youth was spent there, and I have always that season to be thankful for."

Although she was laughing, tears which sprung up more easily and were harder to force down now, shone in her eyes. He was struck with what he had been previously blind to.

Lady Bell's pale, dark-eyed beauty was paler and darker-eyed than it had ever been before, for the paleness verged on wanness, and the soft gloom of the eyes was increased till it shadowed the whole face. There was less of the little figure than there used to be. The small bones of the wrist and elbow, where she had pulled off one long glove for coolness, the collar-bones under her neckerchief had become prominent.

Lady Bell was falling away in flesh far more than Mrs. Sundon had fallen away. For that matter, Mrs. Sundon had the magnificent framework of a woman magnificent in constitution, as in everything else. But a small being like Lady Bell, if she took to vanishing, might soon be a sprite altogether, with her cast-off bones deposited in churchyard soil, as she foreboded.

Master Charles sighed heavily, with the conviction that the whole world was out of joint, and he was bound for the wars, leaving these dear and tender women to fear and fail as they might, without him.

Lady Bell had been simply walking by Master Charles's side. He proceeded to draw her arm through his, in the pain and consternation of the conviction that the merry, charming girl of whom he had been fond in an honest, manly way, was growing weak and weary.

"Lean on me, dear Lady Bell, he charged

her, thinking farther, "Take what good you can of me while you have me. It is little that I can do for you, but you are heartily welcome to that little, before I am far away."

There was just a sprinkling of company in the Gardens, and that sprinkling hovered near the many-windowed red palace, with its red sentinels, or took refuge by the water.

There was the great stillness about, which sometimes descends on the world in the full blaze of a summer afternoon, when the birds, with nothing more to hope for in the perfection of the year, have given over singing for the season; and all life besides, even the young human life of streets and suburbs, is for once tired out, and fain to be quiet.

The glow of the sun was well shut out in the side avenue which Lady Bell and Master Charles were traversing.

Those were still grand old elm trees, which had shaken their bold boughs over earlier generations and reigns. Lady Bell had cast a stigma on their parched and scorched leaves, showing many an untimely, sickly or dead, straw or ash-coloured tint, in the prevailing dusky summer green.

But few free and fresh country trees in dewy meadows and hedgerows afforded more grateful shade, or interlaced their boughs into such welcome aisles, as these faithful guardians of the old palace park in the old court suburb.

The turf below was as soft as velvet in its olive moss. It was pleasant to recall what brave men and fair women had trodden that turf and walked beneath these trees.

At this moment Lady Bell and Master Charles formed a couple not unsuitable to the locality. They might represent a pair of lovers, or a young husband and wife. In either light they looked a picture of fearless confidence and trustful rest, while they passed tranquilly along, as it were too happy to speak—so happy, that happiness in its entire fulfilment waxed dumb, and borrowed a shade of pensiveness.

Lady Bell and Master Charles were altogether unlike the young couple who stole out secretly, and met under the bleak spring skies and the bare boughs of the Mall at St. James's, wild with agitation, to confess their love and cling to each other ere they parted for months, and years, or for ever, sobbing the one moment, laughing the next, not daring to give themselves time to think, to look grave, to draw back before they rushed to bind themselves to each other by a tie which only death could break.

Master Charles and Lady Bell were like lovers in a dream, treading there so peacefully and contentedly; and like the mad nightmare into which a quiet dream sometimes breaks, came the catastrophe.

CHAPTER LVI.—A HAT TOSSED OFF.—LADY BELL PICKS UP A GAUNTLET.

As the couple in their promenade rounded a clump of trees, a gentleman advancing in the opposite direction met them unexpectedly face to face, took in at a glance their whole aspect, and could no longer resist the devil in him, as he had resisted it, in former temptations.

In an instant a gloomy face became black as night with jealousy, rage, and hatred. The next moment the new-comer did what sounds a small and silly thing, but what was in fact ominous enough—he stepped a foot nearer, snatched Master Charles's laced hat from his head, and flung it among the trees.

Master Charles was in such sheer amazement that he stood thunderstruck. His brown hair was slightly matted about the flushed forehead and youthful face, before he broke out into a passionate oath: "Man, if you are not mad, you shall answer for this. What do you mean by such a monstrous insult—before a lady, too?"

"I shall be rejoiced to answer for the insult, and to tell you my meaning, if indeed that is necessary, behind the lady's back, Ensign Kingscote," answered Harry Fane with an ugly grin, which showed his teeth.

Lady Bell had not screamed at first, or hastened to interpose between the men. She had merely dropped the arm which Master Charles had given her, and remained riveted to the spot. But she screamed now with a sharp ringing cry, as if it were she who was to suffer the shooting or stabbing for which this tossing off of the hat paved the way.

She stretched out her arms as if she would, with their feeble help, ward off blows, and she appealed piteously to Master Charles.

"Don't mind him, he is mad—he has been mad for long—let him do what he will; come with me." And she ran aside, picked up Master Charles's hat, and held it out to him imploringly, while Captain Fane looked on savagely, and misunderstood every word and act.

His mind in a flash drew the falsest comparison between Lady Bell in Kensington Gardens and "wanton Shrewsbury" among the trees of Cleveden; and he said to himself, that in order to make the analogy complete, it was a pity Shrewsbury's successor did not have a horse to hold for this fellow,

while another horribly injured husband's blood was shed. But, by Heaven! he should shed his blood dearly, and put his mark on this lad, only less miserable than himself.

"No, no, Lady Bell." Master Charles put aside her petition with rough freedom in his hot resentment. "It may be mighty fine what you know in excuse of this villain, but I cannot listen to it; my honour as a gentleman and soldier is concerned. You must leave me to settle my own account."

"There are two of us desiring the settlement," remarked Captain Fane grimly, beginning, however, to recover from his fit of blind fury. "But we may as well transact the business regularly," he said, with swift scorn of himself, added to the sickening scorn, in alternation with the fierce wrath, which he felt against the pair before him; "we need not make an uproar, and we may dispense with either a park-keeper or a lady's presence."

Harry Fane was again striving to put that curb upon himself, which even on a bitterly shameful extremity might be demanded of a man of sense and discipline, half a dozen years older than the beardless, swaggering boy whom a light woman in her idle folly had preferred to her husband, and had vilely put in his place.

Harry Fane forced himself briefly to defer his vengeance, and to go through the form of raising his hat and offering his card to Master Charles, still swelling and stuttering with astounded indignation, while Captain Fane pledged himself that he would be at home to receive any messenger on Mr. Kingscote's part for the next twenty-four hours.

But Lady Bell had not withdrawn, as Master Charles had bidden her, from an encounter with which she could not cope, tending on a discussion which was not within a woman's province, though like many a woman in a similar case, she was at the bottom of the mischief. She continued close by, a determined and desperate witness of all that passed.

Lady Bell had been foiled in her appeal to her friend. She had no resource but to address her former lover and husband. She must ask mercy from the man at whose hands she had not sought justice, whose treatment of her, so far as she could see, had been dastardly and cruel beyond comprehension, unless she would be the death of her innocent, manly friend and brother, Master Charles.

At that moment Lady Bell had so great a pity for Master Charles's youth and manliness, for the hopes that she knew had been set upon him down at Nutfield and Lumley (where everybody had been kind to her, and where she had been happy, as she had said lately, during a season), for all that Master Charles was to the simple, homely soul, his sister, who had sheltered and petted Lady Bell, that she did not seem to grudge the utmost that she could do in his service.

Lady Bell stepped into the breach like Mrs. Sundon, from whom they had strayed into such harm. Lady Bell, too, could put aside her wrongs and sorrows for a space. She was perfectly calm, though deadly white, when she spoke to Harry Fane.

"Captain Fane," she said, "I have held my tongue till now, when I must speak to prevent murder. Yes, it will be murder without provocation or reason, if you go out and fight Master Charles, with whom you have no quarrel, except that he has always been my friend. Wreak your vengeance on me, since I have monstrously offended you, but spare him. He is his sister's only brother; he is the young Squire of Nutfield, who is to restore his father's house."

"I have nothing to do with that," growled Harry Fane.

"Have done, or I shall never forgive you, Lady Bell, fumed Master Charles in one breath.

But she had not done. "I know that," she went on, addressing Harry Fane; "but you see how young he is, in the first flush of life, going to the wars in search of fortune and glory, but it may be only to win an honourable grave. Need you anticipate the last? You are years older, Harry Fane, and you know as well as I do what life brings. I dare say it would be no more than kindness to cut short this life, but have you the heart to do it?"

She looked up in his face for the first time since she had spoken. Then she shut her eyes, and staggered back to a full consciousness of her own misery. She could not bear to see the agony of condemnation and reproach in the set face, or to look on the features which, irregular and weather-beaten as they were, she had learned to think the model of manly beauty, and to call her Harry's traits. These were written on her heart, even to the knit of the brow and the trick of the lip, and they filled her with a piteous, vain yearning for the dear face to be turned kindly on her once more.

Thus the living, visited by dream phantoms, or by the chance resemblance of a

passer-by, yearn for the dead restored to life again—to see, to hear, and to hold as of old in a loving embrace.

"You plead well, Lady Bell, if you were not pleading to me," was wrung from Harry Fane.

"I will have no more pleading for me, Lady Bell," cried Master Charles, as bewildered as ever in his rage, only clear that he would not be defended by Lady Bell, or by any other.

And she pled no more for him. She had literally lost sight of Master Charles and all that concerned him, in that fleeting glance at Harry Fane's face, which had rolled back the tide of feeling and recollection to the time when he loved her, and was mad to marry her. It was to save Harry Fane from a desperate deed and a long remorse, that she was fain to humble herself in the dust before him.

"Oh Harry, Harry,"—she pressed up to her husband, whispering, but in accents which Master Charles could still catch, marvelling, and recoiling petrified,—"am I worthy of such a sacrifice? Can you not let me go believing, at least, that I shall not willingly cross your path? Do not stain your hands and conscience for me? Do not slay or be slain on my wretched account. Live to forget me, whatever I have cost you—to be a gallant officer and the good man in a wicked world that I believed you."

"You tell me plainly that you do not deserve that this gentleman and I should fight for you," he exclaimed, putting his own merciless construction on her unwitting words, and writhing as he did it.

"Yes, yes," she assured him eagerly, thinking as she spoke of "errors, not crimes;" of her rebellion and flight from Squire Trevor; of the compromising rashness, the setting at naught of her friends, in her second marriage. "I have been a proud, selfish girl, and see what has come of it. You used not to approve of duelling; you called it a barbarous practice. You said it was a rude remnant of savage violence, that wanted being put an end to. You agreed that there might be greater courage in declining, than in consenting to fight a duel.—I recollect what others will recollect also. Will you give the lie to the whole tenor of your life, after what I have said to you?"

"No more," Harry Fane charged her, turning away; "you are right here. Mr. Kingscote, the matter rests with you; but if this will serve your turn, I say I am sorry that I have troubled you and myself in this miserable affair." He was gone without another word or look.

"Lady Bell, you must explain yourself, and this scene, which is altogether unaccountable," Master Charles said at last, hardly knowing what he said or what to think at the end, any more than at the beginning. "Shall I follow the fellow, and knock him down, after all, though for the life of me I cannot tell what ails him?"

"Knock him down, Master Charles!" cried Lady Bell with an odd laugh, which tingled through the lad's nerves. "I should like to see you do that! You must measure yourself with fitter adversaries. You may be another little David, but you can never conquer this Goliath. He is beside himself, but he is worth us all ten times over, do you hear that? I say it. He is a true and noble gentleman, only beside himself."

"He ought not to be at large," objected Master Charles doggedly; and then he thought himself justified in insisting, "But what has made him beside himself, and what have you to do with him?"

"Oh, never mind that now," Master Charles," sighed Lady Bell, putting her hand on her breast to stay the fluttering at her heart. It is a long story — do I owe it you? I cannot tell. Spare me at present, Master Charles; oh! do you spare me. Let us return to Sunny, and say nothing of this encounter, till I have time to think and make up my mind."

CHAPTER LVII.—MASTER CHARLES PAYS A FORMAL VISIT.

MASTER CHARLES was reduced to the lowest ebb of doubt and distraction regarding his friends. He complied so far with Lady Bell's petition, coinciding as it did with his own instinct, not to add inconsiderately to Mrs. Sundon's tribulation by the tale he had to tell.

Master Charles tried to get an interview with Lady Bell next morning, for the purpose of inducing her to confide in him; but Lady Bell pleaded what might very well be the real obstacle—indisposition.

He was aware, too, that though he had her in a *tête-à-tête*, it might be to no purpose. He knew of old how she could, when she would, go off at a tangent, vindicating the prerogatives of her sex and rank, when, her dignity being equal to her softness, wild horses, metaphorically speaking, could not draw a secret from Lady Bell.

But a young woman like Lady Bell ought not to be left to herself. She should have a

friend to act for her, whether this mad fellow, who had been in plain clothes, but whose name it struck Master Charles, on reflection, was the same as that of the naval captain who had brought home an American prize a month back, were some unacknowledged connection by blood of the late Earl of Etheredge's, or whether he held and abused some power over Lady Bell. She should have a friend to act for her, Master Charles decided, becoming absolutely fatherly in his brotherliness.

Master Charles cudgelled his generous, honest young brains, and arrived at a conclusion worthy of them.

Master Charles returned from his fruitless attempt at seeing Lady Bell, and discovering from her on what pretence a man whom she still professed to hold in honour could, unless he were mad indeed, come up and grossly insult her companion, simply because he was her companion, in a public place, and after she had succeeded in preventing the inevitable consequences, could leave her with a parting taunt as to her share in the quarrel.

Master Charles repaired to a coffee-house, dined there, and was particular in making his afternoon toilette.

In those days soldiers and sailors went abroad under their respective colours. Master Charles saw that his uniform, his hair, his gloves, and square-toed shoes were in proper punctilious order.

He first studied a card which he had in his pocket, and then he sallied forth, ruffling out his cravat and frills, and twirling his cane with a certain self-satisfaction, but not so much like a military fopling as in the character of a man whose mind is made up to the fairest alternative.

Master Charles's destination was Captain Fane's lodgings in Red Lion Square, Holborn, next door to the house of Mr. John Harrison, who had received a grant from Parliament for constructing timekeepers so as to ascertain longitude and latitude.

Master Charles was bound for the braving of Lady Bell's madman—not to assault him at a great disadvantage—not even to carry him a cartel, since by the laws of duelling a principal in a duel could not convey his own challenge.

Master Charles was on his way to offer and require statements which might demolish an ugly brood of mistakes. But if not, and if called on to inflict punishment, Master Charles would not be found wanting, however ineffectual Lady Bell had counted him, as a dealer of retribution, and with his arm nerved by a righteous cause, as well as by his own vigorous young muscles, he should dispense summary justice where it was due.

Such a course was well-nigh impossible to a guilty man, however high-spirited, or however arch a hypocrite. It was only likely to suggest itself to a pure-minded gentleman, and to a young fellow of sense, as well as virtue, whose nature was open and honourable, and who feared no inspection either of his motives or his actions. Moreover, it was a line of conduct which would hardly have been practicable to a man in the least degree overbalanced by passion, who could not take the whole circumstances, and his relation to them, into calm consideration.

This reasoning was so patent, that when Master Charles, declining to send in his name beforehand, was shown as "a gentleman on business" into the parlour where Harry Fane was sitting, sternly applying himself to some scientific data, even Harry, possessed and besotted as he was, felt for a second staggered in his convictions.

But there is such a rare thing as "unparalleled audacity," and Harry Fane was under widely different influences from those which guided Master Charles.

Harry Fane could not succeed in striking out every gleam of light from a mind naturally open to light; but the bare sight of the dashing, blooming young soldier caused Harry's blood to boil, and sent it in a tumultuous, overpowering rush to his brain.

"I thought that we had done with each other, sir," quoth Harry as he rose, glaring and snarling at his visitor; "but if you are of a different opinion, I am with you. No abstract theory of duelling need apply to an exceptional case. I am ready to meet you here with locked doors and our swords, or with pistols across the table, as you choose."

"Good God!" protested Master Charles, with the freshest surprise and indignation, "what have I done, or what do you think I have done, that you should be ready for us to butcher each other in this fashion? I did not come here for butchery."

"Did Lady Bell"—with all his efforts Harry Fane could not keep his voice under entire control when he spoke her name—"send you to me?" he demanded sharply.

"Lady Bell Trevor knows nothing of my being here, where I came to tell my story and to hear yours, sir," retorted Master Charles, with the sedate dignity and authority of an aspersed man seeking to clear himself.

"The stories will reflect prodigious credit on Lady Bell *Trevor*," said Captain Fane bitterly, with an emphasis on the proper name which was a profound mystery to Master Charles. But he would not let himself be disturbed or turned from his intention by the invidious accent, whether or not it might prove the saturnine naval officer really stark mad or the victim of some extraordinary imposture, or in an unexplained way connected with Lady Bell through her late husband, instead of through her father, the deceased earl.

"You shall hear me, and then come to a decision," Master Charles said, perhaps with a little exasperating tone of dictation, wariness, and soothing in his voice. For Captain Fane flew up, breathing fire and smoke more furiously than ever.

"Upon my soul, I don't know why I should hear you, Mr. Kingscote," he cried, rapidly losing his self-restraint. "Let me tell you what common decency might have told you, that though I don't think it worth while to revenge myself by inflicting proper chastisement upon you, after what I heard, still your presence here is so insolent and intolerable an intrusion, so outrageous an insult, that it may end in my not being able to help ridding myself of your presence by throwing you out of the window. Remember, sir, there is no miserable woman here to get you spared by her own degradation."

"Inflict proper chastisement! Throw me out of the window! Lady Bell degrading herself to spare me!" panted Master Charles with a flush. At the same time he stepped back in open-mouthed consternation at the height of the madness of the full-grown, powerful man whose superiority Lady Bell had vouched for, and who was yet at large and holding a commission in His Majesty's navy, so much to the purpose that a recent *Gazette* had chronicled, with a flourish which Master Charles recollected to have read with envy, Captain Fane's distinguished capture of a frigate from the enemy.

But Master Charles rallied like a brave young fellow from the shock of the compromising violence, and reverted faithfully to the upright, rational design with which he had come.

"Do you know to whom or of whom you are speaking, Captain Fane?" he asked gravely. "At least hear me (the greatest offender has a right to be heard), though it may be of no use, and then speak of throwing me out of the window."

In a frenzy as Harry Fane was, the courageous single-heartedness of the lad made its way.

"Say what you have got to say," Harry yielded angrily and with a heavy sigh, standing up against the window-shutter, "and be quick about it, for I cannot answer for myself. I have shown you beforehand that your words are of no moment to me; but have them out, and let us be quit of each other in one way or another. For my part, sir, I desire never to see your face again."

Master Charles cleared his throat formally, and rested his hand on the back of a chair.

"It has been a pride and pleasure to me," began the young fellow, "to be of the least use or service to two ladies for whom I have so deep a reverence, so high a regard, as what I feel for Lady Bell Trevor and her friend, Mrs. Sundon."

"A truce to your abominable affectation and hypocrisy." Harry Fane ground the words through his teeth.

Master Charles paid no heed. He was bent on going through with his task.

"I knew Lady Bell first. Indeed she lived in our house—with my sister and me, I mean—for many months. She had gone away when she was a mere girl from her home, after some quarrel with old Squire Trevor, to whom her friends had married her so unsuitably, and she fell in, when travelling, with the great actress, Mrs. Siddons. I daresay you have heard so much, and can follow me," broke off Master Charles, having an irresistible desire to ascertain how far he was impressing his listener.

Captain Fane merely nodded sulkily. Something of this Lady Bell had told him, and the old story, with its indiscretion and simplicity, and even its slight fantasticalness, bringing up the old figure of the woman with whom he had fallen so madly in love, somehow shook his conviction of her untruth.

Oh, the drivelling folly of the doubt when he had returned so soon to find her levity the disgraceful theme in every mouth, to hear her talked of as the widow whose giddy, froward pranks were common property—and she no widow, but the new-made wife of a man absent, exposed to danger and death, a woman whose peculiar circumstances ought to have detained her in the strictest seclusion, or taught her the most heedful carefulness in society.

After what his own eyes had seen of her and his own ears heard her tongue admit, what could she be but the fine lady tainted, nay, engrained with evil?

She had been so greedy of conquest that

she had even angled for the admiration of a poor, plain man, who had earned undeservedly the reputation of being a philosopher; and when she had fooled him to the top of her bent, her end was served, to his life-long dishonour and misery.

"Mrs. Siddons recommended Lady Bell as a companion to my sister. Lady Bell was then passing under the name of Miss or Mrs. Barlowe," explained Master Charles, with anxious elaboration, "as a better protection against any pursuit from her husband, and she was glad to stop and be out of the way at Nutfield. It was a mutual benefit for her to be with us," declared Master Charles, with the most perfect transparency in his offhandedness. "We grew as fond of her as possible before we had a notion that she was a woman of quality—of title, at least. She was so gracious and obliging, so ready to be amused. She would teach me as well as Deb all sorts of things—games and dances. We were like brother and sister."

Was the relation artfully suggested? It did not sound so.

"Then Mrs. Sundon came to Nutfield for summer quarters." Here Master Charles manifestly faltered, bent his head, coloured to the temples, and was forced to pause for an instant. When he spoke again it was with indignant haughtiness.

"There is no need to bring into our conversation the name of the best and most unfortunate of women, whose misfortunes should throw a shield over her, as her virtues shed a halo round her, except to say that she had known Lady Bell before, and immediately recognised her, and that when Squire Trevor's death set Lady Bell free, and enabled her to cast aside all disguise, she and Mrs. Sundon took up house together at Summerhill, near Nutfield, and still did me the honour of calling me their friend. Poor generous, gentle souls, a man may wonder at their still being able to trust in him," Master Charles could not help exclaiming in a paroxysm of compassion and wrath, "after what they have suffered from men. But stay, I cannot hear myself speak; what is the uproar without?" cried Master Charles, coming to a dead stop, forced to give way to a sudden tumult and clatter of many feet, with the hubbub of many voices in the street below.

As the noise continued and the strong rush of passers-by did not abate, Captain Fane flung up the window at his side.

In immediate response to the action several voices shouted up, "A gang of false coiners seized in a house in Holborn, a gentleman of quality among them—the same that stabbed one of his own sort in a gambling-house brawl last year, and was thought to have been let slip beyond seas—one Mr. Sugden or Sutton, of a place in a midland county—a greater capture than the brothers Perreau."

CHAPTER LVIII.—AN ARREST AND A RESCUE.

Master Charles leapt up as if he had been shot. "Good Lord! what a strange coincidence!" A spasm passed across his face, leaving its fresh comeliness shocked and perturbed in every line.

He kept in the background, and yet looked out with an eager fascination when he and Harry Fane, as if by mutual consent, dropped their discussion for a moment, and stood ready to stare with the crowd, already packed and jostling each other for places in the line which the arrested gang would traverse.

The false coiners were on foot, walking in a file, handcuffed, and guarded by watchmen and soldiers on their certain way to the gallows.

The men looked for the most part, whether hanging their heads, dead-beaten, or holding them up with effrontery, a set of dirty, ill-conditioned mechanics or dissolute tradesmen—with one signal exception.

It was that of a man who had been wounded in the fray at the arrest, and was carried last in a chair. To those who could see into the chair there was presented a soiled and torn heap of velvet, cambric, and lace, belonging to a half-recumbent figure with the eyes closed, though the convulsive working of the muscles of the face was still perceptible. The features were not so stricken and wasted by debauchery and ruin as to be entirely deprived of their original signs of distinction and refinement.

Captain Fane looked out with a sternness that was callous in its hardness. These villains were worse than so many privateers or smugglers, inasmuch as the former prosecuted their base calling with comparative ease and security, till they met their deserts of being snared like rats in a hole. And what had he to do with them or the depraved man of rank who was the chief criminal?

Lady Bell had been foolishly fond of that criminal's wife in the days when Sundon of Chevely was no worse than an idle, dissipated gentleman.

What, again, had Harry Fane to do with

that? He was fast dismissing every appeal to his mercy in a similar fashion. His old benevolence, with his tolerance, seemed rapidly dying out of his poisoned moral nature. His own sorrow and wrong so possessed him that while it drove him to do a great wrong in return, it shut him in from farther sympathy with, and feeling for, his fellows.

Master Charles drew so deep a sigh it was almost an appalled sob. See his successful rival! Here was what Mrs. Sundon's first love, her wedded husband had come to!

The next moment Master Charles started violently, clutched his hat, and sprang to the door.

"Stop, sir," cried Harry Fane imperiously, "you have not ended the explanation which



Page 803.

you volunteered. I shall not allow you to get off like this. What the devil is Sundon of Chevely's arrest to you or me? I will have no paltering, no mocking me."

"I cannot stay," Master Charles looked round to shout. "You would not ask me if you had eyes in your head or a mind for anything but your own madly selfish delusions. If it had not been for you I should have been with my friends to advise and protect them from themselves this afternoon. Don't you see she is there, and Lady Bell with her, in a coach, following him to Tothill Bridewell or to Newgate? My God! to think what she must have suffered, and what she is going to face!"

Down the stair flung Master Charles, followed close by Captain Fane, the two

elbowing their way, the one more furiously than the other, like a couple of madmen through the crowd, to the coach. Luckily for its pursuers, it was wedged in till it was all but stopped at this point of its progress.

Master Charles knew perfectly what he should say and do. He was about to implore, "Let me go with you, Mrs. Sundon; I shall not presume, I shall not speak a word, I shall keep out of sight if you wish it—only let me be at hand to defend you, speak for you, if necessary, fetch and carry for you."

Captain Fane was but making up his mind in the whirl of one distracting moment, as he caught a glimpse of two pale, handsome young women, composed as became their order, even under this trying ordeal, though Lady Bell's eyes were swimming, and she had difficulty in keeping herself from swaying to and fro, with the weakness of her recent indisposition.

Lady Bell had come away in so great a hurry to stand by her friend to the last that she had only time to throw a mantle over her *petite santé* dressing-gown. It was delirious in Lady Bell to go out in such a state of health, and if Mrs. Sundon had not been crazier than her friend she would not have permitted it.

To venture to Newgate, into the court, before the magistrates, into the vile common room with its vile company, if the gentlewomen could force their way thither, was rather worse than any descent into Hades to rescue from the infernal shades a Proserpine or a Eurydice.

To crown all, Lady Bell, who had heard and seen likenesses and caricatures of the infamous Mrs. Rudd in her high head-gear and fashionable dress, as she figured in the great Perreau case, was not at all sure whether she, Lady Bell, and Sunny, by identifying themselves with the wretched man before them, might not be regarded as accomplices, taken up, and tried on their own account.

Master Charles was first at the coach window on his side, and put up his petition.

Mrs. Sundon saw and heard him, and turned to him. She altogether denied his request, where she herself was concerned, but she denied it with a kind sense of its kindness, even in circumstances so supreme, and in the same breath she claimed a favour from him.

"No, my friend," she said, "I know all that you would wish, but I can take no more from you. Forgive me that I have taken so much, and that without giving you my confidence. There is one relief in my misery to-day, that I can openly follow my falsely-accused husband. We have no farther discovery to fear, God help us. He is my own husband; my own dear husband again, in the day of his sore distress. No, Master Charles, there is no man, however lost, who will be so heartless as to molest a poor woman waiting on her captured, injured husband. I do not fear it. But I have a charge for you. Take Lady Bell away to some place of shelter, lead her safely home. I shall send to you there, Bell. I did not know what I was doing when I let you come. No, I tell you no, Bell; this is nobody's business save mine. There is only one person whom a woman is justified in following to prison."

"Ay, madam, and there is only one who may bid a woman follow him," interrupted Harry Fane, roughly pulling open the coach door, "and who may count on her obedience if she be an honest woman. Stand aside, sir, this is not your place," to Master Charles. To Mrs. Sundon—"You shall drive on, madam, in a moment, to your husband, and God help you" (with a little relenting in his voice), "but let Lady Bell *Fane* come to her husband when he calls upon her."

Lady Bell sat up straight, put up her trembling hands, tried to pass them over her eyes to clear her vision bodily and mental, and could not, but lapsed more and more into the confusion and passion of a child.

She stretched out her hands longingly to him, gave a little quavering cry, like a child's—who does not know it?—when the child's mother has left her darling, and has stayed away long, but the child feels that it has found its mother again at last. "Harry, Harry, are you my Harry after all? Was it a dreadful dream? I thought you disowned me, that you had never cared for me. What a fool I must have been!"

None who heard the cry and the words from Lady Bell could doubt the substance of Captain Fane's assertion. And here was no time or place for searching into its origin, or into the footing on which the couple stood towards each other, for interfering between man and wife.

Mrs. Sundon cried bewildered, "What is this? Here is the officer we saw at the review, and I thought there was something in that encounter which I could not fathom. Has Bell stolen a march upon me, and been foolish?" Mrs. Sundon asked in fresh distress.

But Mrs. Sundon was losing a husband as

Lady Bell was finding one. "See to this, Master Charles," Mrs. Sundon told her friend hastily. "I think I had once a suspicion of some troth-plight or alliance having been entered into by Lady Bell, but I have forgotten every interest save the nearest and most pressing, for a long time. Bell, Bell, why did you cheat me?" Mrs. Sundon uttered one piteous reproach. "But perhaps you could not help it, poor child, any more than I could help cheating you."

"No, Sunny, I did not mean to cheat you," said Lady Bell very simply and earnestly.

"Be kind to her, sir, whatever you are." Mrs. Sundon spoke to Captain Fane. "If you led her into a false position, you were the more bound to bear with her, and bring her safe out of it. If I ever see better days, I shall tell you why I left her to herself, and perhaps, as I begin to understand, betrayed her into the appearance of evil. But I cannot think any more even of Bell, now. Captain Fane, as you are an officer and gentleman, and I am an unfortunate woman, Lady Bell's friend and natural guardian, you will make everything clear to Master Charles. He is a young man, but he is the old friend of both of us women. Now, farewell all; none of you needs me like Gregory Sundon, let me begone to him." And she wrung her hands at the compulsory delay.

Lady Bell was in her husband's lodgings, standing with him there, and the door closed upon them. She had confirmed Captain Fane's avowal, and Master Charles had left them, fain to go to work on Mrs. Sundon's behalf.

Lady Bell knew where she was. She looked round, and her eye had taken in all the attributes and belongings, from the papers on the table to the sword in the corner.

Lady Bell was coming to herself, was remembering everything, was thinking—not that this was a poor home, but that here was a poor welcome home. She was feeling shy and hurt with the soreness of her old wrongs. She was asking herself whether Harry had deserved to be instantaneously forgiven for his inexplicably rude, atrocious behaviour to his wedded wife.

He was coming to himself. He was feeling awkward and vexed, reawakening to the rankling of undoubted injuries. He was not certain whether—though he had been in error in the main, God be thanked!—he had not been too easily induced into seeming to condone the huge amount of provocation which he had actually received.

"If you had remained down in the country, where I believed you to be, all this lamentable misunderstanding would not have happened," he said stiffly and pragmatically.

"I came up to town with my Mrs. Sundon," replied Lady Bell shortly and dryly, seeing that she was put on her defence. "I suppose you would have said that I was too young to keep house alone," and she looked at the hem of her handkerchief, not at him.

"Unquestionably," he rejoined quickly, "if you were to enter into familiar association, as with a brother, with a young fellow who is in fact no relation to you."

"Master Charles had been like a brother to me," said Lady Bell without the least flinching, and with a little ominous flash of her dark eyes. "I was very glad to be like a sister to him. Was I to anticipate offensive interpretation of friendship with a poor boy whose very admiration for Mrs. Sundon was as high and pure as if she had been a goddess seated among the stars?"

"In the society of others, where I know you would encounter temptation, you could not have been too discreet, for my sake as well as for your own," he persisted in his highly aggrieved tone.

"Hear him!" cried Lady Bell in the liveliest indignation, appealing to Harry Fane against Harry Fane. "What did I do in society? One would think I had been next to wicked. I was easy and merry, like any other happy young married woman. If I had not married the man whom I believed the best in the world, whom I loved with my whole soul, then I might have studied discretion. I did study it when I was a wretched child, married to poor old Squire Trevor. Though he called me idle and silly, wilful and pert—and I warrant I was all that to a man who might have been my grandfather—still he never called me indiscreet. He left that to the ungenerous man who, when my heart was singing for joy because I was his, and he was mine, when I was wild with pride in the possession of my precious secret, expected me to be taking all manner of precaution against other men, who had ceased for ever to be anything save friends and brothers to me, and who were friends all the more for his sake."

She had him there with wonderful directness and completeness.

What! her innocent, fond heart had sung for joy at belonging to a man who, knowing her so young, admired, and exposed, had allowed his mind to be misled and abused by circumstances and by his own exacting pas-

sion, till he had treated like a dog the woman who had chosen him out of a thousand, and who had delighted to crown him—unworthy of her in all save the truth and love which had signally failed her—with the distinction of her unselfish, devoted regard!

"Bell," he said, sadly, taking her two hands in his, and looking her fully in the face, "there is one thing that you must take into account before I try whether I can ever make you forget that I have behaved to you in my harsh intolerance like a villain. My one poor, miserable excuse is that while you were Lady Bell, young, lovely, and charming to every eye besides mine, the man whom you were so infatuated as to call the best of men, and to enrich with the treasure of your affection, was in his own more correct estimation, and in that of the world, at the best a gruff, fault-finding, disagreeable sinner, with no endowment of nature or fortune to account for the favour which you had shown him. With regard to such a man, it did not seem altogether unnatural, however disastrous to him and to you, that the favour should prove short-lived, and that he should be speedily discarded from the post which he was not particularly well qualified to fill."

"Don't talk prodigious nonsense of yourself, Harry," Lady Bell forbade him through her fast-falling tears. "You know you are the best and wisest of men, to whom a poor fluttering thing like me has to stand on tiptoe to look up. Only you lost your mind for a season. I believe it was all because we did very wrong about that private marriage of ours, which is private no longer, and you have taken the most absurd, preposterous time to make it public—just like a man. But I am left on your hands, Harry Fane, and you can no longer disclaim me, if you would."

CHAPTER LIX.—LIFE'S CHEQUERS.

THE reappearance of Sundon of Chevely, with his wife standing by him once more, in the abyss into which he had sunk, followed as it was by his death in Newgate on the very first night of his imprisonment there, broke to the great world the shock and scandal of the proclamation of Lady Bell Fane's private marriage for these four months and more, to a poor naval officer, unknown save in his profession, and to a few dabblers in science.

The world held up its hands and shrugged its shoulders; but its emotions of wonder, pity, curiosity, and contempt were divided, and so far neutralised.

Harry Fane and Lady Bell were the first people admitted to see Mrs. Sundon in the Haymarket lodgings. She had returned there, and had been suffered to take with her all that was mortal of Gregory Sundon. She had been by his side at the last, along with the chaplain and the prison officials.

Master Charles had managed that for Mrs. Sundon and her dying husband. Master Charles had flown here and there; he had made all the interest that was to be made; he had during the short time that was allowed him shown all the metal that lay under his youthful manhood, in being importunate, pertinacious, unrelaxing.

He had won for Mrs. Sundon her poor but invaluable consolation. She had got within the bolts and bars of Newgate, and braved the gaol-fever, and worse than the fever. Her husband's closing eyes had rested on her face; her forgiveness and support had been with him, as pledges of a greater forgiveness, an all-sufficient support; and she had secured the boon of the poor untenanted body, which she had seen dressed for her in a bridegroom's suit when the spirit was there in its flush of hope and happiness. The tabernacle of clay was hers again to clothe tenderly for the tomb, and to lay to that long sleep—all that was left to it, all it had craved in the end—not where felons lie, but among his own people at Chevely, where his child might stand without shrinking by his grave.

Mrs. Sundon had lived to know that this was the best which could happen on earth to Gregory Sundon, who had been her first love, and to whom truly she had returned in his extremity. She was calm—comforted even to some extent by the fact to which she clung, that he had been arrested and wounded to death in defending himself against what was a false accusation. He had paid down his life as the forfeit of his misdeeds; but of the last misdeed with which he had been charged, he had been comparatively innocent. He had been driven to herd with such men as those false coiners, but he had not been actively guilty of the crime, though legally it might have been hard to establish the non-participation which stopped short at connivance.

Still, his death occurring accidentally in connection with a crime which he had not committed, was like an atonement for that case of manslaughter, in which Squire Godwin had perished by Mr. Sundon's hand.

"He came back to me after that," Mrs. Sundon said; "and could I reject him in

his misery? I had believed that he hated me because of my opposition to his previous sins, and because of my denunciation of them by quitting him. But hatred died, and love revived, for he came back to me at once in his desperate need—as to whom else should he have gone? His deeper guilt and danger made him mine once more. Is it wrong to say so? I cannot help it, for I think it is human nature. I was but a woman, Caro's mother, and his one true love, who had loved him in spite of all—ay, even in spite of himself."

"I love you the better for it, Sunny," protested Lady Bell.

"There was no more question of infidelity, or treachery, or the squandering of the remnant of a fortune," said Mrs. Sundon; "for he came to me straight, I tell you, and he only said, 'My Celia, pity me and help me.' He did not ask me to have mercy. I believe that he, as well as I, forgot that it was in question between us two. He pled wildly for pardon from Caro, who could not grant it, or tell what it meant, as he kissed his child, and she did not know him, and screamed at the sight of him; but why should he have wasted time in asking pardon of me?"

"That was just before I came back from my visit to London," said Lady Bell.

"When your coming placed me in great difficulty," Mrs. Sundon nodded, with a sad smile. "I could not throw my friend upon the world, even though I found I must go up to London, myself, to be near him in his hiding there. In town we could have a hundred more chances of communication without discovery, and of procuring his flight into foreign parts, a step which the world had anticipated, and so seemed to have rendered more practicable. Of course I could escape suspicion best, by meeting his messengers at public places."

"That was why you went so much into public," said Lady Bell, the light breaking in upon her more and more.

"Your being with me, contributed to my being unobserved, or at least to the putting observers on a false track," confessed Mrs. Sundon. "Yet I did not think of compromising you seriously, Bell, though I consented to let you share suspicion. You will believe that, and find excuses for me."

"A thousand, Sunny," declared Lady Bell, with all her heart, "only, if you had told me," she hesitated, "I should have stood by you in any circumstances."

"I knew that, child, I always knew that. But the secret was not mine alone, and think what a secret it was," she added with a shudder. "It seemed doing you a greater wrong to impart it to you, than to keep it from you. I expected every week that poor Sundon would be gone. I knew that if it came to discovery, so far as you were concerned, we were safe with you. I knew too that you were in good hands when I made you over to Master Charles. Remember I looked on you as your own mistress. I thought no great mischief could be done for the short time that my strait would last, and every week we were disappointed in the means of reaching the coast, and crossing the channel, for no trust was to be placed in allies tempted by evil doing and misfortune on every side. Oh, Bell! not poverty but sin makes men 'acquainted with strange bedfellows,' and drives him and his to resort to strange practices: now I see how wrong I was, how selfish I had grown in my troubles, and what incalculable harm I might have done to the woman who was like my sister."

"Don't speak of it, Sunny," said Lady Bell warmly."

"It is all over, madam," acknowledged Captain Fane, coming forward and making an effort at magnanimity. He had not known this lady. He could admit the claim of her misfortunes, but he could not yet cancel her offences against him and Lady Bell. Mrs. Sundon had proved a sorry friend to his wife.

Mrs. Sundon recognised the smouldering condemnation in Captain Fane's tone. That he should continue to bear malice against her, was no more than what she deserved, and was but another bitter drop in her cup. It was a different thing, however, if he retained the grain of a grudge, provoked by Mrs. Sundon, against his wife; there should be wanting no supplication or explanation on Mrs. Sundon's part which could prevent such a lurking seed of evil.

"Captain Fane, I hear that you are an honourable man, and I thank God for it on my dear friend's account," said Mrs. Sundon. "Be generous as well as just. Recollect that I did not know your rights—not that even that was my poor Bell's fault, for she would have told me early in your connection, if I could have found the heart to listen."

"No more, Sunny," objected Lady Bell stoutly. "Harry is a man, after all, liable to err like the rest of us. But oh! what should I have been without your fostering care? If Harry does not know that now, you will forgive him his ignorance; he will have the grace to grant it some day."

"This at least I am ready to admit," Captain Fane said less reluctantly and with better grace, "that, after the excesses of passion to which I have given way, which, as you said quite truly, placed Lady Bell in a false position, in the first place, and you might have added, condemned her without a hearing in the second, I have no right to be hard on the shortcoming of my neighbours."

"And you will let me stay with you at this sad time, Sunny," urged Lady Bell, "you will not punish me for contracting other ties, by driving me from you in the first days of your widowhood. You need not think that he will not give me up to you. You two are not acquainted with each other, which is an apology for your mutual mistakes. But though he has been angry with me, and perhaps he has had cause without my knowing of it—farther than that, of course, I am frivolous and foolish compared with him, still I am not frightened to speak up for him. He is not unrelenting and grasping in his righteousness; I can vouch for my husband."

"And I cannot afford to destroy what may remain of Lady Bell's trust," he said with a glow lighting up his grave face and sweetening its severity, "by withholding any proof of confidence in her friend—keep her for me, my dear madam, till you can spare her."

"No, no," declined Mrs. Sundon, looking at them with longing, rueful eyes. "You are very good, sir, to let me have such an instance of your entire forgiveness, but nothing would induce me to come in again between man and wife. Besides Bell, though I love you dearly, I would be alone, with my husband, my dead husband, whose death has blotted out all his sins and restored him to me, as his life could not have done. You cannot comprehend that, and I hope you never may."

"It shall be as you will, Sunny," submitted Lady Bell, awed.

"The extremes of life have come to us beyond the power of our sympathy to prevent it," said Mrs. Sundon, "and would divide us in these days, though we dwelt on in the same house and clung to each other's arms. There would still be the establishment of your marriage, and the realisation of my widowhood, putting a space as wide as life and death between us. 'The one shall be taken and the other left,'" she quoted dreamily.

Another of these contradictions which startle us like coincidences, happened at this time in Lady Bell's history.

It would seem to be that in the course of Providence, there is another web of destiny underlying that which we dimly see, and in which the same threads are again and again interwoven, not for the purpose of producing similar fortunes, but with the effect of regulating, corresponding contrasts.

One's neighbour's joys happen at the season of one's sorrows—an interval of time passes and the same contrast is re-produced a second and a third time; the tragedy and the comedy, the wedding and the funeral in the houses which may be next door, or may be those of chief friends occurring simultaneously and with a curiously accurate repetition.

Within a week of Captain Fane and Lady Bell's reunion, he stopped in reading a paragraph in a newspaper and appealed to her, "Are not the people mentioned here your relations in Warwickshire? If so, an awful calamity has befallen them."

He proceeded to read aloud an account of the burning of St. Bevis's, it was suspected by the act of a ruined gentleman of the name of Cholmondeley, who bore an implacable enmity to the family, some of whom had remained inmates of the house, and who had himself perished in the fire which he had raised. The other victims were the sister of the late Squire, Mrs. Die Godwin, and a confidential person connected with the family and known as Mrs. Kitty, who might have been saved had she sought to extricate herself, and not directed her entire energy in the vain attempt to get out Mrs. Die, in company with whom Mrs. Kitty was suffocated.

"Oh, Harry! it is they, and it is very terrible," cried Lady Bell, covering her face.

"He loved her once, after his fashion, as you tell me," said Harry Fane; "such is what poor human love may come to, when it is without one spark of the divine, when it is of the earth earthy, and is fit to sink into what is animal and devilish."

"Ah! I wish I had been better to them, Harry," Lady Bell bemoaned her follies. "I was so silly and saucy. I wish I had gone to them after I was older and knew more; but I was always a selfish inconsiderate creature, full only of my own feelings and concerns, small and great. You have much to teach me, Harry Fane, if I am ever to become a large-hearted, disinterested woman."

"Inconsideration in a girl in her teens is not a very rare and unexampled failing, I should imagine," replied Harry, with a smile. "At least I can answer for the common pig-



"LADY BELL."

Page. 815.

headedness of boys; and, if you will forgive me for saying so, don't the bones as well as the sauce of the goose match on the whole with the bones of the gander? The capacity for learning is the great thing to be desired in the scholar, assuming that the teacher is any wiser, which I am not sure, after all, is not a gross and impertinent assumption."

"You know better than that, Harry," Lady Bell told him quite seriously. "But these two poor women to die together, with nobody to help them," she continued to lament piteously.

"In death they were not divided," repeated Harry gently. "Is not that a consolation for the manner of their death, as their love was the one poor solace of their lives?"

CHAPTER LX.—SIX YEARS LATER.

DURING the next six years, when Lady Bell was sometimes with her husband on foreign stations, sometimes keeping house in England while he was at sea, Harry Fane never again accused of indiscretion his dear and charming wife, who had all sterling qualities behind her high-bred beauty, cleverness, and sprightliness, whose fondness for him was so patent that it required no separate expression, but passed into every act of that cleverness and sprightliness.

As for Lady Bell, she had returned to her firm conviction, building securely upon it, that her Harry, in spite of his faults (she was always careful to make that exception lest she should be accused of doting), was the best of mortal men.

Indeed after the reformer and satirist had given pledges of his human fallibility and toleration by marrying at a disadvantage, and by being in the end properly subject to a pretty, gay, as well as good, young, fine lady, when she had softened his bluntness, mellowed his harshness, and put him on better terms with himself and his neighbours, he was a good man.

He vindicated the latent excellence of Lady Bell's choice by the respect with which he and his services were held in his profession, though he did not rise so high in it as more unscrupulous and time-serving officers rose; above all, by the sincere esteem and affection which his intelligence, integrity, and genuine kindness won for him in not a few quarters quite apart from the Admiralty.

None rejoiced more in Harry Fane's having gained Lady Bell, and after gaining her in his proving worthy of her, than his cousin Lady Sundon rejoiced. Two such rogues had never made a cat's-paw of her, she vowed, but she could stand being made a cat's-paw of when a pretty love marriage was the end of it; and how Lady Bell could have trained Harry to be so placable, complacent, and absolutely gallant, she could not conceive; but she could admire the result, and be sure that Harry did Lady Bell's discipline credit.

For that matter both Harry and Lady Bell had well-nigh forgotten that an interval of time longer than a day, or a misunderstanding graver than a cross look, had passed between Captain Fane's first return after his marriage and his claiming and acknowledging his wife.

Lady Bell loved to go back to the neighbourhood of Lumley and stay there, especially when her husband was at home, and she could carry him down with her to his beloved country, and show him off along with her children to the old friends, while she made the benefit mutual by showing them off to him.

Lady Bell was particularly pleased to be in the neighbourhood when Master Charles, as Captain Kingscote, was expected home for a breathing space, from the wars, to bring a bride to Nutfield.

Miss Kingscote had kept her promise, and vacated all save a maiden aunt's room in the old house in the Orchard to its new mistress, since Master Charles had been so good as to complete the programme assigned to him, and was taking to himself a wife, the fit complement to his campaigning. This was a wife to Miss Kingscote's heart, with birth, breeding, and some fortune, as well as great beauty, parts, and virtue—altogether an ample dowry to restore the fallen fortunes of the Kingscotes.

"Lawk-a-daisy, Lady Bell, you'll never be able to hold the candle to my sister-in-law," the good woman told her old companion, in Miss Kingscote's frank exultation.

"No, I'll never be able to hold the candle to Mrs. Kingscote," assented Lady Bell in confidential resignation.

Master Charles had stolen no march upon his friends, like that of which Lady Bell had been guilty; but it had been the wish of both bride and bridegroom that the couple should go away by themselves one summer morning, be quietly married in the nearest country church, and come riding home a few days afterwards, attended only by their servants, like any comfortable couple of ten or twenty years' standing. The arrangement had become not unusual in those days of decided

re-action from splendid wedding shows and public bridal rejoicings.

Thus, though Lady Bell was aware of what had taken place, and who might be expected to look in upon her in passing presently, she was coolly at work in the familiar garden of her former home of Summerhill, which Captain Fane had been lucky enough to rent for these six months.

Lady Bell was assisted in her gardening operations by the dainty little daughter of a friend, and by her own small son and heir. The three were tracing the outline of a ship with low-growing herbs.

"I once began it before," Lady Bell was expatiating to her young allies, "but I could not finish it. I am sure to do it now with such a pair of subs. It is papa's ship, Pellew, but it is not the *Centurion*. It is the dear old *Thunderbomb*. Unfortunately it can no longer be a surprise to the ship's captain, for you see this is his idle time, if he were not so busy a man always, when he is apt to turn up. There is one thing, he will give us a few hints for the bowsprit and the stern, on which I am a little shaky. No, thank you, my boy, I cannot take your authority instead, or agree to your personating the bow, as Bottom the Weaver represented a wall, and to Caro's standing for the stern;—not though I could nail your restless feet still. See there comes the ship's captain, and there, I declare, they are with him!"

Lady Bell flung down her tools and materials, as she had done on a former occasion, and could not run fast enough to meet her friends.

There was Master Charles in broad-shouldered and bronzed manhood, not without his scars, one of which caused him to halt slightly as he walked; but his soldier's credit was worth them, and at this moment he did not look so sober and subdued as he had often looked when the freshness of his first manhood was on his cheek, and when his step was well-nigh as light as Lady Bell's.

He was wearing his honours modestly, but one of them was a bridegroom's triumph, and the joy of the true bridegroom is proverbial.

It is only the worldly wisdom of the present day, which delights to throw cold water on such natural, warrantable joy, and to represent "the poor craven bridegroom" as full of backward looks, regrets for his lost loves, his perished ideal, and his vanished freedom, together with mortal shame at his first appearance before the world in the humdrum character of "Benedict the married man."

But Master Charles had the high reward of winning his first and last love, and the deep satisfaction of clasping his ideal. Mrs. Kingscote who had been Mrs. Sundon, standing there beside him, awaiting his wishes like any good wife, calling him "lord and master," and no longer "Master Charles," but familiarly "Charlie," had been less fortunate in her day.

But she did no wrong to her first love, Gregory Sundon, in giving him a worthier successor. Gregory Sundon had fallen from his place and forfeited his goods in this world; another man had inherited what was forfeited, and that man's gain could not be counted the prodigal's loss. It is not here that there can be a restoration of all things.

There was ample wealth left in the mind and heart of the woman, still young in years and noble in face, to reward the loyal and faithful friend and lover, and to endow any man. Without doubt, Master Charles held himself as well endowed beyond hope or desert.

"Master Charles," Lady Bell was calling him, "I wonder if you know as much difference in me as I know in you; but then the advantages are all on your side."

"Pshaw! Lady Bell, have you begun already to laugh at me?" cried Master Charles.

"I am gone off as a belle and a toast—forgive my vanity," persisted Lady Bell, "and am drifting into an old married woman, while you have only grown from a likely young fellow into a man who might be a general, or the Mayor of Lumley, or the Sheriff of the county any day. Why, Sunny, your captain looks as formidable as my captain, and you know how I am kept in order."

"Her speech shows it," commented Captain Fane.

"I have suspected it, Bell," said Sunny, "and only think what a bad example for Charlie!"

"We'll club our resources, my dear," announced Lady Bell, "we'll tame these men of war, render them as domestic as dogs and cats, and call our houses our own, after all. How well you are looking, Sunny! How setting the white veil is to your hat!"

Then as Mrs. Kingscote turned aside to forget every other person in the kiss of her little daughter, Lady Bell said enthusiastically to all whom it might concern, "Caro is a darling, but she will never pull caps with her mother, I appeal to Captain Kingscote. At the same time, I trust, Harry, that our children may do us as much credit as that child does her mother's cares and mine. Ah,

Caro!" she ended by softly apostrophizing the little girl, who was out of hearing, "of what plans and projects you were once the central figure in these very grounds of Summerhill! Yes, you may well go up and pay your duty, in the midst of your agitation, to your new father, who has tossed you as a baby in his arms many a time, and who is now wondering over and admiring you. You will never miss your own poor father now, as you might have missed him. Your mother has done the best thing for you, as well as for herself, in giving you a good father, and herself a good husband."

The End.

PAYING THE PUBLIC DOLE.

By a RIVER-SIDE VISITOR.

IN the metropolis, the constituted public dole in the shape of our-door poor relief, is paid to its army of recipients weekly; each parish paying its own "cases" at its own relieving office. The scene presented at these "pays" is, it need scarcely be said, in many respects a sad one; but it is also curious, characteristic, and probably unique. It is one, moreover, which is rarely witnessed save by those officially connected with it, and altogether such that we venture to think a description of it cannot but prove interesting. The scene has variety enough in itself, though it is much the same at one office as at another, and we therefore purpose to describe it by giving an account of the "Out-door Pay-day," in an office where we have often to be present while the business of paying the "cases" is going on.

The district to which the office is attached is densely populated and poor, the number receiving out-door relief in it being about four and a half per cent. of the whole population, which is rather over the average of the whole metropolis. The numbers relieved vary with the seasons of the year, and even from week to week; and so with a view to giving a few specific figures, we will take matters as they stood in the first week in April of the present year, at which time they were in about an average state. At that date there were about five hundred cases on the books, representing a total of nine hundred and twelve individuals, men, women and children. For official purposes the out-door poor are divided into no less than twenty-five classes; but it will be sufficient to state here, that the great bulk of the number are made up of the aged and infirm, and widows, and "deserted" wives, and children under sixteen years of age dependent upon them. Thus, of the total, 57 are "not able-bodied" men; 288, "not able-bodied" women; 120 are widows, 20 are deserted wives, and 373 children, leaving only 54 for all the other headings.

The relief is generally paid, partly in money, partly in kind; so much money, so many loaves, and so much meat or other "nourishment." For the convenience of the public accounts, however, it is estimated in money value, and ranges from about *1s. 6d.*, to about *9s. 6d.* per week, according to the circumstances of the case, or the number of individuals involved in it. Friday is the pay day, but the first "note of preparation" is to be witnessed on the Wednesday, in the shape of the arrival at the relieving office of the first van-load of bread, the loaves being made in the workhouse bakery. On Thursday, the bulk of the bread is brought over—four hundred and seventy-five four-pound loaves being the average of a week's distribution—and silver procured from the bank; the amount required being on an average £55. Half-past nine on the Friday morning is the time fixed for the commencement of the paying, and by that hour there is a scene of bustle going on, not only inside the office, but outside of it also. At the top of the street in which the office is situated, a number of "costers" and hawkers have taken their stands with their barrows of fish, vegetables, crockery, and small wares, and are holding a sort of special market for those who are about to receive their pay. The butchers' shops in the immediate neighbourhood are setting forth a special display of "bits," while the second-hand clothes and unredeemed-pledge shops hang out additional quantities of cheap garments, and the second-hand boot shops dust their polished goods, and make an extra show of stock; more especially of children's shoes. At a first glance it might seem scarcely worth the while of tradesmen to lay themselves out specially for the custom of the out-door poor, but there is more than one large shop whose "takings" are materially enhanced by their patronage. It is a case of many littles making a mickle; money received as

outdoor relief has to be quickly put in circulation, a good part of it being spent on the way home.

No children are allowed to be present at the pay, as it is held that it is a scene that can do them no good, and may do them harm. But though not permitted to enter the office, a number of children will be found waiting outside, ready to carry home the bread for mothers or others, who may have just stopped on the road to their work, as charwomen, or washer-women, or slipped away from it, in order to receive their relief. While children remain outside from compulsion, numbers of the women waiting for the "call," do the same from choice, principally with a view to being able to indulge in a little gossip; for talking is not allowed indoors. As those who have received their pay pass out, groups of them gather round the barrows of the itinerant dealers awaiting them; and altogether the scene even outside is a busy one in its way. But it is of course inside that the busiest and most characteristic part of the scene is to be witnessed. The paying occupies two hours, and the cases are taken alphabetically. Each person thus knows to within a few minutes at what time he or she will be called; and as each one when paid passes out, the crowd in the waiting-room is constantly changing. It is constantly changing, and yet is constantly the same! The individuals composing it change, but not its types or characteristics. You will see the same representative men and women in the O and P groups, as you would in the A or B. Thoughtfully regarded, it is a crowd, the sight of which affords food for saddest meditation, and yet in mere outward seeming it is by no means so sad a picture as many who had never gazed upon such an assembly would imagine it to be. The majority of those composing it are of course females, and numbers of them are fairly well dressed, and if looks go for anything are undoubtedly fairly well fed. Despite the rule of silence, some of them are conversing in an undertone, and you can see from the expression of their faces that they are not in any specially melancholy mood. On the contrary, some among them are in a jocund vein, and suffering from suppressed merriment. These are mostly the younger among the widows; women who have been in receipt of relief long enough to have got over the shrinking, shamefaced feeling which is almost invariably experienced by new-comers, who are blessed with health and strength, are doing pretty well in the way of work, and have perhaps a definite prospect, or at any rate some hope of bettering their condition by another marriage — many widows in receipt of out-door relief being ultimately taken off the books in that way.

But while in the motley gathering there are not wanting those who show no visible sign of inward suffering or physical want, neither, as might be expected, are there wanting those whose outward appearance or manner tell of one, or other, or of both. As far as dress goes, the widows in their first new mourning look as comfortable as any there, but in all of them you notice the nervous feeling of which we spoke just now as characterizing the new-comer, and in the sunken eyes and pale and hollow cheeks of some of them you can read the story not only of present grief, but of previous want and suffering incidental to the long death-illness of the bread-winner. They have just entered the world of pauperdom, must with their children have been more or less in a state of destitution to have been admitted into it, and as you see them standing in this crowd, you are naturally led to speculate on their fate. Will they be able to obtain such employment as, with the help of the public dole, will enable them to support themselves in some degree of decency and comfort? Have they the skill and strength necessary for the kinds of female labour likely to give such a result, supposing employment in them is obtainable? Will they, as the feelings of timidity and awkwardness at their new position wear off, become indifferent or contented? Will they, in short, become as those other widows of whom we were speaking just now, or will they sink into bitterer depths of poverty, or into the sloughs of despond to which the lower depths of poverty but too often lead—the sloughs of dissipation, recklessness, and unwomanly slovenliness, and hardness of heart—sloughs into which have fallen but too many of the women who are now assembled in this waiting room? In any light, it is a sad subject to think upon. A hard struggle is before these poor women, and very slight circumstances may lead to their being worsted in it. If they do succeed in "knocking out" a tolerable living, they still deserve all the sympathy that can be given to cheer their path; while, if they do not so succeed, they are doubly deserving alike of sympathy and assistance. And even if—as, alas, but too frequently happens!—they are drawn into the abyss of shame, it will as a rule be found, if all the circumstances

are weighed, that if deserving of condemnation, they are also entitled to pity.

Two or three women better dressed than the majority—in fact, so well dressed, and comparatively well-to-do looking, that a stranger to such scenes would probably feel astonished to see them there at all—are, you may notice, looking particularly ill at ease, and evincing a disposition to shrink into corners. These women have not come for relief for themselves, but are attending to receive that apportioned to some friend or neighbour who is too ill to get out, or would have to lose a day's work to come; and in doing this, they are giving no mean proof of friendship. Indeed, in a small way, we can imagine no stronger proof of friendship than for a woman who has never had to seek charity for herself, or submit to the trials that beset the path of those who do not seek it, attending at a relieving office to receive the out-door pay of another.

What may be called the incidentals of a pay-day gathering of the out-door poor are the reverse of pleasant. A majority of those forming the gathering come from the lowest quarters; the manners and modes of life in which are anything but desirable; in which disease is rife, and dirt the prevailing characteristic. And as the quarters are, so in most cases are those coming from them—dirty. They are dirty not only as to their garments, but also as to their flesh, so dirty as to suggest the idea that it would be a good thing if boards of guardians followed the example of the Jews, in giving bath-tickets as a part of out-door relief. If they did this, and made the payment of the rest of the relief contingent upon the bath-tickets being used, they would, we believe, effect an appreciable improvement in the standard of health among the out-door poor, among whom, there can be no doubt, a good deal of sickness is attributable to uncleanly habits. To have to mingle with a throng of such people, to be jostled about among them, and rub shoulders with them, is a trying thing to a cleanly-inclined person, and to breathe for half-an-hour the air of a room in which a number of them are gathered may prove a dangerous thing. Some in the assembly, too, are the kind of people who are spoken of as being much better known than respected; drunkards, viragos, and people who have been brought to pauperism, not by their misfortunes, but their faults. For, speaking with the warmest sympathy for the poor who are deserving as well as destitute, it is simple matter of fact that numbers who receive out-door relief are *not* deserving though they *are* destitute. All things considered, therefore, we think our readers will agree with us, that, to attend a gathering of this sort to serve another, is a tolerably strong proof of practical friendship. As a matter of observation, we have noticed that it is a piece of service seldom given twice by the same person, and in all probability it would be much less frequently given even once, could outsiders be aware, without an actual experience, of how much such a seemingly simple piece of neighbourly service really meant. As a rule, any who take relief for others are persons who are themselves in receipt of relief, and whose only inconvenience is, that if the "call" of their friend comes later than their own, they have to wait so much longer.

There are some benches in the room, and on these are seated the aged and infirm, the invalids, the lame, halt, blind, and afflicted, of both sexes; those who go to make up what are classed as the permanent cases. While we have been making our general survey, the business preparations have been completed in the office, which is partitioned off from the waiting-room. There are stationed the relieving officer, the assistant relieving officer, and the office messenger and factotum. The chief officer is in charge of the money, which is arranged for distribution in a six-till drawer, the coins in the tills being half-crowns, two-shilling pieces, shillings, sixpences, fourpenny pieces, and threepenny pieces. The assistant officer, with the open relief-book before him, is seated at a table ready to call out the names, and the messenger has his stand by the bread, which is disposed on a range of shelves close to a half-door across which the loaves are handed to those who have to receive them. All being in readiness, the relieving officer throws up a window having a broad ledge on the waiting-room side, and the "call" commences. The cases are arranged alphabetically, and the aged in each letter come first. Most of these are solitary individuals, their partners, if they have been married, being dead, and their children, if they have had any, either dead or too poor to assist them, or gone out in the world they know not where. The relief to these old people generally ranges from eighteenpence to three shillings per week, with in some instances a loaf; though in a majority of instances the aged do not take bread as part of their relief, preferring the equivalent in money, as owing to ill-health or loss of teeth they are unable to consume a four-pound loaf within such a time as it is likely to keep soft and fresh.

The assistant officer reads off the names, the chief officer calls and pays. Thus the assistant reads, "Mary A., eighteenpence," the chief in a louder tone repeats Mary A., and that person comes up to the window sill, receives her eighteenpence, and passes out by a sideway. The next half-dozen calls vary only in the name of the person; then comes "Bridget A. two and one," that is, two shillings and one loaf. Bridget advances, receives her money at the window, then passing on to the half-door gets her loaf. With the variation of loaf or no loaf, and a sixpence or a shilling in the amount of the money, the pay goes smoothly on till the old of the letter are got through, and the class of younger widows —widows, that is, with children under sixteen, wholly or in part dependent upon them—is reached. Then the make-up of the relief becomes somewhat different, as does also the reading off for the call. The general rule in these cases is to allow a shilling and a loaf per week per child, and so the reading off begins to run "Mary —— two, and two. Jane —— three, and three. Maria —— three and six, and three. Harriet —— five and four." As these follow each other in rapid succession, they soon make formidable gaps in the bread-shelves, which by the time the pay is finished will be cleared of their four hundred and seventy odd loaves. Presently a case is read off thus:—"Sarah —— three and three loaves ex." The "ex" here is an abbreviation for expired, and on coming to the pay window, the woman is told, "This is your last; if you want the relief renewed, you must come and have your name down again to come before the Board. The "ex." cases are those in which relief has been granted for periods of from two weeks to two months, under some such circumstances as the illness of a husband, or his being on tramp in search of work, or serving with the militia—circumstances which it is hoped will be only temporary; while if the circumstances remain unaltered or change for the worse, the relief can on a fresh application be renewed, and if need be increased.

In reading off a few of the cases, the word "order" is added, and this means that the relief in such case includes an order for meat, as well as the money and bread specified. The meat orders are ready written out, and with the rest of the relief handed to the parties concerned, who on presenting them to the butchers contracting to supply the Board of Guardians, receive the weight of meat named in the order.

We have said that no children are allowed to be present at the pay; but there is no rule without an exception, and you may see that there is at any rate one child there. It is a bright-eyed, curly-haired little fellow of between five and six, who is acting as guide to a blind grandmother of between sixty and seventy. It is a case of first and second childhood thrown together, and the pair present a curious sight as they sit there. When her name is called he guides her to the window, and having seen that she locks her hand upon her money, leads her away much as he might do one of his own age. The rule of each being paid in their turn is also broken in upon in the course of the morning. While the D's are being called, an old woman appears at the entrance of the waiting-room, on catching sight of whom the relieving officer instantly calls out "Elizabeth G——," while the crowd as promptly falls back on either side to allow a clear passage for her. In this movement there is certainly no desire to honour Old Bet, as she is familiarly called. It is her dirtiness that gives her the pass. She is about as dirty as it is possible to conceive a human being to be. As her clothes are probably casts off, or otherwise have been bought by her at second-hand, it would perhaps be going too far to say that they have never been washed since they have been garments, but it is quite apparent that they have never undergone any cleaning since Old Bet has had them in wear. They are stiff and shiny with the coating of dirt that conceals their colour and texture; and would, as the phrase runs, almost stand alone. Her hands and face, too, are thoroughly dirt-engrained; her presence brings with it an odour that is decidedly the reverse of balmy, and there is but too good reason for the manner in which all shrink back at her approach, for it is known by experience that contact with her is apt to leave unpleasant tokens of it behind. That as regards physical health and comfort, Bet would be infinitely better off in the workhouse, where cleanliness is insisted upon, and means and appliances for promoting it abundantly supplied, there can be no room for doubt. Frequent attempts have been made to persuade her to go into the house; but she prefers out-door relief, with the liberty of continuing to live in the state of exceeding uncleanliness, which leads to her thus being paid at whatever time during the progress of the pay it may seem good to her to drop in.

Again, while the M's are being called,

there suddenly arises a sound of laughter and loud-voiced talk, and the relieving officer casting his eye towards the door of the waiting-room, at once calls out "Charles S——," whereupon advances a young fellow, who has just appeared upon the scene. Unlike old Bet G——, he is very clean, and altogether is a smart good-looking young fellow. But though physically a fine-looking man, his intellect is clouded, and he is only allowed to be at large because the medical officer classes him as harmless. Sometimes he will work steadily for days, at other times he is restless, and not fit to be trusted with work; but at all times he is talkative and noisy and inclined to horse-play. His presence is therefore calculated to interrupt business, and so he is paid at once.

Standing at the relieving officer's elbow as he pays, you front the crowd whose faces go to make up a striking and characteristic picture. They are a very "mixed" lot of faces. Old faces, and young faces, good-looking and bad-looking faces; faces of a lowering and faces of an open expression; intelligent faces and dull faces; faces that tell of better days and fallen estate, and faces telling of the born-and-bred pauper. Their clothes are as varied in kind, as are their faces in type, and the same may be said of their gait and manner. Some have the shrinking, broken-down air of people utterly beaten in the battle of life, and feeling their position, others have a swaggering manner, and others again appear simply indifferent.

The being there of some who are there is a painfully practical illustration of the vicissitudes of human life. One old lady has in her day kept her carriage, her husband having been one of the largest smack-owners in the district, but after his death she had fallen upon evil days, and has come down and down in the scale of poverty until at length she has needed and been granted the public dole. Another old lady—a maiden lady, whose somewhat mincing manner and air of faded gentility are by no means "put on"—has been brought to a state of pauperism by the bursting of a joint-stock bubble, in which her little independency had been invested; two among the men are decayed tradesmen, and there are a number of tradesmen's widows. Some too among the crowd there are who have more than mere misfortune to blame for their position. More than one ragged emaciated miserable looking woman has in her day led what is called—in grim mockery, surely—a gay life; has flaunted in gaudy dress for a brief space, but soon come to learn by painful experience that the wages of sin are very bitter. Some among the men are there, because they have "lost their characters," have when in positions of trust "committed themselves." They have suffered for their offences in a legal sense, and as you see them here, you can tell that they are continuing to suffer in other senses; they are broken careworn men; men whom none will employ, whom old associates "cut," and whose life must be embittered by the thought of what they might have been. Whatever may have been their offences, they are now at any rate to be commiserated. As they stand here they might well serve as a lesson and warning to any who might feel tempted to sin as they have done.

That the old familiar demon of degradation, drink, has been the means of bringing some there, might almost be left to be taken for granted. There are very few evils under the sun in which it does not play a part. It is a very common thing for a drunkard to become a pauper, and it is by no means an uncommon one for a pauper to be still a drunkard. This latter is the case here with some two or three women, the relief for whose families is, as you may perceive, given to them wholly in kind, it being known that were any part of it paid to them in money it would be expended, not in food for the children, but in drink for themselves.

When at the end of a couple of hours, the last name on the list has been called, there are still a number in the waiting-room. These are the people who have missed their call, and who are therefore made to wait till the last. They are only some eight or ten in number, and are soon dispatched, and then, the tills empty, the bread-shelves cleared, and every name duly "ticked off," the sliding window closes, and the out-door pay is over for that week.

Outside, many of the women are making purchases at barrows or shop-boards, and with these added to their loaves, wend their way homewards. In many a household where there will be want in the following week, there will, for this day at least, be the surety of a meal, and so far the public dole fulfils its intention. Where that dole is a sole dependence, it is at best but a pitiful affair, and in a majority of cases, it is, we fear, all too small, for though, as we have not hesitated to point out, there are undeserving persons among those receiving it, the bulk of the recipients are simply the poor and unfortunate, whose lot in life is a bitterly hard one, even with the help of the public dole.

LES BAUX.

By the AUTHOR of "Vera," "Hôtel Du Petit St. Jean," etc.

STRUNG like a jewel on the blue ribbon of the Rhone, and on the breast of Southern France, a little kingdom lay.

It was the principality of Baux and Orange.

Of these two names the one has remained famous in the annals of Europe, the other is almost forgotten. The house of Orange has been immortalised by the reputation of its "silent" prince, by an English crown, and by a succession of European wars; while on the princes of Baux only a mediæval historian is now likely to dwell. Orange can boast of its Roman ruins, and its fertile fields, but Les Baux is itself a ruin; a place more desolate than the Alpine wilderness that encircles it—a city of heaps, rebuked, deserted, and bare.

"But what is Les Baux?" asked many of my friends, when, in the spring of 1872, I proposed to break a northward journey at Arles, so as to visit this extraordinary spot.

Les Baux is one of the things of which the Provençals are still most proud. The Barons of Baux were also Princes of Orange, and their daughters married into all the greatest houses of Europe. As long ago as A.D. 981, Les Baux was a considerable stronghold. Its lords were suzerains of seventy-nine cities, which they called after their own names; for these were known as *les villes Baussenques*. The town was excavated in great part in the Neocomian limestone of the crags on which it was built, and it is now a gigantic, almost a monolithic ruin; for Mazarin had it blown up with gunpowder, and it now lies like a torn-open pomegranate. It is quite deserted, and nearly inaccessible. The steepness of the ascent to it is proverbial, for when a Provençal wishes to express that any undertaking is impossible, he says, "You might as well hope to go to Les Baux by water."

How to get to Les Baux by land was the question which naturally occupied me, when I had reached the limits of the Crau, and when the towers of Arles and the tombs of her Aliscamps (Champs Elysées) again greeted my eyes.

One can reach Les Baux from Tarrascon or from Arles, but the latter is, I think, the route to be preferred, since it secures to the traveller a sight of the Abbey of Montmajour, and of the historic fields of Pourrières and Les Cordes. I accordingly started from Arles one morning, when the sunshine might have been a thing of great joy, had not the *mistral* continued to blow with such force, that I was glad at last to hide under the hood of the little *calèche* which was to convey me and my sketching materials to Les Baux.

The road runs across the level country of the Rhone valley, skirting Montmajour, and pointing towards the hills. As it has no features of great beauty, one had time to meditate on the terrible battles which have soaked these fields with blood, and whitened them with bones. Here, on the one hand, Marius defeated the Cimbric-Teutons; and there, on the other, when the wave of Saracen invasion threatened to cover France as it covered Spain, Charlemagne worsted the Paynim, and planted on Les Cordes the standard of the victorious Cross.

Leaving these sites behind, I now approached Maussane. The road had become more narrow and stony, the country more naked, and also more hilly; but the low reef-like rocks that cropped up everywhere, were covered with a tangled coppice of Judas-trees, or fringed with dwarfed ilex bushes, whose dull green hue contrast well with the masses of bright pink blossoms.

At last we turned sharp to the left, and began the ascent of a narrow valley. "This is the Vallon d'Enfer," said my driver; and in spite of the cloudless sky, and of the power of an April sun, this passage among the limestone hills deserved its name, so bare, scathed, frowning, and joyless did it appear.

Suddenly the hill to the right increased in steepness and in altitude. I looked up, and saw that its stony peaks were backed by lines of graceful masonry; a few huts appeared by the roadside, symptomatic of the iron mine which I had heard was being worked in the Vallon d'Enfer, and then the carriage stopped at, or rather under Les Baux. I say *under* Les Baux, because above me, and nearly inaccessible, the ruined city rose. First, a steep bank covered with limestone blocks, with grass, and Euphorbia bushes, then a row of empty, roofless houses, then a gigantic wall of rock, which had evidently been part

of a street, as it showed tiers of vaults, and was pierced with embrasures of every sort, and rent by fissures of every size. Then there appeared two higher terraces of rock, covered with turf, and, crowning all, the proud walls of a castle, which seemed to challenge the very skies.

It was necessary to have a guide, for Les Baux now consists of a labyrinth of buildings and of old streets, most of which lead to nothing, either because they end abruptly at some yawning rent, or because they are choked up with masses of *débris* which render them impassable.

The first group of houses that attracted my attention had evidently belonged to the later period of the splendours of Les Baux. There had been a beautiful façade, but it was split in two, and one half having slipped to the ground, the cherubs of its renaissance mouldings now stared skywards with their blank stony eyes. On one of the plinths this motto was still legible: "*Post tenebras lux.*" Alas! the builder of the palace had not been endowed with the second-sight, nor had he guessed that, though his private fortune might have recovered from some temporary eclipse, there was yet to settle down on Les Baux, on its feudal lords, and on all the institutions of feudality, a darkness which can never know a dawn.

As I continued to mount from terrace to terrace the scene became more striking and more unique. Here were the Gothic windows of a chapel, from which roof and altar had both departed, and of which the holy water shell is now only filled by the winter rains. There was the great fireplace of a hall that no longer existed, for its walls now lay in three pieces at the bottom of the cliff from which they had been torn by gunpowder. I looked up to crumbling turrets and down into gaping vaults, in whose recesses the bats dwelt, while rifts in the rock-hewn streets admitted slanting rays of sunlight into long-deserted rooms. Under my feet were choked and darksome pits, and over my head were the soaring battlements of the castle (page 824); but it was not till the hospital had been passed, and the hippodrome reached, that I realised the size of the city, the touching beauty, and the solemn silence of its ruins.

The hippodrome is covered now with a fine short sward. I crept under the cover of one of its galleries of seats, and, sheltered there from the power of the sun, gazed over the town, and over the landscape which was spread beneath its walls.

Gathering height and strength as they approach the great Alpine chains of Dauphiny, from which they descend, the hills that fringe the valley of the Rhone, here press close on Les Baux, but they leave it not the less strangely prominent upon the crag from which it derives its name.*

In the middle distance lie some of the lakelets which form such a peculiar feature in the scenery of the Rhoneland. Now and then a fisherman may be descried pushing off his boat from some creek where the *nenuphars* float, but these lake margins are for the most part reedy and shallow. Far beyond them, in the south, you see the level lines of the Crau, and the *contreforts* of the hills which reach towards the sea, while near at hand you have the towers of Arles, and the mounds of Montmajour, and white roads crossing the rich pastures of Pourrières.

Immediately under the walls of the hippodrome the crag drops sheer to the S.E. Two hawks kept swooping over the little hut, rather than chapel, which alone breaks the declivity on this side. They were the only living things I saw in Les Baux. No song of bird is to be heard there, there is no hum of bees, because there are no flowers, and the very grasshoppers avoid the short and scanty herbage which covers its coasts. Only the hawks build in its clefts, and their flight reminded me of the legend of the Baron Barral, who was an astrologer as well as a poet, and who is said to have died of emotion on seeing raven after raven alight on his window bars. There was certainly enough in this strange solitude to have justified any evil omen or spells which the wizard lord of Baux might have feared for himself or his house.

"What is that little cell?" I asked of my guide, a wooden-legged Corsican soldier, who lives in the mining village in the Vallon d'Enfer.

"That is the place where the holy Maries rested when they came to Provence."

I knew the legend which says how St. Mary and St. Martha had been cast ashore at Maquelonne, with Maximinius and Marcellus.

"Did St. Martha come here after killing the great dragon at Tarrascon?" I asked.

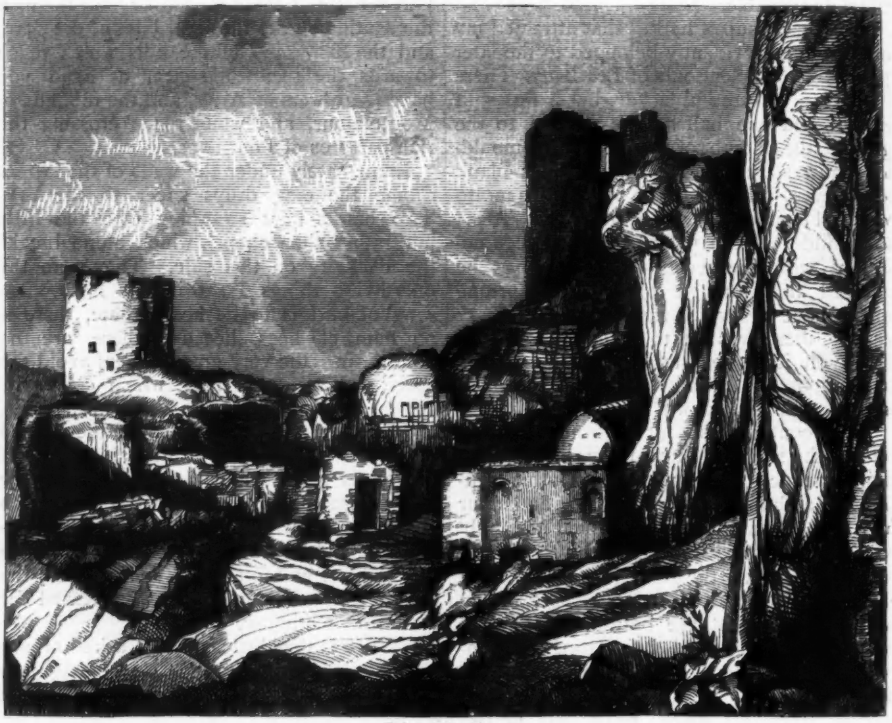
"That I can't tell you, but Madame knows that the children of the Three Kings built Les Baux, and that the crown of Melchior was kept here for a long time."

* The Ligurian word *baou* means a steep and rocky summit. The same word appears in Dante as "il balzo." (In., xi. 115.)

This he enunciated with great dignity, and then added compassionately, lest I might feel overwhelmed by the mention of such distinguished travellers, "Yes, the Three Kings were perhaps the first visitors to Les Baux, and Madame is the last."

"Well, till to-morrow, I daresay I may be so," I replied, laughing, and then we relapsed into silence.

Fancy was busy through that long noonday hour with Les Baux: its barons, its children, its glories, and its reverses. Hither I seemed to see Tiburge of Orange coming in her bridal array, to make of the two houses one. I saw Raymond des Baux fortifying himself in the Roman arch at Orange; Bertrand threatening the very gates of Pisa; Barral betraying the liberties of Arles to the Counts of Provence; and Hugues-Raymond imprisoning the Queen of Naples in Gaeta, that he might compel a marriage between his son and her sister, Marie of Durazzo, the titular empress of Constantinople.



Ruins of Les Baux.

I heard the war-cries of "Baux" and "Barcelonne" mingling in all the battle-fields of the south, and I heard the shock of arms when Bertrand des Baux fought in the tournay, and Raymond d'Argoult fell before his lance. And when the mimic fray was over, I heard the troubadours singing to the ladies who had smiled down on the victors; I heard Raymond de Salas, Pierre Roger, Sordel, and Guilhem de Cabestan praising Alix and Cécile, and Baucette, and Berengère des Baux; and when Adélaisie des Baux was dead, I seemed to hear her mourned, in her beautiful youth, and in her premature decay, by Folco of Marseilles, in verses which Dante himself must not have disdained to read.*

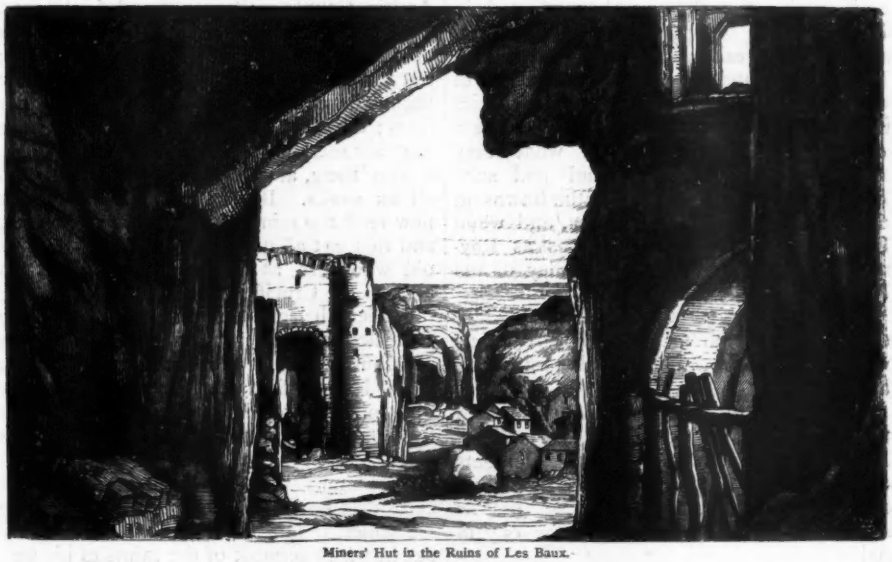
In 1217, the wars of these barons from mimic turned to real, and Guillaume des Baux had to fight desperately for his marches. It was only one of the many disputes between the Princes of Orange and the neighbouring towns and barons, and these disputes not only often defied all intervention of the

* "Paradiso," ix. 94.

suzerains, but alternately gave or took away the municipal liberties of such important cities as Arles and Marseilles. Sometimes the proud townsmen of the cities of the Rhoneland would take a terrible revenge of their fierce lords. Thus it fared but ill with a certain Raymond des Baux when the Arlesians decoyed him into an imaginary rendezvous with the king, and there murdered him; and even worse with Baron William, surnamed Delcournas, whom the Avignonese once surprised near their city, and whom they burnt alive. Still one may be sure that these feudal despots did not die unrevenged, and so powerful was their family that a Spanish proverb avers that the world of those days knew "one king, that of Spain; one count, that of Savoy; and one baron, that of Baux and Orange."

In 1264, the fortunes of Charles of Anjou, Count of Provence, carried his great vassal, the Baron of Baux, to Sicily.

It was the boast of this brother of St. Louis that he was "le grant roy Charles, qui conquit Sicile," but when he did so Bertrand des Baux was assisting him, and when Manfred's treasures fell into the hands of the conquerors, Bertrand divided the spoil into three parts: one third, he said, was for the king, one for the queen, and one for the knights and barons—Bertrand himself certainly did not serve for nought, since his private share of the plunder was four hundred crowns,



Miners' Hut in the Ruins of Les Baux.

twelve strong places in the Abruzzi, and the Comté of Avelin, long possessed by his heirs.

In 1332, Marie des Baux got sixteen castles for her dowry, when she married the Dauphin of Vienne, and the wedding gift of the King of Naples on that day, was one thousand ounces of red gold.

In truth, the women of the house of Les Baux are not to be overlooked when speaking of its history, since they furnished it with abundance of picturesque details. Not to speak of Adélaisie, mourned by poets, or of Cécile, surnamed "La Passe-Rose (hollyhock), on account of her tall, stately beauty, and of her wonderful bloom, there were heroines of every kind. There was Baucette, surnamed "La Dama di Mala Mercé;" Marie (of the sixteen cities), who died at Rhodes, on her way to the Holy Land; Isoarde, who was burnt alive for the murder of her husband; and Florette and Nazarèthe, who entered a religious house at Aix; and Jeanne, who was queen of a court of love at Avignon, in 1342. Isabelle married the despot of Servia; Marie espoused Jean de Châlons, and so became the ancestress of William the Silent, of the house of Orange-Nassau. Jeanne was born Princess of Geneva; Marie and Marguerite were Princesses of Anjou-Sicily and of Anjou-Tarento, all brides whom kings of France or

England might have been proud to win, but who were content to be won by barons bearing only the terrible name of one little city, which crowned a hill between the Alpines and the Rhone.

In 1483, a great alliance was planned for Isabelle des Baux, one which should unite the Neapolitan branch of her house with the royal family of Arragon. She married, but her husband was dispossessed by Ferdinand the Catholic, and from that time the fortunes of Les Baux began to decline both in Italy and in Provence.

The year 1521, that of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, may always be considered as marking the close of the Middle Ages, and, as the house of Baux was essentially typical of the period which then expired, it did not long survive the changes then effected in Europe. Not to speak of the revolution about to be caused by the dawn of the Reformation and by the consolidation of the empire of Charles V., national politics in France began from that date to wear a very different aspect from what they had done when Provence had had such kings as that Charles whose statue frowns in the Cathedral square of Hyères, and when Les Baux had had such barons as Raymond, feared through all the valley of the Rhone.

The crown of France had already absorbed into herself many of the great fiefs whose lords had been her rivals rather than her vassals.

The lands of Baux, with towers and town, became in 1524, and by will of Bernardin, Commander of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, the property of the sovereign, while some of its rights and revenues accrued to the city of Arles.

But yet darker days were in store for Les Baux. As its castle had often been a refuge for political malcontents, and as it was at best a threatening neighbour to Arles, it was ordered to be dismantled. The gigantic blocks of its ruins and the prostrate masses of the city bear witness to the force of the measures taken for its destruction in 1630.

Ten years later, Louis XIII. gave the estates to the Grimaldis, Princes of Monaco, in whose hands they remained till the Revolution. When that storm had burst in the valley of the Rhone, (and nowhere with greater violence than here,) the Arlesians sacked the place. They cut down the woods, stripped the churches, gutted the houses, rifled the charter-rooms, and emptied the hospital. Since that day, only the bats and hawks have built in the ruins, and the very song-birds have departed from the gardens of the troubadours.

Where the courts of love once were held, you may now see some ragged women, wives and children of miners, gathering the fragrant weeds for the distilleries of Arles. Down in the valley where these miners dwell you will find two Sœurs de Charité, managing an infirmary, and teaching in a little school; while in a still smaller and barer chapel the present Curé of Les Baux prays for a squalid flock of about seventy families.

The Barons of Baux, known to history as Princes of Orange and Tarento, Dukes of Andria, Counts of Provence and Avelin, and Princes of Achaia, equals of kings, and lords of seventy-nine cities, have passed away; but the poor are always on the spot. These barons have left neither representatives nor heirs; the very limestone rocks have been rent asunder, as if the more utterly to renounce them, and to cast out feudality and all its works. But the pious hands which now tend the miners of Les Baux represent, and that not all unworthily, the holy man of old who first at Montmajour builded an altar to the Crucified.

Under the great ruined church of the Benedictine house, and among the hillocks of Montmajour, there is a little rock-hewn cell. It was first used by S. Trophimus, the missionary who came in 251, sent by Pope Fabian, to preach the gospel in Gaul.

Trophimus was a missionary, tradition avers that he was also the first bishop of the see which is still identified with his name; but he was, like most of the saints of his age, an ascetic, at times a solitary, and a recluse. This is a curious feature in the history of these apostles. By their preaching, the knowledge of the truth in France was being pushed further and further to the west. They were, in truth, the harbingers of a great morning, but strangely enough, these missionaries generally looked on Western Europe as upon an evening land, and they came to it with a sense that the world, already old, was now ripe for judgment. Purple robes of glory still hung about the empire of the Cæsars, Roman consuls still ruled in Gaul; but upon Roman civilisation the "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin" had been written. The Christian teachers saw this, they felt all the burden of the times, and they often chose

a life of lonely self-denial as the best protest against the gross misdeeds of the age, and also as the best preparation for the fast-coming advent which they looked for. Till the age of Gregory the Great, that is, till the beginning of the sixth century, we see the deep devotion of the Church showing itself in this shape. When men's hearts failed them for fear, and old dominions rocked, the saints looked with an eager expectancy for the immediate coming of a King who should rule in righteousness. The vision they expected has tarried. Trophimus sowed in weeping rather than in hope, and yet on the ground which he tilled with his lonely hands was to rise the goodly structure of the Gallican Church, a structure without equal in the history of national churches, and France acknowledges to this day that from Trophimus, as from a source, flowed the streams of Christian knowledge that were to fertilise the land.

In the cell of Montmajour this great missionary prayed, and hither, too, when Gaul was no longer a Roman province, but trodden under the heel of Alaric, S. Césaire would repair, leaving a see made illustrious by such predecessors as Patroclus, Honorat, and Hilary, to meditate at intervals in this solitary spot. The furious wars of Franks and Burgundians, the riots of Jews and Goths in the very streets of Arles, had made the episcopate of Césaire one long martyrdom. The Arian heresy, rampant in the south, vexed his spirit and stirred his soul, and the triple windows of the cell are said to be a record of this good bishop's ardent protests in favour of the Christian verity.

He died in 544, and was penniless when he died, having sold not only his own property, but the plate of the church, for the relief of the "poor of Jesus Christ, who were always the first objects of his care."

The history of his episcopate is full of incidents and of struggles, and his life, which was anything but that of a recluse, illustrated admirably the experience of S. Gregory Nazianzen :—

> "I saw, when men lived in the fretful world,
> They vantaged other men, but risked the while
> The calmness and the pureness of their hearts.
> They who retired held an uprighter port,
> And raised their eyes with quiet strength to heaven:
> Yet served *self* only, unfraternally.
> And so, 'twixt these and those I struck my path,
> To *medi'ate* with the free solitary,
> Yet to *live* secular, and to serve mankind."

The vast ruins of Les Baux are silent now, and the traveller who has stood within them for a day will also find that the library and the cloisters of Montmajour are empty. But "the power of godliness" has not departed from the country. In the one place the charities of the church, the infirmary and the school, subsist; while in the other the names of the missionary and the prelate are still remembered by the peasants for the sake of their faithful and solitary prayers.



Abbey of Montmajour.

"OUR DUMB BRETHREN."

FOR one short period of his life, the present writer was under the necessity of passing through a certain part of a northern London suburb considerably after midnight. On particular mornings, as he proceeded homewards, he met flock after flock of sheep being driven to the shambles, from a distance. There was a certain open space at which the drovers used to make a short stop for one reason or another, and here as many as one-third of the poor panting animals, who had been driven in hot haste over dry roads probably for hours, would drop down as though dead; another third, not quite so far gone, would set to rubbing their hot noses in the mud of the gutter, close to your feet, if, fortunately for them, rain had recently fallen; while the remaining third would stand stock-still in the moonlight, hardly even venturing on a bleat of protest—the most touching sight the writer thinks that he ever saw, because, for one thing, it was so easily preventible. And as these thoughts were passing through his mind, as he stood looking, a still worse chapter of cruelty was begun. The drovers came back and hallooed and pelted, and, with the help of their dogs, roared and yelled till the nearest sleepers must surely have turned in their beds wondering, if custom had not wholly dulled the sense. Now it strikes one that all that was wanted along these regular driving routes, was a few rough watering-troughs put up at these usual stopping-places to let the animals drink before they had been reduced to such sore straits, when too much water would have injured them. For want of these, we assuredly punished ourselves as well as the helpless animals. Cruelty is never economical. One section of London certainly suffered within the next few days from bad streaky mutton, and paid in lack of nourishment in victuals far more than would have sufficed to put up the troughs and supply them for weeks with water.

This short experience of sheep-droving in London naturally led me to take some interest in the question of the tendance of animals during transit. Pursuing inquiry, I was glad to find that the matter had been taken up by one who, even if he had not made us his debtors in many other ways, would for this alone have claimed and deserved our deepest gratitude. Little as the mass of readers may know of it, Sir Arthur Helps has laboured hard in this cause; and when they laughed, as they could not help doing if they read the book, over the odd speculations of the last "Friends in Council,"* and admired the ingenuity and resource, quaint fancy, and ready wit of Ellesmere and Milverton and Mauleverer, they very probably had no idea that the writer was terribly in earnest about "Animals and their Masters," and the relations subsisting between them. Yet so it was. Sir Arthur's natural tendency is to be indirect, oblique; he is disinclined to press points in a dogmatic or harshly logical way—is rather disposed to hint points and possibilities, and leave the suggestions to drop gently into your mind and germinate at leisure. But in this cause he had made fair trial of other methods first; and so inveterate had he found the prevailing tendencies, so inwoven with old habits, points of fashion, and so forth, that he came to the conclusion that he might do something even to supplement a Blue-book by returning on his own natural style. Public opinion on such points is not very easily aroused. You hit a cushion as hard as you please; it yields to your blow only to take more or less quickly the same position as before. And thus it was that "Animals and their Masters" came in the wake of a Blue-book. When we look at the Blue-book and "Animals and their Masters" together, we are surprised to see that in one man there is combined so much patience—quiet determination to get at the root of matters by reference to the slightest facts and details—and so much restrained warmth and zeal for what is regarded by him as a great cause, the cause of those who are helpless to make any appeal.

In 1870, Sir Arthur was chairman of a committee appointed by the Privy Council to consider the whole question of the transit of animals by sea and land, and with others, Dr. A. Williams and Mr. Farrer amongst them, took such pains in the matter, that the inquiry resulted in almost exhaustive evidence and one of the most fruitful reports perhaps ever printed. Farmers, cattle-salesmen, large breeders, shipowners, and railway officials were examined; and the practical outcome of the whole has been that both in ships and in railway carriages certain specific things are now required respecting the transit of horses and sheep and cattle. The Privy

* "Some Talk about Animals and their Masters," by the Author of "Friends in Council." Strahan & Co.

Council has strictly laid it down that a certain space shall be allowed for each animal, and that this space shall be battened so as to give better foothold (one of the most frequent sources of suffering having arisen from some of the animals stumbling or lying down, and others getting thrown and crowded on the top of them). The grave necessity for such regulations will be evident to those who, in former years, noticed the overcrowded trucks, with perhaps a couple of animals, with heads thrust through the bars, and unable to withdraw them again, straining and striving in pitiable pain and terror to relieve themselves. Then the Privy Council made a summary end of the cruel practice of conveying freshly-shorn sheep without covering of any kind in the depth of winter. A clear law was also laid down for disinfection of ships or trucks at the end of each voyage or journey, and provisions made for feeding and watering the animals. In the case of railway carriages, they are now required to be well ventilated, and to be built with spring-buffers, so as to save the animals from the bruises which had previously been too often inflicted on them, by their being dashed with force against the sides of the carriages. Cattle-trains were ruled to run at a minimum rate of eighteen miles an hour.

While some of the evils, which it was feared largely existed, did not come out quite so strongly as the Committee had been led to expect, in one or two points matters were found to be as bad as well could be, and unfortunately, at the very points where it was most difficult to apply legislative remedy. In all legislation of this kind, it may be said, that unless laws can be enforced they are better unmade—a maxim on which the Privy Council seems to have especially acted in this case. As to the existence of most of these evils there was not much difference of opinion; but there was a good deal of difference about the best means of dealing with them. And we need not wonder at this when we find the evidence strangely conflicting on questions that an "outsider" would fancy "common sense" could have decided in a moment. For example, various witnesses held that though cattle and sheep were unfed and unwatered for thirty or forty hours, the flesh did not suffer waste or depreciation, as though the laws that govern the sustenance of animal structures were—in recognition of nineteenth-century advance—most conveniently inoperative during a sea voyage or a railway journey! Then there was a delicate question as to whether sheep would ever drink on board ship; and this was followed by an assertion that, even if they did, it would be bad for them, because, instead of helping them to stand up, it would certainly lead them to lie down! But when sheep lie down in the dirty road, without water and for the want of it, when there is a moment's stoppage, and must be beaten and yelled at to make them rise again, the absolute solidity of this argument may be doubted. Such an argument, to be of use, would require to be based on a very wide and careful induction. At all events, it was clearly proved before the Committee that animals from Ireland were more emaciated than from other places, because less care had been taken to feed and water them; and when there had been so much depreciation in certain unsuitable vessels that owners refused to ship in them, it did seem as though attention to the nature and the wants of the animals had already had some recognition amongst those most directly interested in the matter.

The Committee recognised the difficulty of enforcing any regulation regarding the feeding and watering of animals on board ship; and directed all their force to the providing of abundant supplies at the landing-places, which, as well as market-places, had been woefully neglected. At many landing-places there was then no proper provision for a regular supply, and it was shown in evidence, that at many market-places the animals stood for hours in a condition of great weakness from thirst. One gentleman, indeed, said that in the large cattle-market of Norwich, where there were scores of droves of cattle and sheep, he observed only one watering-trough about twelve yards in length. All this was bad enough, certainly, and there are still so many points on which there remains much room for improvement, that we may say the worst remains to be spoken of.

The witnesses were at one on this—that most injury was done to sheep and cattle by the stupidities and the bad habits of drovers. Driving, hurrying and beating the animals, was declared to be even worse than want of food and water for deteriorating the meat. One witness said that rough usage on the part of drovers will cause a depreciation in the meat of as much as one penny per pound. The matter is soon seen to have a very deep interest from an economical as well as from a humane point of view. The wholesale depreciation of the meat tends directly to raise prices; so that it might not be beyond a clever statistician to guess at the sum our indifference and cruelty annually cost us—a considerable slice of the income tax, doubtless. And

we cannot be far wrong if we measure the suffering of the poor creatures by the amount of commercial depreciation. Incalculable, unspeakable, the sum of the pain inflicted on these our "dumb brethren" by "want of thought," which works even more evil than "want of heart." Who that has once witnessed the jostle, the rout, the mad rush and whirl of a large drove passing through a city street can doubt it? Who that has seen the disembarking of a cargo from a cattle ship, and the terror produced by the attempt to separate the lots, but has been moved to pity? Drovers are a "low set of men," most of the witnesses were agreed; but there is one way of reaching even drovers. If public opinion were but moved to such interest, that it would watch and report, as it has done on some other matters (for it can be beneficially inquisitorial when it likes), the drover would soon feel that he is responsible, and his feelings might gradually get a little cultivated. And would it be quite beyond possibility to license drovers, as cab-drivers are licensed? By a proper badge they could be easily identified, and, in the case of any improper conduct or cruelty, reached and punished. At present they are nearly irresponsible; and it is admitted that till they are reformed and supervised satisfactorily, cruelty to animals will not cease in our midst. We thus come back to the point we started from. The next thing that the Privy Council needs to do, in following out the work it has so well begun, is to lay down rules for water-supply at stations, driving-routes, and market-places, and to discover some way of licensing hired drovers.

Once engaged in a subject of this kind, one abuse speedily discovers another. The acquiescence of society in accustomed habits and ways of doing things seems to allay the scruples of the individual, and finally to deaden them. We are not astonished, therefore, to find that Sir Arthur Helps, in his last "Friends in Council," finds plenty of points to supplement those with which the Committee of the Privy Council had felt themselves competent to deal; and if we may reduce some of his delicate hints to plain terms—it is not too harsh to say that fashion, in its own way, reaches almost the same result as the ignorance and brutality of the drovers. It is with exquisite tact, however, for his purpose that Sir Arthur Helps leads up to his main point by humourous disquisition, or rather discussion, on animal nature, and man's influence upon it. Nothing could be more subtle or suggestive than some of the turns in these dialogues. He is especially piquant in illustrating dog-life, and the infinitely humorous, recipient side of it. For instance, how apt is this put into Ellesmere's mouth!—

"All animals I have known intimately have had a great appreciation of fun, and that is why I like the animal creation so much. If I were to pretend to throw Fairy into the water—a proceeding which she knows that I know she dislikes—she would perfectly understand that this was a mere demonstration, similar to that of an independent member asking a question of a minister in the house, the whole affair having been arranged an hour or two before at the minister's official residence in Downing Street; and Fairy would thoroughly enter into the joke."

One side, at least, of the meaning of this glance at the evils associated with ordinary pet keeping, in which the real animal nature is repressed in order that a certain impress of trifling semi-human ingenuities may be imposed upon it, is made very clear. "I do think there is a great deal of cruelty in keeping pets, not so much directly as indirectly. There are the cruel devices by which pets are caught and tamed. Moreover, we make pets of creatures which were never meant to be made pets of." The error is that in dealing with brute creatures, and in training them, we are too apt to forget that there is a world which lies quite outside human life, with laws and interests of its own. Thoreau, the American naturalist, who knew the lower creatures as intimately as any man ever did, never kept any animal he had caught longer than just enabled him to make the observations he at the moment desired to make. Very tenderly he carried them back to the woods; and he seemed to have made firm friends amongst every species. Thoroughly would he have endorsed these deliverances:—

"*Ellesmere.* I am always afraid lest dogs should come to learn our language. If they ever do they will cut us entirely. Everything seems clever and uncommonplace in a language of which you know but little, and that is why we appear such clever and interesting fellows to dogs. If they knew our language well, would any dog sit out a public dinner? Would any dog remain in the nursery listening to the talk of nurses and mothers?"

Milverton's idea about the misfortune to the world in the subjugation of the horse, Thoreau almost seems to have anticipated in a very remarkable passage; but nothing could be apter than the way in which the note is struck in this place:—

"*Milverton.* I sometimes think it was a great misfortune for the world that the horse was ever subjugated. The horse is the animal that has been the worst treated by man, and his subjugation has not been altogether a gain to mankind. The oppressions which he has aided in were from the earliest ages excessive. He it is to whom we owe much of the rapine of those ages called 'the Dark Ages.' And

I have a great notion that he has been made the main instrument of the bloodiest warfare. I wish men had to draw their own cannon up hill; I doubt whether they would not rebel at that. And a commander, obliged to be on foot throughout the campaign, would very soon get tired of the war. To what a height of material civilisation a nation might arrive without the horse was seen in Mexico and Peru, when the Spaniards first entered and devastated those regions, where they found thousands of houses well built and with gardens attached to them. I doubt whether there was a single Mexican so ill lodged as millions of our poor countrymen are. So you see, when I almost regret the subjugation of the horse, I assume that civilisation would not thereby have certainly been retarded.

"*Ellesmere.* I do not object to the horse having been subjugated; but what I regret is that he does not make a noise. Considering how he is wronged, he is the most quiet and uncomplaining creature in the world. Observe the cab-horse quietly lifting up one of his fore-feet, just showing to the observant passer-by how full of pain it is (you see I do observe animals sometimes); and then think what a row any other animal would make in a similar condition."

Naturally enough this leads on to a point on which Sir Arthur Helps clearly has a difference with fashion. He detests the bearing-rein. It is useless; it is a drag on the strength; it irritates at the wrong moment, and can only make a restive horse still more restive and unmanageable. And he does not forget his salt of humour here. His gentle way of turning off the matter by "bearing-reins for men" is very characteristic. In Scotland bearing-reins are dispensed with, and only for young horses a sort of check-rein is sometimes used; and he suggestively quotes the following anecdote:—

"It came under my observation that a large number of English horses were brought to Glasgow to work for a railway here, and they had all the bearing-rein on their arrival. This, however, was an absurdity not to be tolerated by the Scotch carters, who saw at once that the animal was tortured, cribbed, and confined in its action, and half the power of the shoulder for drawing was lost—a splendid power! 'His strength is in his neck,' as the old Scripture says.

"Well, the horses had been so long used to it that they could not work without it; but their new masters were not to be baffled, and the next time I saw the horses they were working with a kind of modified bearing-rein, as follows:

"A large strap or rope was used, and fastened to the trams of the cart on each side, forming a much less acute angle than the real bearing rein; and with this contrivance the horses were working well, and the look of care and misery was gone from their faces. Of course this was only an intermediate stage, and ended very shortly in the new horses working altogether without it. All this was the doing of the carters themselves, no one interfering with them."

Considering the almost exhaustive care with which the whole subject is treated in this volume, and the lively affection with which the author regards the horse and everything concerning his welfare, it may be noted as a somewhat surprising omission that the subject of "blinkers" or "blinders," as they are perhaps rather more appropriately styled in Scotland, is not referred to. If any ingenious individual had of set purpose studied the best means of destroying the eye of the horse, he could hardly have hit on a better device than this. All oculists, we believe, would agree in this. When an old experimenter once wished to try how infants' eyes would be affected by similar shades, he found that the young eyes were so strained by it that external evidence of great pain was visible, and before the blinkers had been on any length of time the infants got quite irritable, peevish, and so distractedly strove with their little hands to remove them, that the experiment had speedily to be given up.

That "blinkers" are not necessary to reduce the risk of "shying" is almost conclusively proved by the fact that they have never been adopted for riding-horses; and I remember to have recently read a letter in a newspaper from a gentleman who said that for many years he had had a horse which, in saddle, was perfectly quiet, even in the crowded streets of London, but which needed two men to harness it to a carriage when partially blinded, and which then trembled and kicked and plunged violently when a hand was suddenly laid on any part of its body. He added that had he known then what he knows now he would have ceased to use the blinkers, and had no doubt whatever as to the result. The truth is, that blinkers defeat the object aimed at. In the case of horses naturally quiet, they are submitted to; but in that of high-spirited horses they are calculated to increase irritability; and it is only natural to suppose that when an animal has once got a fright while wearing blinkers, these afterwards much predispose to shying.

While this article was in the printer's hands my eye fell on the following letter, confirmatory of this, and I take "occasion by the hand" to insert it in the proof:—

"BLINDERS ON HORSES.

"*Leith, 6th September*, 1873.

"SIR,—I drive daily a spirited horse in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. About two years ago it got a fright when passing the local 'bus, and it afterwards shied very much every time it met it.

"Noticing the correspondence in your paper on the blinder question about three weeks ago, I made the experiment of removing these appendages, and presume that with its opened eyes, the horse's wits were set free, for it now meets the 'bus on the most friendly terms. I never looked upon the blinders with favour, but am now satisfied they are a cruel mistake.

"I am, &c., AMICUS HOMINUS."

In the streets of London we daily see numbers of horses in vans and drays, both

light and heavy, that are not burdened with these appendages; and it would seem as though the animals were quieter and more self-confident than their "blinkered" fellow-horses; and then what a beautiful thing in the horse is the eye to be hidden and disfigured!

In Scotland the blinders are not nearly so much in vogue as in England—the "coaching teams" being nearly all driven without them; and we do not hear that any special restiveness is the result of this freedom. Skilled observers even say that the horses go freer. Of course in horses, as in men, there is no end of individual peculiarities, and it is by no means impossible that a horse may be met with to which "blinkers" are a necessity; but this should argue no more in favour of their general use than does the fact that some men need green, goggle-eyed spectacles, recommend their adoption by the mass of men with good eyesight. Rarey, the horse-tamer, had a decisive dislike to this venerable institution, and did all that he could to modify usage in respect to it. But in such a case self-interest and safety are the main sentiments to be appealed to, and when the thing has been established by sufficiently wide tests, then, like other doubtful fashions, let us hope that blinkers will pass into the limbo of discarded curiosities.

Returning for a moment to Sir Arthur Helps and his last "Friends in Council," we must press on the minds of our readers the noble object for which that book was written. Few persons read Blue-books, and there are ways of approaching subjects which are beyond Blue-books, however exhaustive these may be. The poet, or man of imagination, is, after all, the great reformer, and on a thousand matters besides theology, questions come finally back to him for their answer, as Emerson finely says. Sir Arthur Helps has set the whole matter before us in a sympathetic light, he has dramatised and poetised what was very apt to prove a prosaic theme, and has written a work of art *for a purpose*. Would it not be a pity, if the artist failed in his aim—if having interested us to no end, he had to regret having yielded us pleasure? Nay, rather let the pleasure lead to interest, and extended observation, and wise resolution in the matter, so that a sentiment of justice and mercy towards these lower creatures and their most mysterious life may be more widely diffused, and a watchful public opinion formed and maintained.

Sir Arthur, as we have told, has succeeded so far; other points rise and press into view. "Animals and their Masters," with its suggestiveness and sympathetic feeling, is calculated to produce such a tone in the public mind that its publication forms an era in the history of man's relations to the domesticated orders of the animal creation. H. A. PAGE.

THE FLOWER GIRLS.

(FROM GOETHE.)

GIRLS of Florence, come we in
To your German court so bright;
Your sweet praises all to win,
We have deckt us out to-night.

Flowery wreath and flowery spray
On brown locks we lightly show,
Here alike their part must play—
Silken thread and silken bow.

Praise-deserving work, we know,
Of reward is well secure.
Flowers we bring, by art that glow,
And thro' the changing year endure.

By its colour each bit took
What was its symmetric place;
Pleasing is the whole in look,
If the parts have not your grace.

Pretty are we, fair of feature—
Garden-girls, with lightsome heart:
What is true to woman-nature
Always is so like to art!

P. J.



THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON.

By MRS. PARR, Author of "Dorothy Fox."

CHAPTER XXXIX.—A FRANK CONFESSION.



He was aroused in the morning by Aunt Lydia knocking at his door, to tell him that some letters had come for him. One he found to be from Mr. Holmes, arranging a meeting between him and Stephen Prescott; the other was his expected leave; so that if he intended to catch the midday train, he had but little time to spare.

Aunt Lydia, feeling confident that on Hero's account Leo would soon return, treated this departure as only a temporary leave-taking, and suppressed the tearful anxiety and nervous forebodings, which at such times she usually gave vent to.

"Tell Mrs. Prescott," said Leo, standing ready to start, "that I much regret being prevented from calling upon her; but say I will write."

"Yes, my dear, and you can go when you come back."

Come back! When would that be? But Leo dared not risk a scene by undeceiving the poor old lady. He wanted to speak of Hero, but he could not; so he made no answer, but listened patiently to all her little loving fidgets about himself and his luggage; then he stooped down and kissed her with far greater affection than usual, and, with an unbidden sigh, which came he scarce knew why, Leo turned his back upon his early home and his most faithful friend.

On his way to the water-side he found his steps loiter wherever there was a chance of his meeting Hero; but in vain. The beach was reached, and he had to step into the boat, venting his disappointment in sharp speeches to the man for not bringing his luggage quicker. He had taken care to secure himself against fellow-passengers, so that he could sit silently taking an unacknowledged farewell of the old place and its surroundings.

Each point and creek was familiar to him, and associated with a thousand memories, which, after lying dormant for years, would spring up when recent and more important events had lost interest, or were forgotten. Here as a boy he had gone fishing with Uncle Tony, there he had rambled with Hero, that was the spot where he and Jack Pringle were all but drowned, and farther on was the Nozzle Rock they had all climbed down to try and rescue the crew of the *Priscilla* schooner. Looking at them then, Leo little dreamed the time would come, when he would grow garrulous about these simple recollections, treasuring their memories because they recalled the dear old place where he had spent the happiest days of his life. But these days were far distant; and now, in proportion as the rugged coast, save in its bold outline, grew dim, his spirits revived, so that by the time he had landed at the cove, and had been amused by the buzz of whispered surprise that he "didn't look no different"—had been gratified by several marks of attention from people he met in Dockmouth streets—had had his ears titillated by his tailor (given of late to indulge in that familiarity which was a portion of his premium upon long-standing bills, but now obsequiously hoping that he might be honoured by a further continuance of Sir Leopold's favours), Leo began to brisk up wonderfully, to take a happier view of life, and to determine to try and forget all that had given him pain and annoyance. As he was whirled along, he grew busy and interested in his future; and it was only when his eyes fell upon some quiet scene of rural sweetness that the thought arose, "I wonder what Hero is doing?" Ofttimes it is hard that such heart yearnings cannot be answered; ofttimes the scope given to imagination is more soothing, than the actual knowledge would prove. So at least it was with Leo, who might have been somewhat disconcerted to hear, that about this time Hero was surprised by a visitor, who was no other than Mrs. Labouchere. After listening to Aunt Lydia's story

of the great attachment between Leo and Hero, Katherine had heard from the old lady the further fact, that, directly the announcement had come, Leo had spoken of Hero as the one to share his fortune, and that she believed he had then gone to Winkle to settle matters, and make up a little misunderstanding which had existed for the last few weeks, and which he now acknowledged to be all his fault. Could this be true? was it really with but the hope of securing her money that this man had presumed to address her? Woman like, she could make excuses for most mistakes and follies prompted by a love inspired by herself; but if she had been the object of a mercenary scheme, then the perpetrator was worthy of a contempt, which, when opportunity offered, she would not be slow to make him feel. Such a rankled hold did this take of her that she could think of little else. It betrayed itself in a restlessness so unusual that Mrs. Prescott, noticing it, said—

"Katey, dear, don't you think a little air might be good for you?"

Yes, aunt, perhaps it might. I was just thinking I would walk across the park to Sharrows."

"To Sharrows, my dear! Captain Carthew is certain to call some time to-day."

"I rather want to see Miss Carthew. I should like to know a little more of her."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Prescott, in a half inquiring voice; but Katherine, without giving any other reason for this sudden determination, said she would get ready at once, and before long was on her road to Sharrows. When she reached the gate she waited for some little time before opening it, wondering how she should begin, and what she should say to Hero. Circumstances must decide. So, resolutely, on she went, down the path, and along past the windows, up to the door, which was opened by Betsey.

"Is Miss Carthew at home?"

"Please to walk in, ma'am," said Betsey, considerably softened towards Mrs. Labouchere, since she had heard of her going to London on purpose to assist Sir Stephen.

"I hope you find yourself pretty middlin', ma'am, and, if 'tisn't a liberty, that you left Sir Stephen so well as we all wishes un."

"Thank you, yes, my cousin is very well."

By this time Betsey had opened the door of the room.

"Miss Hero," she said, "here's the lady to Combe come to see you."

Not knowing of Mrs. Labouchere's return, Hero thought only of Mrs. Prescott.

"Mrs. Labouchere," she exclaimed in surprise, "how kind of you!" and then she stopped, not quite knowing in her confusion what else to say.

"I am very glad to find you at home, Miss Carthew; I have been in London with Stephen," she added, "trying to give him some little help."

Back rushed the colour to Hero's cheeks.

"Has Sir Stephen come back too?" she asked, timidly.

"Not yet. He is waiting in town to see the new heir. He will return directly matters are settled. But you must not say 'Sir Stephen' now."

Hero smiled. "I believe," she said, "that he will never be anything but 'Sir Stephen' in Mallett."

"It was so very kind of Captain Carthew to write to my cousin about the way the village people behaved. It seemed to do Stephen more good than anything else; and indeed it has made me feel quite drawn towards them."

"I am very glad of that."

"It rather surprised me too," Katherine continued, "seeing that they had known Sir Leopold Prescott since he was a boy. One would have expected them to have rejoiced with him."

"Leo never cared for Mallett," Hero said, "and they know it. He always seemed to have a sort of contempt for everything that belonged to the place. Poor Leo!"

"Why poor Leo?"

Hero got a little confused.

"Oh, I don't know that I have any reason to pity him, only he has cared for riches so much, and sighed so constantly to be rich, that I wonder now if he will be as happy as he anticipates."

"He will not be a rich man," said Mrs. Labouchere.

"Will he not? But he will be what seems rich to him, and then he will so value being Sir Leopold! He has always longed to be different from the people by whom we are surrounded—perhaps because he really is different. From the time he was a boy, he always wished that he could do this and that, and, of course, when he got into the army he was more discontented than before."

"You were engaged to him, were you not?" said Mrs. Labouchere. Then, feeling she had been somewhat abrupt, she added, "You must pardon me if I seem rude; but some one has been speaking of it to me."

Some one! who could it be but Sir Stephen? Did he want to know whether she was now going to marry Leo, and had he asked his

cousin to find out? Hero's heart beat so violently, that she was afraid that Mrs. Labouchere would see, or hear it, before she could manage to answer her.

"There was an unacknowledged engagement between us," she said, "but it was all broken off before anything of this was known."

"Will you tell me why? Don't think I am asking you from curiosity," Katherine said, earnestly.

Hero raised her truthful eyes as she said, "I wanted the engagement, for such I considered it, made known, but Leo did not. He said a great deal about its being dishonourable to tie me down by an engagement, which might not be terminated for years. At the time I believed he had other motives for wishing to be free, but perhaps I wronged him. I cannot tell. You see, to me it seemed impossible that wanting, or having, more money could make any difference, if people really cared for each other. But that was not Leo's idea. He said that poverty killed love, and that if his wife was obliged to wear a shabby bonnet, and live in lodgings, or in a small house, he should be miserable and make her the same."

Katherine smiled.

"Well," she said, "I think I am of his opinion."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Labouchere, because you are different. But suppose you had loved some one who loved you, and that you had the prospect of an income as good as most of your friends, you would not worry and fret because you could not outstrip them all; surely, you would not finally risk the happiness of both, rather than marry, and trust to getting on."

Katherine was silent, and Hero continued—

"When Leo, as it were, gave me up, it might have broken my heart; but in reality, after the first shock was over, it was a relief, for these ceaseless regrets and ambitions no longer made me laugh, as they had done years before. As I grew older they vexed me; they divided us; they made me feel that we were utterly unsuited to each other; so that I found my love for Leo had died, while I thought it had only grown faint and cold."

"Then you are sure that now you do not care for him?"

"Quite sure."

"But does he know this?"

"Yes."

Katherine paused for a moment, then she said—

"For how long has he known this?"

Hero hesitated. Was it betraying a trust to tell her? Surely not. She felt certain that Mrs. Labouchere's object was to satisfy Sir Stephen, and try and secure their happiness.

"I told him yesterday," she said, in a low voice.

"Yesterday!" and as Katherine turned her face to look at her, a shadow seemed to sweep over it, and her lips trembled, as she said—

"Then you have twice refused to be Lady Prescott?"

But no answer came; for Hero, now convinced that Stephen had told Katherine, and that she had come to set all right between them, suddenly slid down beside her, and sobbed—

"Oh, it was nothing to say No this time."

The words seemed to reveal the whole story, and as the tears welled up into Katherine's eyes, she said, in her heart—

"After all, this girl is worthy to be Stephen's wife."

CHAPTER XL.—"POOR YOUNG MAN!"

VERY slowly did Katherine Labouchere retrace her steps back to Combe, going over, as she went, the days of her life. Past sorrows had taught her endurance, so that neither in face nor manner did she betray the sharp conflict which she had so recently gone through.

She found that Mrs. Prescott was resting, and not wishing to disturb her, she went at once to her own room, and sat down before her desk, having promised her aunt that she would that day write to Stephen. To do so now was a task; but her task had to be fulfilled, because Stephen was anxious to know whether his mother had seen Miss Despard. So, after a little consideration, she began:—

"DEAR STEPHEN,—I know you will like to hear that Miss Despard called yesterday, and by her unaffected sympathy with aunt, and her simply expressed feeling for you, she really did us both a great deal of good.

"This morning she sent a note, saying that her nephew, as she still calls him, much regretted being obliged to leave without calling, but that immediately he returned to Mallett, his first visit would be here. My own opinion is that all this is the old lady's invention, and that he has no thought of coming back again. I hear that he is dreadfully vexed at the behaviour of the people in the village, with whom, it seems,

he has never been a favourite. By the way, I have got quite into their good graces, and the amount of attention I received when I landed would have certainly made you jealous. Indeed, they were all so glad to see me, and so eager in their inquiries after Sir Stephen, as they still call you, that I forgave them half their roughness, and tried to look as if I thoroughly enjoyed the smell of their fish, likewise the tar, which just now they seem to be spreading over every available space.

"The packet I enclose is the one you asked aunt for. A note inside, from her, gives the necessary explanations. I need not say, be prepared to find her looking ill, as these recent events have, as you may suppose, greatly tried her. She says if you will lend her to me, and I know you will do so, that, when I leave here, she will return with me, and we will do a little quiet visiting together.

"Captain Carthew takes all trouble for this place off our hands. He and your new man Joe seem at work from morning until night. When I remonstrate, he says he is only getting matters a little ship-shape, hoping, I think, to agreeably surprise you. You seem to have completely won everybody here into really caring for you, and from the moment your loss was known, aunt says, the house was besieged with inquiries and notes and messages. Well, no matter where one may be, it is pleasant to be cared for and looked up to, and I intend next spring to stay in Cumberland for some time. I begin to think that I ought to identify myself more with the interests of those with whom I am connected, and there is very much to be done there. I wonder if I could persuade Captain Carthew to come and help me. I think I might, for you have no idea what wonderful friends we are.

"Now, I have told you all I have to tell. After you have had your meeting with Sir Leopold, I suppose we may expect you any day. Poor young man! I fear there is a great disappointment in store for him. He evidently anticipates being rich, and is a greater worshipper of Mammon than I took him for. However, I can forgive him.

"Aunt has most probably sent her messages in her note. She is trying to get a little rest, so I will not now disturb her, but only say good-bye from

"Your loving cousin,

"KATHERINE."

She laid down her pen, and sat apparently lost in thought—the shadows from which seemed gradually to fall across her face, leaving behind them no pleasant index to her memories.

Rising at length, with a feeling and gesture of intolerable impatience, she went to the window, and leaning against it, stood looking out.

Stephen had chosen the room because of its grand prospect, which he thought she would appreciate. Its windows looked out upon a great span of water, with Combe Point on one side, and on the other the rugged coast of Winkle, ending in the Nozzle Rock, towering up black and barren.

For some minutes Katherine saw nothing of this. Her eyes were closed upon all save the bitter darkness and anger which raged within her. Suddenly her attention was arrested by the sun slowly sinking down into the sea, bidding farewell to the toilsome, busy world. How strangely beautiful everything looked around! The sky, with its wondrous red lights spread over sea, and rock, and hill, so still, and quiet, and peaceful! The scene touched her as it had never done before—over her hot spirit it came sweeping like the evening breeze of a summer's day. Lower and lower dipped the sun—another few minutes and it would be gone—gone like the hopes of her life—a life which she had striven to shape, and now had to blot out, and turn her back upon. A weary sigh rose to her lips, a great longing for rest came into her heart, a mist gathered before her eyes, tears blinded her, and sinking down, she hid her face, while she listened to that better part of her nature already cropping up through chastisements and disappointments.

When she rose, she hesitated no longer. Returning to her letter, she added this postscript:—

"Stephen, I have been to see Hero Carthew. Yesterday Sir Leopold Prescott asked her to marry him, but she refused to do so."

CHAPTER XLI.—"NOT A BIT HAPPIER."

BEFORE Mrs. Labouchere's letter reached Stephen Prescott the dreaded interview with his cousin was over, and had gone off with much less awkwardness than either of them had anticipated. Without doubt, this was in great measure due to Mr. Holmes, who always expressed immense satisfaction that the first handling of the young fellow had fallen to his share, and, therefore, the pleasure of disabusing his mind of certain errors, into which his elation had perhaps not unna-

turally led him. "A little inclined to ride the high horse," the old gentleman would say, nodding his head; "but, by putting him in possession of a few facts, I soon got him on his feet again, and then the whole matter was reversed, and he saw plainly enough that if any one was a debtor it was himself, not Stephen Prescott, who will, in all probability, be straitened for years to come."

Happily, during this interview Leo's ready tact and pleasant manner served him very well, so that, though both Stephen and he knew they should never be intimate friends, they parted with a sufficient show of cordiality to free their future transactions from any unnecessary unpleasantness.

Leo was doomed to have a large proportion of bitterness mixed with the gifts which Fortune had flung at him; for, after reckoning himself the possessor of an income, which he swelled in proportion to the wants his imagination created, it was no small comedown to find the estate was his, only inasmuch as he, instead of Sir Stephen, was now the person compelled to sell it, and that when it was sold, and all due from it paid, his income would be as inadequate for the necessaries of Sir Leopold Prescott, as his pay had been for the wants of Leo Despard.

Mr. Holmes little thought that he left an arrow rankling in his client's heart, by telling him that he should not be at all surprised if Mrs. Prescott's niece, Mrs. Labouchere, became the purchaser of Pamphillon.

"She is very fond of the place," he said, "and money would not be any object to her, as she cannot spend the half of her income."

Leo did not answer; for Katherine's name brought a greater degree of vexed shame to him than anything else. In the first hours of his elation, while following the natural bent of his own desires, he cared nothing for any one's opinion, whether good or bad. Let Mrs. Labouchere or Mrs. Prescott think what they liked—if it pleased him to marry Hero Carthew, Hero Carthew he should marry. Now all this was altered. Now he dwelt in unpleasant minuteness on what these same people might say, and do, before the society in which they would most probably mix together. With his sinking fortunes common sense began to reassert itself in his mind, telling him there was much to his advantage which these new relations could say, and much which they could leave unsaid.

With the exception of a week's visit to a friend some years before, Leo had never been in London since he was a child, and the feeling of loneliness and isolation, which most feel in a strange city, was entirely new to him. Hitherto, wherever he had gone, he had carried his companions with him. Here, without a person to speak to whom he knew, or who knew him, he felt oppressed and dull, so that it was a positive boon when he accidentally stumbled on a homely young fellow, upon whom, when quartered in the same town, he had been prone to turn a somewhat cold shoulder.

"By Jove!" exclaimed his acquaintance, after he had heard Leo's story, "you are a fortunate fellow. Here, I say, don't you feel awfully jolly?"

"Not particularly," and Leo gave a weary yawn. "Oh," he added, "a man has always something to bother him; besides which, position and money don't make one a bit happier. I could have told you that long ago."

"Ah, but you didn't!" laughed his friend. "You used to be always wishing somebody would die, and leave you lots of tin."

"Well, I wish that still; for I can assure you that I have not got a quarter of the income I shall need."

Whereupon, when the two parted, one told those he met that Despard wasn't half what he used to be. Nothing now seemed to please or amuse him, and as for airs, why, he pooh-poohed his title and his money as if he was a regular swell, who had been brought up to it.

While Leo returned to his hotel, and, for sheer lack of knowing what to do with his time, wrote a letter to Aunt Lydia, asking her to send him back a long account of herself, Mallett, and everybody belonging to it.

As long as she lived, Aunt Lydia held by this letter, as a proof that, however Leo might have changed afterwards, his heart when he left Mallett was in the right place. As soon as she could, she set off to show the precious document to Hero, who, after a time, gradually told her what had happened, and that she and Leo had said good-bye to each other for ever.

"It is all for the best, Aunt Lydia," Hero said soothingly, "and Leo will very soon see that himself. We are so utterly unsuited to each other. You have no idea how differently we look upon things already."

But Aunt Lydia was deaf to all arguments or consolations. She only sat wiping her eyes, shaking her head over her shattered hopes, and murmuring,—

"Oh, Hero, how could you? how could you? I looked upon you being the making

of Leo. Now he won't care ever to set foot in Mallett again."

"If Leo does not come to Mallett for you, Aunt Lydia, he would not have listened to any inducement from me; but we have no right to judge him so unfairly, as to suppose he will cease to remember you, who have been a mother to him—and Uncle Tony, and all he did for him. Come, come, Aunt Lydia! why you'd be very angry if any one else hinted at such a thing."

But Aunt Lydia could not be cheered, and, after a time, she took leave of Hero, and went back to her little home with a heart full of regrets and disappointment.

Hero walked with her as far as the lane, where they met Betsey, and in her company she returned again to the house.

"Poor, dear, old soul!" Hero said, by way of explanation, "she is so full of trouble at parting with—her nephew."

"Well, 'tis one doin' the work o' all," replied Betsey, sarcastically; "for he's a got nobody else to mourn his loss, that's one thing."

"Oh! I don't know that," said Hero. "Many people like him exceedingly. Why, I am sure, at one time he used to be a great favourite with you, Betsey."

"No, never, Miss Hero. I used to put up with un; for what else was there to do, when you'd a set your mind on un; but, as for a favourite!—well, he might ha' bin lyin' in a gutter, decked in diamonds, afore I'd ha picked un out; but one's loathin' has a got nothin' to do with another's likin'. A toad's a dimond in a duck's eye."

"Ah, well!" said Hero, "we need not quarrel about him now, Betsey; he has gone his way, and I have gone mine. That seems the fate of me and my lovers!" she added, with a sigh.

"Now, don't 'ee say that, Miss Hero," replied Betsey, softened by the slightest shadow on her darling's face; "there's one who'll never go by no other road but that you fixes upon, mark my words if he do. And there's no cause for me to ax why everything I takes in my hand falls abroad, and every blessed night I'm a dreamin' o' funerals and coffins till I'm so moody hearted, that I could bust out cryin' if anybody was but to hold up their little finger."

"You stupid, to pay heed to such nonsense," Hero said, though her heart made her listen to every promise that things would soon be set right again; and a few minutes after, as she stood in the kitchen, listening to some more of Betsey's country superstitions, she suddenly put her arms round her, and, looking into her honest old face, she said—

"Betsey, you don't think it's likely that he has forgotten me, do you?"

"Forgotten 'ee, Miss Hero! I'd defy un to do that, not if he was to live to be up a hunderd. You've got they babbyfied ways as twines you round anybody's heart afore they knows it, and once in, gettin' of 'ee out's like pickin' winkles with a pin. You think you've got 'em, when they 'm only broked in two, and the best half's left behind to torment 'ee with longin's after it."

Hero gave her a squeeze as she said with a happy little laugh, "If I were to get married, Betsey, you'd have to marry Joe."

"Ah, now the stockin's on the other leg. Not, mind, but there's wus than Joe Bunce in the world, there now! though I should be sorry for un to think I said so. But there's maister," she added, "what for ever's to become o' he if all hands deserts? I can't abide laws myself, but if you was married would 'ee mind a mother-law here, Miss Hero?"

"A mother-in-law!"

"Well, I was a thinkin' of Sir Stephen's cousin, Mrs.——you know who. Her first, by all accounts, was old enough to be her father, so why not your pa. 'Twould be a nail in Miss Jane Stevens's coffin, though, let the day come when it might."

"Oh, Betsey, what a funny creature you are!" laughed Hero. "The bare idea of Mrs. Labouchere giving papa a thought. I must tell Sir Stephen; how it will amuse him."

"Ah, well, he may laugh, but he'll tell 'ee so well as I, that her wouldn't be the first by scores, who'd rather scheme to please an old man than louster for a young un's pleasure."

"Papa said to-day that he should not be at all surprised if Sir Stephen came to-morrow."

"If so, then 'twas he was the stranger in my tay this morning, I shouldn't wonder neither. Joe says he's reg'lar mobbed, when he goes to Quay, by one and another wantin' to find out when Sir Stephen's looked for up to house. They won't credit that he's comin' back unbeknownst and without a word; they'm still all for givin' un a welcome."

"Yes, but papa thinks it would be better not to do so."

"Well, I don't see that," said Betsey, sharing in the disappointment of the village people, that they were not to give an outward demonstration of their feelings in the shape of flags and garlands.

It was the fear of this reception, which

prevented Stephen Prescott announcing, as he would otherwise have done, the day of his return. "If I tell them at home," he thought, "my mother is sure to order some preparations to be made, and in some way or other it may ooze out," so he determined to start without a word of notice, and it therefore happened, that at the time Hero and Betsey were discussing the probabilities of his return, he was already at Dockmouth, only waiting to transact some business with Mr. Truscott, before he got into a boat and went on to Mallett. Several of the persons who recognised him were surprised to see him look so cheerful and pleased at getting back. They little knew what a relief this reaching home seemed to him; for, having faced his troubles (and few ever knew or guessed what it had cost him to do so), his one desire now was to turn his back upon the past, and begin the new life which lay before him; and with this desire came a thought which set his heart beating, his blood tingling, and filled him with a desperate longing to tell the man to land him at Sharrows. But no, it might give pain to his mother if he went anywhere before going to her, so he curbed his impatience; and, when Sharrows came in sight, he only sat straining his eyes to see if he could discern any speck, which he might reasonably suppose to be Hero.

Four o'clock was one of the hours, when the Hard at Mallett was comparatively free from its usual company, so that not more than half a dozen men drew near to see who the *Fanny of Dockmouth* was bringing, and great was the excitement manifested when her fare was found to be no other than Sir Stephen. A sudden beaming satisfaction in their weather-beaten faces was so expressive, and so far beyond anything words could convey, that Stephen anticipated them by calling out cheerily,—

"Well, my men, I'm glad to see you and old Mallett again."

"Thank 'ee, sir, we'm main glad to have 'ee back, I can tell 'ee," answered one, while several voices chimed, "Iss, and if we'd only know'd yer honour was comin', you would ha' had all Mallett out to tell 'ee so too, sir."

"I'm quite sure of that, but say from me, that I was in such a hurry to get back that I could not stop to send word," and with a pleasant nod, and saying something about seeing them to-morrow, he made a little scrambling detour so as to avoid the village street.

Delighted to be the bearers of such welcome news, the little knot strolled into Mother Tapson's for the double pleasure of telling those, who might be there assembled, and drinking health and prosperity to Sir Stephen.

"Which I'll stand treat, call for what you may," exclaimed that enthusiastic lady in the exuberance of her joy. "All I axes is, tell me what his looks is like, and every blessed word he give mouth speech to."

"He spoke up as cheerful as ever," said one of the men, "didn't he, Tom?" To which Tom assented, while Ned Briggs, who, from having brought him in the *Fanny*, felt he was in a position to speak authoritatively, added—

"And from what I seed I don't believe not a half o' what I've a heerd."

"How do 'ee mean, mate?" asked the others.

"Why, this, the talk to Dockmouth's bin that 'tain't only the givin' up, but he's got to do the payin' back o' all that he's a spent."

"Tine a by!" exclaimed Mother Tapson contemptuously, "Why, how can they take from un what he arn't a got; whether 'tis hisn or theirn, folks must ate and drink, and ha' garments to their backs."

"Iss, that's true," replied Ned, slowly draining the measure which was being handed round. Then setting it down with an unctuous smack of his lips, he ran his mouth slowly along his jacket sleeve, adding with a sly look round, "There may be punchin o' heads, mates, but there's no rippin o'—" and the conclusion of his sentence was conveyed by the pantomimic movement in which he indulged.

CHAPTER XLII.—"HOW ABOUT THIS MARRIAGE?"

"MOTHER!"

"Stephen!"

"And in another moment the mother's sorrow-stricken head was bowed upon her son's breast, while her pale, trembling lips tried to shape words of sorrow and self-reproach—words to which her son refused to listen. Bidding her hush them, he told her it was she who had taught him how to bear reverses and to endure disappointments. Then stretching out his hand towards Katherine, who at a little distance stood watching them, he drew her to them, saying that he had yet much to love and live for.

"Ah, Stephen! I can never, never, tell you all Katherine has been to me," exclaimed Mrs. Prescott, her tears gushing forth afresh. "If it had not been for her, what should I have done, what would have become of me?"

"My dear mother, what would have become

of either of us?" Stephen answered, filled with fears at his mother's anguish. "Come," he added cheerfully, "let us try at least for the present to put away this unfortunate subject. You will make the effort for my sake, I know. I have been terribly tried during the few past weeks, and coming home is the first gleam of anything approaching to sunshine."

This appeal was the surest inducement to self-control, and it was not long before Mrs. Prescott was calm enough, to listen with apparent interest to the details of her son's movements during his absence—whom he had seen, the various people who had called upon him, and the several proofs of kindness he had received.

"And one instance more particularly," he said, "for the offer came from a man who was a comparative stranger to me, Lord Fareham," and he turned to Katherine, "who has just been appointed to Vienna, came and asked if I thought there was anything which he could obtain for me. It was not only the thing itself, but the way in which it was done. I had no idea that he was such a nice fellow."

"I have always liked Lord Fareham," Katherine said, quietly, while if a little sigh which rose to Mrs. Prescott's lips had spoken, it would have said, "Farewell to hopes and fears, alike past and gone."

"And now about Mallett. Which are the victors, Katey, you or the villagers?"

Katherine laughed. "Well," she said, "perhaps there is a little on both sides."

"I shall never forget their devotion," said Mrs. Prescott, "and a delicacy of feeling that I could not have credited such a rough set of people with possessing. I entrusted Captain Carthew to convey to them my thanks and gratitude."

"That was right," said Stephen, heartily pleased. "You could not have found a more fitting ambassador, mother. He has been very busy, has he not?"

"Here he is to answer for himself," said Mrs. Labouchere, as the door opened, and Captain Carthew was announced. Very great was the old gentleman's astonishment to find that Stephen Prescott had arrived a full hour before, and that he had not known of it.

"Well," he said, "you have sloped in quietly this time. Why, where had all the quay fellows got?"

"I don't know, but I always notice that about four o'clock the Hard seems to be pretty clear, so I managed to land about that time."

The Captain gave a triumphant chuckle.

"It's quite true, my dear madam," he said, turning enthusiastically to Mrs. Prescott. "If he'd been born and bred here, he couldn't know the place better than he does, and that's what the fellows like, for they're uncommonly 'cute, are sailor men. They'll see whether you've anything of the little big coat about you in the handling of a knife."

"We were just speaking of you as you came in," said Mrs. Labouchere.

"Yes," said Stephen, "my cousin tells me that you have been working wonders about the place."

The Captain shook his head in denial of this flattery.

"No, no, nothing of the sort, only as my poor old father used to say after he'd been beating to quarters for a day or two, 'What's the use of having a temper if you don't show it?' so there's no use in being left first lieutenant unless you let 'em know it; and as soon as your back was turned, I sent for Joe and old Matthey Simmons, and we regularly overhauled the place. The consequence is now" —and the old man went through a mock salute —"we're ready for a general inspection."

"Come along, then," said Stephen, "and we'll make it. I want to have a little chat with you, and we can manage the two things together."

After leaving the house, some little time was taken up in seeing a fence which had been repaired, and then Stephen asked,—

"Are you going to Sharrows? Then I will walk there with you. Shall I find Miss Hero at home?"

"Bless ye, there's been no getting her under weigh lately," and he gave a perplexed sigh, after which the two walked on in silence. Suddenly, in front of a gate the Captain made a stand.

"There now," he said, flourishing his stick towards a newly-made path. "What do you think of that? Wherever there's a gate, leave a gangway; so I set Mr. Joe to work there, and a very nice job he's made of it. Capital fellow, that Joe; wets the other eye a little too often, but a first-rate workman. Puts his back into a thing. That's what I like to see."

"How about his marriage? Has Betsey consented to fix the day yet?"

"Not she, nor never will whilst she's got that youngster of mine to busnack after. She'd die in a week if she couldn't get at Hero; God bless her for it."

"But you cannot keep Hero for ever."

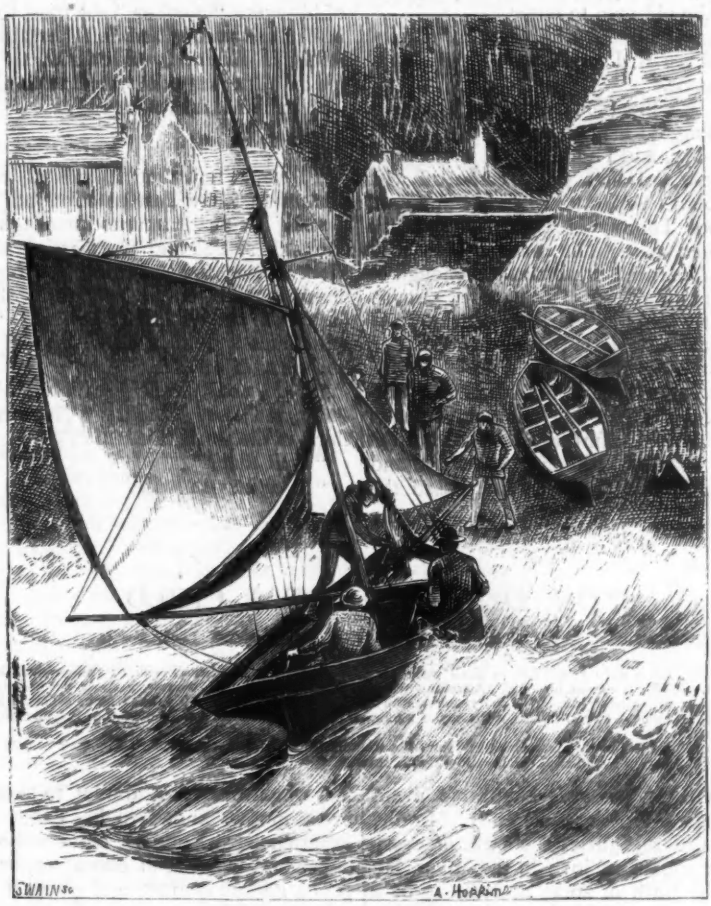
"Well, no," said the old man, "I suppose

not. I began to feel rather shaky, I can tell you, when I found out the course Master Leo was shaping; but it's all right, though it would cost you your commission to say so to Aunt Lydia, poor old soul.—What do you think of a flag-staff here? It would be uncommonly handy for the Winkle men."

Stephen did not answer, and the Captain turning to see the cause, found his hand suddenly seized by his companion, who said with nervous haste,—

"Captain Carthew, will you give Hero, your daughter, to me?"

"Will I do what?" roared the Captain emphatically, the visible astonishment in his face and manner so irresistibly comic, that Stephen could not help smiling as he again proffered his demand.



Page 839.

"I want your consent to my asking Hero to be my wife. She knows that I love her."

"The deuce she does! Why the young monkey," he exclaimed, a sudden light breaking in upon him.

"I asked her to marry me some months ago," interrupted Stephen. "Then she fancied herself bound in a way to somebody else. But now that she is free, I think—that is, I hope—I have a chance."

The Captain's face assumed a comical expression as he said, "Well, I suppose it's time I was laid on the shelf, for you've both stolen a march on me, it seems;" and then gripping Stephen's hand, he added with a rather quavery attempt at cheerfulness, "However, as I am to be superseded, thank the Lord

it's by one after my own heart; so luck go with you, my boy. I believe you're worthy of her, and—I can't say more than that;" an opinion in which Stephen Prescott evidently shared, for, putting his arm through that of his elected father-in-law, he began to tell him the various details which related to his income, prospects, and so forth. This conversation engrossed them until they reached Sharrows gate, which Stephen held open for the old man to enter.

"Well, no," he said with a laugh, "I think I'll go and see if I can't run foul of one of my old chums."

"Good-bye, then, for the present," Stephen said, holding out his hand.

"Good-bye, and I hope there'll be no hitch in the block, and that you'll come off with flying colours. As a messmate of mine used to say (poor Tommy Holmes, and no bad judge either, though he made a mess of it at last, and married a woman old enough to be his grandmother), 'You may circumnavigate the world and circumvent the devil, before you'll calculate the exact course a woman's steering in."

Stephen looked as if he felt tolerably certain of the woman he was going to, and, too impatient to listen to further advice, he hurried down the narrow path on to the flat, and catching sight of a figure as he passed the windows, without knocking he entered the house, and pushing open the door of the room, found himself in the presence of Hero. Suddenly he seemed to realise the joy which lay so close to him, and this gave the quiver to his voice as he almost whispered, "Hero!"

A startled look, a low cry, as she sprang up, a tremor running through her lithe form, these gave her answer; then as she turned her face to his, she caught the soft contagion of his eyes. "Stephen," she tried to say; but before the sound had left her lips she was folded in his arms, while her heart spoke to his in a language known but to those who love and are beloved again.

* * * * *

"I would now that I had all, and much more than I have lost to offer you," he said, framing her dear, upturned face, as some days after, all settled and the marriage day fixed, the two lingered together, looking at the Sharrow sands, on the very place where once they had endured such misery. "I could sometimes sigh after it, Hero, only you do not seem to care."

"I do not," she said, with her old, bright smile, and merry laugh. "There is but one thing in the world I care for."

"And that?"

"Is to be your wife."

The End.

ON THE BIRTH OF A CHILD.

BY THE LATE NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, That ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice: and ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy. A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come: but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world. And ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."—JOHN xvi. 20–22.

"The Son of man goeth as it is written of Him: but woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! it had been good for that man if he had not been born."—MATT. xxvi. 24.

IN both these passages the same event is alluded to very differently. In the first our Lord recognises the birth of every child as a source of joy; in the other, He declares the birth of some at least to be a source of sorrow. Whether we are able to point out the true principle which reconciles these apparently opposite statements, yet both are true, and suggest to us several lessons calculated to make us wise unto salvation. Let us consider them separately. "A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come: but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world." The touching fact which our Lord alludes to is one which every mother knows to be true. The joy experienced when her child is born is independent of rank, of education, or of race. It is a natural instinct, and where it does not exist, we hesitate not to call the mother unnatural. So deep is this joy, that, taken along with the sorrows which precede it, our Lord hesitates not to use it as the most fitting illustration of the joy which His disciples would experience when, after their sorrow during the troubled hours which immediately preceded the Resurrection, He, the Man born to them and to the world, should issue from the grave.

Now, what seems to me to invest this allu-

sion of our Lord's with the profoundest import is the light which it seems to cast upon the birth of a child, or upon the purpose of God with reference to human existence. For assuredly the question, how we should view an addition to the human family, is one of deepest interest to us. It is true, that among all nations, and at all times, a birthday has been a day of gladness to the family. But is this right? It may be becoming to rejoice at the birth of a child born to a great estate, or a powerful throne—a child who forms an additional link in the long and illustrious chain of aristocratic or royal ancestry reaching up through teeming centuries. But ought we to rejoice in the birth of a child who is heir to no higher good than the riches of humanity—of whom no more can be said than that he is "a man born into the world?" Is this a joy which is only compatible with ignorance? or is it one of which God approves, and with which He sympathizes?

Now, if we are able to conclude that this joy which every parent feels is a righteous joy, in perfect harmony with the truth of things as known to God, then surely it is a witness for the love of God to man as man. For on this supposition only can there be a ground of joy in a man being born. Suppose, for example, that there was a race of human beings necessarily born to a life of pain and a death of torture—that they were born each in a condemned cell, from which there was no possible outlet but the scaffold—in such a case we could not feel that a mother was warranted in rejoicing because a man was born into a misery from which there was no possible escape. Weeping, lamentation, or woe would more worthily mark such an event. And thus would I feel regarding man, if there was no purpose of good for him—if he were necessarily born in a condemned world from which there was no possible escape but eternal death. I confess that such profound darkness, such impenetrable mystery, would shroud a child's existence—that utter hopelessness would substitute a tear for a smile, and groans for rejoicing. On the other hand, if our joy is in harmony with the will of God, then may we recognise this to be a prophecy of hope for man.

Let us, then, contemplate this fact a little closer, and see whether it affords evidence of the good-will of God to man.

There is, first of all, the joy of the mother. The more instinctive it is, and the less it has to do with reasoning, the stronger is the evidence of the design of God in it. It forms thus a part of the original design, and the joy arises from a spring touched by the Maker. That Maker who willed the joy, would never have Himself connected it with an event which *ought* to be a cause of sorrow.

There is again the instinctive joy of children. How universal, how wonderful it is! In the haunts of poverty and crime, as well as in the homes of the righteous, the children wear the looks of innocence and joy. In the dim courts and dusky lanes of the city, where no ray of joyous sunlight ever penetrates, where there is nothing pure or beautiful to be seen save the strip of blue sky overhead—there the joyous, loving laughter of children may be heard, as they join in their merry sports, and seem the only visible witnesses for a God of mercy and love. Why this joy? Why has God so willed it? Why has He not reserved it only for an old age, which is the close of a holy life, made fresh again with the childhood of the new birth? Does this arrangement of God Himself reveal a purpose of joy, or one of sorrow? Does it look as if He had designed humanity for good or evil, weal or woe? In the fact that—

> "In clouds of glory do we come
> From God who is our home:
> Heaven lies about us in our infancy"—

we have a proof that God's purpose is so good and glorious, that a child may well enter upon existence with signs of joy.

But perhaps some may be disposed to recognise this as becoming unfallen, rather than fallen humanity. Let me remind them, however, that it was after man had fallen—after the sinful race of mankind had so corrupted themselves for sixteen hundred years that nothing save the dread execution of the flood could save the world—it was when man's evil nature had been fully manifested, and when God foresaw all that he would for ever be and do—it was then that He said, "Be ye fruitful, and multiply; bring forth abundantly in the earth, and multiply therein." Such a command would have been impossible at such a time, unless, in spite of all the sin, it was yet a glorious thing to be born. This is also corroborated by the love of Jesus Christ to little children. It was not as pious children, nor as the children of pious parents, nor as children as symbols of the spirit He desired to find in all, but simply as children of men, members of the human family, that He took those little ones in his arms to bless them. Why did the disciples wish to prevent the mothers bringing them to their Master? It could not have been from fear of giving

Him trouble, but probably arose from a want of apparent fitness between the blessing sought and those for whom it was sought. What had these children done? What did they believe? In what possible relationship did they stand to Christ, which could warrant their mothers asking Him to recognise them and bless them? It was in all likelihood this absence of any personal quality, of any *character*, which was their difficulty, as it might have been ours. It looked superstitious. But Jesus rebuked His disciples, and took those children into His arms. We know not what was their after history. But had they all become Antichrists in their future life, this would not have hindered the Lord, as far as I see, from blessing them; for He did this as a testimony of love and of hope to children as children, thus recognising it as a source of good and joy that they were born into the world.

What grounds can we then discover in the ways of God to man to warrant this joy?

There is, first of all, the very fact of creation. Unless it were a joyful thing, it never could have emanated from God. When the foundations of the earth were laid, "the sons of God shouted for joy." I do not believe they have ever had cause to change their thoughts, and to think of the world's creation as a source of sorrow. I do not forget, nor do I desire to under-estimate the dread and terrible blight caused by the sin of man, with its awful consequences. Yet would I hold fast my faith that unless the existence of man, and of countless millions of men, was a greater source of joy to the universe than their non-existence, creation never would have been permitted to continue, nor would that command have gone forth to a sinful world, "Increase and multiply, and replenish the earth." Should I never see *how* it was so, I would still believe it must be so, falling back on the conviction, that what I know not now I shall know hereafter. To disbelieve this would tend to make me associate with the creation ideas of failure, a magnificent design destroyed by the will of the creature; a glorious temple, of which nothing has been preserved from the dust and rubbish save a few fragments, that serve to indicate the vastness and splendour of the original structure; or a great and perfect vessel, which has been wrecked far away upon an unknown coast, and of which we find little more than a few broken timbers, that have come floating to us on the tide of history. Whatever has been the ruin or the loss, let us be assured that the creation and existence of human beings is yet a matter of joy to God and angels, and ought to be so to us also.

But we cannot view the fact of creation apart from the second great fact in human history, the birth of *the* Man born to the world. God's scheme of the creation of man included this event, for He "created all things by Jesus Christ: to the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God." It is no doubt quite possible for us to establish from this fact what seems to me very dangerous error, and utterly inconsistent with God's Revealed Word—as if all evil and its consequences must necessarily in the end be done away with; and as if the relationship of Christ to the whole world necessarily involved its ultimate salvation, through the ultimate deliverance of all from sin. But for this, neither our knowledge of the nature of man gained by experience, nor anything in Scripture, furnishes sufficient evidence, but rather affords abundant testimony leading to the very opposite conclusion. On the other hand, let us beware how we limit the relationship to man of Jesus, the Son of man, the Creator of man, and the Redeemer of man. For when I gaze upon a new-born babe, and remember that I am looking at a creature greater in its capacity than any other in existence, made after the very image of God, and endowed with the awful gifts of responsibility, and an endless life; that those eyes, too weak to bear the light of day, will gaze upon all the unrevealed wonders of the material universe, and see the great white throne, and gaze on Him who shall occupy it; that those ears shall listen to the last trump, to the voice of the Judge of all the earth, to the Hallelujahs of the redeemed, or the cries of agony from the lost; that this little body contains an intellect that is capable of a grasp which will mock all the puny efforts of men in time, and a spirit which, in all the glory of perfect love and joy, may live, move, and have its being during eternal ages among the hosts of heaven, loving and beloved, the friend of God, the companion of seraphs, a very orb of joy shining in splendour amidst the spheres;—or—but who can conceive or depict the opposite possibility? Remembering all this, I cannot help the yearning question, How does Jesus stand to this child? Let this child be my own, and the question is put with, if possible, a profounder interest. Does He know it? It must be so. Does He now see it, and comprehend it, and estimate the value

of its existence as I cannot? He does. So far, then, He stands related to it as its Creator, and is acquainted with it. But there is more than this. For can I, its father, love it more than He loves it? Does this love which He has planted in my heart exceed His own? Dare I say I have a greater interest in this infant, a greater benevolence towards it, than its own Creator, than the Son of Man born as its brother? For this child I am willing to labour, for this child I am willing to die; and can its Creator care not for it, or be in no way related to it more than He is to the gourd that springs up in a night? And if I cannot, dare not, thus think regarding my child, else its birth would mark a day of sorrow, not of joy, neither can I think thus of any child that is born of woman; for God is no respecter of persons. It is not for my sake He cares for my child, because He cares for it as He cares for me, for his own Name's sake. Then am I warranted in believing, amidst all darkness and mystery, that Jesus, the Child born to the world, is so related to this child, that I ought to rejoice that it too has been born into the same world; because I thereby know that it is not necessarily doomed to perish, but with a hope of eternal life in Him for it, as for all who will be saved.

But there is another ground for this joy in the fact that we may now be born again, and become true children of God. The Spirit is one with the Son. The knowledge of the Spirit is infinite. He sees the soul of every infant on earth. The love of the Spirit is infinite. We dare not stand beside that great ocean, and say, with reference to any country, race, or clime, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further." We dare not limit His power and wisdom, or prescribe by what means, unknown to us, He may visit human spirits with light and life, such as He alone can give. Therefore, let not our joy be marred as we contemplate regions or periods which to our eyes may seem shrouded in the darkness of ignorance, because He has the spirits of all at His command, and can work when and how He pleaseth, according to the counsel of His own will. But as far as we and our children are concerned, all is clear as sunshine. The baptismal rite is a constant witness of the love of the Spirit. "The promise is to us" and, blessed be God, "to our children," so that we and all may sing the song, "Glory to God in the Highest."

But yet, with all this, we cannot forget that there is an opposite side of the picture, a night side of human existence; that, if it be true that a mother may rejoice "that a man is born into the world," it is equally true that of some it were "better had they never been born!" It is impossible to attach too solemn a meaning to these words. They cannot, they dare not, be explained away; for they were uttered by One Whose every word had a meaning, and Whose judgments were unerring. They were spoken in circumstances the most affecting and solemn. He Himself was "troubled in spirit" as He uttered them, and in a few hours they received an interpretation terribly significant, when Judas went by suicide to his own place. Now, we cannot but associate with the fate of Judas something inconceivably dreadful, when our Lord passes this judgment upon him, that "it had been good for that man that he had not been born." Was he annihilated? Then surely his past life was better than no life at all. For, as far as we know, it had been one, up till its last day, of rare privilege and enjoyment. Did he pass into a world more fitted than the present to reform and perfect his weak and undeveloped character? or into one where, after some salutary discipline, even he might be redeemed from sin? Did Jesus know that, some time or other, after successive ages, this man who was about to betray Him would reign for ever in glory? On any of these suppositions, I cannot see how Jesus should have uttered these words, "it were good if this man had never been born." We cannot doubt, then, that the doom of this son of perdition was inconceivably dreadful.

But was his case singular? Was there anything in his sin which stamps it with such peculiar and exceptional infamy as to make his a peculiar and exceptional doom? There is no reason whatever to think so. Whatever may have been the special form in which the evil in his heart manifested itself, whether it was covetousness, mortified pride, or desire of revenge, yet this was evil from its own nature, and not because of its consequences, or the peculiar circumstances in which it showed itself. Poison is poison, whether it is in a gold cup or a wooden one, whether it kills a king or a beggar. And just as we can "crucify the Son of God afresh, and put Him to open shame," so we can betray Him with Judas. In one word, we can be impenitent, unprincipled, godless and Christless men; and if so, it were better for us assuredly that we had never been born. Tremendous thought, that such a doom should hang over the head of any man now in health and strength be-

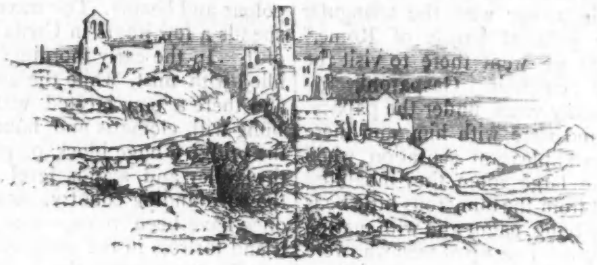
neath the sun of heaven, and gazing on the magnificent scenery of nature, as Judas did many a time and oft! Dreadful doom, for any man who now, like Judas, may be a member or minister of the purest church on earth, and daily receive the best Christian teaching, and gaze upon the most perfect examples of Christian life, and behold the most striking evidences of its power, and enjoy the society of a Martha, Mary, or Lazarus! Oh! can it be that this can be said of any man who has himself preached and cast out devils, and who, if his life has been false before God, has never at least been suspected by man? Unless we are utterly to disbelieve, or falsely to fritter and explain away, the words of Jesus and the history of Judas, we cannot but feel how his fate must be our own if we share the spirit of Judas. Yet none can doubt that many live and die in such a state, though they never think of it, never believe it, never fear it, no more than Judas did twenty-four hours before his fate as the son of perdition was sealed.

But if this may be the bitter end of any man, how can we, amidst the darkness and uncertainty of the future, rejoice in the birth of any child? As we gaze upon the new-born babe, who can tell what may be the destiny for ever of a life which has been begun only a few days or hours ago? And when the parent, taught by the experience of years, knows the dread corruption of the human heart, the fatal tendency to disease, which by a mysterious inheritance is ours; the mighty change from death to life which must be experienced by all, the dread conflict with flesh and blood which must be fought by all ere victory is gained; the narrow path that must be entered, and the severe race which must be run ere the crown is worn; the life that must be lost ere life is won, the agony and bloody sweat, the cross, the grave, through which Jesus must be followed; and when the eye of the widest charity is cast over mankind, young and old, and the many contemplated who, as far as man can see, are despising the cross, rejecting Jesus, vexing the Spirit, and, Judas-like, are giving up their Lord for anything that can minister to the flesh; ah! what parent, full of such thoughts, but sometimes from very fear feels disposed to wish, ere the difficulties and dangers are encountered, that his child had not been born; and, alas! how many parents have uttered the cry, with many tears, as they have seen their own flesh and blood betray their Lord, and die as impenitent traitors!

And yet, with all this, we may and ought to rejoice, albeit with trembling, when a child is born into the world—because life is a gift from God, intended for good, which may and ought, through God, to be made most glorious by the receivers. What gift may not be abused? Nay, the greater the gift, and the more blessed its use, the greater the danger from its abuse, be it the gift of beauty or of riches, of genius or of power. But, nevertheless, all gifts are the legitimate source of joy to the receivers, as they are a proof of good-will in the giver. Take this very case of Judas as an illustration. If you can doubt a purpose of love in his birth, you cannot in the fact of his being chosen by our Lord as one of his apostles. Had you seen Jesus, after a night of prayer to God, select out of those who followed Him as disciples twelve to be a select band, and Judas as one of them; had you seen His noble dealings towards this man for three years, His constant teaching, His invariable kindness until the last moment—then you could not have resisted the conviction that Jesus had good-will to that man. Judas may rejoice that he has been born, and so may the father Iscariot and his wife, that such a son was born to them; and in thus feeling they are in perfect harmony with Jesus, Who called him to be an apostle, and mourned when He announced that this man would betray Him. And what changed this blessing into a curse? We can go no further back than this—*the will of Judas!* Beyond this, all is utter darkness. Whoever searches for the cause of this fact in God's decrees, or any eternal plan which necessitated his sin, will be involved in inextricable perplexity. These "secret things" belong to the Lord, and to Him exclusively. He has, however, revealed to us and to our children, that He is love, that in love He created us—in love gave us a Saviour, and in love made us disciples; but that we may of our own free-will prefer the darkness to the light, and despise the riches of His mercy, and receive His grace in vain, and for some base lust or vile idol betray our Master; and then shall we perish, though we have called Him "Lord, Lord, and ate and drank in his presence, and done many wonderful works." Though we might have been sons of God, we shall become sons of perdition, and then indeed it would have been better had we never been born!

PICTURES OF ITALIAN LIFE.

VI.—CIVITA CASTELLANA AND SORACTE.



Castle of Borghetto.

THIS is quite one of the most interesting parts of Italy, and is far too little known. Scarcely one traveller in a thousand ever visits Civita Castellana, though it stands amidst the noblest scenery imaginable, possesses the most delightful air and lovely views over the mountains, and is only two hours distant from Rome. The inns are very humble, but bearable. To the archæologist the neighbourhood of Civita opens a wonderful mine of interest hitherto almost unexplored, while to the botanist and geologist it would prove scarcely less attractive. An artist might pass months here fully employed upon the glorious scenery, though there is no variety of costume in this country, as in the mountain villages south of Rome.

On the last day of April, a most lovely fresh sunny morning, we took our tickets at Rome for the Borghetto station on the Florence line of railway. It is rather more than an hour's journey across the Campagna, passing close under the hill of Fidenæ, and seeing, beyond it, Monte Rotondo on the right, and the town of Corese, the ancient Cures, which Dionysius calls one of the greatest of Sabine cities, on the left. Several carriages were waiting at Borghetto, and we travelled pleasantly into the delicious clover-scented uplands, stopping by the way to admire the grand old castle with its tall tower and ruined church, standing on a tufa rock just above the railway. Beyond, in the hollow, flows the stealthy Tiber, which here makes such immense bends amongst the low-lying pasture lands that one pities the passengers in the river steamers, which till a few years ago were the chief means of communication between Rome and Borghetto. As we were carried merrily on over the luxuriant hay-fields, between hedges of wild roses and cistus, we looked across the valley to Magllian Sabina gleaming white against the dark mountain steeps. Suddenly, without any previous sign, the pastures opened, and we found ourselves on the edge of a gulf in the tufa, a deep abyss of rock where the evergreen shrubs and honeysuckle fell in perfect cascades of luxuriance over the red and yellow tufa cliffs, stained here and there with dashes of black and brown, and perforated with Etruscan tombs of various sizes, reached by narrow pathways along the face of the precipice. In the misty depths the little river Treja wanders amid huge stones, and under the tall arches of a magnificent bridge of 1712, which crosses the ravine at a height of a hundred and twenty feet. The opposite bank is crested by the old towers and churches of Civita; and in the hollow are some rustic water-mills. One must make a very sharp bargain if one descends at the Hotel of La Posta, as the landlord takes advantage of his few travellers to extort as much as he possibly can. It is a curious kind of caravansary, as a great part of the large building is let off to poor families, and most of what remains is occupied by the officers of the garrison. Ablutions can here only be made like mosaics, a small portion at a time. From the terrace there is the most lovely view over the ravine to the mountains.

The Cathedral of Civita is very fascinating, and very unlike anything else. The wide portico at the west end supported by a range of pillars is encrusted with lovely mosaic work of 1210, by Lorenzo Cosmati and his sons. Except the *opus alexandrinum* pavement and the crypt, the interior of the church has been modernised; but the arrangement is remarkable, as the nave ends in a broad semi-circular staircase leading to the tribune, like a picture of Paul Veronese. The transepts are occupied by the local saints Gracilianus and Felicis-

sima: the latter is shown in a glass case and wreath of pink roses.

Beyond the cathedral rises the citadel, built by Antonio San Gallo for Alexander VI. Csell-fels calls its tower with the triangular outworks "the political bastile of Rome." Some years ago we went there to visit the famous robber chieftain Gasparoni, imprisoned for twenty years under the papacy. Many of his band were with him, and there was certainly an unpleasant sensation when the door of the large room they inhabited was closed, and from the numerous little beds where they were lying, gaunt and with matted hair, the many figures rose up of men who were so long the terror of the Campagna, and whose murders under circumstances of the most detailed barbarity, still are told by Castelli grandmothers to terrify the village circles.

Civita Castellana occupies the site of the Falerium Vetus, mentioned so often by Plutarch and Livy, and founded by the Pelasgi soon after the Trojan war. Ovid, however, who married a Faliscan wife, ascribes its foundation to Halesus, son of Agamemnon.



Cathedral Porch, Civita Castellana.

The most remarkable remains of the ancient Falerii will be found near the Ponte Terrano about a mile beyond the castle of Sangallo. The bridge crosses the ravine of the Rio Maggiore by a double arch; one pier is of rock, the other of Etruscan masonry. The cliffs on either sides are perforated with tombs. One of those near the bridge is decorated with a row of niches, five on each side of the doorway; on the next to this is inscribed —"Tucthnu" in Etruscan letters, once filled in with red. Another tomb hard by has an Etruscan inscription of two lines, but much obliterated. Fragments of Etruscan masonry remain here and there along the edge of the cliffs, serving as the foundation of mediæval walls. Wherever you turn around Civita Castellana, the ravine seems to pursue you, as if the earth were opening under your feet, so does it twist around the town. Each turn is a picture more beautiful than the last, and ever and again beyond the rocky avenues, Soracte, steeped in violet shadows, appears rising out of the tender green of the plain. The gorge has been compared to the famous Tajo of Ronda; it has no waterfalls and the cliffs are not as high, but it is quite as full of colour and beauty. The traveller who merely spends a few hours in Civita knows nothing of it. In the early mornings the hollows are filled with mist, while the sun lights up here and there a crag crested with ilex and overhung with clematis and honeysuckle. Near the bridge a huge block of grey rock divides the valley and stands level at the top with the surrounding country, from which it must once have been riven,—like an inaccessible island fortress in the midst of the ravine. Up into the town winds the ancient way, a steep zig-zag, following the curves of the rock, and here are fountains where the dresses of the women who come down to draw water, or to wash at the great basons on the ledge, add bright patches of colour to the view, while upon the face of the rocks and along the edge of paths in the precipices, so narrow now that only goats can follow them, yawn everywhere the open mouths of caverned sepulchres, the dead pursuing the living up to the very gates of the city.

About three miles beyond the Ponte Terrano, stranded and deserted in the upland plain, so wildly beautiful from its thickets of broom and cistus and its primæval oak woods, and backed by the lovely ranges of the Ciminian hills, stands the utterly ruined city of Falleri. One of the finest Etruscan tombs in this country is passed on the way thither. It is in a hollow, on the right of the road, presenting a three-arched portico, with a boldly-cut cornice, sculptured in the rock. Within is an ante-chamber leading into the principal tomb. Here the flat ceiling is supported by a square pillar, all around are benches for sarcophagi, and the walls and pillars are perforated with niches for urns or ornaments. Several other tombs exist close by, but this may be taken as a good specimen of an Etruscan sepulchre, and is more architecturally interesting than any of the tombs at Castel d'Asso or Bieda.

Soon after ascending the hill beyond the

tombs, Falleri comes in sight, its massive walls and towers rising above the ploughed land, about twenty-five feet in height. They are almost perfect, but there are no ruins of the city within them. In the turfy enclosure which the walls encircle stand only the remains of a mediæval abbey, Santa Maria di Falleri, with its beautiful church, of the twelfth century, utterly ruined since the roof fell in thirty years ago, and overgrown with rank vegetation, though retaining all the delicate sculpture of its pillars and cornices, evidently constructed of materials taken from the ancient city. The cart-track which diverges from the front of the church leads to the Porta di Giove, a fine gate, admirably preserved and flanked by towers. It takes its name from the sculptured head over the keystone of the arch, though this more probably represents Apollo than Jupiter.



Convent of St. Silvestro, Mount Soracte.

To enjoy Falleri properly, one must make the circuit of the walls, which are nearly triangular, and which, on the side which overhangs the stream, rise almost perpendicular with the tufa rocks. Here and there they are hollowed into tombs and niches, while on the other side of the narrow ravine are tall cliffs full of small caverned sepulchres. In the distance, beyond the broomy heights, soars Soracte, ever one of the most beautiful of mountains. Below flows the rivulet Miccino, one of the waters which Pliny describes as having the power of imparting a white colour to cattle. In the southern wall of the city is the Porta del Bove, so called from the bull's head upon its keystone. Falleri was a city constructed entirely upon the Etruscan model, but was built in the year of Rome 512, after the destruction of the ancient city, when it was called Falerium Novum. Zonaras, who describes the capture of Falerium Vetus, says that "the ancient city, situated on a steep and lofty height, was destroyed, and another built on a site easy of access." The name of the ancient city was transferred with the inhabitants, and when the town on the earlier site rose from its ruins, in the ninth century, it was with the name of Civita Castellana. The second town was erected by the Romans, but at a time when Etruscan arts were most admired and copied, and it was probably raised on or near the site of some small Etruscan citadel, to which many of the tombs in its rock-barriers may have belonged.

On the 1st of May we drove out from Civita Castellana to spend the day upon Soracte, emerging from the town through an Etruscan cutting in the rock, which is lined with tombs. The excursion is a very easy one, though when we made it, the stone bridges in the hollow had all been washed away in a flood, and a man had to be sent on to help in taking our horses out and in drawing our carriage over a temporary wooden structure.

No drive can be uninteresting with such an object as Soracte before one, ever becoming more defined. Those who look at it from Rome have no idea whatever of the majestic character of the mountain as seen from this side, where it rises abruptly in the midst of the rich green plain of the table-land. Dennis compares it to the rock of Gibraltar. Ampère says that it resembles a blue island in the Ægean sea. At first it is a sharp blue wedge against the sky, darkened by the woods with which it is covered, then it lengthens out into several peaks of sharp cliff succeeding one another and crowned by white convents and hermitages. The lower slopes are rich and green. They melt gradually into thick olive groves, which terminate in steeps of bare grey rock, white and dazzling when the sun falls upon them.

It is a mark of severe winter when Soracte is capped with snow, as Horace describes it, and, thus crested, it is the most beautiful feature in the well-known view from the

terrace of the Pamfili-Doria villa at Rome. But all the snow will have melted before the charms of the fresh spring have attracted visitors to Civita Castellana, and its lower slopes will be breaking into such a loveliness of tender green as is quite indescribable. Though of no great altitude, Soracte, from its isolation, its form, and its glorious colour, is far more impressive than many mountains which are five times its height.

"Athos, Olympus, Etna, Atlas, made
These hills seem things of lesser dignity,
All, save the lone Soracte's height, displayed
Not now in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's aid
For our remembrance, and from out the plain
Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
And on the crest hangs pausing."

Separated from the main mass of the mountain on the Roman side, is an attendant rock supporting the picturesque little town of Sant' Oreste, which has given its modern name to Soracte. At the foot of this smaller hill is the fountain of Felonica, marking the



Porta di Giove, Falleri.

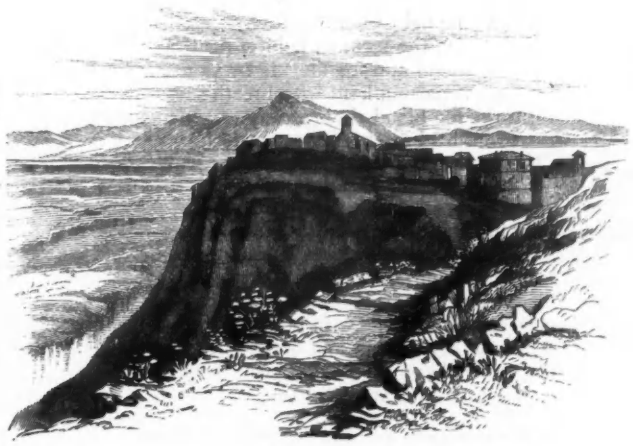
site of Feronia, where the peasants of the surrounding districts offered their firstfruits to the great Sabine goddess, who would seem to have been identical with Proserpine. Strabo narrates that pilgrims to Feronia, possessed with her spirit, could walk with bare feet, uninjured, over burning coals. The goddess was honoured with such valuable offerings of gold and silver, that Hannibal thought it worth while to turn aside hither, to plunder the famous shrine.

A carriage can ascend the mountain as far as S. Oreste, and here we left it near the gate of the town and followed a foot-path, which turns up to the left by a small chapel. It is about two miles to the top. Most of the convents are in ruins. Sta. Lucia is the first which comes in sight, on the crest of the nearest peak, then Sta. Romana on the eastern slope. Then, by the pilgrims' road which winds through an avenue of ancient ilexes and elms, we reached the gates of Sta. Maria delle Grazie. The long drive, and the steep walk in the great heat, had made us faint with hunger and thirst. The monks came out with wine, and slices of Bologna sausage and delicious coarse bread, to a room at the gate, for ladies are not allowed to enter the walls, and never was refreshment more acceptable. There are only thirteen monks now, who live an active life of charity, and whose advice and instruction are widely sought by the country people around. There is little fear of their suppression, as they have scarcely any finances, and their humble dwellings on the bare crag, far from all human habitations, could not be sold for anything, and would be useless to the present government. Those we saw were a grand group; one, a tall and commanding figure with handsome face and flashing eyes, told us of the peace and blessing he received from his solitary life here, and of the ever-growing interest of the place and all its associations; another, of a coarse common expression, spoke in murmuring tones, and was sceptical about all his stories, which he wound up always by "E tradizione;" a third, was an old venerable man of eighty-six, who had passed his life in these solitudes, a life so evidently given up to prayer that his spirit seemed only half to belong to earth. We spoke to him of the change which was coming over the monastic life, but he did not murmur—"E la volontà di Dio;" only when he talked of the great poverty of the people from the present taxation, and of their reduced means of helping them, he lamented a little.

The three monks went with us to the top, where the temple of Apollo, the "guardian of the holy Soracte," formerly stood, and where the Hirpini, as the people of the surrounding district were called, came to offer their annual sacrifices, and were, on that account, says Pliny, exempted from military service and other public duties.

On the supposed site of the ancient temple, 2,270 feet above the level of the sea, perched on the highest points of the perpendicular crags, its walls one with their precipices, now stands the monastery of S. Silvestro. It is a sublime position, removed from and above everything else. Hawks circle around its huge cliffs, and are the only sign of life. On a lower terrace are the church and hermitage of S. Antonio, ruined and deserted. To these solitudes came Constantine to seek for Sylvester the hermit, whom he found here in a cave and led away to raise to the papal throne, walking before him as he rode upon his mule, as is represented in the ancient frescoes of the Quattro Incoronati.

The oratory of Sylvester was enclosed in a monastery founded in 746 by Carloman, son of Charles Martel, and uncle of Charlemagne, and though later buildings have succeeded upon the same spot, and the existing edifice is externally of 1500, it encloses much of the church of Carloman, and the more ancient hermitage of Sylvester. The walls of the church are covered with mediæval frescoes, fading, but still very beautiful. On the right of the entrance is S. Buonaventura; then come S. Anne, the Virgin, S. Roch, and S. Sebastian, but all have been much injured by the goatherds who used to shelter their flocks here when the church was utterly deserted. The beautiful old high-altar is richly carved in stone taken from the mountain itself. Behind it are a curious holy water basin, and a priest's chamber. A martyr's stone—"Pietra di Paragone"—may be seen in the wall.



S. Oreste on Mount Soracte.

Beneath the lofty tribune is the cell of Sylvester, half cut in the mountain itself. It encloses the sloping mass of rock which formed the bed of his hermitage, and his stone seat. Here also is the altar on which first Sylvester himself, and afterwards Gregory the Great, said mass. On the walls are dim frescoes of the seventh century, faintly lighted by the rays stealing in above the altar—Christ, S. Sylvester, S. Gregory, and the Archangel Michael. A long inscription in the upper church tells the story of a later sainted monk of Soracte, Nonnosus, who is reported to have performed three miracles here. The first was when a monk broke a valuable lamp—"una lampada orientale"—quite into small pieces in this church, and was in despair about the consequences, when Nonnosus fell on his knees and prayed, and the culprit saw the fragments miraculously joined together again. In the second, the olive-gardens of the convent failed, and the abbot was about to send out to buy up the oil of the *paesani*, when Nonnosus took the convent oil—"il poco che fu"—and it was miraculously multiplied. In the third, he lifted by the force of prayer a large stone which had fallen, back to its mountain ledge, where it may still be seen in proof of the power of this saint!

Behind the convent is its little garden, where legend tells that S. Sylvester would sow one day his turnips for the meal of the morrow, and that they were miraculously brought to perfection during the night. There is a grand view from this over all the wide-spreading country, but especially into the blue gorges of the Sabina, and the monks described the beautiful effect when each of the countless villages which can be seen from hence, lights its bonfire on the eve of the Ascension.

The last monks who lived in S. Silvestro were Franciscans, and they left it in 1700, because seven of their number were then killed by lightning in a storm. Our monastic friends accompanied us on our return as far as Sta. Maria delle Grazie, and as we turned to descend the mountain-path, the old monk of eighty-six, standing at the head of the steps, stretched out his hands and most solemnly blessed us—"May the blessed Saviour keep and guide you, and may his holy angels walk with you in all your ways."

As we slowly descended the mountain, we looked down through the woods to Santa Romana at its eastern base, near which are the deep fissures called Voragini, whence pestilential vapours arise. Pliny mentions these exhalations from Soracte as fatal to birds, and quotes Varro, who speaks of a fountain on Soracte four feet in width, which flowed at sunrise, and appeared to boil, and of which, when birds drank, they died. By Servius a story is told of some shepherds

who were sacrificing to Pluto, when the victims were carried off from the very altar by wolves. The shepherds pursuing them came upon the cave whence the pestilential vapours issued, which destroyed all who came within their reach. A malady ensued, and the oracle declared that the only remedy was to do as the wolves did—to live by plunder. Hence they were called Hirpini Sorani—Pluto's wolves, from *hirpus*, which was Sabine for a wolf, and *Soranus*, another name for Pluto, and accordingly, robbers there always were on Soracte till the forests which clothed the whole neighbourhood were for the most part cut down about twenty years ago. With the robbers, the wolves and bears, which abounded on the sides of the mountain, disappeared, many persons being still alive who have had adventurous escapes from them. Cato says that there were also wild goats upon Soracte, of such wonderful activity that they could leap sixty feet at one bound!

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

[The following lines refer to an incident which occurred after one of the battles during the Franco-German war in January, 1871.]

ON the field where battle has late been won,
On the teeming field of death,
Where friend and foe lie side by side,
One is parting hard with breath:
But the life blood ebbing away
From his breast he does not feel,
For his heart is wrung by a fiercer pang
Than is born of bullet or steel.

He has wandered in fancy far away
From the stranger soil where he lies,—
To his far-off home in the fatherland,
And he sees, with Fancy's eyes,
His fair young wife with her baby boy
Upon her knees—and there,
In the well-known corner by the hearth
He sees—his empty chair.

He remembers well on that summer morn,
When they tore him away to fight,
How bravely she strove, that tender wife,
To hide her tears from his sight;
And how when he turned to kiss his boy,
The sturdy infant cried,
To follow his father off to the war,
And march with a sword by his side.

He thinks how for long and dreary days,
They will watch and watch in vain
For the soldier who marched away that morn,
And will never come back again.
How by doubt, more cruel than death itself,
Her heart will be oppressed,
While he, far away in a nameless grave,
In the stranger's land is at rest.

Oh, for one human ear in which
His brief sad tale to tell!
To charge it with one dying word
For those he loves so well—

One word of blessing for his boy—
  Is there none, oh God, not one
To carry a father's dying word
  Of blessing to his son?

Ha! has heaven then heard that frantic prayer
  Or is it a fevered brain
That has conjured up this lovely dream?
  No; he has not cried in vain.
A woman's form is by his side,
  And bathes his burning brow:
She bears on her arm a blood-red cross;
  Ah! he knows its meaning now.

One dying effort to loose his tongue
  He mutters a name—an address.
Her ear is bent to the closing lips,
  And she catches a faint "God bless."
'Tis enough—a world of unuttered thanks
  In a single glance exprest—
A sigh of relief: one short sharp pang,
  And the soldier is gone to his rest.

Kind Nature covered his body that night
  With a snow-white funeral pall,
From the darkened heavens over head
  Did the big flakes gently fall.
They silently covered that bloody field
  With a mantle of virgin white;—
'Twas well that the havoc man had wrought
  Kind Nature hid that night.

'Twere shame that the piercing eye of day
  Should look on that hideous sight;
And the devilish work of man be seen
  In the pure, fresh morning light.
So with tender pity she hides it all,
  She buries friend and foe,
She wraps them all in one broad white shroud,
  In a winding-sheet of snow!

But the Saxon soldier's dying word
  Will be wafted far from here,
Will be borne away to his distant home,
  And breathed in a widowed ear.
'Twill soothe her bitter grief to hear
  A kind voice gently tell,
How he died with blessings on his lips
  For those he loved so well.

She'll treasure for her baby boy
  That message from the dead;
Perhaps in after years 'twill bring
  A blessing on his head.
And mother and son alike will pray—
  As they pray who know such loss—
For her who bore on her arm that day,
  The sign of the blood-red cross!

F. MALCOLM DOHERTY.

LETTERS FROM H.M.S. *CHALLENGER*.

III.—GIBRALTAR TO THE WEST OF TENERIFFE.

THE *Challenger* remained lashed alongside the New Mole at Gibraltar for a week. The weather, although it was little past mid-winter, was warm and bright. The spring seemed already starting, and some beautiful mauve patches of almond blossom lightened up the face of the grim old rock. The aloes were in full flower, and the "Alaméda" and the grounds of the Governor's summer cottage were crimson with them. I do not know any plant more ornamental. The rich colour of the flower-spikes contrasts admirably with the cold grey-green of the foliage, and the rigid spear-like leaves have a thoroughly exotic look, more so than most of the plants of warmer latitudes.

January 24th. A small party of us had a most pleasant excursion with Captain Phillimore, the Captain-Superintendent of the Dockyard. We started after breakfast in the gun-boat *Pigeon*, across the bay to Algesiras. After paying our respects to the Spanish Governor, a handsome dignified man who received us with great courtesy and returned our visit on the following day, we took a walk about the town, admired the market with its ample supply of fresh vegetables and fruit, and visited a large circus-like building, where for about a week in the year, in carnival time, bull-fights are held; and which was filled with horse trappings, and banners and swords and small feathered spears, and all the other tawdry and horrid paraphernalia of that barbarous sport.

A splendid aqueduct, evidently built in the old times when Spain held a very different position from the one she holds now, brings abundance of water into the town from the high grounds at some distance. Near the town it crosses a valley, raised high on a long line of quaint narrow arches. We wandered up this valley for several miles to a pretty water-fall called "La Chorrea," where we stopped and had a delicious luncheon, the chief element in it the supply of luscious ripe oranges which we had got fresh from the trees on our way; and after sitting sketching and chatting during the heat of the day we quietly retraced our steps to the town, where we found the *Pigeon* awaiting our return.

The valley is well wooded, and from the peculiar character of the vegetation, in the middle of the region of evergreen shrubs and trees, there was little to remind us of winter. The greater part of our route lay through an old cork forest, the gnarled rugged trees a considerable distance apart with green sward beneath, like the trees in an English park. The foliage of an old cork tree is dark and grey, and somewhat scanty, but along our path the rough boles and branches were everywhere beautifully relieved by great patches of the furry golden rhizomes and light green feathery fronds of one of the hare's-foot ferns (*Davallia*), perched in the clefts of the branches or clinging in the deep grooves formed by the splitting of the outer layers of the cork.

We passed several fruit farms, most of them evidently of old standing, with orange and lemon trees thirty and forty feet high, now bending and breaking under their load of golden fruit, eight or ten ripe oranges at the end of every branch, thrown out in splendid contrast against the dark green leaves. The spring flowers were beginning to bloom, and great spikes of *Narcissus polyanthus* sent out a delightful fragrance from the hedgerows. The whole scene was very beautiful, and the small amount of cultivation and the evident carelessness and bad management, produced the feeling of regret which seems inseparable from everything concerning the Spain of the present—that a country naturally capable of so much should do so little.

At Gibraltar we visited the remarkable caves which penetrate the limestone rock, and on one occasion Captain Nares lit up St. Michael's cave, the largest of them, with candles and blue lights, throwing out the magnificent curtains and columns of semi-transparent stalactite in contrasts of light and shade and colouring, and producing a highly picturesque effect.

We had not time to make any systematic exploration of the caves with a view to increasing our knowledge of the animal remains which they contain, but His Excellency Sir Fenwick Williams, of Kars, the Governor of Gibraltar, with other kind attentions, placed at our disposal a considerable collection of bones and implements which had been brought together by an officer formerly stationed at Gibraltar, and we had thus an opportunity of forming some idea of the curious succession of the inmates of the caves from pre-historic down to comparatively modern times.

We left Gibraltar on the 26th. We had fine moderate weather, and had a very fairly successful week, sounding, trawling, dredging, and taking temperatures, between Gibraltar and Madeira. On Monday, the 3rd of February, we dredged off the Desertas, and in the afternoon put down the trawl. The bottom, however, proved to be too rocky and the trawl fouled and was lost,—to our great regret, for it was well made and well balanced, and had been successful in every cast, even to the greatest depths.

Next morning we anchored in the roadstead of Funchal.

We spent two days only at Madeira, and we can of course add nothing to the many excellent descriptions which have been given of the Island. We, apparently in common with all others, were struck with its exceeding beauty, and particularly with the wonderful profusion of flowers. Patches of glorious colour were visible from the ship even at this early season, and these when looked at more closely, resolved themselves into astonishing festoons and garlands of flowering creepers, hanging across the streets and clothing and mantling over every wall and trellis.

There was a fine *Bougainvillea* in Captain Phillimore's garden at Gibraltar, but round Funchal it was everywhere in every shade of colour, from a brick-red, through rich crimsons and violets, to a pale delicate mauve. What a pity it is that this singularly ornamental plant will not as yet stand the climate of England! From its brilliancy not depending upon the flower, but upon a bunch of *bracts* or flower-leaves, it stands a long time, scarcely varying in effect from early in December to the middle or end of August. Second only to the *Bougainvillea*, in decorating the verandahs and trellises in Madeira, are several species of *Bignonia*, particularly *B. venusta*, which runs out into long wreaths, clustering round every available projection, and glorifying it with its trusses of golden bells. Many of our party went off at once on horseback to the hills, whilst others found enough to enjoy during the few hours of our stay, in the gardens and walks in the neighbourhood of the town.

Madeira is very rich in land-shells, which are particularly interesting, owing to the singular position in which these Atlantic islands stands as to the source and extension of their land faunæ. Some of the naturalists of our party took the opportunity of going over a very instructive collection of the land-shells, which has been made by the Rev. R. Boog Watson, during his residence.

On the morning of the 5th of February, we left Madeira and stood for the Canaries. We had a capital breeze all the way,—force 5—6 from the north-east. We only stopped to sound once in one thousand nine hundred and seventy fathoms, about half-way, and made on an average eight knots an hour, so that we found ourselves off Teneriffe early on the morning of the 7th.

We anchored in the bay of Santa Cruz, and remained there a couple of days, and sent off a tenting party consisting of several of the scientific staff and one or two officers, to the Canâdas, the mountain plateau at an elevation of about seven thousand feet, five thousand feet below the summit of the Peak. With the friendly assistance of the British Consul, their arrangements were all satisfactorily made. They went across the island to Orotava, whence they commenced the ascent of the mountain. They spent four nights camped on the high grounds. It was too early in the season to attempt the ascent of the Peak, and rather too early for natural history work; the chief object was to get into the *modus operandi* of such expeditions in preparation for the future. Still collections were made, both in zoology and in geology, and the party were greatly interested in the wonderful atmospheric effects from their camping ground above the lower stratum of clouds. The ship weighed anchor on Monday morning, and took a sounding and dredging cruise among the islands. We dredged between Teneriffe and Palma and passed close under Palma, near enough to see the outline and bounding wall of its wonderful crater; past Gomera, a fine bold rugged island, the coast showing the usual alternation—deep ravines, and lava spurs covered with vines and maize. Past Hierro, or Ferro, another fine bold island interesting as having been long regarded as the western point of the old world, and on that account chosen as the zero in reckoning longitude. The zero line passing through Hierro, is still used by some countries, though the meridian of Greenwich is now almost universally employed for practical purposes, such as the construction of charts. The position of Hierro appears to have determined the line of division of the world on maps, into an eastern and a western hemisphere.

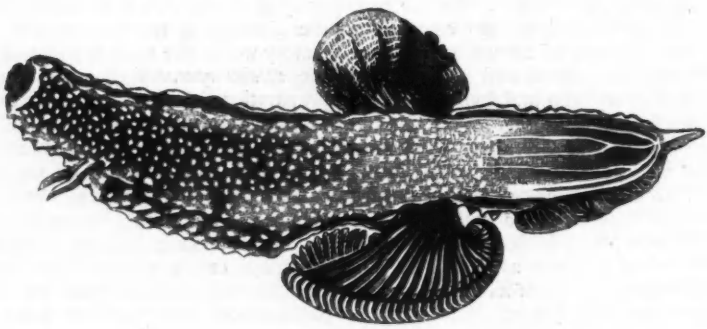
We had splendid moonlight during our cruise, and although the Peak remained almost constantly shrouded in mist during the day, it shone out at night as a dazzling white cone through the rifts in the clouds.

We left Teneriffe on the 14th of March,

and commenced our first regular line of ocean surveying. From Santa Cruz to Sombrero, the nearest of the Virgin Islands, the distance in a direct line is about two thousand six hundred nautical miles. Our object was to divide this distance by a set of stations, and at each of these to take the exact depth, bringing up with the sounding instrument a sample of the bottom, both as a guarantee that the sounding had been successful, and in order that we might examine and note its character; to determine the temperature of the bottom-water by means of the self-registering thermometer; to take with the same instrument a series of temperature soundings, at different depths, and thus to arrive at the vertical distribution of temperature; to bring up a sample of the bottom-water, sufficient for the determination of its specific gravity and for analysis; and finally, at certain stations where it seemed desirable to expend the necessary time and labour, to lower the dredge and ascertain as far as possible the existence or absence of animals at the bottom, and, if present, their characters and position in the zoological series, and their general distribution throughout the section.

This programme was in every respect successfully carried out. Twenty-two observing stations were selected, on an average one hundred and twenty miles apart. Dredging was the only operation which was attended with much difficulty, and on one or two occasions the dredge failed, but with this exception which was quite unimportant from the large number of successful hauls at quite sufficiently short intervals, all the required observations were made at every station.

From Teneriffe for the first two hundred and fifty miles, the bottom is nearly level, at



Carinaria Atlantica.

a depth of about two thousand fathoms. The bottom consists of the now well-known "globigerina ooze," that is to say, it is a greyish calcareous mortar, soft on the surface, becoming firmer below, and made up in a great degree of the shells of foraminifera, chiefly of the genera *Globigerina* and *Orbulina*, entire or more or less broken up and disintegrated.

Along with the foraminiferous shells, some other shells, of much larger size, enter in varying proportion into the composition of the ooze, or, perhaps, may be rather said to be mixed with it. These are principally shells of *Pteropods*, with a few of those of *Heteropods*, and of pelagic *Gasteropods*. The last of these groups, the Gasteropoda, are well known. They include the great mass of the mollusca of the present time; for example, the whelk, the periwinkle, and the garden snail. Their shells are with few exceptions univalve and spiral, often thin and delicate, sometimes, as in the genera *Strombus*, *Fusus*, *Conus*, and many others, thick and massive, weighty accumulations of carbonate of lime secreted from the sea-water. They have a distinct head bearing organs of sense, but the character which most distinguishes them from their nearer allies is their mode of locomotion, which is by means of a long muscular plate secreting a viscid mucus, running along beneath the body of the animal, and by alternate extension and contraction, enabling it to creep over a solid surface. Most of these animals live on the bottom of the sea, as their organization demands. One or two only of the shell-making genera are pelagic, and the only important one of these is the genus *Janthina*, which inhabits a spiral shell, like a snail-shell, of a most lovely blue. Janthina floats by spreading out its "foot" on the surface, but it is more usually found

attached to the different kinds of "Portuguese men-of-war," *Velella*, *Physalia*, and *Porpita*, or in the mid-Atlantic, in the wandering islands of gulf-weed. At certain seasons a peculiar kind of membranous float or raft is secreted from the animal, like a crescentic piece of honeycomb with the cells filled with air. The egg sacs, which are not unlike those of the common whelk, are attached beneath the float, and when the float is complete and the egg-sacs full, the creature disengages it, and leaves the eggs to be hatched as it drifts about on the surface in the warmth and sun-light. The shells of *Janthina* are common in the "globigerina ooze." They are not unfrequently cast up on the shore on the west coasts of Ireland and Scotland, and even on the Shetlands and the Færoe Islands. They are not, however, inhabitants of our Northern Seas. They are drifted along and scattered about by our beneficent ameliorator, the Gulf-Stream.

The *Heteropoda* are very close to the *Gasteropoda*, and in most modern works on zoology they are associated with them as a sub-class. They are entirely pelagic, and as it is only under peculiar circumstances that one can stop the ship in mid-ocean and hunt for them, they are little known. One or two of their shells are met with in collections, one especially, *Carinaria*, a beautiful little glassy boat, which one would take at first for some form of the paper-nautilus. The shell of *Carinaria* gives no idea, however, of the form of the animal, which with one or two allied genera,—such as *Pterotrachea* and *Firoloides* which do not produce shells at all, is sometimes abundant in calm weather on the surface of the warm seas. The shell hangs below the animal, connected with it by a kind of neck, and is merely meant for the protection of some very vital organs, including the heart, the gills, and the liver. The remainder of the animal is ten times the size of the shell, and forms a large sac, usually gelatinous and very transparent, often dotted over with purple pigment spots.



Triptera columnella.



Clio pyramidata. (Browne.)

The front of the sac is drawn out into a long, singularly-formed snout, and near it there are bright, well-marked eyes and a pair of feelers. The posterior part of the sac is produced into a fin-like tail. Along the upper middle line of the animal in the position in which it swims in the water, the part corresponding with the "foot" in ordinary shell-fish is raised into a high, crest-like fin. The bodies of these creatures are large, some of them not less than five or six inches in length, but like most free, floating animals, they are very soft, formed mainly of a "connective tissue," with little in it but sea-water. In this way their bulk is greatly increased without materially adding to their weight, and they weigh little more than an equal bulk of sea-water, and require little exertion to float or swim. One curious result of this transparency is that we can see through the outer wall, in the most wonderful detail, all the internal arrangements, the nervous centres with the complicated organs of sense, the heart with its pulsating chambers, and the blood following its course through the system and through the gills, the alimentary canal and all its accessory glands. The Heteropoda are probably the most highly-organized group in which such transparency exists.

The shells of *Carinaria* are rare in the globigerina ooze; but two small spiral shells belonging to animals of the same sub-class, *Atlanta peronii* and *Oxygyrus keraudrenii*, are sometimes in such numbers as to have a sensible effect in adding to the formation. Although the Heteropod shells of the present day are insignificant in size, they played a much more important *rôle* in early times, for there seems little doubt that the great shells of the genera *Euomphalus* and *Bellerophon*, which sometimes go far to make up whole beds of limestone of the Silurian and Carboniferous periods, are to be referred to this group.

The *Pteropoda* are further removed than the *Heteropoda* are from the typical *Gastero-*

poda, and are much simpler in their structure. The head is not so markedly separated from the body, and the organs of sense are rudimentary. The body is conical and sometimes spiral, and is very usually contained in a delicate shell, sometimes spiral in form, more frequently conical or tubular; or like an ornamental flower-glass, or like a watch-pocket. The foot is modified into two wing-like appendages, one on either side of the mouth. These are frequently brightly coloured when the animal is living, and different parts of the body show iridescent blues and greens. Multitudes of these little things may now and then be seen on the surface of the water, fluttering with their wings and glittering in the sunshine; to be compared with nothing more aptly than with a congregation of the more dressy of the bombyx moths, as one sometimes comes upon them on a sunny morning just after a family of them have escaped from their chrysalises.

The *Pteropoda* are much smaller than the *Heteropoda;* the largest of the present day are not more than about an inch in length, though antediluvian species of the genus *Conularia* and its allies sometimes reached a length of nearly two feet. They make up for their small size, however, by their numbers. Everywhere in the high seas they absolutely swarm. They are not always to be taken in the towing-net, as they seem to have a habit, in the heat of the day and when there is any wind, of swimming a little way below the surface; but in a fine calm evening, no matter where, a haul of the towing-net can scarcely be made without catching many of them.

The most widely distributed species in the Atlantic seems to be *Diacria trispinosa* with a little pocket-like shell of some weight and strength, shaded purple and white. Several species of *Cavolinia* are abundant, the largest *C. tridentata*. *Clio cuspidata*, with a fretted shell whose ornament reminds one of some of the fossil genera, is perhaps the species most frequently seen on the surface, and the one which shows the iridescent colouring with the greatest brilliancy. The several species of *Styliola*, much smaller than the others, are much more numerous, and sometimes throng the towing-net with their glassy needles. *Styliola subulata*, *S. acicula*, and *S. virgula* are in immense abundance and very generally distributed. Some of these species sometimes reach the coast of Britain, but an indraught of northern water which includes the British Islands in a fork keeps out these oceanic things from our shores. If the British naturalist, to whom these things are usually unknown in a living state, will only push his towing net-work by a tug steamer, or his own or a friend's yacht, forty or fifty miles from the west coast of Scotland or Ireland, he will get beyond the Arctic water, and will wonder, as I did only lately, at the new animal world in the shape of Pteropods, Heteropods, Siphonophora, and above all Polycystina and Acanthometrina in all their wonderful varieties of form and sculpture, which will suddenly burst upon him.

The Pteropoda extend far to the northward, one, *Limacina helicina* with a delicate but very elegant spiral shell, and another, *Clione borealis*, which belongs to the shell-less subdivision, are frequently seen by Arctic voyagers in such numbers that they actually colour the surface of the sea in patches of many square miles in extent, and they are said to form a considerable item in the food of the Greenland whale, which strains them out of the water as it passes through his mouth, with his whalebone sieve. I have dwelt on this little group because their history is not very familiar, and because I hope to show that, small as they are, they play by no means an unimportant part in some of the recent geological processes of reconstruction.

C. WYVILLE THOMSON.

A CYCLE.

IF he had come in the early dawn,
When the sunrise flushed the earth,
I would have given him all my heart,
Whatever the heart was worth.

If he had come at the noontide hour,
He would not have come too late;
I would have given him patient faith,
For then I had learned to wait.

If he had come in the after-glow,
In the peace of the eventide,
I would have given him hands and brain,
And worked for him till I died.

If he comes now the sun has set,
And the light has died away,
I will not give him a broken life
But will turn and say him "Nay!"

C. BROOKE.

DEMAS.

THE Apostle Paul, writing to Timothy towards the close of his imprisonment at Rome, says, in reference to his lonely state, and as an inducement to his friend to come to him, "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world, and is departed unto Thessalonica."* There is something plaintive and touching in this utterance of the great Apostle. It is always sad to be forsaken, especially in circumstances of trial, even by those who may not be united to us by the bonds of close, personal intimacy and intercourse; much sadder is it when those who forsake us are persons whose previous relations to us have been such as to entitle us to expect that they would have stood by us to the last. Man was made for society. He craves the companionship of his fellows; he is dependent on their sympathy and help for much of his comfort and happiness; he shrinks from solitariness;—and when those whose companionship has lightened many a burden, and cheered many a gloomy hour, and shortened many a weary path, fall away from us, estranged or alienated, the heart is wounded with a sharp sorrow, and we may be almost ready to sink under the blow. To the afflicted patriarch, it added a peculiar pang that "his kinsfolk had failed, and his familiar friends had forgotten him." † The Psalmist felt it a peculiar aggravation of his trials that "his own familiar friend in whom he trusted, who did eat of his bread, had lifted up his heel against him;" ‡ and he felt as if "the light of his eyes had gone from him" when "lover and friend stood aloof from his love, and his kinsmen stood afar off." §

This special trial Paul was called to endure amidst the other afflictions that pressed upon him as "the time of his departure was at hand." Demas was not a casual acquaintance or a recent companion; he was an old friend of the Apostle, and they had had journeyings, and labours, and sufferings in common. In writing to the Colossians, Paul sends to them the salutation of Demas as of one well known to them, along with that of Luke, "the beloved physician;" and in the Epistle to Philemon, he classes him with Mark, Luke, and Aristarchus as his "fellow-labourers." ‖ Demas, then, had at one time been in close relations of friendship and co-operation with the Apostle; so that his ultimate defection would be especially painful to the latter.

What added, doubtless, to the Apostle's trial at this time was that by the defection of Demas he was left almost alone. Of all his companions and fellow-labourers, only the faithful Luke was with him. Crescens had gone to Galatia, Titus to Dalmatia, and Tychicus to Ephesus—all doubtless on errands in the service of the Gospel. Their departure Paul did not grieve over. In all probability they had gone in consequence of his own wish and arrangement, that they might serve the interests of that cause for which he was "willing to spend and be spent." But their absence rendered all the more painful the desertion of one of the only two friends that were left with him.

And the Apostle was in circumstances at this time to need all the support and comfort that friendship could supply. He was an old man, enfeebled by many toils, privations, and sufferings, endured for a long series of years in the service of the gospel; he was a prisoner in bonds, and was in daily expectation of being summoned to seal his testimony with his blood. The imprisonment the Apostle was at this time enduring was his second imprisonment at Rome. Of this no mention is made in the history of the Acts of the Apostles; but the notices in his own Epistles to Timothy and Titus are such as to leave little doubt that after his two years' imprisonment, with a reference to which the Acts concludes, the Apostle was liberated, and spent some time afterwards in evangelistic labour, visiting Macedonia and the province of Asia, passing thence to Spain, and from that proceeding to Ephesus and Nicopolis, whence his first Epistle to Timothy and that to Titus were despatched. Soon after this he was again seized, conveyed to Rome, and there lodged in prison. This time he was treated with much greater severity, apparently, than during his former imprisonment. Then he enjoyed a certain amount of liberty; he dwelt in his own hired house, under the guardianship of a soldier; and was permitted not only to receive his friends, but to hold meetings, and to preach to all who came, no man forbidding him. Now he was a close prisoner, bound

* 2 Tim. iv. 10.
† Job xix. 14.
‡ Psalm xli. 9.
§ Psalm xxxviii. 10, 11.
‖ Col. iv. 14; Phil. 24. These epistles were written during Paul's first imprisonment at Rome. During the interval between this and his second imprisonment, Demas may have accompanied him on his apostolic journey, and returned with him to Rome, or he may have continued in the city, and for a season resumed intercourse with the Apostle during his second imprisonment.

with a chain, and, if tradition speak true, consigned to the gloomy, unwholesome, rock-hewn dungeons of the Mamertine prison, there to await the final sentence of the cruel Nero. If ever man needed the succour of friendly sympathy and counsel, it was the Apostle under these circumstances. But it was under these circumstances that Demas forsook him, and went home to Thessalonica, where the curtain falls upon him, and we hear of him no more.

And for what was it that Demas thus forsook, in his hour of need, the venerable Apostle, whose friend and fellow-labourer he had been? Had he, like Crescens and Titus, gone that he might carry messages to the church at Thessalonica, or devote himself in that region to the service of the gospel, the Apostle would have seen him depart without a pang—would have sent him forth with his blessing. Or had he gone on some urgent errand of his own—because some one whom he loved was sick, and desired to see him; or because some home-duty demanded his attention—the Apostle would have cheerfully postponed his own claims to those of others, and let him go with friendly farewells and good wishes. Or even had he succumbed through fear and human infirmity—had the fury of "the lion," that was raging to devour the Apostle, struck terror into his companion's heart, and tempted him to seek safety in flight—the large-hearted Apostle would have forgiven him, and, if he could not have excused, would have passed over in silence his pusillanimous retreat. But, alas! it was for no such reason that Demas forsook Paul at this juncture. The "love of this present world" had taken possession of the man's heart; like a deadly cancer, it had eaten out the vitals of religion within him; and he had lost that which alone could bind him to the Apostle, and the cause with which the Apostle was identified.

"Having loved this present world." The expression is somewhat general, and it leaves us in ignorance of the particular form under which an unworthy affection swayed the mind of Demas, and led him to forsake the Apostle, and desert the Christian cause. The love of the world is a multiform passion, and in different individuals is directed towards different objects. With Demas, it may have been the love of worldly gain, the love of money, the desire of wealth; for this, as it keeps multitudes away from Christ, so it is powerful to turn aside from Him those who have professed his name, causing many who have seemed even devoted to his service to "make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience." Or his love of the world may have taken the form of a desire for worldly power and honour; he may have been naturally ambitious and covetous of popularity; and as Thessalonica was a free city, enjoying self-government, and not controlled by the Roman power, as well as rich and populous,* the metropolis of the province of Macedonia, he probably saw in it a tempting sphere for the exercise of his abilities. Or he may have been swayed by a desire for sensual pleasure; he may have been a man naturally inclined to luxury, fond of conviviality; and though for a season he may have striven against this tendency, and under the influence of the Apostle have sought, like him, "to keep the body under,"† yet not being thoroughly under the power of Christ, and devoted to Him, when the season of temptation came upon him, when he found that trials and privations were increasing,—he ceased to resist, threw aside his Christian profession, and forsook the Apostle and the cause of Christ.

Whether Demas succeeded in the pursuit of that world which he loved, or what became of him, we cannot tell; but his name stands on the sacred page as one of warning. Nor is it here only, or in this form alone, that warning is given to us in Scripture against this. Most emphatic are the denunciations it contains of the love of the world. "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world," writes St. John; "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." "Know ye not," asks St. James, "that the friendship of the world is enmity with God?" "Be not conformed," says St. Paul, "to this world;" and the same Apostle tells us that the grand design of our Saviour's propitiatory death was "that He might deliver us from this present evil world according to the will of God and our Father."‡ From such statements it appears indubitable that to love the world is represented in Scripture as evil and pernicious in no ordinary degree.

Now, it may occur to some to ask why it should be so. "Why," one may say, "should I *not* love the world, and the things of the world? Is not the world God's creation? Does not He sustain it and adorn it? Has not He placed me in it, and surrounded me there with objects of interest and attractive-

* Pliny "Nat. Hist." iv. 17 [10]; Strabo "Geogr." vii. 323.
† 1 Cor. ix. 27.
‡ 1 John ii. 15; James iv. 4; Rom. xii. 2; Gal. i. 4.

ness? Is it not full of adaptations to my nature and wants, out of which much of benefit and enjoyment necessarily accrues to me? And as to 'the things that are in the world,' are not they also God's creatures, and are we not told that 'every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving?'* Has not God given me an appetite for these things—made me so that the possession of these things conveys a certain satisfaction and delight? How, then, can I help loving them? or why should it be held a sin in me if I do love them, and the world in which they are?"

Here is an apparent contrariety, which seems to make it difficult, if not impossible, to render to what is obviously an injunction of Scripture a sincere and reasonable obedience. How is this to be removed?

In the days of the Apostles there were men, calling themselves Gnostics, or men of knowledge, who sought to find a solution of this difficulty by denying that the world, as God's creature, is good. They asserted the essential evil of matter, and, by consequence, of the world as material, and as the sphere of material things. Men of this school said, "It is quite true we are in the world, and find worldly things in many ways helpful and pleasant to us; but that is because we ourselves are in the flesh, and are ourselves, in virtue of this, encompassed with evil. The truly wise man, however—he who is entitled to call himself a Gnostic, or man of knowledge, will ever try to rise above the flesh and the world; he will abhor both as essentially evil; and he will seek by mortification and asceticism gradually to reduce the power of materialism, so as ultimately to become independent of it and superior to it." Caught by these specious theorizings, many imagined that they were obeying the precept, "Love not the world," when in reality they were only exemplifying the truth of what St. Paul says, when he declares that such ascetic practices, though they "have a show of wisdom in will-worship and humility, and not sparing of the body," are really of no spiritual worth, and tend only to satisfy the flesh instead of mortifying it.† There are two facts which must always suffice to refute such Gnostic notions. The one is that God Himself made the world, and pronounced it good; the other is that the Son of God came into the world, and dwelt in it in human flesh; neither of which facts could have been had matter and flesh been in themselves essentially evil. So conclusive did the Gnostics feel this to be, that they were forced upon the denial of both these facts; asserting that the world was not made by God, but by an inferior and imperfect being, and that Jesus Christ had not come in the flesh, but only in the appearance and phantasm of flesh. Thus it is that one error leads to another; and men who swerve from the right path are constrained to invent all manner of hypotheses to save their favourite notion, until at last it is buried under the weight of its own defences, and perishes.

In the present day opinions of this sort are not openly avowed. In the minds of many, however, there is a dim sort of notion that somehow sin has made the world different from what God made it, and that, therefore, though it might be lawful for Adam to love the world in sinless Paradise, the world has since his fall become so polluted that it has come to be emphatically a religious duty not to love it. But it would be well if those who talk thus would stop to ask how, in the nature of things, that which has no moral character at all, can become morally bad. The idea is absurd. So far as moral character is concerned, the world as such is neither better nor worse than it was when Adam first stood in Paradise.

Against what, then, is it that we are warned when we are told not to love the world? The answer is, Against what is commonly and properly called *worldliness*, or the *indulgence of a worldly spirit*. The evil lies not in the outward material things, which are incapable of being either morally good or morally bad, but in the state of a man's mind and affections towards them. Rightly understood, it may be said of a man both that he loves the world and that he does not love the world. He may admire its excellence, he may exult in its beauty, he may study with enthusiasm its phenomena, he may avail himself of its fitnesses, he may accumulate its possessions, he may be full of its work, he may enjoy its pleasures; and yet he may be so affected towards it that it has no dominant power over him; he may so rise above it that he shall simply use it for what it is worth, without suffering himself to be engrossed or ensnared by it. It is when a man makes the world an end instead of using it simply as means; when he allows his thoughts to be ever running on it; when he places his supreme happiness in it, and the things that belong to it;—then it is that he has come under the spirit of worldliness, and is loving the world as Demas loved it.

* 1 Tim. iv. 4. † Col. ii. 23.

It thus appears that it is not either the possession, or the pursuit, or the enjoyment of worldly things that constitutes the evil against which we are cautioned, when we are enjoined not to love the world or the things of the world. We must beware, therefore, of judging in this matter from mere outward appearances. A man may be richly attired, may dwell in a palace, and may fare sumptuously every day, and yet not be so much under a worldly spirit as some humble labourer who inherits a mud hut, and has only enough of the plainest food to sustain life. There may be more worldliness under a hodman's jacket than under the ermined robe of a peer. The peasant girl, with her cheap finery, may be more thoroughly dominated by the love of display than the high-born lady, in attire that costs more than a peasant's labour would be worth for a lifetime. The tub of Diogenes contained probably more genuine worldliness than the carpeted mansion of Plato; and in his mean garb there may have been more of pride than in the rings and showy dress of Aristotle.* It is not by any outward thing that worldliness can be tested. It is something within; and only by an internal scrutiny can it be discerned and tried.

This consideration suggests that, whilst we should be very chary in pronouncing any judgment upon others in respect of this, we may and ought to judge ourselves, and watch that we come not under the influence of a worldly spirit. We can scrutinize our own tendencies and motives; we can see what is the bias of our inner nature; we can discover where our heart is, and on what it is supremely set; and so we may ascertain whether, in a bad sense, we are or are not loving this present world. Of the evil and danger of this we cannot be too deeply convinced. Where the love of the world takes possession of a man, as it did of Demas, all true religion is enfeebled, and becomes ready to die. A spiritual paralysis benumbs and chills the soul. The love of God, which is the life-source of all piety, decays in the heart; Christ and his service cease to attract and interest; religious duty becomes burdensome and irksome; a process has begun which, if not arrested, will end in apostacy from Christ; and when a man once apostatizes from Christ, God only knows what will become of him. He may obtain worldly wealth; he may be covered with earthly honours; he may revel in carnal pleasures; but he may never come back to Christ; he may never "be brought again to repentance;" he may "utterly perish in his own corruption." Wherefore, let us beware of following the example of Demas; for "what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his soul?"

W. LINDSAY-ALEXANDER.

* Σαθῆτι τε ἐπισήμῳ χρώμενος, καὶ δακτυλίοις.—Diog. Laert., v. 1, 2.

WILLIAM THE SILENT.

CONCLUDING PART.

IT remains for us in a concluding part, too long delayed, to sketch the remaining events in William's career, and to estimate briefly his general position and character. Our limits prevent us doing more than attempting a rapid review of the successive stages through which the struggle for the independence of the Netherlands passed in the closing decade of his life, and pointing out as far as possible the growing strength of patriotic and religious principle which animated him, and above all served to bring out the bold and magnanimous outlines of his figure and history.

The year 1575 was a memorable one in the life of William and in the War of Independence. The miseries of his marriage with Anne of Saxony were at length brought to a termination. So far back as 1572 her conduct had become so outrageous as to be a subject o grave consideration to her relatives the Elector of Saxony and the Landgrave of Hesse, who had taken such an active concern in her union with William, and especially in the guarantees to be exacted from him that her Protestantism should not be interfered with. Alas! her Protestantism had been of little account in the exigences of her married life. Not only had she violated the decencies of conjugal affection, but at length deliberately forsaken her husband in his extremities, and abandoned herself to a shameless connection. The Elector proposed that she should be put in solitary confinement, and that a Protestant clergyman should preach to her every day through the grated aperture of her prison house! The Landgrave was shocked at such a proposal, but ultimately it is said to have been carried out. After two years' im-

prisonment she died mad (1579). But in the meantime William had obtained a divorce, and in the year 1575 contracted a third marriage with Princess Charlotte of Bourbon. This princess was not only educated as a Roman Catholic—but she had early taken the veil and become abbess in the convent of Mount Joüarrs. The story of her conversion to Protestantism is untold, but she is said* to have been always secretly inclined to the reformed faith, and in consequence to have fled from her friends and her vows in the year of the Bartholomew Massacre (1572). She took refuge at the Court of the Elector Palatine, and here William had met her and been struck by her mingled bravery and sweetness of character. Negotiations were opened through the help of Sainte Aldegonde, William's constant and true-hearted friend, whose tenderness of nature well fitted him for such a mission. The result was in every respect a happy one. The Princess was satisfied as to her womanly rights and the validity of the divorce with Anne of Saxony. William received in her the most affectionate and helpful wife, animated by a courage almost equal to his own, and a spirit of self-sacrifice which knew no bounds.

The Elector of Saxony and the Landgrave were both violently indignant at William's new alliance. But Orange was not to be deterred from a result upon which he had set his heart. The Princess Charlotte had won his affections, and he was not to be deterred by interference. "I can assure you," he wrote to his brother John, "that my character has always tended to this, to care neither for words nor menaces in any matter *where I can act with a clear conscience*, and without doing injury to my neighbours.†

It can hardly be wondered at that our hero craved for some sustaining companionship in his trying and as it still seemed at this time well-nigh desperate career. His gallant brothers, Louis, Adolphus, and Henry, had all perished. Count John alone remained, and although nothing could exceed his brotherly regard and wise counsels, William yet needed some closer and more intimate sympathy with his life, and the great objects of his ambition. With the course of the struggle his aims not only took a more definite shape, but grew in breadth and daring of design. At first he would have been content, with others, in the delivery of his country from Spanish tyranny, and the establishment of its constitutional liberties. There is no reason to credit him with any larger schemes of ambition. When the united provinces of Holland and Zeeland in 1572, first acquired independence and entreated him to assume their government, he insisted on holding it subject to Philip's formal sovereignty. It was enough for him, and he thought at the time it was enough for them, that they should be practically secured in their liberties, without any revolutionary change in the constitution. His historical position as Stadholder appeared sufficient for the time. But with the deepening and prolongation of the struggle his own personal claims came more to the front, and he assumed the supreme position which was so obviously his due. At a meeting of the States of the two provinces, assembled at Delft in the spring of 1576, a new union was formally constituted, and the Prince called to the head of affairs. He was appointed commander-in-chief both by land and sea. The safety of the country and the nomination of subordinate officers were placed in his hands. Troops were to be moved and garrisons disposed according to his discretion, irrespective of the magistrates of the cities who were apt to be restless and insubordinate. Even the administration of law and justice was ultimately referred to his sanction; and if the King's name was still preserved as the fountain of judicial procedure, it ceased in every sense to be anything but a name.

The great project of the Prince was the union of all the States, Protestant as well as Catholic, on a basis of mutual toleration of religious differences. Strong and well-defined as his own religious convictions had now become, his patriotism rose above all considerations. "Let us only be united against the Spaniard as the common enemy," was the sum of his constant appeals to the other fifteen States. "Nothing remains but to discard all jealousy and distrust. Let us with a firm resolution and a common accord liberate these lands from the stranger. Hand to hand, let us accomplish a just and general peace.* His own clear hold of the idea of religious liberty carried him forward buoyantly in the dream of a common accord amongst all the provinces. But on this very account he greatly underrated the practical difficulties in the way of such a comprehension. The majority even of those who sympathized with his own religious opinions, could not be got to separate the religious and political

* Motley, ii. p. 502.
† Archives, v. 299, quoted by Motley, ii. 508.

* Letter to Estates of Brabant, quoted by Motley, iii. p. 28.

interests at stake. His conception of toleration was unshared even by his most intimate friends. In the articles of constitution agreed upon betwixt the Estates of Holland and Zeeland, it was proposed to take him bound "to protect the exercise of the Evangelical religion, *and to suppress the exercise of the Roman religion*." This, it is true, he refused to sanction, and substituted the general words, "religion at variance with the Gospel." But the spirit of persecution survived on both sides. It became evident, as the struggle proceeded, that the deepest and most stubborn root of it was religion, and that the discrepancy in this respect betwixt the Celtic and Teutonic States was far too vital to admit of compromise or permanent co-operation. The "Ghent Pacification," and the "Nearer Union of Brussels," as it was called, failed alike on this account. "The first treaty tacitly introduced toleration by suppressing the right of persecution;" the new or nearer union "placed the reformed religion on a level with the old." The idea was noble, and worthy of the great mind that cherished it and wrought under its inspiration. But the times were as yet unripe for its realisation. The Catholic Provinces speedily fell away from the combination. They lacked the sustaining principle of an independent national life, which only grew and flourished where the seed of Protestant truth had taken root. So far the discernment of Philip was quite right, that it was opposition to the Church and her principles which formed the real spring of the Revolution. William's own case sufficiently exemplified this. It was his change of religious conviction that finally bore him to the head of the movement, and enabled him to accomplish what he did. He bound together the religious and patriotic instincts of his countrymen, and succeeded in so far as he did so; in so far as he aimed at something higher he failed. The spirit of religious dogmatism was powerful on the Protestant as well as on the Catholic side. William would have enlarged the conceptions of his co-religionists. But the current was too strong for him. With the establishment of the Dutch Republic Protestantism triumphed, but the triumph of religious toleration, notwithstanding William's bold and clear conception, was still distant.

Alva's gloomy and powerful career had terminated in the Netherlands with the close of 1573. Notwithstanding his military genius and the repeated success of his arms, he had made no progress towards settling the country. The fires of revolution had been crushed out save in one or two directions; but in these directions they were intensified by their very concentration, while a smouldering indignation and discontent everywhere prevailed throughout the provinces. Finally, the Spanish troops, goaded by long-delayed promises of payment of their arrears, and the spirit of lawlessness which their wild excesses and cruelties had fostered, broke out into open rebellion. Their sack of Antwerp—the "Antwerp Fury," as it was called—spread consternation not only amongst the citizens and others who had long groaned under their exactions, but amongst the members of the Government and all who had any interest in the country. This was not till Alva's departure; but the Government itself, as well as the country, had been long torn by the most bitter dissensions. The Duke of Medina Cœli, who had been sent to assist Alva, complained to the King that he was never consulted nor allowed to see any of the despatches. Viglius, so long obsequious, had turned against the insolent pride which sought to domineer over every one. The stern soldier was left without friend or allies. He was drowned in debt. Nothing remained for him but to abandon a post which, notwithstanding all the triumphs of his arms, he could no longer hold with the approbation even of his own countrymen. While incurring the malevolence of all others he had not even gained the approbation of the King. He left the Netherlands amidst the execrations of a populace he had decimated, and the unconcealed joy of those with whom he had been associated. His own servant assured him that there would be "fireworks in honour of his departure if it were possible."

Alva's successor at the head of the Government was Don Luis de Requesens, known as "the Grand Commander." He had achieved some military and administrative reputation; but he possessed neither the ability nor the character to succeed amidst such a complication of difficulties and disorders. He feigned to be desirous for peace, and the dilapidated state of the exchequer so far compelled him to enter into negotiations instead of vigorously prosecuting the war; but his report to the King, that religion had little or nothing to do with the insurrection, and that peace negotiations might proceed without including the Prince of Orange, was a sufficient evidence how little he understood the necessities of the case or the demands of his own position. His administration lasted little more than two years, from the end of 1573 to March,

1576. It was a period of mingled disaster and hopefulness to the patriot cause, which triumphed at sea, but suffered terribly on land. William himself, during these years, was mainly engaged in the work of negotiation, pressing the claims of the patriotic Netherlanders, now upon Elizabeth of England, and now upon France. Elizabeth met his overtures in her usual style of procrastination and double-dealing. His negotiations with the Duke of Alencon and his brother seemed at one time to promise better results; but they, too, in the end, came to nothing, and it may be doubted whether William showed his usual perspicacity in confiding so much as he did in the chances of a French alliance. In the midst of negotiations and desperate projects on the part of the Prince, of drowning the land and emigrating with the whole of the population to seek a new home beyond the seas, the Grand Commander died, cut off by a violent fever, on the 5th of March, 1576.

After an interval of suspense, during which the union of Holland and Zeeland was ratified and consolidated under the Prince of Orange, and the further excesses of the Spanish troops roused to yet greater height the indignation of the country, Don John of Austria, Philip's natural brother, assumed the government. Don John had been a successful warrior. He cherished vague and



Assassination of William the Silent. From an old Dutch painting.

romantic designs of an alliance with Elizabeth. Under the inspiration of this ambitious enthusiasm, he was impatient to accomplish the task assigned him in the Netherlands. He soon saw with a clearer vision than Requesens, that no task of conciliation would be accomplished without the aid and co-operation of the Prince of Orange. He began anew, therefore, on a more comprehensive plan, the work of negotiation, representing to Philip that it was necessary to make terms with the Prince. He wrote to his brother more truly than pleasantly, "The name of your Majesty is as much abhorred and despised in the Netherlands, as that of the Prince of Orange is loved and feared. I am negotiating with him, for I see that the establishment of peace depends upon him. If he lend an ear to my proposals, it will only be upon very *advantageous conditions;* but 'tis necessary to make a virtue of necessity."

Don John knew very little of the real character of the man with whom he had to deal. Born though he was of a *bourgeois* mother, he was himself a man without any popular sympathy or even the capacity of understanding popular rights. All his own dreams were of sovereign grandeur or personal predominance; he could not conceive Orange influenced by any other motives. He represented to him accordingly the advantages that would accrue from making

his peace with Philip. He urged him not to let so favourable an opportunity slip for placing his house above *the reach of every* unfavourable chance. If he would only yield, everything was promised to him. "You cannot imagine," said Don John, "how much it will be within my ability to do for you." He saw rightly enough that Orange was the chief power in the country. But he did not see that what made "Father William"—as the people had now learned fondly to call him—such a power was his devotion to the true interests of the country—its patriotic rights, its religious feelings. It was this which alone had carried power into his hands. And William himself knew this well. He responded that it was the public welfare alone that he sought—that he had always "placed his particular interests under his foot, even as he was still resolved to do."

It was not to be wondered at, then, that these two men never understood one another, or at least, could not come to any definite terms of peace. The very liberality of Don John, his vague professions of friendship and concessions to the popular claim, excited William's distrust. He had no confidence in the honesty of the offers made to him, and no admiration for the superficial and romancing grandeur of the hero of Lepanto. His insight and knowledge of the secret springs at work gave him a clue to designs unknown to others. He could never forget the fate of Egmont and Hoorn. All the negotiations, protocols, and arguments therefore came to nothing.

Both parties professed to be ready to accept the Pacification of Ghent as a base of reconciliation; but each would interpret its terms in their own way: the one as leaving intact the Roman and royal infallibility, and the other as opening the way for the establishment of Calvinism in wherever it was desired. On this point Orange was inflexible. He would have freedom of religion at all hazards. "You would compel us and all the world," he said, "to maintain exclusively the Catholic religion. This cannot be done except by extirpating us." In short, William would not give up Protestantism, and the Protestant liberties for which he had so long striven. Don John and his envoys would not sacrifice the exclusive authority of the King, and the maintenance of the Catholic faith. This result had the effect of more clearly marking out the three parties which had all along divided the Netherlands—the adherents of the Government—the nobles who hated the Spaniards—and the people, comprising the Burgher, or middle class, devoted, in all the northern provinces, to Protestantism. With this third party William had now completely identified himself. At the same time he still preserved intimate relations with the aristocratic party. They could not get on without him, and as he was now, and continued to the last, animated by the great idea of a religious peace—of establishing religious toleration as a basis of free constitutional government for the whole country, he sought for this purpose their help. It was at the instigation of this party that he returned (September, 1579), after an interval of more than ten years, to Brussels, to assist the States-General with his presence and advice. They were forced to recall him by the urgency of affairs. And not only was he recalled, he was elected Ruward of Brabant, an office of great historical dignity and influence, which had been generally filled by the Governor-General of the provinces.

No genuine cordiality, however, was possible between Orange and the aristocratic party. It remained Catholic. His Protestantism was daily deepening. Its objects were in great part private, his were public. He understood this well, and complained bitterly of the inconstancy which he met. "They (the nobles) serve the Duke of Alva and the Grand Commander like varlets," he says, "they make war upon me to the knife. Afterwards they treat with me, they reconcile themselves with me, they are sworn foes of the Spaniards. Don John arrives, and they follow him. Don John fails in his enterprise upon Antwerp Citadel, and they quit him and immediately call upon me. Can the waves of the sea be more inconstant?"

The fatal battle of Gemblours, in which decided victory once more crowned the Spanish arms, broke up the aristocratic party, and may be said in its consequences to have terminated all hope of a comprehensive union of the provinces on the basis of a religious peace. The new or nearer Union of Brussels which immediately preceded it, was the final attempt at a confederation of all the Netherlands. The radical difference of religion was not to be got over. In vain the Prince laboured to impress others with some notion of his higher principles. "No man," as Motley says, "understood him." It seemed as if he were enunciating some new and unheard-of law of government,—his best friends could not be brought to see that his aim was a religious as well as patriotic one. Saint Aldegonde was distressed that he would not persecute the Anabaptists. Peter

Dathenus, a converted monk,* denounced him as an Atheist. Even his brother, Count John, the sagacious noble-hearted adviser, to whom he looked in all his troubles, and whose large sense and judgment have been credited with many of our hero's plans, could not be brought to see the use of toleration when Calvinism had got the upper hand. When the Catholics had been got under he saw no reason why they should not be kept under by the strong hand. Protestantism generally was of the same opinion. All the more honour, surely, to the magnanimous mind which could rise above the inherited narrowness and discern from afar the light of a clear comprehensive principle which was destined, though not yet, to shine upon the world of religious conflict with a hopeful if not wholly pacifying ray.

Don John, foiled in all his attempts at the settlement of the Netherlands and in his wild ambition in regard to England, fell ill and died. His scheming heart consumed itself under all his miserable disappointments. He was succeeded by Alexander Farnese, his own nephew and the nephew of Philip (1578). Alexander was the son of Margaret of Parma, whom we have already met in the outset of these sketches. He had already been some time in the country, and to his prowess the victory of Gemblours was mainly attributed. The Netherlands received in Alexander of Parma the greatest Governor it had yet known; but his military exploits rather belong to the later period of struggle than to that now under review. Had Orange lived, it is possible that he would have proved a match for the genius of Parma, and carried out his great design of confederating all the provinces. But this was not to be. The Walloon provinces, as they were called, Artois, Hainault, Lille, Douay, had already become unfaithful to the common cause. From such a spirit as animated the nobles, treachery was a natural fruit. It broke forth in many directions—Young Egmont unhappily distinguishing himself by his baseness. He seems to have inherited the inconstancy and recklessness, without the romantic and heroic gallantry of his father.

Orange, with a prophetic eye, had so far prepared for the failure of the more comprehensive union projected at Brussels. Partly though the influence of his brother the northern provinces had been drawn together into a new and closer connection, concluded in the beginning of 1579 in the town-house of Utrecht. This memorable "Union of Utrecht" is really the foundation of the Dutch Republic. From this time the independence of the provinces—including, besides Holland and Zeeland, Zutphen, Gelderland, Utrecht, and the Frisian Provinces—was virtually secured, although it was not formally declared till two years later (July, 1581). Holland and Zeeland proffered the sovereignty to William, which he at length accepted—although at first only provisionally.

Then it was that the dark designs of Spain came fully into play. Unable to crush our hero in war, or foil him in diplomacy, his enemies conceived the scheme of placing him under ban, and putting a price on his head. Granvelle, his old antagonist in the government of the Netherlands, gets the credit of originally suggesting this baseness. "A sum of money would be well employed in this way," he is said to have written to Philip. The suggestion was too congenial to Philip's nature not to be acted upon. "It will be well," he in turn wrote to Parma, "to offer thirty thousand crowns or so to any one who will deliver him, dead or alive. Thus the country may be rid of a man so pernicious." Accordingly a ban was drawn up and fulminated against the Prince of Orange, in the summer of 1580. It was this famous, or infamous, document which drew forth the Prince's more famous "Apology," to which we have so often alluded. The "Apology" appeared before the close of the year, in its main substance from William's own pen. It was a noble rejoinder to a base assault. It met calumny with scorn and withering retort, returning the charges made against him on account of his marriage with Charlotte of Bourbon by an enumeration of the foul immoralities of Philip, and the imputations of selfish ambition by a detail of all he had lost and suffered for his country.

"Would to God," he said, "that his death would save his country, he would gladly offer it . . . Why have I exposed my property? Was it that I might enrich myself? Why have I lost my brothers? Was it that I might find new ones? Why have I left my son so long a prisoner? Can you give me another? Why have I put my life so often in danger? What reward can I hope, if not the prize of having acquired, perhaps by my own life, your liberty? If, then, my death will serve you, I am ready to obey."

The occasion served to bring forth all the calm and lofty heroism of his nature, and to strengthen, instead of weakening, the ties which bound him to his country.

By-and-by, however, the policy of infamy

* "Having been informed that Master Peter Dathenus has been denouncing me as a man without religion or fidelity, and full of ambition, I do not think worth while to answer more at this time than I willingly refer myself to the judgment of all who know me."—Motley, iii. p. 330.

found creatures prepared to execute it. On the 18th of March, 1582, he was shot in Antwerp as he was entering his apartments, and was supposed to be mortally wounded. This was at the crisis of affairs when the sovereignty of the Provinces had, in desperation of all other means of deliverance, been placed in the hands of the son of Catherine de Medici, the Duke of Anjou—a project warmly espoused and mainly carried out by William. It proved an unhappy project. Anjou was utterly unworthy of the trust reposed in him; and even at this time, before he had shown distinctly his selfish designs, there was apprehension of treachery amongst William's immediate friends. Suspicion was roused as to whether the French, who surrounded him, might not have had complicity in the assassination. The papers discovered on the assassin, however, were sufficient to disperse this suspicion. The plot was found to be exclusively Spanish, and of a purely mercenary character, prompted by the hope of the reward which had been offered for the Prince's death. His life hung in the balance for some time. The bleeding from the wound could not be stanched, and he contemplated calmly the sad prospect before his country. Antwerp was plunged in grief, and the people crowded to the church to offer special prayers for his recovery. "Never within men's memory had such crowds been seen in the churches, nor so many tears shed." At length one of the physicians ingeniously contrived to stop the hæmorrhage, and the Prince slowly rallied from the effects of the wound, but not without a sacrifice dearer to him than his own life—the health and life of the devoted Charlotte of Bourbon. Exhausted by her exertions and anxieties on his behalf, she took fever and died just as her husband's convalescence was placed beyond doubt.

The blow against William's life, however, was only stayed, not averted. Fanaticism as well as greed was enlisted in the service of Spain, and the tenacious and cunning hatred of the bigot proved more fatal than the treachery of the hired assassin. One malignant and murderous eye had long watched him. A Burgundian of the name of Balthazar Gerard, inspired by religious mania, had conceived, while yet a youth, the idea of destroying the Prince, as a rebel against "the Catholic King and the repose of the Catholic religion." He had pursued his idea with an undeviating zeal for seven long years, confiding his scheme to certain Jesuits, and at length to the Duke of Parma, from all of whom he received encouragement. His plan was to introduce himself to the notice of Orange, at this time resident at Delft, under pretence of being the son of a martyred Calvinist, and having obtained access to his person to accomplish his murderous purpose. He succeeded only too well. He not only claimed but received the protection of the Prince whose liberality furnished the very means by which he bought the pistols used in the execution of his diabolical crime. On the 10th of July, 1584, William, after finishing his usual midday repast with his family, had left the dining-room, and began to ascend the staircase towards the upper apartments of the house. At the foot of the staircase there was a narrow arched passage with a door conducting to a lane, and in the shadow of this passage* the assassin had concealed himself. As William turned on his way upwards he stepped out and discharged right in front of him three poisoned balls, all of which entered his body. He fell mortally wounded, exclaiming as he fell, 'O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!"

In attempting to estimate the character of William of Orange, the first thing that strikes us is the remarkable combination which it presents of the characteristics of two ages. There is a splendour of mediæval romance and heroic knightliness about him, as well as the grave, earnest, and exalting faith of a religious champion. It is this combination that lends such a peculiar attraction to his personality, and gives something of its pathos to the tragedy of his career.

For strangely it is not so much the heroic in a moral sense as the romantically heroic, which excites an ever fresh historical interest. The historical as well as the common imagination is struck with the external proportions of greatness—the picturesqueness as well as the mere elevation of its altitude. So it is that characters like Egmont and our own Mary Stuart, without any moral dignity, continue to fascinate the student of history. Egmont is the romantic hero, and nothing more—the brilliant soldier, the profuse and high-tempered noble; but without any solid moral or even intellectual qualities. The heroism of

* The house in which the Prince of Orange at this time lived, and the staircase where the assassination was perpetrated, still remains. The writer visited the spot in the summer of 1872. The house which stands on one side of an open square, opposite to the church, is now a barrack, and, as in many other cases, it is not easy all at once, amidst the commonplace realities of the present, to recall the pathetic and even sacred associations which the spot suggests to every protestant and patriotic heart. A slight inspection, however, is sufficient to bring before the mind a vivid picture of the scene of the murder, and the manner in which it was accomplished.

his deeply-touching death sheds a reflected glory on his whole career; but, save his success at Gravelines and St. Quentin, his life is neither a noble nor a worthy one.

It is the distinction of Orange that while not lacking in the brilliant external qualities that constitute all the greatness of such a man as Egmont, he unites with these the higher qualities of a true hero. There is in him the growth of a high nature. At first he is merely a member of the proud, rich, and luxurious aristocracy of the Netherlands. He vies with his compeers in the profuse magnificence of his life, the display of his hospitality, the pomp of his retinue. He is a prince among princes; the chief member of a society that retained something of the grandeur and lofty carelessness of habit of the Middle Ages without their barbarism. But from the first he also shows something of a deeper and more powerful spirit. He is wise in counsel and judicious in statecraft from his youth. The old King Charles V. had the discernment to see his gifts, and make use of them. Even Philip, with all his dull obstinacy and narrowness, felt that he was the one power in the Netherlands that he had really to dread in his schemes of arbitrary despotism. "*You, you*"—he said, with childish bitterness; "not the states but you!" as he parted with William on his return to Spain, and knew that his schemes were not prospering as he desired.

Yet withal, William was then little more than the chief of a band of nobles standing at the head of society in the Netherlands, and seeking their own interests, or the interests of their order, more than the cause of freedom, political or religious. He was at the best a subtle, guarded, able politician, who saw more clearly than his fellow nobles the causes of the popular discontent, and the grave issues at stake. Superior to his fellows by the breadth of his mental powers, and the higher healthiness of his moral and religious nature, the companion and dear friend of Egmont—he was externally of the same order, conspicuous in the main for all the dashing qualities of a knight of the Golden Fleece. The halo of mediæval chivalry, which makes all the greatness of the hero of Gravelines, hung around his person and movements.

But the course of events proved the strength of spiritual passion which lay beneath all this superficial brilliancy, and which was destined to develop into the true glory of his career, and the higher elements of his character. As the storm of religious revolution swept over his country, and he saw how real and powerful were the convictions that were stirring in men's minds, and driving them to rebellion rather than submit to a spiritual tyranny ruinous to their souls as well as their bodies, he was gradually drawn into affinity with these convictions. It was only after his exile that this change took place in its full force. Then for the first time he realised the true character of the struggle, and its deeper waves overflowed his own heart. Then the religious faith which had in some degree sustained him all along, rose into a clear and indomitable inspiration which knew no fear and flinched from no difficulties. We know of this change from its results. We know little of the steps by which it advanced, or the process by which the Catholic noble of the court of Charles and of the Government of his sister became transformed into the Calvinistic leader of the popular Revolution. In such circumstances it is of course easy to deny the honesty of the change, and take an unworthy view of it. It was made matter of complaint against William, even by some of his co-Protestants, that he was of a facile and accommodating turn in regard to religion. By descent a Lutheran, he became a Catholic at the court of Charles. Plunged by his ambition into rebellion, he became a Calvinist, because he saw that this change would alone suit his political purposes. Such a view as this is the ready theory of those who discredit the genuineness of all moral heroism in history, and do not hesitate to construe its grandest pages by the formula of profit and loss. But it really furnishes no key to explain our hero's character. For if William of Orange had been merely ambitious, he need never have been an exile—he need never have had any thoughts of changing his religion. If he had only been content to do the will of Philip, he might have easily attained without revolution and blood to the summit of political power in the Netherlands. It was only because his patriotism was stronger than his ambition that his career was not one of political success from the beginning.

In a sense our hero was accommodating in regard to religion. He was free from bigotry. He was indifferent to religious forms, and not zealous for religious dogmas—in this respect like his great grandson, our own William of England. His was one of those minds which naturally cling to principles rather than ritual or dogma. The great thoughts of religion seem to have been always dear to him. But he had no enthusiasm for many of the special doctrines into which those thoughts have been coined. He was able

from the first to realise the sincerity and the value of religious convictions other than his own. It is probable, therefore, that the change which passed upon him was a personal rather than a doctrinal change. The time of trouble brought him grave reflections. The truths of the Gospel which he had always honoured became to him vital in a sense unknown before. The power of religion possessed him with a new force. Hitherto he had been a gallant and honourable and patriotic prince; he now became a soldier of the cross, a champion of the faith. His heart was moved into unison with the passionate convictions of spiritual truth and duty for which so many were willingly offering their lives around him.

It is this reality of faith which gives to the character of William its highest stamp. If the lingering romance of his youth serves to deepen the pathos of his life, it is yet his spiritual enthusiasm which gives it its highest tones of dignity and enthusiasm, and exalts it in our admiration the more we study.

There never was a struggle that required more truly the exercise of faith than that by which the independence of the Netherlands was achieved. Everything seemed against it. The patriots of Holland and Zeeland and the associated Provinces were a mere handful. The power of Philip covered the world. Protestantism had spent itself for the time in Germany; it was lacking in unanimity and a healthy breadth of interest in England; it was struggling for existence in Scotland. Romanism had awakened, after its first shock, to a singular consciousness of renewed strength. Talent, intrigue, the most desperate and unscrupulous, daring dreams of world-wide conquest, once more inspired it. What a magnificent, although abortive scheme, was that of the Armada and the invasion of England! Undoubtedly Romanism had once more bound to its support some of the subtlest and most powerful intellects of the time.

Such was the general position of affairs. Then, how despairing for long was the prospect in the Netherlands! Army after army raised by the patriots—levied by the restless energy and unceasing negotiations of William, commanded by his gallant brothers and himself—were defeated and dispersed. His brothers, one by one, perish in the misery of the struggle. He is met by faint-heartedness, or betrayed by treachery; hopes are excited only to be crushed; cities assert their independence, only to be recaptured, pillaged, and outraged with the most diabolical cruelties. On no single occasion, save it be the skirmish with which Count Louis opened the first campaign, were the patriots successful in the open field. The Spaniards, as if they were devils invincible, still triumphed. The reader gets wearied with the constant disappointment of his hopes for the patriotic arms. Yet the cause lived on, and the head of it somehow grew weightier after every defeat. Instead of sinking under the weight of accumulated disasters, he rises into a loftier daring. While driven to retreat before his banded foes, he never despairs. The world may seem against him—France treacherous, Germany apathetic, England ineffective; but he has entered into a close alliance with the King of Kings, and he is firmly convinced "that all who put their trust in Him shall be saved by his Almighty Hand. The God of armies will raise up armies for us to do battle with our enemies and his own." "So long as there is a living man in the country, we will contend for our liberty and religion. If we are doomed to perish," were his words in a letter to Count John,—true, as Mr. Motley says, to his motto, *Sævis tranquillus in undis*—"in the name of God, let it be so. At any rate, we shall have had the honour to have done what no nation ever did before us. So long as the poor inhabitants here, though deserted by all the world, hold firm, it will still cost the Spaniards the half of Spain in money and in men, before they can make an end of us."

A spirit like this was not to be subdued. It rose buoyant from every reverse. It was vigilant, as well as enduring. It never wearied; it watched every opportunity. It began anew the thread of negotiations; it recruited armies afresh. Patience, skill, faith, strength, never forsook it. And so it was that, after more than ten years of struggle, so frequently unprosperous in issue, William, so far from being overcome, was more powerful than ever. Alva was gone, leaving only an accursed name, and the memory of barren success as a soldier; Requesens was dead; Don John was also dead, of a broken heart, baffled by a greater brain than his own, all his chances of a throne in England rotting with him in the dust. But our hero had become the Father William of his country. The silent, faithful, earnest man had grown mightier in trouble, more heroic in danger; and amid the simplicities of his life at Delft there had gathered to him all the love, the reverence, and hopes of his country—a patriotic worship which his martyr-death only confirmed and consecrated for ever.